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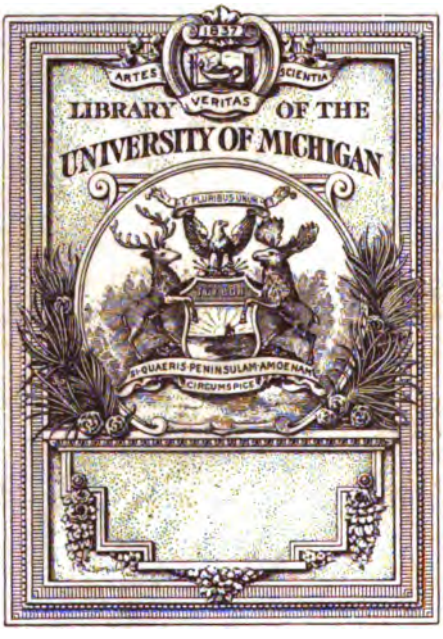
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A JACOBEAN HOUSE

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B

HE TORE AT THE PAPER THAT HAD FLUTTERED FROM HIS TREMBLING FINGERS, AND READ IT AGAIN.—See p. 9.

In All Time of Our Wealth

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER I

"Round our restlessness His rest."

"IF I was rich," said Stephen Hellard, as he laid down his pen and looked through the window of his room in Verner Street out into the busy London thoroughfare—"if I was only rich! Why do some people get everything in life, and others the mere dregs after some one else has drunk all the best part of the goblet offered to each one of us at our birth? Why, I have sat here doing penny-a-line journalism, that hardly keeps body and soul together, for the best part of my thinking, active life, and I suppose here I shall sit till the end of the story. To-day I saw an old man driving along behind a pair of thoroughbreds, wrapped in furs up to his chin—his servants better clad than I am now—while I was trudging in the road, and he was too old to enjoy what he had—too old—past it all! Every nerve in my body is throbbing with life and the desire of getting the best out of every moment. 'One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.' Where is my glorious life?"

He laughed a little as he turned back to his work, and set his pen again scratching steadily over the paper, on which he was setting down his impressions as to why the dinner of the modern *bon vivant* was so much more rare and delicate than of yore, so that ere long nightingales' tongues, wrapped in vine-leaves, will figure on our tables once again as in days of ancient Rome. "No more of our massive rounds of beef—our sideboards groaning with hams and turkeys," he had written, then paused to review his own meagre larder comically. The heel of a loaf—a portion of butter in a paper wrapping—and a slice of tongue was all that awaited him for his supper, and nothing more would be forthcoming unless by chance this article, with its quaint tags and turns, should hit the fancy of some soft-hearted editor, and thereby increase his meagre annual income of a pound a week. He ought to have added a moral, have preached a sermon on humanity, by rights, with instances of failure or success of nations deduced from their bills of fare, but his brain was stagnant that afternoon, his flow of thoughts miserably inadequate to the occasion, and laying down his pen with an impatient sigh, he pushed paper and ink far from him, and went over to the window, setting it wide, and leaning far out with his arms upon the sill.

Glorious life! His mind reverted to the phrase ceaselessly. There was nothing glorious in his life or in the purlieus of Verner Street, although there was everything that was sordid and ignoble about both of them. His home was an attic, called by courtesy apartments on the third floor, and an attic with almost as small an allowance of furniture as accrues to an officer on active service. There was a camp bed, and a washing-stand that was its own plain unvarnished self by night and an elegant table by day, two chairs, a bath tub, and a sheaf of books in which authors were strangely mixed, and Keble rubbed elbows with Béranger with a wide catholicity that was one of Stephen Hellard's characteristics. He was essentially a man of moods, otherwise the dingy life would have been impossible. There were days when everything looked black, his own existence an injustice, and at such a time he would take down his Tennyson and learn that the world is beautiful in God's sight, and that it is only our sins and humanness that hide those beauties as with a veil; or he would be up on the hill-tops with Browning, realising that since "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." At other times he would feel the mad need for amusement, for a wild rush of excitement that would bankrupt him body and soul, for what use was there in trying to live straight and noble as his forefathers had done, when the lines of life were laid in a groove so narrow that to run off the rails ever so little must entail a break with freedom, that would change the whole current of his existence

and prevent him from ever returning to the old routine again? Often in his ears had sounded the old words: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die;" and being cursed to a large extent with the erratic mazes of that temperament we call "artistic," it had often been as much as he could do to refrain from flinging his small capital to the winds, and living at the rate of £12,000 a year for one short month. At such a moment, when his senses were bounding with the desire of a fuller life, some chord in Nature would vibrate at an unexpected touch—a voice singing some old remembered song—a bell ringing for Evensong—a rift of crimson sunset light above the fog, and he would go back with a rush in that brief moment to the point where he had started—his mother's knee, his Sunday lessons, his hopes, his prayers. The little well-thumbed copy of Keble's *Christian Year* would slide imperceptibly towards him, he would read a verse here and there, and be back again at Parkstone in the garden among the roses, with the summer Sunday scents and sounds about him, the rhythm of many bells across the Devon waters, the hum of the hiving-bees in the gillyflowers, and the music of his mother's voice reading to him.

Ah! she had little thought in those happy, sheltered days of what life would spell for her boy. She never dreamed when she laid her gentle head down on the pillow, in the soft peaceful night, that at thirty-five Stephen would stand and face life, bankrupt of any means whereby that life might be made bright. It had all been so easy—a fraudulent trustee—a meagre thousand saved from what had been a comfortable fortune—too late in life to take up any profession—too unversed in business to succeed there—too dilettante in his tastes to descend to a sordid level where his own art was concerned—till hunger drove him to barter his birthright for a mess of pottage.

He was reviewing all this in his mind as he sat there that April afternoon. London was driving to its parties and pleasures—its ceaseless round of gaiety—while he was repining over his lot in a bare attic when he knew that he had greater capacities for enjoyment than any of the crowd who passed within a stone's throw of Verner Street. Like so many London alleys, it was an outlet from a great thoroughfare, and filled with hopeless, destitute souls as it was, yet the Houses of Parliament lighted up his room when there was a late session, and he could hear the chanting in Westminster Abbey at Matins and Evensong. Under his window the surging respectability of Verner Street came and went. People lived there who were never sure whether they could make both ends meet, and in the struggle went far down the path that lies between vice and virtue.

The houses there were all of one dead level uniformity of greys and drabs, and all of them had wire blinds in the lower windows, and dirty muslin curtains in the upper, and the greater part of them bore the mystic inscription on some portion of their frontage, "Rooms To Let."

Sometimes a misguided man like Stephen Hellard wandered into the snare, but for the most part the cards remained stationary until they grew dirty and fly-blown, when they were removed to make way for fresh ones of a more appetising nature.

Such was Verner Street, whose inhabitants lived principally upon scrag-end of mutton and credit, and it was on this scene that Hellard closed his tired eyes, and thought himself back again in his childhood. A streak of primrose light, like the heart of a "Cloth of Gold" rose, overlay the sky towards the west, and it seemed as though even the fog of London had no power to mar that perfect sundown, for the smoke died away below the primrose floor, and let even the London child see for once that the "pearly gates of heaven" were a reality. Some one in the room below was singing, and unconsciously she touched a chord that vibrated through his whole being. He was away again in Devonshire, and Mary Vesey was riding at his side through the winding, twisting lanes, on her shaggy Dartmoor pony, pretty as a bird, with the same quickness of movement and clear startled eyes; and there was her mother, and his brother Will, and the little sister who had died when the roses did. He had not thought of his brother for years, though he knew he had enlisted when the crash came, and was thereby assured of bread and a roof to cover him; and Mary Vesey had been Mary Holland these eight years, and had drifted—strange sport of circumstance—recently as a widow to the room below him. She had only one child living—a baby of three years old, and he remem-

bered that some childish ailment made it imperative that he should go down and inquire after Gabriel's health. He could then listen better to "Home, Sweet Home," which Mrs. Holland was rehearsing for one of the concerts that night, by which she earned her own and Gabriel's living.

He savagely stuffed his manuscript into his pocket, buttoned his coat over it, and went down-stairs, leaving the door unfastened, since there was nothing to steal but the slice of tongue and some three returned MSS., and he felt that the tastes of Verner Street lay in the direction of neither commodity. He knocked at the door on the next landing, and a bright voice bade him enter.

Mrs. Holland was not much better endowed with worldly goods than he himself, but her room was charming in its quiet comfort. She was compelled to have a piano, and although hard, unmusical fingers thumped it every day during the time in which she taught music for sixpence an hour to any one who would learn, yet its dainty embroidered cover and pretty candlesticks gave no hint as to the daily drudgery that surrounded Mary Holland's existence. There were engravings on the wall and blue curtains in the window, hiding the fact that the view gave on to a blank wall, and in the carpet were bunches of roses, and in the coloured earthenware vases on chimney-piece and table were flowers, too—real flowers such as can only be sent from a country garden, smelling of moss and wet woods.

"Come in, Stephen," said Mary Holland, rising to meet him with a friendly smile. At seventeen she had been a pretty girl, but she was now a beautiful woman of six-and-twenty, with the shadow of death still hovering about her *crêpe* gown and delicate white hands. One child and her husband she had lost at one fell swoop in that fever which so often passes by houses where its advent would mean little, and enters those in which its coming means the darkening of life for those who dwell there. Mary Holland had not married her husband from any passionate sense of love, but rather from a deep sense of duty, for John Holland was a well-to-do business man, and the Veseys were like all clergy families, poor and plentiful; but when death proved his fortune only to have existed in imagination, Mary, still with a brave heart, took little Gabriel and went away from her pretty home to begin the world again, with a feeling of passionate regret for the child that lay under the grass, and of tender sorrow for a husband who had been uniformly kind and considerate. She had been a friend of Stephen Hellard's since they had been children, although the nine years' difference in age had meant much more to them then than it did to-day.

He thought her looking more charming than ever as he entered, and took her cool slim fingers in his. The sunlight behind her seemed to have gone astray in her auburn hair, and the blue of the sky to have found out her eyes under their black eyelash shadows.

"Mister Hellard!"

There was a shrill voice of triumph from the chimney-corner, as a small boy in a blue sailor suit dashed out at the newcomer.

"I'se done my lessons. I can read A B C, and muvver is going to give me a lump of sugar at my tea."

Hellard turned up the oval face to the light—the boy was a miniature edition of his mother, only a little more dreamy, a little more fragile. "Well done, Gay, and when my ship comes in I will give you a gold horse with silver eyes."

This was an old promise on Stephen's part, and Gabriel received it with the scorn it deserved.

"Your ship never comes in, Mr. Hellard. I guess your horse is tired of being in the stable."

"I guess he is," returned the other grimly, "and I guess unless my steed opens the door pretty quickly, I shall do something desperate."

There was an under-current of such real tragedy in his voice that Mary looked up with a faint shadow on her face.

"The old story, Stephen?"

"Yes, the old story. I am just sick of it all, Mary. I would give half my life to have the world at my feet to-night. Why are some men born rich and some poor—degradingly poor as I am?"

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" came the answer like a flash.

"Ah, Mary, even the devil can quote Scripture, and I don't see how your verse applies."

"Yes it does. You speak as though your whole life was absorbed in one thought, and that how to be rich. It is

not right, Stephen, and you will be the first to own it to-morrow."

"I am at the end of my tether to-night, anyhow—sixpence in my pocket and two days' expenses to meet before my pittance comes in."

Mrs. Holland made a quick gesture towards her pocket.

"Stephen, you have only to ask," she said reproachfully.

He turned away.

"YOU WOULD HAVE LENT I ME," SHE CRIED, ALARME AT THE SIGHT OF HIS FAC

"That was all I needed," he said bitterly, "that I have sunk low enough to sponge on you. Ah! what a fall!"

"You would have lent it me," she cried, alarmed at the sight of his face, "only the occasion never arose."

"Good-bye, Gay. Good-bye, Mary. I am off to old Hutton now—he asked me to go in and copy a deed for hi some time ago. It wi mean a shilling at least.

"I do not like Mr. Hutton, Stephen, said Mary eagerly. "I wish you woul not go there so often."

"Oh, he is all right—good for a drin and a chat. A queer old chap, too—n so poor as he makes out, I'll be bound- and his views on the world just suit me."

"I have never liked him. He was nev

kind to my husband. John did not trust him, I know."

"Well, he is too old to do any harm—eighty if he is a day—and knows how to make himself quietly comfortable. If he gives me a shilling, we will have muffins for tea, Gay."

And he was gone, and Mary left alone to regret her impulsive offer, and to pray that Stephen might be helped out of the path of discontent and darkness into which his feet had strayed. She could not sing any more that afternoon, and, closing the piano, came over to Gay's seat, where she gathered the child and his building-blocks into her arms, kissing him passionately.

"Muvver, Mr. Hellard never stopped to say me my poem," he said, with a pout of his rosy lips.

This poem was a grand institution on Hellard's part, and had gone on since the day that Gay and his mother had come to live in Verner Street. It was popularly known as the "Poem of the Animals," and a fresh variation every night taxed their united brains to the uttermost.

"Poor Mr. Hellard had far too much to think of, Gay," answered his mother in a low voice.

"He was only finking about money." There was a look in the child's eyes of premature knowledge that startled his mother. "And sometimes I fink about it, too. If you and me had plenty of money, we could go away from this drefful street and live in a palace, and eat buns every day."

"Who put that into your mind, Gay?"

"Mr. Hutton, the time we wented there to tea, and he gived me a money-box with a shilling in it. He said there was houses where little boys had all the toys out of the shops they liked, and drived about in goat-carriages every day. I want a lot of soldiers, mummy, and I want a little goat, too, and then I could drive, and drive into the country and sit under the trees."

The dear voice had a fretful ring in it that went to Mary's heart.

"Oh, Gay, aren't you happy here with mother?"

"Yes, oh yes; but, muvver, you would be happier, too, if we had lots of shining pennies like what Mr. Hutton put in my money-box."

"Listen, mother's little lad," she said gently; "it is love, and only love, that makes the world a happy place. There is no happiness in money—none at all. You and I in our dear little home are as snug as two birds in a nest, while all the others outside, who don't love one another like we do, are very miserable indeed, because they have not got the greatest gift of all that God gives to the people who love Him. You would not like to be a little boy with lots of shining pennies and no mother?"

"Oh, muvver, no!"

The child's arms were about her neck, his lips red and dewy on hers, and Mary Holland gathered her baby, her heart's delight, into her arms, and kissed away the little stain of discontent, no larger than a pin's point, that had begun to creep into his mind.

"We will have buns for tea, Gay, and I will tell you the story of the gnu, that Stephen would have told you if he had been here."

She exerted herself, and set the table, with its dainty china and damask, enhancing the beauty of the Bath buns and the bread-and-butter by various pretty devices, and long before the last crumb vanished down Gay's throat, he had forgotten the momentary cloud, and was laughing like a bird over his mother's rhyme of the beast that should have been included in the "Poem of the Animals"—

> "There was once a beast called the gnu,
> Who daubed his head over with glue:
> When they said, 'You are mad,'
> He replied, 'Little lad,
> I am only a silly old gnu.'"

Mary tucked him up in his cot, and kissed him as she put out the light before departing to her concert, and leaving him in charge of the landlady. She had no servant, and no hand save her own had touched Gay since his birth, but as she kissed him, she remembered the Child born in the stable, whose mother in her tender care had done all for the Son who was Lord of All, and in the thought she blessed God for the gift of little Gay.

"Muvver, I like to watch you, 'cause you is so pretty," said Gabriel over his down quilt as he saw his mother complete her toilette for the concert, and survey herself in the spotted glass with calm content, in her black gown and white muslin fichu.

He turned on to his pillow in the darkness after she had gone with a sigh of satisfaction, for in the inmost recesses of his baby mind he knew that he possessed

the highest thing in the world, since he was king of that tender thing she called her heart.

CHAPTER II

"For well thou knowest 'tis not the extent
Of land, makes life, but sweet content."

STEPHEN HELLARD went out into the noise of Verner Street with small satisfaction in the tumultuous depths of his being, that did duty for his heart. He had sowed the wind of discontent, and he was reaping the whirlwind. Knowing that he loved Mary Holland, he could not bring himself to contemplate the vista of years of penury and struggle that marriage with her would mean. He knew if he worked solidly and well, he could support both himself and her, but he acknowledged that his artistic temperament prevented him from steadily enduring the drudgery of everyday work, and allowed his mind to dwell on the delight of a life where there was no question of expenditure to mar the pleasure of every day. He was walking briskly westward with a preoccupied frown on his face, when he collided with a man who was helping a girl into a hansom from the pavement outside the Law Courts.

The girl he saw at a glance was one of those charming, well-dressed, English beauties who have no anxieties to bring lines to their faces, and whose only care is that they may be perfectly gowned and appointed, their only fear lest some one else should secure the best partners at the nightly dances. She gave a little exclamation of surprise as Hellard brushed against her companion, and looking more closely at her, he saw that a look of disdain crossed her face, marring the perfect outline of her lips, as her eyes lighted on his shabby clothes, and travelled down to his boots, that were cracked at every crease in the leather, and, as he had ruefully acknowledged that morning, would hardly bear patching again.

"Come along, Walter," she said impatiently, "we shall be late."

He knew her before she spoke, and the man with her; for Lady Cicely Dare and her cousin Captain Beaumont had been his friends in old days before the loss of the fortune, that set a bar between him and Society that was impassable. Beaumont looked down and muttered something unintelligible, with the half-ashamed expression of a man who is doing what he knows to be an ungentlemanly action. But the cut was too evident, and their anxiety to have no dealings with such a down-at-heel member of society as Stephen Hellard so apparent that he set his lips and turned sharply away. As he hurried on to Lester Street, he was smarting under a keen sense of injury that lashed his discontent into more active life. What right had these people, with whom he had dined and laughed in past days, to treat him as they had done? It was another evidence of the injustice of the world, and he would like to bring them to their knees in abject regret, so that he might have the pleasure of saying what he thought of them.

Full of envy, hatred, and malice, he pushed his way on. The memory of that smooth-faced young Guardsman, with his immaculate boots and Bond Street suit, made him bite his lip, till the blood stood upon it like a crimson bead.

"If I could only be rich—so rich that every one would envy me, even if it were only for a week, I should have nothing else to wish for," he muttered between his teeth. "I would show that puppy that I did not envy his debts and his position in Society one jot, and I would make Lady Cicely ask my pardon for her conduct to-day over and over again. I should rejoice in seeing her realise what a mistake she had made, and in telling her that it was a matter of indifference to me whether she bowed to me or no. What have I done to be cursed with poverty like this?"

He struck one hand upon another, almost beside himself with the impossibility of his position. He had no regret for what he might have missed in the power of making others happy, and even where the thought of Mary Holland was concerned, the longing to help and comfort her was merged in the greater desire for wealth that would enable him to trample on the world, as already it had done on him. When he left Mary's door that afternoon it had been with a growing desire ever stronger on him to link her life with his own, and so raise both by the honest endeavour to labour and earn his own bread by such talents as he possessed, but now everything faded in the mad unreasoning hatred of a society whose votaries were too insolently proud to notice any one who had gone under in the battle of life.

He knocked sharply at No. 11, Lester

Street, where Mr. Hutton lived. It was a square, solid house of uniform grey colouring, and had the air and atmosphere of a respectable family vault about its dingy windows, and black, hearse-like flower-boxes that had never reared more than a stunted sprig of geranium here and there, when an occasional glimpse of sun crept round to the front of the house and shone tremulously there for an hour or so. But no sun could ever penetrate through the brown moreen curtains, that kept out the fresh air upstairs and down, and Hellard could not repress a shudder now, as he entered the front door that swung back by a mysterious pulley from below stairs, and made his way up the carpetless steps to the upper storey where his employer abode.

He was met at the top of the stairs by the housekeeper, who had kept house for so many years in Lester Street, that she had grown as grey and dismal as the place itself.

"Lor, Mr. 'Ellard, is that you at last?" she said shrilly. "I've been waitin' for you this hour, for you're a long way past your usual time. I was just after coming to you myself when I 'eard your bell. Master's took queer again in the old way, and left this morning for a spell of foreign parts—insanity I calls it, when 'e has a 'ome and every comfort along of me. 'E's not been took like this since the year before 'e made your acquaintance, Mr. 'Ellard, and at his age it was only natural to suppose that 'e'd forgot all such God-forsaken ways; but go 'e would this mornin', and I says to the kitchen girl, 'You might knock me down with a feather, Mary Jane, if I ever 'ope to see master again.' But now I'll bid you good-afternoon, Mr. 'Ellard, and will you please to leave the key at the lawyer's in the Strand, for my eldest daughter's down with 'er thirteenth, and if it was to be, Mr. 'Utton couldn't 'ave gone away 'andier."

With which lengthy speech, Mrs. Bates ran down like a clock that stood in need of winding, and regained her breath with difficulty.

"But I don't understand you, Mrs. Bates," interposed Hellard, bewildered. "I came here to copy a deed for Mr. Hutton. Has he left no instructions for me?"

"Ho yes, Mr. 'Ellard, there's a envelope as large as life on the study table for you, and as for deeds, the next thing you'll be called upon to copy is a verse for 'is tombstone, I reckon. Nigh upon eighty 'e is, and I call it criminal to want any hother land than what give 'im birth. Yes, I do, Mr. 'Ellard, indeed."

Stephen was too impatient to spare the time to explain to Mrs. Bates that such peremptory ordering of the lives of other people would put an end to the prosperity of the Riviera or even Switzerland itself, but he pushed by her and left her grumbling as to the expense of a cab fare to Westbourne Grove, and the dangers of the Underground, until she drifted down-stairs and so into the street, slamming the big door behind her. So there would be no Bath buns for tea so far as he was concerned, and Gay would have to go without that musical top which he had promised himself the pleasure of presenting to him that very night. It was only one more blow of fate, however, and by and by he would have the strength to meet the future with set teeth and brave front, as he had so often done before.

Some one had evidently made a clean sweep of the books and papers that usually lay on the centre table by the window, and even the horsehair-covered chairs were pushed tidily back against the wall in a stiff row. A box, nailed up, stood in the middle of the room, addressed to Mr. Hutton at his lawyer's in the Strand, with a request that it might be kept till called for, and that was all. There was no sign of the spectacled, dressing-gowned old man who had sat peering out at the world under a savage penthouse of brows for the years of their acquaintance. Mr. Hutton had been known occasionally to develop restless symptoms, that ended in his absenting himself from Lester Street for a day or two, but this was evidently something more deliberate and premeditated than mere restlessness, and it was with nervous fingers that Hellard tore open the envelope addressed to him in Hutton's crabbed handwriting.

When he had mastered its contents, he staggered back a pace, like a man walking in his sleep. The dingy room was the same—the patch of sunlight creeping up the wall on the opposite side of the pavement still there—but something had changed about him, and at the mere suspicion that he might have misread the letter, the beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. He tore at the paper that had fluttered from his trembling fingers, and read it again. No—

there could not be any mistake—it was there in black and white.

"Dear Stephen Hellard,

"Life is made up of surprises when people are young—of dead level when they are old—and you are still young, while I have reached the limits of three-score years and ten. I am going to make you an offer, the like of which has never been made, I believe, from man to man, because I think that you are a man after my own heart, to whom the possession of money is an absolute necessity, let it come to you as it may. I was such a man once, and I want to live over my young life in you again. I have given instructions to my lawyer, Mr. Kent, to make over to you absolutely my fortune for the space of six months, on two conditions which I will tell you later. Out of my fortune I have retained as much as will keep me in comfort for the remainder of my life, leaving about a million of money at your disposal. It is yours absolutely—for your life if you will, but if you tire of it, I stipulate that you meet me here in six months' time and restore to me what has failed to satisfy you. I will tell you that there is no blessing on this money, for my father amassed it by oppressing the poor and lending money at an exorbitant rate of usury. I have ceased for many years to think of spending it, save what small sum I have needed to keep body and soul together. Be happy with it if you can, for it has brought me but little joy, seeing that I am here to-day a tired, friendless old man with one foot in the grave. My conditions are that you do not engage yourself to be married during the period of six months, and that you associate only with people in your own new rank of life, having nothing to do with any one who has been the sport of circumstances as you yourself have been for so many years. Good-bye, Stephen Hellard, and if a million of money can make you happy, make a better show in the world with it than I ever did, and be a happy man.

"Joseph Develin Hutton."

He drew a long breath and sat motionless, staring at the opposite wall, fighting the hysteric ball in his throat that prompted him to laugh and cry and do the thousand and one wild, mad things that were the outcome of his excitement.

The sun stole into the room with blinding sunset light, flooding the faded carpet at his feet, and patterning the wall-paper into something like beauty. The roar of traffic going eastward and westward passed Lester Street at either end, leaving its dulness more marked by contrast. The east had bound him by many chains for so long that he could not realise now that his prison doors had lifted, and he might go westward with that gay, pleasure-seeking throng, one of them again. Yes, more than that—a member of Society envied by all, at whose feet Lady Cicely Dare and her cousin would indeed fall in abject contrition for their behaviour that afternoon. This was the mainspring of his exultation, and he gloated over the thought before the power for immediate action came to him and set every nerve in his body a-tingle. There was nothing to keep him from joy now—nothing for evermore, for with a million of money came the material sequence of joy and freedom, and he had now no higher ambition than to be free from the carking care of the present.

He folded the letter up, and laid it in the shabby leather case that served him for purse and pocket-book, then swept a long, lingering glance round the room, that comprised every angle of the dreary apartment, every book and smoke-grimed print, and solid mahogany chair.

He would never enter it again with the chain of servitude round his neck, for he told himself that he had the world at his feet like a ball, and that there would be no going back, no trouble and despair for evermore.

"Good-bye," he said very softly, "good-bye."

He had Kipling's beautiful words in his mind just then, as he ran down-stairs—

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of the things that are.'

But he put those words aside, for work should no more enter into his calendar of daily life. He would never let the word pass his lips again, and the only thing that annoyed him at the moment was that he had not enough change in his pocket to pay for a hansom to drive him to Mr. Kent's office, or to give the crossing-sweeper

a tip so large as to make him do obeisance to the new heir of the ages, who had that moment come into his inheritance.

CHAPTER III

"The light of her young life went down, as sinks behind the hill
The glory of the setting star, clear, suddenly and still."

MR. KENT'S office was one of the most gloomy habitations in the Strand, from its straight, grey frontage, topped by greyer chimney-pots, to its wire blinds, on which the mystic legend was inscribed: "Frederick Kent & Son, Solicitors and Chartered Accountants."

Mr. Frederick Kent himself was a thin, dapper little man with the keen eye and lean appearance of an individual who has spent his life in delving and digging among musty parchments since the days of his long clothes. He was always on the look-out for deception in human nature, and since he had accustomed himself to study the gloomy side of his fellow-creatures, he had lost the habit of expecting to discover noble aspirations in his own kind, and so had adopted a doubtful mien that gave him an air of sullen suspicion not quite carried out in his true character. There was a great deal of real kindliness about Mr. Kent, and a great many negative virtues that in a more favourable atmosphere might have developed into positive attributes of a noble quality.

The good that he did he did secretly, unknown to every one, and as though he were ashamed of having given way to weakness against his better knowledge. If such an act were ever discovered, as in some cases had happened, he was as diffident and annoyed about the affair as though he had been caught in the act of making away with his neighbours' goods.

When he heard the hurried feet of Stephen Hellard outside in the passage, he frowned a little and pushed back into its tin box a letter that he had been studying with keen attention. He had mastered every detail of Hutton's affairs long ago, and although he had not dared to differ from his eccentric client outwardly, he acknowledged to himself now, that Hutton had done a rash, mad thing in giving his money into the hands of a man who would be raised by it from dire poverty—an ungenerous thing, too, in connexion with the young man's character—for who could handle a colossal fortune and afterwards return to dire penury unscathed?

But it was a man with a face inscrutable as the Sphinx that Stephen confronted when he rushed through the door, pushing the polite clerk aside who would have admitted him with all the customary ceremonial.

"Good-afternoon, Mr.—ah—Hellard," said the lawyer, rising with a bland smile.

"Mr. Kent, is it true? I have walked so fast that I am almost deaf and blind, for I hardly believe it—am I heir to millions, or did I dream it?"

Stephen was panting like a man exhausted by a long race, and the lawyer saw that he had reached the utmost point of human endurance beyond which came mental chaos, and he gently pushed him into a chair, turning away and busying himself with his papers till the laboured, hysterical, sobbing breathing had ceased and died away.

"I thank you," said Hellard, with his face set rigidly. "I am a man again now, and can hear what you have to say. I think that you will acknowledge that it was a natural weakness on my part."

Kent bowed.

"I have nothing to say further than was contained in your letter of instructions—indeed, I have almost positive orders from my client to give no confidences, and I feel sure that you had better refrain from imparting any to me."

"But may I know nothing more than I do at present?" stammered Hellard. "I want to be certain that the money is mine to spend as I like, and that no one will wrest it from me as suddenly as I have received it."

"You may be sure of that—the money is yours for six months, without any alteration. Anything further must depend upon yourself."

"Then it will be mine for ever," was the reply. "I am not in the least likely to give it up, and if you have any bond that I can sign now to assure Mr. Hutton of the fact, I would do so at once."

"Nothing can place you in paramount possession of your fortune until you have met Mr. Hutton again in Lester Street at the expiration of six complete months. Whether you will be of the same mind then, I cannot tell. I have only to take

means to see that you carry out the provisions of the legacy, which are two: first, that you shall not engage yourself to be married for that space of time; and secondly, that you only associate with rich people of an assured position. The reason for this condition is not far to seek, since it is evident that Mr. Hutton wishes you to be able to distinguish the society that seeks you for what you possess, from that which desires your acquaintance for the sake of what you are."

"A man makes his own friends," said Hellard lamely, "wherever he may be. He is not compelled to associate with any one of whom he does not approve."

"What about the flattering unction that a man may take to his soul when the world waits upon him hand and foot, and laughs at his smallest sallies of wit? I think, Hellard, that a man flattered is a man blinded, and you will find it so."

"But I was in that very world you are abusing not so long ago—before I lost my fortune."

"And has any one of those late friends remained true to you in adversity, or held out a helping hand when you were down?"

The little lawyer's face was almost sardonic in its expression, and Hellard remembered Lady Cicely Dare.

"That is why I long for the money, just to show them all what I think of them, just to make them realise what they have done in treating me *de haut en bas*."

Stephen clenched his hand and smote the table till it shook again, for the insult still rankled in his mind, and he felt his head swim with passion.

"I want to bring some of them to their knees."

Kent looked at him keenly through his fingers, for he judged that he was sore and miserable after some affront, and in no mood for calm, judicial consideration.

"And what about the old friends whom you have known lately? Is there no one whom you will regret?"

Across Hellard's mind flashed the memory of Mary Holland and little Gabriel, and he faltered.

"Of course, your isolation from any old friends must be absolute," snapped the lawyer.

Hellard's face worked for a moment indecisively. Could he leave them alone for six months? But the glamour of the money was upon him, and he resolutely steeled his heart against any finer emotions. He could leave them surreptitiously a sum of money that would keep the wolf from the door, and after all, six months would pass very rapidly in his search after pleasure.

"There is no blessing with this money, my client always told me. The income that comes by honest hard work is the fortune for a young man."

"But not for me," cried Hellard. "Do not mention the word 'work' to me for a long, long time. I have tried your honest hard work, and find that it sounds well in theory, but is horrible in reality."

Kent bent his head. He had said more than he had ever intended to say, for he had been moved by a feeling of compassion for the young man, who had thus inherited an income which presented unusual temptations to a person of his peculiar temperament, but it was not his place to do more than he had done, and even that little he regretted.

"Then here are the necessary papers to place you in possession of your inheritance," he said coldly, "and I wish you—good luck. There is nothing more to be said, save that means will be taken to ensure your compliance with Mr. Hutton's commands. Good-afternoon, Mr. Hellard."

"One moment," said Hellard, gently. "I have a brother in the army, in the ranks. Am I allowed to visit him to say good-bye? And should I also be allowed to help him pecuniarily?"

"You might have an interview with him, and no stipulations are laid upon the method in which you spend your income, provided, of course, that he will accept such assistance. Again, good-afternoon, Mr. Hellard."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Kent. I know what you are thinking of me. I know how cheaply I stand to-day in my own estimation, and yet I cannot refuse. After all, it is only for six months."

"*Et après?*" said the lawyer with a shrug. "A man who has once lived at the rate of £25,000 a year does not willingly return to twenty-five pence."

He touched the bell as he spoke, and without another word, Hellard found himself in the passage, with the door of the lawyer's sanctum closed behind him. He was aware that Mr. Kent thought but lightly of him for his readiness to give up his old friends, but such knowledge

THE LONG THOUGHT OVER THE *VEUVE CLIQUOT*

troubled him slightly in comparison with the fact that he held in his hand a cheque-book and sufficient legal documents to put him in complete possession of his inheritance.

His first act was to make his way to

the bank, and to draw therefrom a large sum in notes and gold, and before an hour had passed, he had emerged from Bond Street clothed in the latest fashion, with his hair cut, and the general spruce appearance about his whole outer man that is the result of a first-rate tailor and an excellent artiste in the matter of hairdressing. There were various etceteras that he required for his toilette, and everything now to be bought in the way of the finest leather trunks and dressing-bags, and the most expensive trifles in the shape of tie pins and cigarette cases. In fact, he had never realised how much it was necessary for a man of any pretence to fashion—nay, comfort—to acquire, nor what a very little way a ten-pound note will go when once it is broken into. It was with delight that he hailed a hansom, and giving the address of the best hotel he could recall to mind, to the driver, drove off to the Hotel Victoria with as much of his luggage as he could stow away with him, and the rest to follow with all dispatch. He would have a good dinner first, and later go to Lester Street to bid Mary farewell, and to settle his landlady's account, leaving with her as a present all the possessions that made up his poor home under her roof.

Long he meditated over the first good meal that had crossed his lips for many a long month. It seemed that the long thought over the *Veuve Cliquot*, the doubt as to the ortolan, and the choice between wild duck and partridge, were the most important considerations he had had to battle with since he left Parkstone, and his one regret was that Mary was not there to share the meal with him.

He had bought her a beautiful fur cloak and a diamond bracelet, for since he could not offer her money, he imagined that this was the most delicate way of placing pecuniary aid within her grasp, and he tried to imagine what her pleasure at the gift would be, as he sat sipping his solitary glass of wine in the great dining-room of the hotel. Every face that looked at him he imagined to be insolently inquiring as to what he did there, and he felt impelled to flourish his credentials in their faces, and to prove beyond a doubt that he was the wealthiest man in all that crowd. For Gabriel he had another mysterious parcel, wrapped in fold on fold of silver paper. He knew that its contents would delight the child, for in a little case was the gold horse with silver eyes that was to be Gay's part of the ship when it came in, together with an array of soldiers that would cause the heart of any boy to swell with pride. There was a little brown Post Office savings bank book, too, with a deposit of ten pounds in the child's name. All these treasures were wrapped round with a paper on which was written the last "Poem of the Animals" that he would be able to contribute to the series for a long time—

"There was once a nice little boy,
Who desired a particular toy,
And because he was good, as a little boy should,
He received this particular toy."

For Mary Holland he had enclosed a letter, explaining everything, and palliating nothing, confessing his weakness, hinting at his love for her, and asking her to forgive him. And having written this, he felt more at ease, knowing that in all probability when the time came for bidding farewell, he should not have the courage to face her true eyes again.

He little thought that when the door of Mr. Kent's office shut behind him, the lawyer fell back in his chair, with a smothered sigh.

"Poor chap—poor chap—another one blinded by gold—another man to go to the devil with old Jabez Hutton's money. A curse seems to rest upon that million, wrung as it was from the very hearts' blood of the poor. Well, let him go, only I feel more sorry for him somehow than I did for the other fellow, though feeling should play no part in my profession. Heigh-ho, I had better bury myself in my deed-boxes, and struggle with the intricacies of old Halmay's right-of-way dispute. I can keep my eye on this young man—I can keep my eye upon him, for I vow that he has something in his face that attracts me—something honest and straightforward, that is struggling with his desire to be rich, and which sentiment will come off victorious in the long run, God only knows."

And it required a long course of musty deeds and stiff parchments to bring back the usual imperturbable expression to his face.

Hellard did not even dimly guess at the interest he had excited in Kent's mind, and even had he done so, he would merely have felt annoyed that any one should

attempt to seek to control any of his actions.

When he had eaten and drunk, he departed for Verner Street, feeling the soothing influence of his surroundings and internal economy upon him. He was pleased with himself, and the wine to which he had been long a stranger ran through his veins with a pleasant thrill, and made him see beauties in the London streets and rows of gas lamps that he had never been wont to discover there before. Verner Street was astonished by the clatter of a hansom at so late an hour, and his landlady came running up the stairs at the sound of the bell, to wonder and admire, and to ejaculate little running explosions of astonishment at the history of her lodger's good fortune.

"Lord bless me, Mr. 'Ellard," she said. "It's as unexpected to me as it was the day my dear 'usband was took bad with 'is first fit, and lay under the grate cacklin' like a hen. Not that I'm not very pleased, Mr. 'Ellard, you'll understand, but we shall all miss you, for a quieter gentleman or a pleasanter I never wish to see—but there, it's always the best as goes first! Mrs. Holland will be rare sorry not to see you, but she's gone to one of her singin' concerts, and won't be back till late, but the child's up-stairs."

It was almost a relief to Hellard to understand that he should not see Mary, for to face her clear eyes would mean confessing everything, and he was bound by the conditions of the will to enter into no engagement until his probation was over. He felt that he loved her, and yet that love was not strong enough to keep him at her side, nor potent enough to be his charm against temptation, so with a brief word of thanks to Mrs. Pettigrew, he went on up-stairs carrying his big parcels, leaving behind him the landlady in confused tears over an unexpected ten-pound note.

"You will be kind to Mrs. Holland, and let me know if everything is not right with her—this address will always find me—and I shall be back again in six months," he said, and Mrs. Pettigrew promised effusively to watch over Mary like a mother.

The stairs seemed steep and narrow to Hellard's mounting feet, and he wondered that he had ever been able to exist in a house where the paper was of one universal dirty drab colour, and where a constant smell of warm mutton and boiled cabbage pervaded the premises. He paused outside Gay's room, turning the handle with a stealthy touch, and treading as though he were on holy ground. The little room was dimly lighted, and in the middle of the snowy whiteness that was Gay's little bed, he could see the child lying asleep. Mary had surrounded him with whatever she could afford in the shape of dainty prettiness to sweeten his young life. She in her country home in her young days had been enveloped by all that love could give, and Gabriel should never know what sordid penury meant so long as she had fingers to work for him. The room with its cheap painted furniture and its blue drugget looked very dainty in the shaded lamplight, and the snowy curtain of the bed, washed and ironed every week by Mary's own hands, cast a light shadow upon the sleeping child. He lay in all the beautiful *abandon* of childhood, with his head flung back upon his pillow—the golden curls surrounding his face like a halo. One little rounded hand grasping the body of a broken wooden horse lay outside the quilt, and Stephen, stooping, kissed it gently. He felt the awe that is upon those who penetrate into the sacred places of the world, and he knew that as he stood there in his immaculate evening suit, flushed with wine and good dining, he was unworthy to face the innocence of childhood, for his motives and desires were not honest and pure as God and the stern moral sense of childhood would have them to be.

Over Gabriel's head was the picture of an angel, and as Hellard's eyes fell upon it, he seemed to imagine that the pure figure was regarding him with sorrowful eyes, and he remembered that his mother had taught him that to each child of man is lent a guardian angel as guide and companion, and he wondered what his own heavenly guide thought of him that day. He laid his parcels on the chair by the bed, so that Gay would see them on first waking, and then — hesitated. Gabriel stirred in his sleep, half-lifting drowsy eyes.

"Muvver," he said, "I did say my prayers."

Stephen stood silently, until the soft breathing showed that the child was asleep once more, and then in the shadow of the curtain he dropped upon his knees. It was the prayer of his childhood that his

lips framed, the "Our Father" of many children, but when he faltered, "Lead us not into temptation," the words died away, and he rose with the prayer unfinished, for he was not strong enough to resist, nor evil enough to frame a false petition.

"Good-bye, little Gay," he whispered hoarsely; "God keep you and me," and without trusting himself to another moment's hesitation, he left the room, and thus resolutely shut the child out of his life.

Often in the days to come he saw him as he lay that night asleep, with the angel folding shadowy wings above his head and the light upon his tender face, and in those coming days he often wished that he too had laid down the burden of wealth in that lonely room, and had kept the straight path, becoming as a little child.

(To be continued.)

Pure Skies for London

BY JOHN M. BACON

A CURIOUS phenomenon was observed in London while the great Civil War was in progress, the full significance of which supplies an object lesson of vital importance. It was the year 1694, and during that summer, according to the testimony of John Evelyn, "gardens and orchards in the very heart of London (as in particular My Lord Marquesse of Hertford in the Strand, My Lord Bridgwater, and some others about the Barbican) were observed to bear such plentiful and infinite quantities of fruit as they had never produced the like, either before or since."

To form a proper idea of what this would be we must remember what were the limits and lie of London at that time. "Hedge Lane," according to Leigh Hunt, "at the N.W. corner of Trafalgar Square, and the Haymarket were still real lanes and passages to the fields; part of St. James's was a quagmire; Holborn was a suburban village, and Saffron Hill a crocus bed."

ABOVE THE FOG

Now it might be supposed that around and about so comparatively limited an area of bricks and mortar as the city then occupied, not only flowers, but bird and insect life could have found a casual abiding-place, but the great naturalist just quoted asserts that this was not so, and it was left for his perspicacity to trace the true cause. It was in the year mentioned above, he points out, that Newcastle was besieged, and that as a consequence the supply of coal was hindered, and Londoners, as in earlier times, had to resort to the burning of wood for fuel.

This historical fact, rightly considered, supplies the proper text for any discussion of town fogs in general, and of the modern plague of London in particular. That truly heaven-sent curse which more than two hundred years ago was beginning to lie heavy on the city was primarily due to the reek of domestic chimneys conveying the smoke from coal ill burnt in open fireplaces. Factory chimneys can hardly have come into the reckoning in the days of the Commonwealth, and thus it will be surmised that the chief cause of offence should not be laid to their charge to-day.

A commentary on this has come recently

from New York. During the late coal strike in that city the inhabitants found that their proverbially clear skies grew black and murky, and were scarcely less impure than those of other large towns victimised by smoke. The cause was soon investigated, and traced to the fact that, owing to the strike, householders and factory owners alike were burning a soft and smoke-producing coal, which was polluting the atmosphere of all the island on which the great city is built. Then efforts were made, not without success, to enforce the former regulations dealing with the suppression of black smoke, and the result was that shortly the Official Health Commissioner was able to report that the nuisance was practically removed, and that, though certain tall chimneys were still not without blame, the city had become freer from the offending fumes (which it need not be said meant, from the health point of view, much more than mere smoke so called) than it had been for years. "This fact," states the authority from which the above has been quoted, "is evident to any one who will look over the island from any elevated point."

GATHERING MIST

FROM ALOFT, FOG SETTLING

Now the pertinency of this remark has been brought home to the writer by reason of his having been privileged to experiment upon, as well as to observe, from elevated points of vantage, the fogs as they come down on our vaster and less fortunate metropolis. A good deal of plausible, if not positive, information has come to hand as to the way in which our characteristic fogs come into London, and also, an equally important matter, the mode in

FROM ALOFT, FOG SETTLING

which they are wont, or presumably can be made, to take their departure.

Let us first look at the causes suggested by the geologists who regard London from outside, and discuss the probable results that arise from the nature and lie of the surrounding country. According to one authority sufficient natural cause for the prevalence of London fog is to be found in the propinquity of the Essex Marshes to the east, and of the Harrow Weald on the north. According to another the direful plague comes down from the surrounding hills, such as those of Highgate, Hampstead, and Harrow northward, or Putney and Wimbledon on the west; or again, Clapham and Sydenham in the south.

FROM ST. PAUL'S AT NIGHT, LOOKING EAST

Down the slopes of these hills the colder air is thought to blow towards the town and river, where it meets with warmer air at the point of saturation, and the formation of fog is the inevitable result.

On the other hand, as somewhat militating against this view, we have a carefully-prepared report emanating from the Meteorological Office, being, in fact, the outcome of a special inquiry into the conditions associated with the development and distribution of fog in the metropolis and its vicinity between November 1901 and March 1902.

Among much interesting and important matter we find the definite statement that there is no evidence of any special connexion between the frequency or intensity of fogs and geological conditions, nor does the locality of the commencement of fog depend upon geological formation. Further, that the commencement of a fog is not identified with any particular locality. It seems to be a general process depending upon general atmospheric conditions. There is no evidence tending to show that fogs are formed outside, and conveyed or drifted to London. The London fogs are produced in London possibly at the same time as country fogs, but they do not come from the country. But in any case, alike in the town as in the country, there is a marked tendency for fogs to commence in the early morning.

Now, two personal and highly instructive observations of fog will find a place here. One made in early autumn, when an hour and a half before sunrise I left London in perfectly clear air, travelling away northward by the train which quitted King's Cross at 5.15 a.m., and which, speeding through the suburbs, spread a long white cloud of mist behind. This cloud, twisting into wreaths, and lying wide along the ground, wasted away slowly into the cold still air. But shortly getting clear of the town, other cloud or mist was found lying copiously over the land, gathered motionless in shallow pools, or spread out into sheets much like the layers of low stratus that are wont to form in the west at sundown.

This ground-fog stretching right and left of the line grew deepest about Potter's Bar. There was none, however, over the ploughed land, even in the hollows, nor was there a trace over a low-lying lake surrounded by trees. It was curious to note how a broad sea of mist covered the last field up to the very boundary fence, where it actually pushed through a break in the hedge, but, shunning the water, intruded no further. Ere I had traversed more than a few more miles the entire fog, which was due simply to a rapid chilling of the ground by radiation through a clear night, thinned away utterly, lingering last in long parallel streaks sloping up the pastures.

The other observation I would bring

forward was made in the middle of March in the present year in the country town of Newbury, which may fairly claim to enjoy a full share of pure and clear skies. On the date in question, however, an early morning fog lay deep, though not long lasting, over all the town, burying the houses and shrouding the upper half of the church tower in dense obscurity. It brooded still and dank across the Marsh. It closed over the river, and would not spare even the more modern and open streets on the higher ground. From a certain limited area, however, in the very heart of the town, the fog recoiled as if spell-bound, and leaving the spot absolutely clear, built it in with white walls reaching to heaven. It was a striking phenomenon, yet the explanation was simple and obvious. The spot in question was paved with wooden blocks, and being in consequence warmer than the rest of the roadways, prohibited by the mere difference of its radiative properties the formation above it of such fog as was settling everywhere else around.

FOG SETTLING

WATERLOO STATION IN DENSE FOG
Twenty minutes' exposure, 2 P.M.

Both the fogs now considered were similar in nature and cause; and we can deduce the same lesson from each, namely, that while such fogs will brood over cold ground, they will shun places where the surface has retained more warmth. Moreover, they show a general tendency to disappear after sunrise, as soon as the heat is sufficient to enable the air to take up all the moisture which has been condensed out of it.

But let me proceed to tell what I have observed of actual town fog of more pronounced character, alike from the fixed standpoint of the most elevated buildings in London, and also from the shifting but more commanding platform of a free balloon.

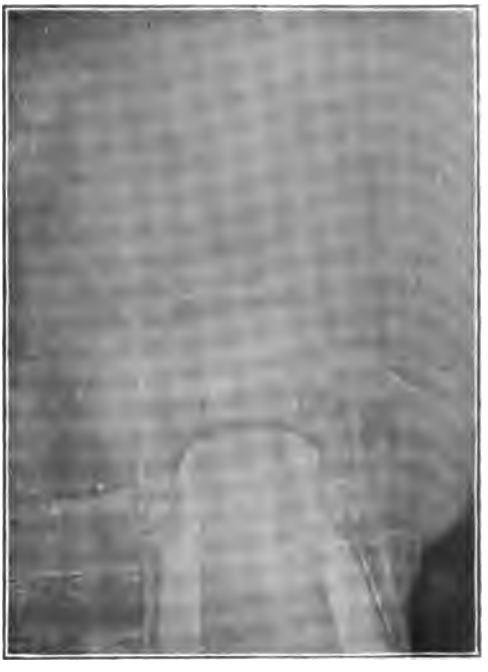
Fogs even of intense opacity may be very partial. One of the densest fogs I can remember lay over the Thames and its northern shore from Poplar to below Woolwich, and so remained for twenty-

four hours. Day was turned to night; objects could not be seen two paces off, and all traffic was stopped; yet the clammy cloud of moisture-laden smoke and sulphurous acid had enclosed itself within strict limits, and the down-train from Fenchurch Street ran into it as into a sheer wall.

Again, fogs, however widely extending, may be only superficial. I have known a mid-day fog which swallowed up all London, rendering it necessary in the City at least to keep all lights burning, while from the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's it was possible to look clear over the cloud-sea, through which here and there the taller spires stood up like gaunt signal-posts.

Yet again, fog may brood over the entire metropolis at a little height up, leaving the pavement clear, and either approach no nearer, or, on the other hand, presently deepen and descend till the whole town is swallowed up in murky darkness. A series of photographs which I secured within a brief space of time show how on one occasion a fog came down almost like a slowly-dying balloon settles to earth, dipping lightly on to the roofs in the Euston Road, but which shortly after blotted out the towers of Westminster, and within an hour's space had plunged Waterloo Station in the blackness of night.

Quiescence or else movement of the air must be chiefly responsible for the behaviour of fogs, and this may be made yet



TOWER BRIDGE, RIVER FOG

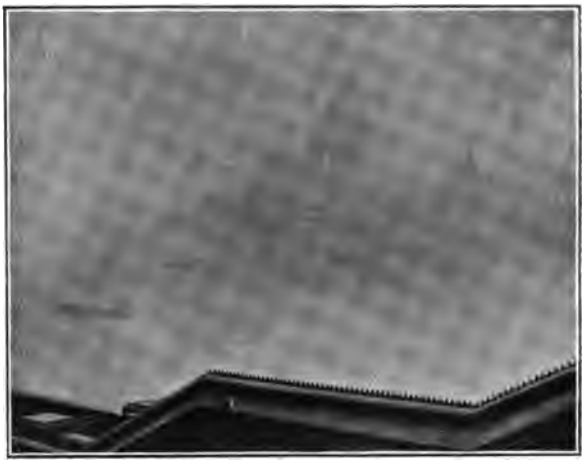
more apparent by the way in which a fog will take its leave. The dense fog at Poplar, to which I have referred, in the end suddenly lifted, and vanished into space like the shifting of a stage scene, the weather otherwise remaining calm and apparently unchanged. Pilots of long standing about Trinity Wharf prophesied that *wind would soon follow*, a forecast which surely enough was shortly justified, and it was clear that wind-currents, all unsuspected, had come quietly to the rescue. And this is often the case, as may be subsequently detected.

For when a dense fog has taken its departure you may not infrequently trace it, and the way it is gone, quite certainly across two or three counties. The writer's home is fifty miles from Hyde Park Corner, yet the smell of a departing London fog of the pea-soup description may sometimes be clearly noticed scenting the gale in his own grounds, and Sir W. B. Richmond has detected the same unmistakable odour at Lockinge, twelve miles further afield across open downs.

We have thus begun to see how Nature herself is at hand to help banish our modern plague-fiend, and there is here a very encouraging consideration which

HALF-WAY UP ST. PAUL'S, FOG BELOW

should be duly regarded, namely, that even the least favoured parts of the metropolis are but little removed from air which is not only pure, but actively purifying, and which is blowing usually in strength a little above the chimney-pots. The importance of this may be readily grasped. Experiments recently conducted have gone to show that when the lower layer of the atmosphere—whether this be clear or cloudy—is lying quiescent over any particular region (which is generally the case in fog) with warm sun over all, then this lower layer will often become in a condition of unstable equilibrium, and any disturbance below may cause a column of air to break away upwards in an eddy greater or smaller. It is indeed self-evident that this must be true in some real measure at least, and then think what this indicates and what remedy it points to. It is not too much to say that in towns a good wind service is as essential as a good water service, and that therefore not only are narrow streets and overhanging houses to be deprecated, but so also are *culs de sac*, enclosed courts and the like, where winds, wherever they are stirring, cannot get a clear blow through. In proportion as we give the natural motion of the air free play, so we reduce in and above our crowded towns the accumulation of dust and smoke particles which are the primary cause of fog. Exhaustive investigation has shown that air-streams may become far more penetrating and widely reaching than any streams of water, breaking up everywhere into multitudinous eddies, circulating in all directions where they get the chance.



WESTMINSTER IN FOG

Thus even the dweller in crowded Clerkenwell may feel that Nature's principal remedy for cleansing the air around him is at his own door. And the moral of this is clear. Let nothing be neglected that may tend to give motion to air which would otherwise remain stagnant. Let everything be done to create and widen open spaces, and clearances of every kind. Every householder can and should do his own share. By every means give the air-streams free passage to come and go. Lop away the overhanging creeper, and let every chimney be not only as innocent as possible, but actively helpful in creating its due up-draught with its register permanently open.

Other practical remedies are yet more obvious. We have seen that wooden paving is inimical to the formation and lie of certain of fogs at least, and further improvement might be made in this direction. Yet more might be done in the way of devising more efficient and better burning grates, and something learned in domestic stoking which would make our fires more economical and less offending. Lastly—but is this too much to hope for?—the London coal market, if not made to rival that of New York, might at least be supplied with a far less smoke-producing coal.

My Rise from the Slums to Manhood

A TRUE STORY

BY OWEN KILDARE

[OWEN KILDARE, whose life-story, written by himself, is published herewith, is thirty-eight years old. Eight years ago he could not read or write. To-day, he is the author of a number of clever short stories, although none of them is so interesting as is the story of his rise from a newsboy to a recognised place in the ranks of manhood. How this wonderful transformation was accomplished by the love and devotion of a good woman, reads like a romance. Mr. Hall Caine read this story, and his views of it will be found below.—EDITOR.]

"MY DEAR MR. KILDARE,

"I have read your story, and I have been deeply touched by it. Nothing more true or human has come my way for many a day. It is a real transcript from life, and that part of it which deals with the little lady, who was so great and so ennobling an influence in your life, brought tears to my eyes and the thrill to my heart. I am not using the language of flattery when I say that no great writer would be ashamed of the true delicacy and reserve with which you have dealt with the more solemn and sacred passages of your life. I should like to keep the article, that I might read it again in the silence of my own study on the Isle of Man, but you will certainly need it, and so I send it back. It was a true pleasure to me to meet you personally, and no conversation I have had on this side of the ocean has moved me to more sympathy. I wish you every proper success, and I feel sure that such a life as yours has been, and such a memory as brightens and solemnises your past, can only lead you from strength to strength, from good to better. That this may be so will be my earnest wish for you long after I have left your American shores. With kindest greetings,

"HALL CAINE."

OWEN KILDARE

MOST of the years of my life were idly spent in and around the old Fourth Ward, in New York City, where there are plenty of opportunities, but I never felt the stirring impulse of ambition until man's estate was reached. Before beginning, however, the recital of how I found my ambition awakened, let me make my position unmistakably definite. I am not a self-made man, having only co-operated in the making. I cannot lay claim to the proud title, because, with the adjective "self-made" there always goes a list of deeds accomplished, and such a list, in my case, is lacking. I am a man, re-born and re-made from a slimy moral condition into a life in which every atom has but the one message, "Strive, struggle, and believe," and I would be the sneakiest hypocrite were I to deny that I feel within me a satisfaction at being able to respond to the call with all the energies of soul and body. I have little use for a man who cloaks his ability with smirking mock modesty. Any thorough tradesman will estimate a job before him, and at once decide whether he can or cannot do the work. To do present work right brings opportunities for more important tasks. I feel that I am able to do my daily work well, and that, while doing it, my ambition is constantly kept awake for harder tasks and more glorious satisfaction. A man's conscience is the best barometer of his ability, and he who will pretend a disbelief in his ability is either untruthful or has an ulterior *motif*.

As yet, I have accomplished but little, but I have confidence in myself. I regret that, in the following lines, the first person singular will appear so frequently, but it cannot be otherwise. Each fact mentioned has been lived by me: the disgrace and the glory, the misery and the happiness are all part of my life, and I cannot separate them from myself. I know you will not disbelieve me, and I am willing to be confronted by your criticism.

Whatever knowledge I have of my parents is based on the legendary lore of neighbourly

gossip. From that dim source of information I have learned that my father was a typical son of the Green Isle. Rollicking, care-free, ever ready with song or story, he was a universal favourite during his sojourn in the ward where he had made a home for himself and his wife for the short time from his arrival in this country till his death. My mother was a Frenchwoman, who married my father shortly before departing for this country from France, where he had gone to study art. Not being amply provided with funds, my parents took an apartment in a tenement house on Catharine Street, where I was born. My mother died at my birth; my father had preceded her by three months.

Poverty is not devoid of selfishness, but it is acquired. Underneath it there is a strong current of genuine compassion, which is natural. It was this compassion which found a shelter for the homeless, parentless babe with a kind-hearted, childless Irish couple, who had shared with my parents the floor of the tenement. There, in an old soap-box as my cradle, I was rocked, or, rather, bumped (the supports of my swaying bed were not the evenest) into childhood.

Life in tenements is a particularly busy one of its kind. When all efforts are directed toward the one end of providing the wherewithal for food and rent, each meal and each rent-day is an epoch-making event. My foster-father was a 'longshoreman, earning fair wages when employed, but permitting himself many idle spells. My foster-mother found her best hold on her husband's affection by catering to his appetite, which was one of the marvels of the neighbourhood. When working he was very exacting in the choice of his food; so, when idle, his wife would strive still harder to cheer him into better humour by her culinary feats. As a consequence, the smell of stewing or frying always pervaded our two small rooms and told of my foster-mother's activity. Besides this promiscuous cooking, there were washing, mending, darning, and other housework to be looked after, and little time was left for sentiment toward me beyond an affectionate pat on my head. A child can do without coddling, but a child's heart, sensitive as no other, hungers for the wealth of affection.

In this way I grew up very much by myself. Even before it had become my duty —a very important one for tenement-house children—to "go out for coal," I loved to take my basket and make my way to the river-front to pick up bits of coal dropped in unloading, or by too generously-filled carts. No one minded me or censured me for my long absences from home, and there were times when bitter envy crept into my heart at seeing mothers soundly cuff their sons for having spent too many hours at the retail coal business. Even parental chastisement was denied me; my foster-parents were too indifferently good-natured to inflict it upon me—a fact for which, according to popular reasoning, I should have been thankful.

Not until a few months before the capping climax of my childhood occurred did I learn of the relationship between my foster-parents and myself. Certain gibes and sneers of my playmates at my unshod condition screwed my courage to the point of asking my foster-father for a pair of shoes—real, new shoes. I had not always been without shoes, having had the old shoes of "mom" to wear to the last shred; but you will easily believe me that my appearance in my cumbersome foot-gear never failed to make me a most inviting target for exceedingly plain comment, and I preferred to go barefooted, unless snow or sleet made that impracticable.

The moment for presenting my petition anent the new shoes was ill-chosen. My foster-father was experiencing a period of idleness, and had reached that intense state of feeling which prompted him to declare with much banging on the table that "there wasn't an honest day's work to be got no more at all by an honest, decent labouring man." His wife, as indicated before, was deeply engaged in the task of mollifying her husband's irascible condition by marvellous feats of cooking, and was not at liberty to afford me the usual moral support. Small wonder, then, that my request was received in the most ominous and threatening manner. That which, perhaps, should have happened to me long before, was inflicted upon me that night. I was beaten.

Then I realised that I had a temper. From a safe distance I upbraided my foster-father for punishing me for demanding that which all children have a right to demand from parents. This incited his humour; but, after his laugh had ended, he told me in the most direct way of my status in

WITH HANDS PUSHED INTO HIS POCKETS, MAKING HIS WAY—WHITHER?

their family, and also informed me that, if he felt like it, he could at any time kick me into the street, where I, by right, belonged. All this happened so long ago that it would hardly be safe for me to analyse my feelings at that moment. However, I remember distinctly that I did not feel great resentment toward either one of my foster-parents. If anything, I was puzzled and could not understand why they had put up with me for so long. But the street, "where I, by right, belonged," assumed a new aspect. Having had plenty of evidence of the impulsive spirit which ruled our household, something seemed to tell me that it was not improbable that the threat of my expulsion would be fulfilled, and I began to consider my ultimate fate from all sides. I fell into a preoccupied state of mind, which does not sit naturally on a child. I became very quiet, and, in the evening, from the wood-box behind the cooking range, watched our home proceedings. These were at times somewhat noisy, and my quietness seemed to grate on the ears of him whom I had ceased to call "father" and was then addressing more formally as "Mr. McShane," which also annoyed him.

You will have no difficulty in reading between the lines and understanding how a certain something became more and more stifled within me. Yes, I was unreasonable, perhaps lacking in gratitude, but I was a child and still hungered and hungered for that which, as yet, had not come into my share.

Happily, children's shoes do not involve enormous expenditure, and so, on a certain eventful day, "mom" made me the proud possessor of a pair of real new shoes, which I was to pay for by increased collective ability in the coal business. Many detours had to be made that day, and so much time was wasted in exhibiting my shoes to the thrilling envy of my playmates that the accumulation of coal suffered in consequence. It required all my remaining buoyant spirits to nerve me for my reception at home, the coal-basket was so uncomfortably light.

Mr. McShane was enjoying another idle period, which did not preclude occasional credit from the neighbouring saloon-keepers, and the crisis was at hand. My shoes, my real new shoes, were taken from my feet. Everything within me rebelled against that. Life without those shoes was not worth living, and I stormed myself into a frenzy, which did not vanish until I found myself on the floor of the dark hallway—minus my shoes.

How long I had lain there or how long I eventually crouched there, I do not know. Once I heard pleading and emphatic denial within, and then all was still—still for a

long while. The crisis had come, and I began to think. I had thought myself prepared for such a moment, yet I found myself stunned and bewildered. Still, every sense was alert, and, hearing a slight noise, I saw a tiny streak of light disappear as quickly as it had appeared, and I dragged myself to the door, behind which was what had long been my home. I found my shoes, my real, new shoes, and then I tried hard to cry, but could not; the crust had become too hardened.

So, at the age of seven, I stepped from my childhood into the street, where, by right, I belonged, and began the journey which, through many years in the valley, led me to the most glorious heights.

It was a night in December. Need I bring to your mind the picture of the boy who, with hands pushed into his pockets, was making his way—whither? In later years I have often wondered why I and all the other boys who comprised the newspaper-selling fraternity of that day, as soon as the little tragedy had happened to each one which made him a stray waif, always landed in Park Row, and in the midst of his future colleagues? It seemed to be our paradise.

I travelled along, frequently breaking into a run—for it was fearfully cold—until a gush of warm air called an unmistakable "Halt!" From the grating over a press-room came a continual, ink-permeated current of warmth; but, alas! I could not get as close as I desired, as every inch of the grating was covered with a huddled group of diminutive humanity. Only a few minutes of the cheery warmth was afforded to me, for, just as I was beginning to thaw out, the signal was given, "Cheese it, the cop!" and, like so many sprites, the boys scampered away, I bringing up the rear.

I followed them into a hallway on Frankfort Street, which, if not warm, at least protected one from the cutting blasts which played their stormy games of "hide-and-seek" around the blocks, and, cuddling in a corner, I tried to forget my troubles in sleep. Just dozing, preliminary to falling into sounder sleep, I was suddenly and swiftly roused by a grasp and a kick and informed that I had usurped a corner "belonging" to an *habitué* of the dismal hostelry.

"But say," compromised the disturber, "if you don't kick when you're asleep, I'll let you sit close beside me. It'll keep me warmer, anyway."

Most impressively did I assure him that my sleep was absolutely motionless, and from that night began a partnership and friendship which lasted for many years.

On awakening, I faced my first great sorrow in my new and independent existence. I wish I could tell you that it was homesickness or a great longing for all I had left behind, but it was not. I missed my coffee, but that was enough to make me solemnly vow that with my first money I would buy the entire stock of a certain coffee and cake saloon, from which the odours of many savoury things were wafted to us on the chilly morning air.

With five cents advanced to me by the partner of the night before, I was able to buy some newspapers, which I began to sell. I stuck to that business for over ten years. In the particular clique of boys of which I quickly became a leading member, there was none other so absolutely orphaned as myself. In odd, emotional moments, one or another would let his thoughts stray back to some still loved and revered father or mother, or would confess to having crept up to his former home, at some safe time, to have a peep at forfeited comforts. I used to like these references, but solely because they were utilised by me in inflicting my brutality on those who had uttered them.

There is a question, a number of questions to be asked here. Why did I do this? Was it because I was naturally vicious, or because I wanted to stifle a certain gnawing in my heart by my ferociousness?

A strange reasoning, the last, perhaps; but in years I was still a child, and if a child has but little in his life to love, and that little is taken out of his life, that child can turn into a veritable little demon. It is always the mother who will start a fellow on the road to heaven, from which he may stumble, but on which he should progress.

In this way, my life as a newsboy continued. Sleeping—in beds—eating, and all the other minor considerations of life were indulged in if lucky; if not, there was enough callousness to bear it without a murmur. But I wanted to be a power among newsboys. I wanted to be respected or feared. As I did not care which, I succeeded in the latter at the expense of the former. In all those long years I cannot recall more than one incident which stirred the softer emotions of my heart.

A new-comer, a blue-eyed, light-haired

little fellow, had come among us, and was immediately chosen by me as my favourite victim. He could not hide certain lingering traces of refinement, which gave me many excuses to hold him up to the ridicule of our choice gang of young ruffians. One day I saw him standing at the corner of "the Row," offering his wares with the unprofessional cry, "Please won't you buy a paper?" It was a glorious chance to plant a kick on one of his shins, and, creeping up behind him, I arrived just in time to stand before two motherly-looking women, who had stopped to buy a paper from "the cherub." Wits are quickly sharpened in a life on the streets, and I had sufficient presence of mind to shove my bundle of papers in front of them with the customary and professional "Poipers, lady, poipers?"

But I was barely noticed. Instead, the cherub claimed all their attention.

"What a pretty boy!" exclaimed one. "Have you no home, no parents? Too bad, too bad!"

All this was noted and registered by me for a future reckoning with the cherub. My heart was shivering with acid bitterness. "Never me, never me!" and the misery of many loveless years rang as a wail from my soul.

Just after the woman who had spoken had handed a dime to my intended scapegoat, her companion happened to turn and see me.

"Oh, just look at the other poor fellow" —my appearance justified the description, but my dilapidated clothes and my scratched face owed their pitiful condition to much "scrapping" and not to deprivations— "here, poor boy, here is a penny for you."

With a light pat on my grimy cheek and one of the sunniest smiles ever shed on me, she was gone before I could realise what had happened. But the penny was still in my hand, and, forthwith, I determined to keep it for ever, which proved to be exactly two hours. There I stood, dreaming and stroking the cheek she had touched, and asking myself why she had done so. Somehow I felt that, were she to come back, I could just have said to her: "Say, lady, I ain't got much to give, but I'll give you all me poipers, and me pennies, and me knife, if you'll only say and do that over again." At any rate, I forgot to whip the cherub that night.

As with all other "business men," there is keen rivalry and competition among newsboys. The only difference is that, among the boys, the most primitive way is the most frequent one employed to settle disputes. Some men, after great sorrows or disappointments, seek forgetfulness in battle, being entirely indifferent to their ultimate fate, and they always make good fighters. My position was not altogether dissimilar from theirs. What little I had known of comfort and affection was behind me; my mode of life at that time had no particular attraction for me, and my only ambition was to conquer by fight, and, therefore, I made a good fighter.

Park Row was and is frequented by the lesser lights of the sporting world. Our boyish fights were not fought in seclusion, but anywhere. Being a constant participant in these "goes," as I was daily called upon to defend my sounding title of "Newsboy Champion of Park Row" against new aspirants for the honour, myself and my fighting "work" soon became familiar to the "sports," several of whom were never missing from the circle of spectators. I was of large frame, my face was of the bulldog type, my muscles were strong, my constitution hardened by my outdoor existence in all sorts of weather, and, without my knowing it, my progress in the art of fisticuffs was eagerly watched with the hope of discovering in me new indications for the prize-ring.

In due time overtures were made to me. I was properly "tried out" on a third-rate boxer, and said good-bye to the newsboy life to blossom as a full-fledged pugilist. Then I began to have *higher* ambitions. It was in the days of smaller purses and more fighting, and I determined to fight often to accumulate money quickly. Why I was so anxious to accumulate money was not quite clear to me. I simply wanted to have a lot of it, wanted to feel the sensation of possessing a roll of bills, and, this being the only road open to me toward that goal, I was eager to travel it. That was my ambition at an age when I should have been able to understand the true aims and duties of life.

Fighting with professionals was not so easy as fighting with newsboys. Another thing which often became the object of criticism by my pugilistic sponsors was my violent temper. In the midst of the fray I would frequently forget the rules of the prize-ring, and simply "sail in" to defeat

my opponent, only to be disqualified for my victory by the referee.

Is there not here something analogous to our methods in reaching success? It is grand to be enthusiastic and to be wanting to conquer at all hazards, but is success ever attained without self-control or by overriding the laws of God and man? A locomotive suddenly deprived of control will still keep going, but will probably run into a ditch.

But, if my impetuous ferocity prevented me from becoming a stellar phenomenon in the pugilistic firmament, it served me in another direction. The Bowery and its vicinity, at the time, were infested by a large number of so-called "sporting houses." In all these places boxing was the real or pretended attraction. On an elevated stage from three to six pairs of boxers furnished nightly entertainment for a roomful of foolish men, and, more's the pity!—women. The real purpose of these gatherings must remain nameless here, but this fact we must note, that all of these "sporting houses," these depths of blackest iniquity, were run by so-called statesmen, patriots, politicians, many of them law-makers, or else by their figure-heads.

My *début* in this environment was so successful that, very soon, I was promoted from being a boxer at two dollars a night to being "floor manager" at five dollars a night and "extras." Both the wages for my work and the "extras" were satisfactorily earned by me, a "floor manager" being nothing more or less than a "bouncer." I was splendidly equipped for the position, and my fame spread among that social shift until I enjoyed quite a reputation. Then I thought myself on the pinnacle of success!

I was feared because of my brutality; I was respected because of my "squareness," which had never been severely tempted; I had more money than ever before; I was wearing well-made, if flashy, clothes; the grumbling envy of my less fortunate fellow "sports" sang like a sweet refrain in my ears; I was strong, vicious, and healthy; why, why shouldn't I consider myself successful?

Of course you will despise me for it, but put yourself in my place, and you will be less severe. There was something brewing and fermenting in me which had to assert itself. I wanted to be successful. Will you blame a blind man for choosing the wrong path at the cross-roads? Will you not, instead, lead him in the right direction? Was I not blind when I stood on life's highway and could not see the pointed finger which read: "To Decency, Usefulness, and Manhood"? There was no one to lead me.

The years went on monotonously, the days differing but slightly from one another in degrees of wickedness. It was a sickening existence, and, at odd intervals, one of our "set" would become disgusted with it and make a spurt for respectability. Some of them were fortunate, others felt themselves drawn back again, but I never

"HANGING AROUND" AND WASTING HOURS, DAYS, AND YEARS, DOING NOTHING

thought seriously of a change in my life. To what could I change? And, as I had plenty of everything I wanted, why change?

There are, however, righteous as well as wicked people in New York City, and, horrified at the spread of vice, the legislature was petitioned by influential citizens to send a committee of investigation to the city. When a body is covered with a cancerous growth, the most dangerous ulcer is the first to receive the surgeon's attention. At the coming of the investigation committee, I was employed in the most notorious dive which ever disgraced a community. For that reason, it was the first to be attended to, was closed, and the nominal proprietor was sent to jail. A general cleansing process was begun, and, in a short time, the Bowery was full of a muttering crowd of able-bodied men, each one cheating the world out of an honest day's labour, all proclaiming loudly at the injustice which deprived them of their "living." Even the recollection is nauseating.

In company with a number of fellows who, like me, were "thrown out of work" by this "uncalled-for interference," we established head-quarters in a gin-mill owned by a legislator. As a matter of course, the "back-room," seemingly a legislative annex, was very much in evidence. There we became just loafers, alternately decorating the exterior and the interior of the place with our ornamental presence.

There is no more pathetic sight than that of a crowd of young men, with brain-cells as empty as their pockets, "hanging around" and wasting hours, days, and years, doing nothing. Along the curb in front of the saloon was always a row of empty kegs, which became our favourite lounging-place. The side-walk was wide, the policemen (for reasons of their own) were very friendly, and there was ample field for "sport." This "sport" consisted of insults of various kinds to pedestrians. Old people, but especially women, received the most of our playful attention. It brings a flush to my face when I think of our beastly cowardice. There is more manliness in one mongrel cur than there was in that whole gang of ours! And in that sport I was the acknowledged leader!

The probabilities of reopening the "sporting houses" grew more remote every day, so we considered ourselves forced to remain in idleness. What work could be had here and there all around us never bothered us. We simply grumbled at the awkwardness of things, and indulged the more heartily in our pastime.

One day, "Skinny" McCarthy, by ways which would not bear close scrutiny, had secured some money, and the "gang," most genially, helped him to spend it at the bar. When the feast had run its course, we trailed back to our kegs at the curb. I was first, McCarthy following me. I was resuming my seat, when a stifled cry attracted my attention. Turning, I saw McCarthy in collision with a girl, and, as usual, I prepared to laugh at the gay spectacle. Before my facial muscles had time to shape themselves into a grin, the girl looked at McCarthy, at the others, and at me, in a way which said, as plainly as words: "And you are MEN!"

I could almost believe that I felt the physical sensation of something snapping within me, but I did not stop to explain it to myself. Instead, I rushed toward them, hit my fellow-brute under the ear, and cleared a passage for the young lady.

With the closing of the crowd behind us—poor McCarthy, in his stunned condition, furnishing quite an interesting sight to the silly gapers—the reign of the brute in me was ended and the man born.

As this was my first attempt at playing the chivalric knight, I found it impossible to fit myself to my new *rôle*. Somehow impelled, I walked beside the young lady, acknowledging her expressions of gratitude with deep-toned grunts. To explain matters, she told me she was a teacher in one of the near-by schools, and was compelled to pass our "hang-out" every day on her way to and from home. In exchange for her confidence I should have introduced myself, but, alas! a big, hulking oaf knows nought of politeness.

But the bonny little lass was a marvel of tact and diplomacy. She put me on the witness-stand and cross-examined me, firing leading questions at me until I was really ashamed at having told her so much about myself. When we arrived at her door, the wise counsellor began to sum up, closing with an eloquent appeal to my manhood.

She did not mince matters, but, one by one, reviewed the errors of my useless, sinful life, and, with scorn, referred to all the wasted years, until my head hung with shame. She was not bitter in her accusations. Had she been so, my temper would

have helped me out of the predicament. In spite of her plain words, a note of sympathy, of pity, rang through it all. Then, before I had a chance to hide my embarrassment, she struck another key, and told me that beneath all my wickedness and brutality there was a soul, perhaps still sleeping, buried, yet there, nevertheless, and put there by a wise God.

I was not permitted to depart until I had promised to forego some of my habits. I tried to sneeringly laugh at this, but the laugh was rather forced. Instead of returning to the "hang-out," I went to City Hall Square and walked and walked—and began to think. Could it be possible that all my life had been wasted? Did my notoriety, my reputation, amount to nothing? Could I be justly proud of myself? Had I ever done anything of benefit to others, or had I been always selfish and greedy in satisfying my material desires? Did I really have a soul?

That was my mental state for the night and the following day, and, as one cannot do much reflecting in a saloon, I kept away from there. I really do not know what prompted me to it, but I found myself in the neighbourhood of the school as the classes were being dismissed. As I saw the little tots clinging to her skirts from very love of her, I seemed to hear a message whispered to me, and—I nailed my sailing flag to the mast of purity.

She saw me, and, when she heard of my determination to act thenceforth as her bodyguard, she chided at first, but then laughed and told me I was very kind. I wish you could realise my feelings when she, the first to do so, told me that. Surely the dangers along the journey to her home were trifling and few, but no proud queen in days of sword and lance had more devoted cavalier to fight, die, or live for her. That seemed to be my sole duty. This new feeling of vague happiness had benumbed me, and, though I was then leading a more decent life, it was still aimless and without purpose. However, God does not send angels into the world without purpose.

We had arrived at her door on a beautiful afternoon, and I was on the point of taking leave, when she handed me a card, and asked me a question concerning it. My fairy palace of bliss crumbled to pieces. I could not cipher or decipher my own name. What else could I do but slink away to hide myself, my ignorance, my shame, for ever? But, before I had taken a step, a little hand grasped my arm, and, then and there, took up its faithful guidance of me, and every fibre of my big, ungainly frame thrilled at this waking of a better life.

Then the sweet professor, besides her class at school, saddled herself with this unwieldy, husky kindergarten. Never was the alphabet more quickly mastered, and "c-a-t, cat," and "r-a-t, rat," were spelled by me in a surprisingly short time. Who would not have learned quickly with such a teacher?

But even dolls can be made to talk, and parrots can imitate empty chatter. My teacher wanted me to have the means to lift myself out of my ditch. The little sculptor, who was moulding this huge mass of the commonest clay into the semblance of a man, wanted to waken that in me which would make me something apart from the thing I had been. Coming out of my darkness, she did not lead me at once into the radius of the dazzling light; but, as with the tots in her primary class, step by step she coached me into the way of righteous intelligence. Gradually I began to see—to see with the eyes of my soul—and I found a world about me abounding in the evidences of an almighty and wise Creator. I began to understand and to love this newer and better life, and began

I WALKED BESIDE THE YOUNG LADY

to hate the old life, which, in vain, tried to tempt me back to it.

One thing which I can never emphasise sufficiently is the sacrifices that little woman underwent for me from the beginning to the very end. She was the main support of her mother and a young invalid brother. Besides these two, she had only one other relative, an elder brother, in a far western city. They were refined people, and you can imagine what it meant to them to have a big, uncouth fellow intrude into their home circle. I shall never forget the horror-stricken countenance of her mother at my first appearance for my private lesson. It needed no interpreter to read the question of her eyes: "For goodness' sake, where did this come from, and what is it?" But I found a dear little ally in my teacher's brother, whose willing horse I was for many a ride, wild and hazardous, from kitchen to parlour. That first peep into real home life fairly upset me. Since then I have seen many more luxurious places, but none where my heart felt so much at home. Every detail of it was noticed by me—the neatness, the taste of the modest decorations—and I set my jaws and said, "I, too, will have a home, and, perhaps, not only for myself, but——" Ah, but it was too early to dream too far!

To dream of things will never bring them to you, and, as people who had known me had always given me credit for stubborn determination in wicked pursuits, I resolved to apply this determination to a better end. I looked for work—good, honest, hard work. My experience surprised me. Only a few months had passed since my transformation, but it had been noted by men whom I had thought indifferent to my fate. I can say, with the utmost conviction, that, if a man determines without compromise to do right, he will find friends, all willing to help him along, among those he had expected to prove nothing more than mere acquaintances.

I went to work at one of the steamboat piers as a baggage-man—sometimes referred to as a "baggage-smasher"—at eight dollars a week, a smaller amount than I had often "earned" in one night in the dive. On my first pay-day, those eight dollars were recounted by me innumerable times; not because I was dissatisfied with the smallness of the amount, but because I felt good, really good, at having at length earned a week's wages by honest toil. Every one of those bills had its own meaning for me.

Of course, my teacher knew of my employment, and, with my first pay, I bought a little gift for her. It also gave me a pretext for explaining to her my future plans.

Much of her time had been taken up with me, and I owed all of my new life to her endeavour. It would have been an imposition for me to trouble her any longer, especially when I had steady employment and could attend evening schools and study at home in spare hours. I wanted to thank her, and not be quite so conspicuous where, because of social differences, I did not belong.

I said something about coming from the gutter. She would not listen to it. As to coming from the gutter, why, many a coin is dropped there and remains there until some one picks it up and, by a little polishing, makes it as good as it ever was.

It was just like her: she always claimed to have found something good in me, which I could not have discovered. On the other hand, as soon as I resumed my lessons, she perceived that quite often her pupil could be severely trying. It was the harrowing science of arithmetic which caused the most trouble. I had a confirmed habit of becoming hopelessly muddled in my multiplication table. When floundering in the numerical labyrinth, I would hear just the faintest little sigh, and, looking up, would see a dear little forehead showing the most cunning wrinkles of resignation. It was then that horrid wickedness would take dire possession of me, and I would intentionally make more mistakes just to see those eyes reproach me for my stupidity.

So we went on, elaborating the educational course by hearing lectures here and there, and by reading standard works by the best authors. For the summer months we arranged a series of excursions. On one outing she would be the supreme director and dictator; I, on the next. Candour compels me to confess that my excursions always led us dangerously near to Coney Island, if not quite to it; yet people can enjoy themselves even there, for it is the same old ocean, and the same sea air there as elsewhere, and it only lies with the visitor how to spend a holiday.

On her days, I was always kept in the dark as to our destination until we reached it. It invariably proved to be some quiet

country place, and, after depositing the luncheon in a shady spot, the "professor" would trip from flower to flower, from tree to tree, and deliver little sermons on birds, flowers, and minerals. It was the most efficient way to teach me the difference between a pine-tree and a rose-bush. There never were other days like them, and, surely, there never will be again.

We had then known one another for a long time. I had become capable of reasoning, and I had grave cause for doing so. Was it all for the best? Love is no respecter of persons. It comes to all, rich and poor alike. Will it, then, surprise you to know that constant companionship with my mentor had awakened in me thoughts very foreign to grammar and arithmetic? I loved her; I knew it, but I also felt that that love was destined to be buried unsatisfied.

That is what my reason told me, but in my heart there echoed a stirring hymn of fondest hope. It would not let me rest, and I became a pestering nuisance to my teacher. Many times daily I would ask her the questions, "Why, why do you undergo this ceaseless labour?—why do you set yourself this gigantic task of trying to make of me a man?"

As in all other matters, in my love-making I was rough and uncouth, and an answer to my question was long refused. One day I asked it again, and then we understood.

Naturally, this gave me an increased impetus to earn more money, and I put enough zeal into my work to receive several increases in salary. Nevertheless, I often thought it so out of proportion to desire that I doubted if my little lady would consent to marry a chap who was nothing more than a "baggage-smasher." My wise standby thought differently, and called my attention to the fact that a "baggage-smasher" need not always remain one, and that most presidents and heads of noted companies and corporations had begun, as I had, at the bottom of the ladder. I felt better on hearing that, and, in my greediness, imposed on her still further. In spite of my years, it was not until then that I knew what it is to love and to be loved, and, for the first time in my life, I was supremely happy.

Success without thrift is barely possible. My salary was more than ample for my needs, and I had quite a sum in a savings bank. With the aggressiveness of a capitalist, I began to urge matters, and, with the consent of her mother (then my dearest friend), the date of our wedding was set for February. It was two months until then, but we found our most important business in wandering from store to store to gaze at the shop-windows, and to appraise household goods like *bonâ fide* purchasers.

IT WAS THE MOST EFFICIENT WAY TO TEACH ME

In January we were out on one of our usual rambles. It was one of those mild winter evenings which make our climate so uneven. A shower fell, and we were caught in it. We were only a short distance from her home, and she wanted to reach it before the shower should become a downpour. In vain I tried to put my coat over her, the plucky girl only laughing and hurrying the faster. The exposure to the rain easily brought on what was at first considered "just a trifling cold," but the beginning of the end had come.

For weeks she painfully lingered on her

bed, and I marvelled with awe at the heroic spirit of my little girl. In all her conscious moments she spoke to me with the wisdom of another world, and gave me then her legacy of purest, godliest love. The afternoon sun was low one day when she asked me to lift her to the window. I took into my arms my sweet burden, and we looked in silence on the street beneath us. It was a humble neighbourhood, devoid of all picturesqueness. All we saw in the last sheen of the sun's departing rays was a little girl playing with a kitten, but we watched, my beloved one with smiling interest, until she grew tired and returned to her couch. Sitting by her side, still confident, I was lulled by the quiet and the memory of her happy smile, and fell asleep.

Suddenly I was awakened. Her hand was not in mine. Her mother knelt beside the bed. I understood, and all that I had learned was forgotten in an instant. The animal, so long subdued, arose in me with fury. Then I learned to weep tears of anguish, but I laughed at Providence and scorned divinest solace, until my brain went whirling into madness. With the morning sun came saner, holier thoughts, and from her sacred features a message came to me. I knelt and prayed, "Thy will be done."

Soon after the funeral the mother and the little brother went West to the elder son to make their future home with him. I was ill for some time, but found my position still open for me after regaining my health. I was not quite so strong as I had been, but did not wish to neglect my work, and, overtasking myself, an accident permanently incapacitated me for that kind of employment. I had to submit to an operation—to be repeated later—and the expense, with the long, enforced spell of idleness, soon exhausted the remainder of my savings.

I had no fear that I would revert to my former ways of wickedness. I had learned to understand life, felt mind and soul within me, and I wanted to go on, not back; and, besides, there was the legacy of her who had taught me all this.

Some, who will approve of my determination to go on, might disapprove of the method employed. But I had to go to work, and to accept the first chance offered to me, becoming a dish-washer in a down-town lunch-room at three dollars a week. It was unsavoury work, but it was work, and left me time in the evenings and on Sundays to read books so well beloved by me, and then my only companions.

I began then to write, and have been writing ever since for newspapers and magazines. Brilliancy, elegance of diction, and a choice vocabulary will not be found in my stories, but the truth is there, and that is something.

In that direction now lies my ambition. I want to be a writer with a purpose. I want to tell the plain truth about men and things as I know them and see them every day in the homes in the tenements, in these abodes of friendless, hopeless men, many of whom were once as "good," as respectable, as any of my readers. I want to dedicate my pen, no matter how ungifted, to their service, that others may know, as I know, where fellow-beings begin to rail against their God and men, because they deem themselves forgotten. I want to show that, often, it is their hearts which hunger most, and not their stomachs, and ask you to believe that they, as well as others, can feel hunger and cold, and can also love and despair.

I know there is work in that field for me, and it is my ambition to become successful in it and worthy of it, as a proof that one of God's sweetest daughters has not lived and died in vain.

Sweetheart Travellers

I'LL drive you to London to-day, dear,
As fast as old Dobbin can go;
He's a very good horse in his way, dear,
But I fear he is terribly slow.

I'll put my arm round you like this, dear,
And keep you as safe as can be,
And Dobbin's in front,—so a kiss, dear,
There's nobody else to see.

It's just a nice carriage for two, dear,
Though others might think it was small;
I should not be sorry—should you, dear?—
If we never got there at all!

MARY FARRAH.

Lord Avebury—the Man and his Work

BY WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM

Illustrated by the Author's photographs, and others kindly supplied by Lord Avebury

LORD AVEBURY—probably still better known to the general public as Sir John Lubbock—is, as has been truly observed, a standing proof that an industrious man of active mind may at once be diligent in business while serving science. Endowed with commanding abilities and indomitable perseverance, he has become an expert in all the multifarious subtleties connected with what is known as high finance, and has also gained a world-wide reputation in various departments of scientific research. In addition, he is a man of culture, whose sympathies are as catholic as his judgment is robust. Combined with these great attainments, he has yet found time to take a prominent part in politics and metaphysical investigation. In short, he is equally distinguished as banker and man of business, as zoologist, ethnologist, and archæologist, as publicist and parliamentarian, and last, but by no means least, as theologian. This versatility is, to a large extent, hereditary, for his father, besides being the head of a great banking house, was famous as a writer on astronomical and mathematical subjects.

Photo by *Larraud*

LORD AVEBURY

Some time ago I was favoured with an interview with Lord Avebury, and obtained some interesting information with regard to his life, his habits, and his home. Born in 1834, he was sent at an early age to a private school kept by a Mr. Waring, afterwards proceeding to Eton, where he had as companions many who have since become distinguished in various walks of life. Even at that early age he soon gained considerable notoriety, not only on account of his "book-learning," but also in that special branch of study—flowers and insects—of which in later life he became one of the greatest exponents. At the age of fourteen, when he had passed all the necessary examinations to enable him to enter a university, both of his father's partners were unfortunately taken ill, and Master Lubbock had perforce to become initiated into the mysteries of banking, so that he might be in a position to assume control when the necessity arose. But even the intricacies of banking did not prevent the young scientist from continuing his studies in natural history at his father's seat at High Elms, near Farnborough in Kent—a fine country

HIGH ELMS, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD AVEBURY

mansion surrounded by a park of 1400 acres containing a goodly number of trees, of which "the elms" predominating gave the estate its name.

Knowing the interest which Lord Avebury has always taken both in science and religion, I asked him what he considered was the effect which the advance of scientific research had had upon religion. He replied: "Science has always purified religion. When religion first began to be observed there were crude and even gross ideas prevailing, but science has continued ever since to have a purifying and ennobling effect. I think the highest duty in religion is to form the highest conceptions of the Divine Nature, and anything inconsistent with that must surely be wrong."

In this connexion a reference to the Metaphysical Society, which was founded in 1869, and which at the time attracted considerable public attention, may be recalled. This society consisted of about forty members, including the most eminent theologians, scientists, and statesmen. Among the members were Dr. Thompson, Archbishop of York, Dr. Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, Cardinal Manning, Father Dalgairns, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Lord Sherbrooke, the late Duke of Argyll, Sir M. Grant Duff, Mr. J. Morley, M.P., Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. F. Harrison, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Sir A. Clark, Prof. Huxley, and Mr. Darwin. Owing to the fact that there were so many schools of thought represented, considerable interest was evinced in the appointment of the president, for it was anticipated that the Roman Catholics would object to an Anglican, and the Anglicans to a Roman Catholic, while both would disagree to a nonconformist or a representative of a different school of metaphysics. "But," said Lord Avebury, "I experienced one of the greatest surprises of my life when I found myself the first president."

The course of procedure was as follows: The members having dined together, a paper, which had previously been circulated, was read, after which a discussion, perfectly free and perfectly friendly, took place, the author responding at the close. The society was eventually dissolved.

Lord Avebury doubts whether the debt which religion owes to science has yet been adequately acknowledged, for, as he says, "The real conflict—for conflict there has been and is—is not between science and religion, but between science and superstition. The disbelief in the goodness of God led to all the horrors of the Inquisition. Throughout the Middle Ages, almost down to our own time, as Lecky has so powerfully shown, the dread of witchcraft hung like a black pall over Christianity. Even so great and good a man as Wesley believed in it. It is science which has cleared away those dark clouds, and we can hardly fail to see that it is in those countries where science is most backward that religion is less well understood, and in those countries where science is most advanced that religion is purest. The services which science has rendered to religion have not yet I think received the recognition they deserve."

Referring to his lordship's early career I asked, "What induced you to devote your

attention to scientific pursuits?" and he replied, "I suppose the gift was hereditary;" adding: "One of the first things I remember was having a caterpillar under a glass case. I was always fond of natural history, but was always delighted to take part in games of 'fives,' hockey, and cricket at school."

THE HALL

In addition to the remarkably interesting lectures which he has delivered before most of the great scientific societies both in London and the provinces, Lord Avebury has written largely on various subjects. A few of his books—some of which are standard works—may be mentioned, as showing the activity of his mind and his great intellectual attainments:—*The Senses and Instincts of Animals, The Bank Act, The Pleasures of Life, Prehistoric Times as Illustrated by Ancient Remains, Poor Relief Questions, Free Libraries, The Beauties of Nature,* and the *Wonders of the World we live in, Free Trade and British Commerce, The Use of Life, Ants, Bees and Wasps, The Origin of Insects.*

Being desirous of obtaining some information as to his wonderful literary output, I asked his lordship how he managed to economise his time so as to attend to his multifarious business engagements, and at the same time to be *au fait* with all the latest scientific developments.

"Ah," he said modestly, "I do not work so hard now as formerly;" adding: "Most of my spare time was devoted to these fascinating subjects." As he did not seem disposed to gratify my curiosity further, I allowed the matter to drop, but I have succeeded in obtaining information elsewhere which throws additional light on the subject, and which shows his remarkable

THE DRAWING-ROOM

activity. For many years, both in winter and summer, while many of the clerks employed at the banking firm of Robarts, Lubbock and Co. in Lombard Street (of which he is the head), were in bed, he was in his study engaged in writing his books or carrying out some scientific investigation. After breakfast he drove to Orpington Station, where he took train to town to begin his ordinary avocation as a banker, and to attend the various meetings—financial, municipal, scientific, and social—with which he was connected, often, it need hardly be said, arriving home late at night. As a student of archæology, he has travelled a great deal, and among other things has examined the shell mounds on the coast of Denmark; he was the first to make the English readers acquainted with the rude relics of ancient Scandinavian savages; he has studied the gravels of the Somme from Amiens to the sea in search of prehistoric remains; he has explored the bone caves of Dordogne and the lake dwellings of Switzerland, and has traced the social and mental condition of savages, their arts, system of marriages and relationships, together with their religion, language, character, and laws.

To the ordinary reader probably the most interesting work with which Lord Avebury's name is associated is that in connexion with the life and habits of ants, and as I was anxious to obtain some information with regard to his methods of investigation, I remarked: "I suppose these investigations took place in a portion of ground which had been specially prepared for the purpose?" His lordship, smiling probably at my inexperience, observed: "No; the habits of these insects required great care and attention, and the work had to be done in the house."

This special branch of study has at various times engaged the attention of many leading scientists, especially on the Continent. The extraordinary discoveries which have been made, besides exciting the profoundest interest, have completely eclipsed the magic of a fairy tale. Upwards of 700 species of ants are known, and of these thirty are in this country. Of this number Lord Avebury has kept over half, and he has had as many as thirty nests in his room at one time in order to carry on his investigations. As showing the amount of time required to become thoroughly acquainted with the habits of these insects it may be pointed out that his lordship once watched an ant from six in the morning, and found that it worked without intermission until a quarter to ten at night; while on another occasion he had an ant under observation for several days. When he came to town in the morning he used to put it in a small bottle, but the moment it was let out again it recommenced its work; and to carry out some experiments he once arranged that he and his daughters with their governess should look at a nest once every hour throughout the day.

He has proved *inter alia* that these insects are of considerable importance to plants, that their smell is very keen, that they appear to have no sense of hearing, that they have the power of distinguishing colour, that they have a retentive memory, that they are "domesticated," and that they keep "slaves." In some of the experiments he has put them under the influence of chloroform, and has also made them drunk. In regard to some of these interesting points his lordship says—

"The mistresses of the slave-making ants are entirely dependent on their slaves, and have even lost the instinct of feeding. If placed by themselves, they starve even in the midst of plenty. None of our northern ants store up grain, and hence there has been much discussion as to the well-known passage of Solomon. It is, however, now a well-established fact that more than one species of South European ants do collect seeds of various kinds. Some species live principally on the produce of the chase; for though they feed partly on the honey-dew of aphides, they have not domesticated their insects. These ants probably retain the habits once common to all ants. They resemble the lower races of men, who subsist mainly by hunting. Like them they frequent woods and wilds, live in comparatively small communities, and the instincts of collective action are but little developed among them. They hunt singly, and their battles are single combats, like those of the Homeric heroes. Such species as *Lasius flavus* represent a distinctly higher type of social life; they show more skill in architecture, may literally be said to have domesticated certain species of aphides, and may be compared to the pastoral stage of human progress—to the races which live on the produce of their flocks and herds. There seem to be three principal types, offering a curious analogy of three great phases—the hunting, pastoral, and agricultural stages. The Anthropoid apes no doubt approach nearer to man in bodily structure than do any other animals; but when we consider the habits of ants, their social organisation, their large communities, elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals and even of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

Lord Avebury's political career has also been eminently successful, for he has been instrumental in getting a number of Bills through Parliament, chiefly for the benefit of the working classes. He was first elected for the borough of Maidstone in 1870, and again in 1874. He, however, lost his seat in 1880, but shortly afterwards became the representative of an important seat of learning—the University of London. He soon became known as a hard-working, conscientious member of Parliament, more intent upon benefiting his poorer countrymen than in trying to make a name for himself as an orator. His fame as an experimenter and investigator, even at a comparatively early period in his career, became thoroughly recognised, and on one occasion soon after he had entered Parliament, he incidentally referred, in the course of his speech, to the subject of natural history, and immediately he was warmly cheered by both sides of the House—a remarkable tribute to the success he had already achieved. The best-known of the measures he piloted through the House of Commons was the Bank Holidays Bill, which has added four new statute holidays to those already in existence.

LADY AVEBURY

He has for many years taken the greatest interest in another subject of equal importance—the limitation of shop hours. In 1893 he moved a resolution which was unanimously adopted by the House of Commons, affirming that "the excessive and unnecessarily long hours of labour in shops are injurious to the comfort, health, and well-being of all concerned; and that it is desirable to give to local authorities such powers as may be necessary to enable them to carry out the general wishes of the shopkeeping community with reference to the hours of closing." An Early Closing Bill founded on that resolution was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee. The Bill was approved by that committee, but no time could be secured for its subsequent stages. In the following year the Bill was again read a second time, and approved by a Grand Committee, but no day could be obtained for the third reading. Another unsuccessful attempt was made to pass the Bill in 1900—this time it was introduced in the House of Lords—and during the past session his lordship made a further ineffectual effort to place it on the Statute Book.

Being anxious to obtain some information as to the circulation of some of his books, I asked, "Which of your works has been most popular with the public?"

"*The Pleasures of Life* has had the widest circulation, 200,000 copies having been sold in this country, and there have been twenty-five foreign editions. *The Use of Life*, having regard to the time it was published, has had as large a sale, and it has likewise been translated into many languages. *The Beauties of Nature* has been very popular; *Ants, Bees and Wasps* has gone through fifteen editions; there have been six editions of *Prehistoric Times*, besides three in France, where *The Pleasures of Life* also attained considerable popularity, as is shown by the fact that there have been five editions."

I asked Lord Avebury's opinion regarding his method of study, and he replied, "It is astonishing how few books even a man of leisure can read, and therefore it is most essential that the best should be chosen. My principle has always been to study closely the best books, only devoting a small amount of time to works of lesser importance."

"Some time ago there was considerable discussion in the public press on this subject, and you gave a list of the best hundred books which you considered ought

to be read. Perhaps you will favour me with the reasons which led you to make this choice?"

"I had often been struck with the lack of method many people showed in the selection of their books, and as the number is so large and the opportunities for reading are, comparatively speaking, so few, I recommended that list. It will be seen that I left out, for obvious reasons, the names of living authors; but I ought to state that the books recommended were those which had found most favour with distinguished men of letters, though I must confess to having put in the list a few special favourites of my own. I recommended the *Koran* and the *Analects* of Confucius mainly because of the influence they had had upon the lives of so many millions of men than from any intrinsic merits of their own. I think every one should read *Marcus Aurelius*, *Epictetus*, and the *Apology* and *Phædo* of Plato, though I question whether his *Republic* is worth the labour often bestowed upon it. The book, however, is most valuable to those who wish to study the history of human thought."

"One more question, my lord, and I have done. What about your recreations?"

"During recent years I have taken to golf, and," he added, with a smile, "it is a very good old man's game."

Lord Avebury shook me by the hand, and wished me a pleasant "Good-bye," and as I left the bank in Lombard Street I thought that not the least remarkable feature I had noticed in this distinguished man was the facility with which he could, almost at a moment's notice, detach his mind from foreign exchanges, consols, and gilt-edged securities to discuss the not less difficult problems of natural science.

VIEW FROM LORD AVEBURY'S HOUSE AT HIGH ELMS

Jesuit Morality,

or,

A Challenge and an Answer

BY THE EDITOR

ON March 31, 1903, Chaplain Dasbach (who is also a Deputy in the German Parliament) stated at a public meeting in Rixdorf, near Berlin, that he would give 2000 gulden to any one who would prove that the maxim "The end justifies the means" is found in Jesuit writings.

On April 10, Count von Hoensbroech, who was himself formerly a Jesuit, wrote to Herr Dasbach saying that he was prepared to give the required proof, and asking him to name a court of arbitration. The choice of members the Count left entirely to Herr Dasbach, only laying down as conditions that the arbitrators must be regular Professors in a university of the German Empire, and that in case of an equal vote a Professor of the Jewish faith should decide. In laying down these conditions, the Count states that he was influenced by the consideration that the decision as to the existence or non-existence in Jesuit writings of the maxim "The end justifies the means" has nothing to do with any particular creed. It is a purely human, ethical question, which can be decided by any respectable honourable man, no matter what his creed.

But Herr Dasbach, so ready with his challenge, was evidently not so willing to have it put to the test. He replied that a Jew could not decide on a question of Christian morals; and that Protestant Professors were not able to understand correctly the mediæval Latin mode of expression used by Roman Catholic theologians.

Count von Hoensbroech was not, however, to be so easily baffled. He pointed out how frivolous these reasons were, but waived his proposed court of arbitration and suggested in its place the faculties of Law of the three greatest German universities, Berlin, Leipzig, Munich. Thus the question of creed was absolutely excluded, and science alone was to have a voice.

To this absolutely just and impartial proposal Herr Dasbach has up to this time made no reply except that of evasion, charging the Count with confusing the issue, etc.

In the July number of the *Deutschland* the Count gives a paraphrase of the maxim "The end justifies the means" in these words:—

"*Every action, morally objectionable in itself, is morally permissible if it is performed in order to serve as means to the attainment of a good end.*"

To the proof of the fact that this infamous maxim is contained in Jesuit writings Count von Hoensbroech devotes nearly thirty pages of solid quotation. He shows that it is no mere casual utterance of individual Jesuits, but that there is in the authoritative Jesuit writings its systematic statement, development, and application as a permanent and important chapter of "Jesuit morals." All the works from which he quotes are official, and bear the imprimatur of the Order. And not only, he says, is this doctrine a genuine part of Jesuit teaching, but unfortunately, through the influence of the Jesuit Order, it has become also a real element in the morals of ultramontanised Catholicism. There is in it nothing Christian or evangelical; it is all unchristian, immoral.

We do not intend to give in full the quotations which Count von Hoensbroech has made public. Some of them by these leaders in Jesuit "morals" are unfit for publication in pages intended for general reading. But those who read Latin or German will find them in the review we have mentioned or in the writings of the Jesuits mentioned. We shall content ourselves with some brief selections.

The Jesuit Escobar says:—

"Rogo, an liceat paratum furari a paupere persuadere ut furetur a divite? Licere asserimus."

(*Liber theolog. moralis*, Paris, 1656, pp. 801, 802.)

TRANSLATION.

I ask, whether it is lawful, in the case of a man prepared to steal from a poor person, to persuade him to steal from a rich person? We assert that it is lawful.

Long quotations follow from the Jesuit Tamburini (*Theolog. moralis, De præceptis Decalogi*, lib. 5, cp. 1, § IX: Opera omnia, tomus primus, pp. 151 *et seq.* Editio Venet. 1726), the chief point of which is that it is permissible to encourage lesser sins in order to avoid greater ones. We can only give general samples of his line of thought.

	TRANSLATION.
"Inquires: Quando ob bonum finem permittere licet peccatum, licebitne etiam positive occasionem offerre ad illud?"	You ask: When it is lawful to permit a sin on account of a good end, will it also be lawful to afford a positive opportunity for it?

And then, after giving certain examples of affording such opportunities for sin, he adds that these

"non sunt actiones ex se peccaminosæ, sed indifferentes."	are not actions in themselves sinful, but indifferent.

He continues:—

"Invitare ad peccatum, consiliumve dare culpam esse, nullus dubitat. Sed quæstio gravis est, an interdum licite quis possit invitare ad peccatum minus, . . . quando alia via non apparet, qua omnino a peccato is averti possit? Aliqui negant, ita Valentia S.J., quia illud minus peccatum peccatum est. Comparativum enim supponit positivum, ergo esset invitatio ad peccatum, quod nunquam licet. . . . Aliqui concedunt, ita Sanchez S.J., quia illud minus peccatum, quamiro in se sit et supponatur peccatum, tamen relatum ad majus, hoc est intentum ad eum finem, ne majus, committatur, concipit quandam æstimabilem bonitatem, quæ est carentia majoris mali. Ad hanc igitur eligendam, si proximum in illis circumstantiis invites, ad bonum invitabis."	That it is a fault to invite to sin, or to advise it, no one doubts. But it is a serious question whether one may not sometimes lawfully invite to a lesser sin [examples given] . . . when no other way appears open by which the man may be altogether dissuaded from the sin. Some answer in the negative, as Valentia S.J., because that lesser sin is still a sin. For the comparative assumes the positive, and it would therefore be an invitation to sin, which is never lawful. . . . Some permit it, as Sanchez S.J., because that lesser sin, although it is in itself sin and is assumed as such, yet in relation to the greater sin, that is, to the end in view, lest a greater sin be committed, it attains a certain valuable goodness, which is the absence of greater evil. If therefore in those circumstances you invite your neighbour to the choice of that, you shall invite him to what is good.

The Jesuit Laymann gives positive recommendations to the same effect, but of such a vile character that we prefer not to reproduce them here. Count Hoensbroech gives as his authority Laymann S.J., *Theolog. moral.*, Monachii, 1625, tom. I, 1, 2, tract. 3, c. 13, n. 7, p. 470 *et seq.*

Numerous extracts are given from the Jesuit Castropalao, of which the following will suffice:—

"Certum est, determinatio perpetrare grave malum, licitum esse, materiam minoris mali proponere, ut sic retrahatur a majori malo committendo."	It is certainly lawful to afford to one who is determined to commit a serious sin, the means for a lesser sin, that he may thus be restrained from committing the greater sin.
* * * *	* * * *
"Sed casu quo gravius sit effecturus bonum est illi persuadere ut minori malo contentus sit, quia in hoc utiliter ejus et Dei negotium geritur. Ergo non peccas." (*Castropalao S.J., Operis moralis pars prima*, t. 6, d. 6, p. 7, n. 9, tom. 1, p. 476 *et seq.* London, 1669.)	But in a case where he is about to commit the graver sin, it is a good thing to persuade him to be content with the lesser evil, because in this way his own interests and those of God will be usefully served. Therefore you do not sin.

These seem to be quotations of ancient date. Some one may say, "Why go back upon the past?" We once heard one of our British judges say, when a quotation was made from Liguori, "Oh! that is ancient history!" The eminent man seemed unaware that Liguori is still a handbook in Roman Catholic theological seminaries. Count von Hoensbroech gives a quotation from a modern Jesuit, Güry, which is in its downright wickedness worse than anything quoted above (Güry, *casus conscientiæ*, tom. I, pp. 182, 183. Paris, 1891, octavo edition). And he says, regarding the above and other quotations of similar purport: "The same teaching, with the same arguments for its moral lawfulness, and with the same 'cases' of its practical application, with constant appeal to his predecessors and companions of the same Order, Laymann, Castropalao, Tamburini, is found in the writings of the still living 'German' Jesuit Augustin Lehmkuhl, whose *Moral Theology*, in nine editions and many thousands of copies, is the foundation of instruction in moral theology in almost all the seminaries for the priesthood in the Catholic world." (See Lehmkuhl, S.J., *Theologia moralis*, vol. I, p. 381 *et seq.* Friburg, 1898, ed. 9.)

The Count shows conclusively that as the "means" which are justified by a good end, Tamburini expressly specifies theft and adultery—*i.e.* actions which are in themselves absolutely sinful—and that he specifies as "good ends," which under certain circumstances render such deeds permissible, the hoped-for improvement of a son who steals from his father and the guaranteeing of a betrayed husband for a ground of divorce against his unfaithful

wife. He proves from Tamburini's own words that this Jesuit writer not only defends the counsel to commit such sins as mentioned, but also the affording of opportunity for them.

The exact words "The end justifies the means" may not be found in Jesuit writings. But the quotations we have given will, we think, convince any impartial reader that the doctrine is very definitely and unmistakably taught by the "moralists" of the Jesuit Order.

We are glad to think that Count von Hoensbroech does not intend to let the matter rest. The challenge of Herr Dasbach must be decided by some independent court. On the 22nd April, the Ultramontane organ the *Germania* asked mockingly why Count Paul von Hoensbroech did not simply sue the Deputy Dasbach for the sum of 2000 gulden, since the public challenge gave an adequate cause of complaint. The Count says that he is thankful to the *Germania* for this hint. He states in the *Deutschland* that he will sue Herr Dasbach in the law-courts, if he does not voluntarily admit that the Count has actually produced the proof for the production of which Herr Dasbach offered the reward of 2000 gulden. Prussian judges, in that case, will pronounce the final judgment as to whether the maxim "The end justifies the means" is or is not a Jesuit maxim.[1]

The result will be awaited with interest.

[1] Our latest information is that the case is being tried at Trier, the residence of Herr Dasbach.

BY R. H. ERNEST HILL, A.R.I.B.A.

THE Abbey of Westminster, our glorious national possession, is familiar to most of us, either from illustrations or from actual visits; and we all know what a unique and magnificent series of royal and noble tombs are preserved within its ancient walls. The church consists of parts built at various dates and of varying degrees of beauty; but for elaborate magnificence that famous chapel cannot be surpassed which King Henry VII. built for the resting-place of himself and his Queen, where the "sad and solemn priests" were to pray for the repose of the royal souls, and where their brazen effigies still lie in stately dignity.

The walls of the chapel are covered inside and out with carvings of the King's badges, repeated over and over again in the decoration of the building, and all having their special significance.

Conspicuous among them are the Tudor Rose, the Portcullis, and the Fleur-de-lys, which we will consider in detail, and which are shown in the sketch at the head of this article as they appear on the plinth of the chapel in foliated compartments. They also occur beautifully modelled in the great brass entrance-gates at the west end of the chapel, with two additional badges — the Falcon and Fetterlock and the Marguerite. Most of these are also to be found at King's

College Chapel, Cambridge, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, erected about the same time as the chapel at Westminster.

Before we proceed, however, to the consideration of these particular cognisances, a few words on the subject of badges in general may be advisable.

In the first place, we must remember that a badge is quite distinct from a Crest, with which it is often confounded. Any one could assume a badge, and wear it in any way he liked (except on his coat-armour), but a Crest was considered a much more honourable possession, often specially granted as a mark of favour by the sovereign, and of course only worn on the helmet. A man of good position had his badge embroidered on the dress of his servants and retainers; and his men-at-arms wore it on their backs and breasts, as the Old Guard at the Tower still wear the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock. He would also use it on his furniture and hangings, and in every possible position suitable for display. We read that Edward the Black Prince bequeathed to Canterbury Cathedral a set of hangings for a hall of black tapestry covered with his ostrich-feather badge, and with a red border containing swans with ladies' heads; Edmund Mortimer's bed was of black satin covered with golden roses and white lions, and there are many other instances among the national records.

Now-a-days, instead of all this decoration and display, we have dropped the use of badges, and only put a starved-looking crest on our harness, livery buttons, and plate; the only modern representatives of the badge being found in tavern-signs, trade-marks, and such things.

We must return, however, to the three cognisances already mentioned, of which the Tudor Rose comes first.

This is an ingenious combination of the Red Rose of Lancaster and the White Rose of York in one flower, and well symbolises the union of those contending factions in the person of Henry VII., who put an end to the Wars of the Roses. In the play of *Richard III.* Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of Richmond (Hen. VII.) after the battle of Bosworth:—

"Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frowned upon their enmity."

Sometimes this badge occurs as a white rose in the centre of the red, and also as a half-red and half-white rose on one stalk, frequently surrounded by rays of the sun. The heraldic form has usually two rows of five petals each, the centre is "seeded," and often green "barbs" appear between the outer petals. It is used in great profusion at Westminster, all over the chapel, and has been adapted with special ingenuity to form the great brass torch-holders round the monument of Henry VII. The Rose is now used as the national English badge, in conjunction with the Thistle and Shamrock, those of Scotland and Ireland.

The second badge on our list is the Portcullis, which also occurs very largely in the architecture of Tudor times. This was the badge of the Beauforts, children of John of Gaunt ("time-honoured Lancaster") and Katherine Sywnford, and was used by them to signify the Castle of Beaufort, wherein they were born. Henry VII. derived it from his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who was a Beaufort. The Portcullis is always shown with the chains on either side by which it was raised and lowered, and with a row of barbed spikes on the lower edge. It has given a title to Portcullis Pursuivant in the College of Arms.

The third badge is the Fleur-de-lys, a French cognisance used by Henry VII. to mark his French descent through his grandmother, Queen Katherine. This device is very ancient, and its origin is uncertain. It has been variously derived from bees, toads, spear-heads, and iris flowers. The latter is the usual derivation, and the "lilies of France" are famous in history. For about five hundred years they were quartered with the lions of England, as a sign of the empty claim to the crown of France by English sovereigns.

These few examples by no means exhaust the list of Royal badges, and there are many others beautifully carved to be found in Westminster Abbey. For instance, there is the chained and crowned swan of the De Bohuns, Henry V.'s cresset or fire-beacon, Richard II.'s white hart, so well known as an inn-sign, the black bull of Clare, and Edward IV.'s white lion, also common as signs, and Margaret of Anjou's punning badge of a marguerite, which can be seen in the brass gates before-mentioned.

Enough has been said, however, to show how interesting a subject this is.

London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

I.—Schools for the Blind

AMONG the hundreds of thousands of children in London for whose education the London School Board is responsible, it must be evident that there are many who by reason of bodily or mental infirmity are unfitted to receive instruction in the ordinary schools. Not the least important of the responsibilities which the School Board is shortly to hand over to the London County Council will be the charge of the elaborate system of special schools which has gradually been developed to meet the needs of these afflicted children.

Blind children, of whom there are now about 230 on the rolls of the London Board Schools, are taught at specially-equipped centres, which accommodate generally from twenty to forty children. Attendance is compulsory between the ages of five and sixteen. Blind children are often very bright and clever, and make most apt pupils. But when they first come to school they seem to be a feeble folk indeed, with frail little bodies which, from want of exercise, have not developed like those of seeing children of their own age, and minds which, from the same cause, seem to be in a state of stagnation. In the ordinary working-class home there is very little occupation for the blind child, and it is often in the best homes that the blind child has the poorest chance of development. For his parents, with mistaken kindness, shelter him in every possible way, treating him as quite helpless and attending to his every want. So that it often happens that a blind child, when he first comes to school, is afraid to walk across a room alone, is almost too shy and timid to talk, it may be has hardly even learned to feed himself, and in point of general information is not in advance of a sighted child of two or three years of age.

The first thing, therefore, to be done with many of the little blind children is not to teach them reading and writing, but to make them self-reliant. They are taught to find things in cupboards and to take messages from one room to another; they go out to play with the other children, and never have anything done for them which they can do for themselves. And it is astonishing how soon, in the stimulating atmosphere of the school, the dormant faculties awake. The shy, timid child becomes inquisitive, self-reliant, fearless, even adventurous. It is rather terrifying to the observer to see some of the blind children running about the school playground. But they come to surprisingly little harm; the child who looks as if he will

COURT ROAD BLIND SCHOOL, TULSE HILL: CHAIR-MAKING

"BRECKNOCK" SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, YORK ROAD, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.: PAPER-WEAVING, KNITTING, AND CHAIR-CANING

run right into a wall stops short in time, warned by the difference in the sound of his footsteps. A ladder left by workmen offers an almost irresistible temptation to some of the blind boys to explore the unknown heights to which it leads. Getting lost has no terrors for them; on the contrary, it is a delightfully exciting experience. A little boy, who lost his bearings in the school playground, returned after a while to his teacher, glowing with excitement. He had happened upon a short flight of steps, and, impelled by the spirit that drove Columbus across the Atlantic, had followed them into the unknown. Entering a room, he had met a gentleman with whom he passed the time of day, and who invited him to come again. He had penetrated into the sanctum of the head-master of the boys' school adjoining the blind centre. Two boys were found by a teacher at the bottom of a pit in the playground in cheerful converse with the workmen engaged on some drainage work. They were not hurt, and finding that the strange place into which they had fallen was inhabited, they were quite averse from leaving it. We pity the blind, and rightly, but for the children, at any rate, their affliction has its compensations. Theirs is a magic world where new and strange discoveries are always being made and where unexpected things are always happening. "I trod on our cat on the stairs this morning, and thought it was a black beetle," said a little girl to her teacher. Another child was surprised to find that a horse's head was higher than her own; she had pictured a horse as about the size of a large dog. So they live in a world of surprises, and are continually adjusting their notions of things in the light of new experiences. Models of animals and other common objects are kept at the school, but of course they cannot all be actual size, and it is always a difficult matter to convey to the blind correct ideas of relative size.

Reading is taught on the Braille system, and blind children learn to read quite as fast by the sense of touch as others by the sense of sight. Writing consists in embossing the Braille characters on stout paper with the aid of a stile and a writing-frame. Arithmetic is done by means of types something like printers' types, which are inserted in a perforated metal surface, the position of the type indicating its numerical value. Geography is studied with the aid of relief maps and globes.

In these ordinary school subjects the blind child keeps pretty well abreast of the sighted child of the same age. The reading is as fluent and expressive, the arithmetic as quick and accurate as in the ordinary school—mental arithmetic probably more so. Object lessons are given, but the objects have to be such as can be passed round and handled; the most popular are those which can afterwards be eaten.

Of very great importance in the education of blind children are the "occupations," which are designed to develop sensitiveness of touch and suppleness of fingers—the faculties on which the ability of the blind

to earn their own living very largely depends. Bead-work, paper-weaving, straw-plaiting to make baskets, sewing—beginning with large stitches in wool and leading gradually to the finest work—wool mat-making and chair-caning are the occupations generally taught.

If any one should suppose that the limitation of the physical faculties makes the school life of the blind or the deaf particularly irksome, he would make a great mistake. There are probably no schools in London which are more appreciated by their scholars than are the School Board "special schools." The normal child may wish to stay away from school because he has, or thinks he has, more pleasant ways of spending the time; but the deaf, the blind, and the crippled are almost without resources outside their school life, and by them enforced absence from school would be regarded as a real calamity. Blind children ask for holiday tasks; they want to take their Braille reading-books and writing-frames home, and they have been known to petition for school to be held on Saturday. There is also another factor in the popularity of the special schools. The classes are very small, as instruction is necessarily to a great extent individual, and so the personal relationship between teacher and taught is much closer and more intimate than in the ordinary school. Out of this intimacy grows mutual sympathy, even affection; thus it is generally a warm and friendly atmosphere in which the school life of the blind, the deaf, and the crippled is passed.

During the last few years the organisation of the blind and deaf work of the London School Board has been greatly improved. It had previously suffered from some want of uniformity and continuity of plan. The Board has lately appointed a new organiser, Mr. B. P. Jones, for all the blind and deaf schools, and under his direction several important developments have taken place. The chief of these has been the establishment of residential schools for elder scholars, where technical training of a more advanced character than would be practicable at a day school can be given. It is recognised that the generally sound educational principle of training a child's faculties, and leaving him to learn his particular trade or calling after he has left school, must not be pushed too far in the case of the physically afflicted. If these children are to earn their own living at all, they must be given a good start on the road while they are still at school.

The School Board acquired the freehold of Elm Court, Tulse Hill, a pleasantly-situated private house with a large garden and orchard attached, and after necessary alterations had been made, this was opened on June 2, 1902, as a home for blind girls of from twelve to sixteen years of age. There are at present twenty resident and two or three day pupils, but it is proposed ultimately to increase the accommodation for boarders to about forty-five. Elm Court is a beautiful home in every way. The household arrangements are admirable, and the comfort and health of the girls seems to have been studied in every possible

TULSE HILL BLIND SCHOOL: A GAME IN THE ORCHARD

way. The fine old wooded garden and the orchard beyond are a continual delight, for though the girls cannot see the beauty of the scene, they can breathe the pure, fresh air, walk and play on the soft grass, and listen to the singing of the birds in the trees. But even pleasanter to notice than the material comforts is the homely, happy air of the place. The girls have a kind, motherly matron in Mrs. Hartland, whom, unfortunately, they are shortly to lose, as she has accepted another appointment under the Board. One cannot be long with the girls at Elm Court without being sure that they are very happy. To watch them in the garden during playtime—some walking in twos and threes, others romping, perhaps even chasing each other; or at tea on the lawn in summer-time; or engaged in a singing game in the orchard; or sitting round Mrs. Hartland, or their teacher, Miss Rothwell, while an interesting story is being read to them, is to receive a striking object lesson in the triumph of a happy spirit over the infirmities of the flesh. Some of the girls can see a little, and these help those who are totally blind. But all alike seem as happy as the day is long, and one of the most cheerful people I ever saw is a girl at Elm Court, who, besides being quite blind, is paralysed on one side, so that one arm is quite helpless and one leg is lame.

TULSE HILL BLIND SCHOOL: MAT-MAKING

It is interesting to note how completely the elder girls have outgrown the nervous, timorous ways that we have noted as characterising blind children when they first come to school. Most of them have the bright, open, fearless manner of the healthy modern school-girl. They live very largely in the open air, have plenty of good food, and spend a good deal of time at physical exercise and gymnastics; they delight in boys' books, especially books about boys who get into mischief, and some have just a touch of the "tomboy" in their composition.

The present school premises are rather poor, being in fact a billiard-room and a coach-house. But these are merely temporary; it is intended, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, to go out to school to an ordinary blind centre, using Elm Court as a home only.

As the great aim of the school is to fit the girls for earning their own living, special attention is paid to the technical teaching, which occupies about half the working week. Chair-caning and basket-work are taught by a mechanic, and knitting, sewing, wool rug-making, and typewriting by the ordinary teachers. The girls also learn cooking and laundry work at one of the Board's domestic economy centres. These might seem dangerous occupations for blind girls, but they are found quite able to do the work without accident. As they also make their own beds and perform many other domestic duties in the home, they become very capable and independent little housewives.

Side by side with this special work designed to make the girls independent and useful when they leave school, the ordinary book-work is continued. Some of the girls show very good taste in

literature. They are very fond, for instance, of *The Idylls of the King*, and when I was at the school last July the first class were busily writing out "Guinevere" from dictation, and hoping to finish it before the holidays. The Braille sheets, when finished, would be fastened together and form a book that they could read again and again—a valued addition to their personal possessions. Braille books are expensive and not very numerous, so that the girls like to manufacture their own. They have a small library of standard works, which is well patronised, for all the pupils at Elm Court are well past the stage when reading was a matter of difficulty. But their great delight is to be read to, and often of an evening Miss Rothwell will read to them while they work at rug-making or knitting. At meal-times too, and all sorts of odd times, the matron will read aloud some story of adventure or of healthy domestic interest. So that these sightless girls become probably more familiar with books than average seeing children of their own age. Miss Rothwell reads the newspaper to them from time to time, so that they are kept informed of the march of events from day to day, and they carry on a regular correspondence with some sighted children in a Lancashire school. Thus the ideal of life which they form for themselves is of a busy, varied life, pulsating with interest and touching the seeing world at many points, the very antithesis of the cloistered and secluded existence which is so often the lot of the physically afflicted.

In intellectual keenness and in general information the girls at Elm Court would compare very well with those in the upper classes of any ordinary Board School. They have competed successfully with sighted children at the annual Scripture examination and in the essay-writing competition promoted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. At my request several of the girls wrote an account of a day in their life at Elm Court. The papers are interesting as examples of typewriting and of composition, as well as for the glimpse of the daily routine as seen from the girls' standpoint. The typewriting in several cases is quite equal in neatness and accuracy to that of the average sighted typist, and suggests the possibility of typewriting from dictation becoming a means of livelihood for some of the better-educated blind girls. I transcribe one of the essays without alteration, except that a few words are omitted and a few sentences added from other papers to make the day's record more complete:

TULSE HILL BLIND SCHOOL: TYPING FROM DICTATION

"This is an account of how we spend Monday at Elm Court. We get up at half-past six, and after washing and having our hair done, some of us have a little work to do before breakfast. My work is to take up the mats that we have beside our beds and roll them up. Then if the other girls are not ready we wait and all go down together. We have a few minutes to walk round the garden before breakfast, which we have at a quarter to eight generally. At breakfast-time, when it is fine, we are on the lawn to hear the birds sing. It is lovely to be out there. We have prayers and a hymn before breakfast. After breakfast one girl stays down to clear, and the rest of us go upstairs

TULSE HILL BLIND SCHOOL: TEA ON THE LAWN

to make our beds. Then we put on our boots and do what we like until school-time, when Mrs. Hartland rings a bell and we get in a line in front of the playroom, and Mrs. Hartland sees if we are tidy. Before playtime in school the lessons we have are Scripture, mental arithmetic, and ordinary arithmetic. Then we have a quarter of an hour's recess which, when it is fine, we spend in the orchard. Then after play we have geography, reading, and composition, which some of us do in typewriting. We have dinner at a quarter-past twelve and finish about one o'clock. Then from one till twenty to two we are read to in the orchard. Then we go up to the house to prepare for school. On Monday afternoons I go to Mr. Cheek, a gentleman who comes to teach us basket-making. Then we have prayers and leave school at half-past four. We do what we like until five; then we have tea. Then, as we do not have evening school on Mondays, we go into the orchard and do what we please until eight o'clock, at which time we go to bed. After nine we are not supposed to speak."

A school which aims at doing a similar work for elder blind boys was opened last December at Linden Lodge, a pleasant house overlooking Wandsworth Common. Here, in addition to ordinary school subjects, the boys are taught chair-caning and basket-work, wood-work, bent iron-work, and typewriting.

The Critic on the Hearth

BY JOHN A. STEUART

IF the epithet "genteel" were not fallen into dishonour I should without hesitation describe ours as a genteel society. I submit we have all the elements of gentility in the good old sense of the good old times. We pride ourselves on being abreast of the age in all matters of Church, State, art, literature, and the popular phases of science. We subscribe in a body to the best circulating library, which shall be nameless here, because there are to be no free advertisements either of institutions or individuals in this department. We keep an observant eye on the fads and follies of fashion, and even philanthropy is not beneath us. Figuratively speaking at least some of us tuck in our immaculate skirts at the touch of vulgarity, and disdain the coarse entertainments of a world lost to what one of our number felicitously calls the higher ideals. In the best sense, therefore, I think, we are entitled to call ourselves genteel.

That discredited word, I am told, smacks too suggestively of Richardson, old Samuel, the ultra-sentimental analyst of the feminine heart. A generation ago it smacked of Jane Austen, and I hold her influence is a wholesome one despite the withering contempt of my brilliant young friend Jones, who never misses a chance of sneering at the little woman in the columns of the *Twinkling Star*.

It seems but the other day that Jones graduated from a certain Board School, which there is no need to mention, under auguries that scarcely pointed to intellectual distinction. Indeed his teacher prophesied distinction of quite another sort for Mr. Jones. But mark the short-sightedness of school-masters. The boy who was born to be hanged by a happy turn of fortune entered the service of the *Twinkling Star* Publishing Company, where in due course he grew familiar with brooms, dusters, slang, and bad cigarettes. He also grew familiar with young gentlemen from "the great universities," and marking their omniscience with wonder, though not with awe (Jones is never awed), he was fired to emulation. "If they does it, why shouldn't I?" Jones remarked to himself; and as a consequence behold him literary editor of the *Twinkling Star*, a paper designed on the latest lines of imperial progress, price one half-penny. His mission is to educate the masses, and in his own classic language he lets 'em have it strong. One of his pet aversions is Jane Austen. In the beginning of his illustrious career he heard one of the aforesaid omniscient young gentlemen describe her as "a ridiculous old maid who tried to write novels and failed." That was enough; Jones had got his cue, and the rest to a man of intelligence and enterprise was easy. So Jane Austen is pilloried in the *Twinkling Star* as "a ridiculous old maid who tried to write novels and failed." I have expostulated in a timid way with Jones, and informed him that profoundly as I admire his success in educating our masters, the masses, I cannot for a moment subscribe to his opinion of the author of *Sense and Sensibility*. I could easily make out a case, founding myself on what Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay said of her. But as I have no desire to open my modest booth with a controversy (being emphatically a man of peace, though neither a Quaker nor a party to the Hague Conference), I bow to the spirit of the age, dismiss Jane Austen, and rule out the unfortunate word on which Ruskin, plus Jones, plus Smith, plus Robinson have poured vials of scorn.

Words, like families, suffer grievous vicissitude. After flourishing famously they come down in the world, hover a while between respectability and disgrace, lead a furtive existence among the slums and back alleys of language, to be finally abandoned in dishonour. That is why philology ranks with genealogy as one of the most romantic and entrancing of studies. The history of a word is not infrequently a history of fashion as well. When Carlyle retired to the desert of Craigenputtock to write *Sartor* and the best of the Essays, his patron, Francis Jeffrey, the once famous thunderer of the once famous *Edinburgh Review*, wrote to him protesting against the injustice to Mrs. Carlyle. "Why," asked the director of polite literature, "should you persist in keeping your blooming Eve in that blasted wilderness?" The sentence is a flashlight on the past, showing yet again how the elegance of one generation becomes the debased currency of the next.

One regrets, I had almost said resents, the

degradations of that ancient cynic Time. In regard to things old and out of fashion I avow myself of Lamb's mind. I often dote on what the rest of the world passes by. To me the loveliest of the many lovely things in Wordsworth are those four haunting lines on "The Solitary Reaper," a Highland lass singing a snatch of Gaelic song as she plied the sickle—

> "Will no one tell me what she sings?
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

There you have the essence of half a thousand romances—love, war, the surprises of time, the hazards of fate, the ironies of fortune. I do not know that the characteristic wistful backward longing of the Gael has ever been better rendered even by the Ossians or the Renans. An age of mushroom millionaires and riotous motoring turns its back contemptuously on the past, as something dead and done with. Only a reflective person here and there seems to be aware that all old things were once new, and that many things now fallen into disrepute aided the race in attaining its present high pitch of happiness.

The cynic remarks, of course, that few things are really permanent or indispensable. The sun, the moon, the clouds of rain, the atmosphere, the green earth, these according to the best authorities are essential. No man, you perceive, is included in the category, and regarding woman there is a significant silence, as though science itself were still in doubt about her. An audacious Frenchman, M. Alfred Fouillée, has indeed had the temerity to publish *A Scientific Study and Defence of Woman*. Luckily for him, perhaps, the "defence" is more in evidence than the study. He refutes, among other things, the slander of Schopenhauer, who declared that women "are children all their lives—puerile, futile, limited." Has not that assertion something of the tang of sour grapes? Did some fair divinity spurn the amorous philosopher, causing his wounded vanity thenceforth to traduce the sex? In any case the world cherishes its good women. I put this question one evening at dinner. Was there ever a remarkable man who had not a remarkable mother? In reading biography one is struck by the fact that speaking generally man is what woman makes him. I believe that nearly all men who become distinguished are indebted first to their mothers, and next to their sisters, their sweethearts, and their wives.

At that the young lady who teaches classics in the Belvedere High Schools for Girls glanced at the little Curate on my right, her face glowing consciously. I knew the pair sometimes talked softly and privately together, and that they dreamed of the time when the appreciation of persons in power should enable them to entertain friends in some snug vicarage.

"You were referring," she remarked slyly, "to the circumstance that no man is included in the category of indispensables."

I thanked her for bringing me back to my point. Alas, I owned, it is too true. Were the first of living men, be he Potentate or Pope, to disappear to-morrow, there is absolutely no reason to suppose the music of the spheres would fall into the least discord or the universe hold on its way one whit less securely or serenely because of that deplorable event. Even we who talk as if the earth would stop, shattered on its axis, if such and such a personage were removed, would probably go on as usual, eating, sleeping, working, playing; in short, like the philosophic Pangloss, more or less optimistically cultivating our gardens and finding marvellous consolation in the fact of being alive and warm while the great man had gone down into darkness and silence. Nay, should we not probably vociferate the old cry, first properly interpreted by the historian of the French Revolution, *Le Roi est mort: Vive le Roi*, particularly the second part? The King is dead: the King, God bless him, is alive and flourishing, as we signify by sending our caps into the air. The purblind call this inconsistent. In truth it is the highest consistency, since it means the everlasting triumph of ideals. "Kings pass: but kingship remains." To every holder of the regal office there is a successor, to symbolise the people's ideal. In the end, humanly speaking, nothing but ideals endures, and hence, by an instinct of human nature, springs the pathetic interest attaching to the vast cemetery of the past. What is a churchyard but a record of realised ideals? Again, what is history but a motley procession of the ages presented in kaleidoscopic show by men skilled in the art of putting things? This variety is the salt which gives savour to history. As though for the express purpose of obviating dulness, historians have developed the art of disagreeing. Sometimes the differences are wide and the antipathies fierce. Freeman on Froude is only a little less entertaining than Froude on Freeman. Which tells the truth, think you, or are both subject to the correction

of a third? I do not speak of wilful misrepresentation. Even partisans of the Clarendon type imagine they are telling the truth.

"To a thinking mind," said the little Curate thoughtfully, "nothing is more impressive than precisely that ceaseless march of the generations to which you have incidentally referred. We may do many things; but one thing we cannot do, we cannot stay or delay. We are, as it were, on a moving platform which carries us on in spite of ourselves. And yet few of us are dismayed or downcast. The fact says volumes for the inherent cheerfulness and hope of the human family."

My friend the Colonel bowed in assent across the table. "Yes, sir," he put in with conviction, "to my mind the very best assets of the race are cheerfulness and hope. Bless me, what should we do without them? What is called a sanguine disposition is really one of the greatest of earthly blessings."

"You mean a sanguinary disposition," said the young man whom we privately call Solomon because of his overwhelming wisdom. "Now that does tell. As a primal virtue it has been the making of the British Empire."

The Colonel smiled benignantly. He had himself had a hand in the making of the British Empire, though he would be the last to remind you of the circumstance. His name was something quite different, but among ourselves we called him Newcome, Colonel Newcome, from a fancied likeness to the brave, lovable, child-like hero of Thackeray.

In the service of his country he surrendered two fingers and an eye, won the bronze cross "for valour," led forlorn hopes and gained glory in dispatches, yet because no women-folk of consequence watched him at home, the powers that dispense promotion conveniently forgot his claims.

"You mean," he responded quietly, "that the fellows with the bullet-heads go through to a finish. That's perfectly true. They do. And from personal experience let me warn you against the folly of falling out with a bullet-headed man. He's as dangerous as the man who turns white with passion." The young man returned that red seems the angrier colour. "Seeming and reality are not the same in this case," the Colonel assured him. "Therefore when you have a dispute with a man and he suddenly turns white, it would be wise to desist. A white heat is always a deadly heat. You were referring to the past," he added, turning towards me. "Your sentiments in the matter are exactly mine. In these days some people talk and act as if the past were not the parent of the present, and the law of heredity were obsolete."

"Is there a law of heredity?" asked the youthful Solomon, turning his eyes to the ceiling. He liked to put these startling questions, just as commonplace people aim at originality by inverting platitude, and so getting a name for paradox.

"Is there a law of heredity?" he asked, and twinkled like one who knows he has put a poser. Now if he had inquired whether there is a law of gravitation, whether the blood circulates, or the heart beats, whether frost pinches, or fire burns, we might have maintained our composure; but to imply there was a doubt about our being the children of our own fathers and mothers was too much.

"I ask," said the young man, not ill-pleased at his success in shocking us, "because some fellow with a German name and an acute attack of the curve of variations says heredity is almost as unsatisfactory in a crisis as a fifth-grade bookmaker on a racecourse."

"Do you happen to know anything of the statistics of lunacy in Germany?" the Colonel asked suggestively.

"Nothing, sir. But as to this heredity business, we're rather lucky, I think, that it goes with a loose rein, so to speak. You open your eyes: but think of the arboreal period of our revered ancestors, and tell me if you long for the good old manners and customs? If the law of heredity held tight, you know, we should still be swinging by the rear in forests, prehensile fashion. Then there's another thing. People used to have the idea they inherited all sorts of diseases, gout, rheumatism, consumption and the like. That notion's exploded. Now, it appears, each of us begins with a sound constitution, and what our tabernacle friends would call a clean slate. The sins of the fathers are no longer visited upon the children, at any rate so far as disease is concerned."

"Singular," said the Colonel, with unusual dryness. "Very singular. For my own part I have never found a pure stream issuing from a turbid spring. If your friend with the German name assured me he saw nothing to indicate that the turbidness of the fountain-head was in any way communicated to the stream flowing thence, I should be disposed in all politeness to suggest to the good man the wisdom of buying a new pair of spectacles. It was said of old that the eye sees what the eye brings the power of seeing. And on the general question I

venture to remark that it would be an exceedingly hazardous proceeding, if one were a family man, to behave as if the effects of folly or crime ended with one's self. Family histories divulge the lifelong regrets of many generations over such an error."

The Colonel carried the company with him, as he invariably did. His courtesy, his old-fashioned suavity, his transparent, childlike honesty generally carried him to victory even when his arguments failed utterly; for indeed he was no logician. But he knew what he believed, and held to it with a soldier's devotion to duty. So we smiled and nodded assent over the fountain-and-stream illustration with the pertinent application of the moral.

Presently, however, the young lady classic, who reads Plato like a Browning, with her feet on the fender, said with the kind of smile which is so much more than science or even classics, "Isn't it a consoling thought, Colonel, to say the least, that each of us starts in life untrammelled and unburdened by the defects of our predecessors! It really appals one to think of the transmitted disease and deformity that on the strict hereditary principle must have accumulated at the opening of the twentieth century. We late-comers should certainly fare badly under that law."

"There's a divinity doth shape our ends," quoth the Curate, "both marvellously and mercifully. Like our friend," here he glanced at the young man called Solomon, "I have been struck by the latest theories concerning heredity and the transmission of disease, and more than ever struck with this fact, that every new discovery of science is but a fresh proof of the beneficence of the Great Disposer. If I had my preacher's robes on (I would never dream of assuming them at the dinner-table) I could deliver a pretty homily on that text. There is a time for everything. We are now dining and talking at our ease. Yet in all moments, whether of ease or of stress and business, there remains the mystery of life—

> 'Where good and ill, together blent,
> Wage an undying strife.
>
> * * * * *
>
> For rivers twain are gushing still,
> And pour a mingled flood:
> Good in the very depths of ill—
> Ill in the heart of good.'"

"Whose is the poetry?" asked the young man quickly.

"It occurs," returned the Curate, "in a bewitching book by a great man who had the bad taste to turn renegade, John Henry, Cardinal Newman. The book is called *Callista*."

"Newman," remarked the young lady classic, with a tender unconscious glance at the Curate, "immediately suggests Kingsley. 'What a pity two such men should have gratified the vulgar by quarrelling in public."

"Isn't it a greater pity," I responded, "that the man who was really in the right should have had the worst of it? I suppose honesty counts for little in the game of dialectics."

"There's another strange circumstance connected with the case," said the young lady, her eye kindling with interest. "You know, of course, that Newman's conversion to Roman Catholicism was really due to the *Waverley Novels*. No Walter Scott, no Cardinal Newman. I think that may safely be said."

"In that connexion you remember Borrow's attack on Scott," said the Curate.

"Borrow," interpolated the Colonel, with a sudden fierceness that suggested the roused war-horse: "I take leave to assert that George Borrow is the biggest quack, the vainest coxcomb who ever deluded an undiscerning public. His books are one long shout, 'See what a wonderful fellow am I,' and his attack on a man whose shoe-latchet he was not worthy to unloose shows more vanity than zeal for the Protestant faith. A literary mountebank always on the pose before the crowd in the market-place, that's George Borrow. He never knew what it was to be free even for a moment from swelled head."

"And yet," said the young lady, "Mr. Augustine Birrell calls him a king of literature."

The Colonel replied that Mr. Augustine Birrell would do well to revise that judgment forthwith; whereupon the Curate, finding the atmosphere ominously warm, remarked that Newman's conversion was another instance of the subtle, far-reaching influence of what is called light literature.

"Does it not come to this," I said, "that little as so-called practical men suspect it, the world is ruled by sentiment? That is why Shakespeare remains the profoundest, most permanent influence in English life. Multitudes who never read a line of his works are yet swayed by his sentiments. The world is built on an idea, the best light literature is an expression of that idea: hence its abiding charm and power even with such a strong mind as Newman's."

"Of that we may have more to say another day," quoth the Curate.

Lady Austin's Penitence

BY GEORGE F. MILLIN

A STRANGER who should have peered in upon Evelyn Lambton as our story opens could hardly have failed to be struck by her personal appearance. She sat in a very old easy-chair, the mellow rays of the autumn afternoon sun pouring through the semi-opaque window of her shabby room, lighting up her abundant dark hair, her gracefully-moulded form, and her thin, sad face, on the piquant beauty of which it would have been difficult to say whether sin or sorrow had set the deepest mark. There were unmistakable signs of both—of wilful passion, of resentful suffering, of hard and sorrowful endurance. Yet the face was but young, and all its lines suggested refinement and mental superiority, while the hand on which she lightly rested her chin, though bearing unequivocal signs of work, was prettily and delicately formed.

As we look in upon her, Evelyn Lambton's fine violet eyes were wistfully following the movements of the only being left to her in all the weary world—a girl of some six or seven years of age, who was playing with a few toys which, like everything else in the neighbourhood of Rodworth Road, had a dingy, dilapidated, poverty - stricken appearance.

"Shall we go to the Park, Mamma?" asked the child, suddenly wearying of her toys, and moving to her mother's side.

The shade of sadness deepened on the young mother's brow as she caressingly stroked back the silken hair from the lovely little face and kissed the full, smooth forehead.

"It's too far, darling," she said; "Mamma's tired."

The child looked thoughtful for a moment as she toyed with a bit of coloured ribbon at her mother's neck.

"Why don't we go in a carriage, Mamma?" she asked at length.

"IT'S TOO FAR, DARLING; MAMMA'S TIRED"

"In a carriage, Evie?" returned the mother, looking curiously into her daughter's beautiful but rather melancholy eyes.

"Yes," said the little one. "We did when Papa went with us."

Mrs. Lambton looked pained and astonished. "Hush, Evie," she said, drawing the little thing closer to her and leaning her suddenly-flushed cheek against the child's shapely head. "Mustn't talk of Papa. I thought you had forgotten all about him. We must never speak of him any more," continued the mother as her daughter silently shook her head in deprecation of the idea that she had forgotten.

"Why not, Mamma?" persisted the child.

"Because Mamma will be very, very angry if you do," was the reply, given in a tone evidently intended to be very impressive.

There was a brief silence, during which the daughter seemed to be pondering this mysterious prohibition. But another bright idea presently flashed into the vivacious little face. "Let us go in the tram again, Mamma," said the child.

"No, darling; not to-day. Mamma has her work to do," and, with a deep and weary sigh, Mrs. Lambton put the child from her and turned to an unopened parcel of needlework on a side table. She was in the act of untying it when there was a rap at the door, which opened at the same moment, and, evidently to her discomposure, the landlady of the house appeared, a podgy little body with a face which, in spite of its commonplace vulgarity, would not have been unpleasant but for a pair of dark, cunning little eyes, and a certain grimness about the set of the mouth suggestive of an ultimatum. The young mother apparently anticipated unpleasantness, and with some little nervous embarrassment she took the initiative.

"You have come for your rent, Mrs. Boulter?" she said, with a smile imparting a wonderful sweetness to the melancholy of the keen, expressive face. "I shall be going into the City on Thursday, and I hope to be able to settle with you."

Mrs. Boulter knew that smile well, and had often yielded to its fascination; but she also knew that form of postponement, which had not always resulted satisfactorily, and she was not in a yielding mood, and didn't care for hopes or promises. She was in a temper that nothing would effectively mollify but cash down. The fact was, Mrs. Lambton had been getting more and more in the habit of falling into arrears, and unfortunately for her, a fellow-lodger who had long been going the same way, had within the past few days suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him very inadequate assets. The landlady did not mean to have any more of that sort of thing, and pretty plainly intimated as much. She never got four weeks in arrears herself, and, please God, she didn't mean to. She always paid her way with everybody, but how was she to do that if she didn't get her rent "reg'lar"? She had never before spoken in this manner to her first-floor front, but having once begun to give vent to her "feelin's," as she was wont to express herself, they rather ran away with her, and she was proceeding in a strain of something very nearly approaching vulgar insolence, when her lodger broke in upon her tirade with a spirit which took her altogether aback.

"My good woman," said Mrs. Lambton with dignified asperity, and drawing herself up in a manner that completely overawed the stodgy little landlady, "there's no occasion for all this talk. If you can't oblige me till Thursday, you shall have your money to-night. I'll go to the City at once."

And she waved off the landlady in a manner that forbade further words and brought back in full vigour the conviction which had sometimes forced itself upon the mind of that astute little dame, that her first-floor front was none of your common sort, but a real lady who had somehow come down in the world. When Mrs. Lambton had first settled there she herself had a most distressing conviction of the same kind. At a moment of sore embarrassment she had done, just as thousands are continually doing in London—she had, that is to say, crept down into a poor, cheap neighbourhood until she could "turn herself round," and, like most of the others, she had found herself unable to get out again. Her stay in the old house in which she had found two cheap rooms was to have been just a makeshift for a couple of weeks or so; she had, in fact, been there for two bitter years, holding herself entirely aloof from the squalid world around, and almost fiercely guarding her child from the slightest touch of its contamination. Irregularity of work, and the fact that she was generally somewhat in arrears with her rent, had

prevented her getting out of the detested neighbourhood; but her landlady's coarse insolence had suddenly precipitated matters. She would pay up arrears and go.

"Evie darling," she said as the door closed upon the landlady, "I must leave you by yourself. I have to go out. You can learn your spelling while I am gone, and when I come back we will see if we can go to the Park."

When her lodger had gone Mrs. Boulter began to reflect somewhat uneasily upon what she had done. Her "feelings" had led her into a mistake that might result in the loss of a good lodger, and by way of a diplomatic opening for a reconciliation, she presently put her head into Mrs. Lambton's room and coaxingly invited the solitary child to come up-stairs and see four little kittens that had recently arrived. Not much persuasion was necessary to induce the reluctant little student to lay aside her book and climb into the mysterious regions above, where Mrs. Boulter herself resided, and up into which Eva had never yet been permitted to penetrate. The child had been up there nearly an hour playing with the kittens, and was beginning to be impatient for her mother's return, when the landlady's attention was arrested by what appeared to be a great hubbub in the street below. She threw open her attic window and put her head over the parapet, but instantly fell back with a cry of horror. At the moment at which she had peered over into the street there had come a frightful rush of flame and smoke from below, and at the same moment a mighty roar of excitement broke from the crowd that had seen her head for an instant, and thus, for the first time, became aware that the house from which devouring flames were raging by all the lower windows was inhabited at the top.

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Mrs. Lambton returned to find Rodworth Road flooded with water and barricaded with engines and firemen, with a throng of people in the rear of them. Her first feeling was one of concern that she would have a difficulty in getting through to her home. She vigorously pushed her way through the crowd until she got far enough forward to see that the house in which she had left her child only an hour or so before was gutted from cellar to roof, and then with a cry of dismay she fell fainting into the streaming roadway.

* * * * *

When the stricken mother recovered consciousness she was lying on a bed in a strange room, and a gentle female was bending over her.

"Thy child is living, Evelyn Lambton," said the kindly ministrant, Margaret Kronrath, the Quaker mission lady, as the people called her, and she held a glass of water to the pallid lips of the young mother.

"What has happened?" gasped the prostrate woman, looking wildly round.

"Little Evie has been somewhat hurt," said the Quakeress, "but we'll hope it won't prove serious. Try and drink, dear."

The agitated mother took a sip at the glass of water, and then attempted to rise. "Let me go to her," she said, but she was incapable of doing so, and fell back in a half-unconscious condition. It was two days before she was permitted to see her child, and then she could only look down upon her in silent anguish as she lay pale and unconscious, and swathed in bandages, in the hospital bed to which she had been borne off. She had been rescued from the burning house, but the fireman who had carried her down had fallen with her from a height of ten or twelve feet, and she had received some injury to the head, the extent of which the doctors were unable positively to pronounce upon.

It was the fifth day after the fire. The distracted mother had been quite prostrated by the shock and the protracted suspense. Margaret Kronrath had been assiduous in her attentions to her. She had found her another lodging, had brought her little delicacies of food, and twice a day had visited the hospital to make inquiries after the little sufferer.

As the Quakeress came in on this fifth morning, Mrs. Lambton with some difficulty rose to meet her, and tried to walk forward.

"How is she?" she asked with trembling eagerness, as she took her visitor's hand in both her own.

"There's hope for thee," was the quiet reply. "Sit down, Evelyn Lambton, I want to talk with thee."

The mother sat down, keeping her grievous eyes fixed on the visitor, as if trying to read what was coming.

"Don't thou be alarmed," said the Quakeress. "They say thy little one must undergo an operation, and that there is good hope that all will be well—at least if they can get the right man to perform it, as I trust we may."

The child had received a fracture of the skull. She was indeed injured more seriously than the hospital authorities thought it necessary to make known; but Margaret Kronrath had ascertained from one of the nurses that they were trying to get an eminent specialist to undertake an operation, and if they could do that they appeared to be confident of a satisfactory result.

"Who is it they want to get?" asked the mother, after the two had talked together for some minutes, during which the calm and quietude of the Quakeress had manifestly exerted a soothing and cheering influence.

"Sir Evan Austin," was the placid reply. "They say that if they could——"

"Oh, merciful heaven!" cried the invalid in a tone of the most distracted anguish. "Not him. Don't let them ask him. Surely there are others."

"Why not ask him?" inquired the Quakeress in the utmost surprise.

Instead of replying, the unhappy mother buried her face in her hands and burst into hysterical tears.

"God help thee, poor child," said the sympathetic visitor, laying a gentle hand on the mother's shoulder. "We'll get the man, never fear."

"Anybody but him, anybody but him," gasped the agitated woman. "Surely there are others who can do it."

"Why not him?" asked the Quakeress in the utmost astonishment at this unexpected objection.

"Ah! he won't do it. You don't know all," was the scarcely articulate reply.

"Hadn't thou better tell me all?" whispered the Quakeress after a long pause. "It'll do thee good, and perhaps help us to see our way."

For fully five minutes the two sat motionless and in silence broken only by the sobs of the mother, who presently drew herself up and dashed the tears from her eyes. "You are a good woman, Miss Kronrath," she said, "and I *will* tell you all. He is my husband."

The Quakeress sat for a moment in dumfounded astonishment. "Sir Evan Austin thy husband!" she exclaimed incredulously, and looking at the woman as though doubtful of her sanity. With the swiftness of thought under the stimulus of keenly-excited interest, however, she looked back and recalled many little circumstances tending to render this credible. "Sir Evan Austin thy husband!" she reiterated in the utmost amazement. An inclination of the head was the only reply. "Then," said Margaret Kronrath in her ignorance of the real situation, "that must be the greater reason for going to him. Surely he will save his own child. And yet," she added reflectively, and after a long pause, "no doubt it would be very hard for a father to operate on his own bairn."

The unhappy mother wrung her hands in distraction, and a wild light glowed in her lovely eyes. "That's not it; that's not it," she ejaculated in a frenzy of agitation.

The visitor sat and looked at her in mute embarrassment. "I thought thy husband was dead," she said at length, speaking as though painfully trying to piece together conflicting facts or what she had supposed to be facts. As she did so, a lurid light began to break in upon her. The other seemed conscious of it, and her head drooped in shame and confusion. "How long hast thou been parted from thy husband?" Margaret Kronrath asked at length, speaking as if dismayed at the thought that had forced itself upon her.

There was a long silence, and then came the scarcely audible reply, "Ten years."

The Quaker lady dropped her hands into her lap and sank back in her chair in blank and speechless distress. She understood it all now. For a moment the gentle face hardened, but as she gazed upon the trembling penitent it soon relaxed. "Poor foolish soul," she said, "indeed I am sorry for thee." And she sat as though quite unable to say another word.

"Oh, Miss Kronrath," moaned the hapless woman before her, "if Heaven would only be as merciful as you!"

"Heaven is infinitely merciful," was the gentle reply.

"No, no, no," came the impassioned rejoinder. "Heaven has punished me mercilessly, cruelly, cruelly!"

Margaret Kronrath hushed the wild outburst and gently drew out the whole wretched story of an early marriage with the young surgeon, and of four years of perpetual struggle and difficulty, during which her husband was absorbed body and soul in his profession; of a sudden mad infatuation; of a tragic abandonment of home and children; of an awful awakening, a cruel desertion, and a creeping away to hide the shame and poverty and misery

"MADAM," HE SAID, "I'LL SAVE HER CHILD IF I CAN, BUT LET *HER* NOT COME NEAR ME"

of it all in the obscurest region of the great metropolis.

The Quakeress sat and listened with the calm, stern demeanour of Justice herself, though pity shone in her eyes and trembled in every tone of her voice when she spoke.

"Thou hast been hardly dealt with, my sister, but thou hast deserved it all," she said.

"Don't say that, don't say that! Oh, Margaret Kronrath," cried the woman, bending forward and clutching the Quaker lady's hands, "if you only knew what it is to have surrendered your heart and your life and to have given up children and home and then to be flung away and deserted."

But Margaret Kronrath would not be greatly moved. "Thou flungest thyself away," she said, "when thou left thy home, and thou desertedst thy poor bairns before thou wast deserted thyself. But thou canst not undo the past, Evelyn, and I trust thou hast repented of thy wickedness. Thou must learn to bear the natural consequences patiently."

"Oh, I have tried. Oh, *how* I have tried!"

"Yes; I believe thou hast. Thou hast kept thyself honourably, and hast faithfully and lovingly done thy duty to thy poor child, and now we must save her if we can."

But the services of the great surgeon could not be secured. The hospital authorities had done their best to induce him to undertake the case, but had been unsuccessful. His time was, he said, so fully occupied that he found it impossible, though it seemed to be an interesting case, and he would gladly have undertaken it if he could.

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Margaret Kronrath had been some minutes with the distinguished surgeon in Harley Street, but her charitable enterprise seemed likely to be as unavailing as the efforts of the people at the hospital. Sir Evan Austin told her, as he had told them, that, from the facts he had received, it was evidently a very interesting case, and he should much like to take it, but he feared it was quite out of the question. Fees? No; it was no question of fees. He did all he could for that hospital quite gratuitously, and if he could have taken the operation he would. The Quakeress urged the special pathos of this particular case—an only child of a lonely woman, whose very life seemed bound up with the little thing.

"Ah, my dear lady," said the eminent surgeon very kindly, but somewhat hardly nevertheless, "that, unhappily, is only too common a case."

"But, Sir Evan," pleaded the Quakeress, "she is a poor unhappy soul, cut off from home and friends and every human interest but this poor child, and——"

The surgeon's powerful-looking face hardened. "Madam," he broke in, "women in such a position usually have themselves to thank."

"Alas!" said the Quakeress, "it is only too true. She hath been a grievous sinner, but she hath been a grievous sufferer too. I do believe she hath long been truly repentant and hath been trying to lead a good life, but if her child dies—then Heaven help the poor thing!"

"My dear lady," said Sir Evan Austin somewhat sternly and impatiently, "you really oughtn't to urge me in this way. I have duties to others, and definite and serious engagements to fulfil, and I tell you I cannot do it. I would if I could, but I cannot."

"Sir," said Margaret Kronrath, with her usual quiet composure, "thou hadst a young wife once."

The keen eye of the surgeon flashed an angry glance at the demure figure before him. "Madam," he said, "you've nothing to do with that. I must beg you to consider this interview closed," and he laid his hand on his bell.

"Sir Evan Austin," placidly persisted the Quakeress, "people say thou art a good and merciful man. The woman for whom I plead is thy wife. Wilt thou not, if thou canst, save her child from death and perhaps the woman herself from despair and irremediable ruin?"

The surgeon started as though a blow had struck him, and a slight but very unmistakable pallor overspread his keenly intellectual face. Fierce wrath and tender memories and perhaps some remorse for his own share of the unhappy past made wild strife within him. He put his elbows on the mantelpiece and leaned his head upon the palm of his hands. For some minutes he stood motionless and silent, and Margaret's heart beat almost audibly within her. When he turned again to her he had recovered his composure and his face wore its habitual expression, though he spoke like a man who was controlling himself only with great difficulty.

"Where is the man?" he asked.

"Dead. He died by his own hand."

A fierce light blazed for an instant in the baronet's eyes, and to the Quakeress it looked

like the light of triumphant satisfaction. But it was gone in a moment, and Sir Evan Austin spoke calmly and sternly.

"Madam," he said, "I'll save her child if I can, but let *her* not come near me."

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The hospital authorities were surprised and delighted with the result of the operation. It was a case presenting very difficult complications and necessitated an extremely delicate feat of trepanning, and it was asserted confidently that no other surgeon in the kingdom could have achieved so marvellous a result. The child was declared quite out of danger, and Sir Evan Austin had looked in for a final examination and was on his way out of the hospital when his arm was touched, and, as he turned, Margaret Kronrath stood before him.

"I would speak with thee one moment, Sir Evan Austin," she said, and as she did so she led the way into a small room close at hand.

"Poor Evelyn earnestly begs that she may thank thee and ask thy forgiveness," she said. "Wilt thou not hear her—just once?"

"Tell her," said the great specialist, "that I forgive her as I hope to be forgiven, but that I need no thanks, and I'll never willingly see her again."

"That isn't quite how thou hopest to be forgiven," said the Quakeress with a smile of winning persuasiveness. But the baronet was conscious of having done an act of magnanimity, and looked to be by no means disposed to go further. In a dry tone and in rather a dogged manner he was beginning to repeat his refusal, when an inner door opened and "Evelyn Lambton"—in legal verity, Lady Evelyn Austin—stood before him, a graceful and strikingly beautiful woman, attired in charming taste, but with a simplicity that was in itself pathetic from its very suggestion—not so much of poverty, as of a becoming humility.

Ten years had passed since these two had met, and both were changed. Time had streaked the wife's dark hair with threads of silver, and mental suffering had thinned and somewhat sharpened the sweet face; but it had done nothing to dim the lustre of the beautiful eyes, and excitement had lent them a brilliancy and had given to the rich, clear complexion a slight flush of colour that was all that was needed to

SHE FLUNG HERSELF PASSIONATELY AT HIS FEET

render the face piquantly charming, while the circumstance under which she stood there added a pathos deeply touching. Even Margaret Kronrath gazed in astonishment at the dramatic apparition, though she had left her less than half-an-hour before.

There was a dead pause while the stern eye of the doctor rested on the startling figure of the trembling wife. Sir Evan was evidently moved as the beautiful imploring eyes fell, and the lips quivered under his gaze.

"How is this, madam?" he said at length, in a tone of indignant severity. "Did I not come to your child on the express understanding that you kept away from me?"

"I will, I will go away—but oh, Evan," and she flung herself passionately at his feet and clasped his knees, imploring his forgiveness with a flood of tears.

Evidently the baronet was for a moment touched almost beyond his self-control, and though his words and manner seemed brusque and hard, they were belied by the tone and tremor of his voice. "Get up, woman," he said, after a pause of hesitation; "I can forgive but I cannot forget."

In a manner almost tender he took her by the arm and raised her, as she tried incoherently to express her gratitude for what he had done.

"I need no thanks," said the injured husband. "I am glad to have been able to save your child, and henceforth I'll see you provided for. You have my full forgiveness. Now leave me."

* * * * *

Alas for human hopes and for the proudest achievements of science! The enthusiastic chorus of admiration of the hospital staff for the masterly skill of the great surgeon had hardly spent itself, when inflammation of the brain set in, and within a fortnight of the time when the winsome daughter of her whom we must now call Lady Austin was pronounced to be out of danger, the child was laid to rest under the green turf of one of the great metropolitan cemeteries, and the desolate mother turned from the grave to face a world in which she was now absolutely alone.

That was nearly twelve months ago, and now in another of the great burial-grounds another small grave lies open, and Sir Evan Austin himself is bending over it in a grief that shakes the strong man to the very centre of his being. All that wealth and the best medical science of the time could do has not availed to save his youngest daughter, and the sorely-stricken man turns from the open grave with a sickening sense of impotence and defeat.

As he turns away, the last of the mourners to leave the open grave, his keen eye is arrested by a female figure yonder among the monuments of the cemetery, and though the figure is some distance off and is closely veiled, he instantly recognises it. It is the mother of the girl he has just laid to rest.

Twelve months ago he would not have identified that form, and if he had, he would have resented what he would have regarded as an intrusion. But the recollection of that beautiful figure kneeling in broken-hearted penitence and imploring his forgiveness had haunted his memory, and many a time since he had mentally gone over the past, and had found in it much ground for self-condemnation. When her child had died he had almost relented towards her, as he reflected on her forlorn and desolate condition. And now his own heart was wrung by a sorrow that enabled him ten times the better to understand what hers must have been. He stood irresolute and deeply perturbed, looking across the tombs towards her whom for ten long years he had accounted as dead. He stood until Lady Austin knew beyond doubt that she was recognised, and when presently he turned again to the open grave, in much fear and trembling she drew towards him, and there over the body of their dead child Sir Evan Austin took his wife to his heart again, and promised to forget as well as forgive.

* * * * *

Sir Evan Austin, having become heartily reconciled with his wife, did not choose that he and Lady Austin should be made the subject of society gossip and interest. He bought a fine estate in a distant part of the country, and settled down to a rural life and to scientific pursuits, and for many happy years he and his charming wife were known far and wide for their goodness and charity.

In their country seclusion they entertained little company; but there was at least one guest whom it was always a special happiness to receive, whenever she could be prevailed upon to leave her beneficent labours among the poor of London. That honoured guest, it need hardly be said, was the simple-hearted Quaker lady, Margaret Kronrath.

Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by A. Shepherd

REGENT'S PARK. A QUIET CORNER

Versailles, Past and Present

BY FRANCES CRAIG HOUSTON

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN OF THE WELL," ETC.

VERSAILLES, the ancient residence of the French kings! Versailles, with its mighty avenues of pollarded limes, its lichen-covered statues, its glorious gardens, and its crumbling magnificence! What historic memories it awakens! Wherever one wanders amongst the mazes of the park, or through the princely halls of the palace, the mark of the Grand Monarch is there. It was he who transformed the modest residence of Louis Treize into a palace of the magnificent proportions we now see. The château built by Mansard, decorated by the brush of Lebrun, surrounded by the wonderful gardens of Le Nôtre, dwelt in by a king who reckoned himself an equal of the gods; for whom consequently nothing was too costly or too exquisite, and whose court was the most brilliant and fastidious of a luxurious age—such a building is surely surpassingly interesting and thrills the imagination.

> "Versailles! de quels traits j'ornerais cette comparison;
> Versailles! tu serais le palais d'Apollon!"

Nor is it the palace and its gardens alone which excite one's admiration. The original town is laid out in the same regal style, and with a total disregard of expense. Wherever Louis Quatorze went he required a spacious background upon which to display himself, and so it comes that Versailles boasts the widest and grandest of kings' highways in the world. The Avenue de Paris is of immense width, and is bordered by a double row of trees. It faces the great gates of the palace and the vast Place d'Armes. On either side of it runs another splendid avenue, divided from it by the royal stables—massive structures capable of accommodating 2500 horses.

How strange is the sensation that steals

BEDROOM OF LOUIS XIV.

over one when standing in the outer court of the château under the colossal statue of Louis XIV. From this point the eye can wander beyond the great gates, over the dreary Place d'Armes — where regiments of raw recruits, drilling to the hoarse shouts of the sergeant and the monotonous beating of drums, are scattered over the vast quadrangle like small armies of ants—till at length it commands a view of the three great avenues of the historic town. Then with the aid of our imagination we can live in past ages, and witness the royal pageants of Louis the Magnificent, or see the horrors of the great Revolution, when the Avenue de Paris became the route for the prisoners transferred from the overflowing prisons of the capital to the vast halls of the Orangery. Still later, we can see the victorious armies of Wellington and Blücher pour into the Place d'Armes from the Boulevard de la Reine, and the tents of over 60,000 men spring up like mushrooms everywhere.

COLONNADE, PARK OF VERSAILLES

Contrary to what one might suppose, Versailles has not the effect of making one feel small and insignificant, as do all the great works of Nature. The fact that all the grandeur around us is the result of human genius and industry strikes the imagination and heightens our estimate of the race.

It is the frontage of the palace facing the park and gardens which shows the work of Louis Quatorze to full advantage. The other side has been spoiled by the incongruity of the mixed styles of architecture. The two massive Grecian wings built by Louis Quinze are quite out of keeping with the rest of the building. From the distance, however, the effect is imposing. Perhaps the finest view is to be had from the Avenue de St. Cloud. I have a vivid recollection of the château seen from this point in the glow of a September sunset—a recollection I shall never lose. A people's fair was being held under the arches of the pollarded limes. At the end of a long vista bordered by lines of light and colour rose the shining pile of the great château, with its courtyard full of colossal marble statues, against the crimson afterglow. From the distance and in the crepuscular light these white monuments appeared like the ghosts of departed monarchs, watching in silent wonderment that gay irresponsible throng of *petites gens* under the arches. Even the homely smell of hot new bread issuing from the bakers' stalls could not take from the romance and glamour of the scene. To-day the palace is robbed of its ancient splendours, but if kings and queens with their retinue of princes and nobles no longer frequent its halls, at least the *petites gens* are happy as they never were in the days before the Revolution. They have only to enter through the gilded gates of the palace to feel their privileges.

On Sundays the beautiful chapel of the Grand Monarch is open to all who care to enter it. Artistes of renown give recitals from the great composers. The music of the organ blended with the tones of a violin rolls upward to the painted roof. Nothing more perfect than this chapel can be imagined; it is at once simple, chaste, superb. Marble arches support fluted columns upon which rests the beautiful dome—painted by the brush of Lebrun and Delafosse. The balustrade running round the gallery behind the pillars is richly

gilded, and gives a touch of warmth to the general whiteness, as does also the lovely altar of beaten copper. From the exterior the chapel is less striking. Its situation, crushed in between the main body of the palace and the wing, prevents it from showing to advantage. The roof is decorated with the statues of the twelve apostles; these are placed too high to be seen, and are a waste of art, as in the case of the cathedral at Milan. This chapel was the scene of the wedding of that ill-fated queen Marie Antoinette with Louis XVI., and also of the midnight marriage ceremony between Madame de Maintenon and Louis Quatorze.

It is a veritable "*Nation de Statues*," which peoples the palace and the grounds of Versailles. On the façade of the palace are over one hundred statues, amongst which are twelve stone statues of the calendar months, each one of which is a masterpiece. Nor is there a single corner of this magnificent park without its *chef-d'œuvre* in marble. Under the trees, amongst the flower-beds, and in the vast halls are to be found specimens of the choicest sculpture belonging to the age of the Grand Monarch. In the enormous quadrangle of the château sixteen gigantic monuments represent the heroic virtues of the king, *la magnificence*, *la justice*, *la bonté*, etc., and in the centre stands the bronze equestrian statue of Louis in so imperious an attitude that one seems to hear him utter the famous words, "*L'état, c'est moi.*" From amongst the Olympian deities Louis chose the sun-god Apollo as the most fitting representation of his own illustrious self, and hence we find everywhere at Versailles images of Apollo.

It is said that when Louis wished to impress his visitors with the magnificence of his residence he always led them to the *Point de Vue* above the *Bassin de Latone*, from which a unique and charming scene unfolds itself. I can well remember the pleasure this sight gave me seen early one glorious October morning, when purple mists hung under the trees and every blade of grass shone in its jewelled dawn-robes. From the top of the marble steps I looked across the blaze of brilliant flower-beds and gilded fountains, down the *tapis vert* with its lines of gleaming statues under shadowing branches, to where the sun-god in his chariot with plunging steeds arose out of the water! My eyes rested one moment on this fine bit of modelling, which ranks amongst the good things of Versailles, before they wandered to the grand canal beyond. This sheet of water is formed like a cross, but from the *Point de Vue* one does not see the arms, only a long stretch of water, to which the genius of Le Nôtre has given an entirely fictitious length. On the October morning of which I write it seemed as though the waters of the canal vanished through a gateway of tall poplars on the horizon into the sea. The sighing of the wind amongst the Gothic arches of the long avenues seemed but the moan of the breakers on

PALACE OF VERSAILLES: GALERIE DES BATAILLES

a distant shore, and fostered the illusion which the skill of Le Nôtre suggested. It was this same gifted landscape gardener who laid out the whole of the grounds at Versailles. He it was who planned those surprising little *bosquets*, and the famous labyrinth of which so little remains. Yet it is the easiest thing in the world to lose oneself amongst the still existing mazes of avenues, *allées* and *bosquets*. I shall not forget my sensations when for the first time I lost myself in the great park. I had not the least clue as to my whereabouts. I felt like a princess on enchanted ground, for wander where I might some new wonder always burst upon me—now a fountain at the meeting of four great avenues, which resemble cathedral aisles, now a moss-grown statue, anon the shining columns of the colonnade. Of all the beautiful works of art in the park I think the most majestic and the most superb is the marble colonnade, with its double row of pillars and its arches, under every one of which a marble basin holds a fountain. In the centre of the arena stands a very fine marble group upon a carved pedestal, "*L'Enlèvement de Proserpine par Pluton, roi des Enfers.*" It is the masterpiece of Girardon.

The most popular of the *bosquets* in the grounds of Versailles is the *Bain d'Apollon*. The *bosquet* itself is laid out after the same manner as the gardens of the Trianon, in graceful, simple style *à l'anglais*, in which Nature is allowed to have her own sweet will to a far greater extent than Le Nôtre conceived to be artistic. But the whole effect is spoiled by the introduction of immense artificial rocks with grottoes, in which are life-sized marble statues. The principal group represents Apollo, who after finishing his course descends every evening to the palace of Thetis, where six nymphs wait upon him, anoint him with perfumed oil, and bathe his feet. The features of the sun-god recall those of Louis Quatorze. Originally *Les Bains d'Apollon* was placed on an island in the midst of a lakelet called *Le Marais*. It was a veritable artificial marsh with rushes of painted pewter, reeds and swans in painted lead. No detail was omitted, even artificial singing birds in artificial trees were made to sing by machinery. The *Marais* was considered a marvel of ingenuity and beauty—such was the childish taste of the age. But it is still more or less characteristic of the French to love the artificial rather than the natural—to pay homage to the genius of man rather than to Nature herself. This *bassin* was destroyed by Mansard, who

PALACE OF VERSAILLES: GALERIE DES GLACES

placed the marble groups under a golden canopy. Finally, in Louis XV.'s time, the taste having completely changed, the *bosquet* was transformed into its present state by Hubert Robert, the painter of ruins.

Many of the statues in the grounds have their history, as for instance the *Fontaine de Latone*. This represents the mother of Diana and Apollo with her two children clinging to her knees. All around on the marble tiers are gilded reptiles—toads, lizards, tortoises—representing the peasants of Lyceum, changed by Jupiter from their human form in punishment for having insulted Latone when she demanded of them water to drink. The fountain is famous because of its reference to Louis Quatorze's own history. He erected it in revenge upon the French nobles who took part in the Fronde, and who forced Anne of Austria to flee the capital when she sought to rule in the name of her son. Louis never forgot the incident, and his prodigious vanity found an analogy between the deity Latona and his mother—between the child-god, Apollo, and himself.

Amongst the finest things in the park is of course the famous Diana of Versailles, which it is impossible to pass without a feeling akin to adoration because of its supreme beauty. The two sheets of water on the terrace before the palace are bordered with white marble, upon which are placed at intervals sixteen magnificent bronze groups. Some of these bronzes are the masterpieces of the brothers Keller, and for them the French claim a foremost place in the world of sculptural art. I must not forget to place amongst the *chefs-d'œuvre* those lovely marble vases which adorn the terraces. The pity is that their carved bas-reliefs have received from time to time such severe damage. Nothing, however, but complete destruction could spoil their perfect form. On these vases, as elsewhere in the grounds at Versailles, we find the sunflower used as a *motif* of decoration. It was the symbol of life at Versailles in the days of the grand monarch, and shares the honours with Apollo. The Greeks employed the graceful fern for the embellishment of their capitals; modern art uses the essentially decorative chrysanthemum, borrowed from the Japanese; but the makers of Versailles took the sunflower, and imparted to it a grace which Nature denied it.

On the left of the palace lies the famous Orangery constructed by Mansard, and considered an architectural feat. From the white marble balustrade one looks down some hundred feet into the orange-gardens below. In the year 1871 the great halls of the Orangery were turned into prisons

VERSAILLES: FONTAINE DE LATONE

for the insurgents. On either side a stately flight of marble steps, called the *Cent Marches*, leads to the *Étage des Suisses*. By moonlight this is a striking scene, and perhaps here better than anywhere else in this imperial park can one picture the stately days of long ago, when Louis reigned in splendour.

To the north of the château is the charming *Allée des Marmonets*—an avenue between moss-grown trees. Two carpets of emerald turf divide the paths, and on this turf stand two rows of fountains, each of which is formed by three bronze figures supporting on their heads a pink marble basin. At the foot of this sloping avenue lies the *Bassin de Neptune*. When the fountains play at Versailles this is perhaps the favourite spot, because the water jets are so numerous and so quaint. The *bassin* itself is a fine sheet of artificial water of a strange steely-blue tint. The balustrade around the pond is ornamented with a score of graceful bronze vases, interesting mainly because of their curiously-designed handles. The group in the centre of the balustrade represents Neptune, his plunging sea-horses, and the graceful figure of Amphitrite.

AN AVENUE IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES

On the first Sunday of every month from June to October the wonderful fountains of Louis Quatorze play for one hour, to the delectation of a great concourse of people. The performance costs the State 8000 francs every time it takes place. On such occasions the magnificent park is indeed a sight worth seeing. Elegant women, in Paris gowns, and smart officers rub shoulders with the democracy on the marble steps or on the wide avenue where once Marie Antoinette wandered with her maids of honour. When the gay monarch spent his millions, wrung from the poor and needy, he had no glimmering of the future: yet one can almost forgive him his sins of selfish extravagance when one sees how the multitudes benefit by it to-day. After all, had it not been for the voluptuous taste of the Orleans princes we should have been without a *Salle des Glaces*, or any of those many wonders which to-day delight all who visit Versailles.

The German Emperor has attempted to copy the Parc de Versailles at his seat near Cassel. The French, with their inborn contempt for German taste, ridicule the idea. I have seen the Kaiser's attempt, and it is not ridiculous, it is fine. He has not slavishly followed the original model, but he has adapted it to the physical peculiarity of the landscape. The castle itself is heavy and forbidding in comparison with the shining palace of Versailles, but if anything the grounds at Cassel are the finer of the two. They have the natural advantage of being situated on the mountain side where the paths have been cut through forests of pine. On the summit of the hill is the famous Wilhelmshöhe, the source of all the fountains in the park and the temporary prison of Napoleon III. Though the German royal residence must ever lack the charm of Versailles and its unique elegance, it possesses something virile which the latter lacks.

Versailles, Past and Present

The great château of Louis XIV. is to-day a vast museum, possessing some 56,000 works of art. Amongst these are some original canvases by Gerard, Delacroix, Van Dyke, Nattier, Winterhalter, Reynolds, and other celebrated painters, but by far the greater number of pictures have a historical value only. The real works of art are to be found in the beautifully-proportioned halls, their painted ceilings, their doors, chandeliers, chimney-pieces, and panellings, all of which are original and chaste in design. The locks and the door-handles are the exquisite work of the Italian artist, Dominique Cucci. Especially worthy of admiration are the chandeliers, which are often superb. Take, for example, a spray of tiger-lilies and roses held aloft by two beautifully-moulded goddesses; or the two tall candlesticks in the *chambre à coucher* of Louis Quatorze, composed of gilded cherubs holding a festooned pole, which terminates in a group of lustre-hung candle-holders.

The magnificent State apartments of Louis XIV. are said by a writer of the period to have excited the liveliest envy in all European courts, and to have been one of the chief causes of the league against the grand monarch. Without doubt the wonderful *Galerie des Glaces* is a possession worth coveting; so correctly is it proportioned that its splendour never palls upon one. The *Galerie des Batailles*, which Louis Philippe built in imitation of it, though some forty-seven metres longer, does not impress one at all to the same extent. Both Louis XV. and Marie Antoinette seemed to have tired of these splendid apartments, for the former turned the old château before the *Cour de Marbre* into a kind of *belle maison bourgeoise*, where he could live his iniquitous life untrammelled by the requirements of etiquette. The latter had a suite of modest, low-roofed, latticed rooms especially constructed for her, which open out of the grand apartments. Their severe simplicity betrays the lovely queen's utter weariness of the pomp with which she was surrounded. Of her charming and simple private residence, "Le petit Trianon," which lies about a mile distant from the palace, I have not space to write in this article.

The documents in the archives of the palace give all particulars, down to the smallest details, of the construction of the château. No less than ninety-five sculptors were employed. When we know this we cease to wonder at the unevenness of the work.

Magnificent as is the Versailles of to-day, it is no more than a shadow of its former self. Imagine it, if you can, as it was in the days of long ago, when the grand canal was filled with Venetian gondolas, with galleys and gorgeous ships, the sails of which were purple silk, the masts gilded, and the ropes silken. Imagine a fleet in miniature glittering under the morning sunshine as it sails slowly towards the Trianon, where the royal passengers are to while away their "gilded leisure." By an effort of the imagination it is possible to conjure up the brilliant spectacle Versailles must have presented in 1688, when, after twenty-six years of work, Louis had almost completed his vast designs. But in order to do so one must have beheld with one's own eyes the royal palace, its vast façade, and its beautiful halls.

Picture, if you can, the vases of dazzling marble, the statues gleaming in every corner of the wonderful gardens, the 1400 fountain jets throwing up towards the blue refreshing clouds of spray (for which no less than seventy kilometres of aqueducts are needed), the beds of brilliant, fragrant plants, and the grand canal vanishing into a distance suggestive of the sea. It is hard to realise that all this is but a shadow of the past, but a semblance of the glory which has departed. Yet the forgotten statues in hidden corners, green with lichen, the broken marble fountains, and the brooding melancholy enforce the fact. Versailles has lost its soul, and yet in decay it is still marvellous, still so beautiful that pilgrims come from far and near to stand under the Gothic arches of the pollarded limes, to wander amongst its historic scenes, to gaze upon its lovely hall of mirrors, its fountains and its treasures—and in imagination at least to participate in the imposing pageants of the past.

Some Notes on Savage Marriage

BY TIGHE HOPKINS

MARRIAGE, which is one of the simplest, is also one of the very oldest institutions in the world. It is probably universal at the present day; and Dr. Westermarck (who is now our foremost authority on the subject), after an exhaustive study of a voluminous literature of ethnography, considers that "in all probability there has been no stage of human development when marriage has not existed." The institution of the family obtains all the world over, and marriage and the family are indissolubly connected. The further back we go into the history of mankind, we find the mother having the care of the children, and the father acting as the guardian, protector, and food-getter of the family. Until the publication of Dr. Westermarck's great work on *The History of Human Marriage*, this view was not generally upheld; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to get behind the logic of the vast array of facts which he has marshalled in support of his contention that the family tie, which implies marriage, "was, if not the only, at least the principal social factor in the earliest life of man."

In very far-off times, ages before civilisation had begun to be, people lived in families rather than in tribes; and the explanation of this is, that food was scarce or very hard to get, and the solitary life afforded a better chance of subsistence than the social one. An analogous case is furnished by the beasts of prey, most of which are rather solitary than gregarious in their habits. At such a stage in the development of the human race, nothing but the institution of the family could have kept our savage ancestors alive. The young barbarians were the chief care of their mother, and both mother and children must inevitably have perished but for the guardianship and support of the husband and father. The tribal organisation was almost certainly a later development, when man had begun to free himself "from direct dependence on surrounding nature," and found that gregariousness and co-operation were more advantageous then than individualism.

However slight the duties of the father may be, among the least-civilised peoples, he is always expected to maintain his family; and among many tribes the head of the household would not think of giving his daughter in marriage until the suitor had given proof of his ability to support a wife and children. In the Encounter Bay tribe, "the paternal care is considered so indispensable that, if the father dies before a child is born, the child is put to death by the mother, as there is no longer any one to provide for it." In some African tribes, "a father has to fast after the birth of his child, or take some such method of showing that he recognises that he as well as the mother should take care of the young stranger." Certain Africans, says Dr. Westermarck, will not even go on any warlike expedition when they have a young child. Among the Mohammedans, "the maintenance of the children devolves so exclusively on the father, that the mother is even entitled to claim wages for nursing them." A Burmese woman "can demand a divorce if her husband is not able to maintain her properly."

We have some slight notion now both of the origin of marriage and of its antiquity. At this day, marriage may be said to be universal among all the uncivilised and semi-civilised peoples of the world. It is more necessary to be married in savage countries than it is in highly-civilised ones. Custom prescribes it; and the wife is an important chattel to the man, while his children are a part of his wealth.

The wife is nearly always a labourer, and Dr. Westermarck thus sums up her principal domestic duties:—"Drying and preparing fish and meat, lighting and attending to the fire, transporting baggage, picking berries, dressing hides, and making clothes, cooking food, and taking care of the children. These are, in the savage state, the chief pursuits of a wife." Still more useful are the children. "They are easily supported when young, and in times of want they may be left to die or be sold. When a few years old, the sons become able to hunt, fish, and paddle, and later on they are their father's companions in war. The daughters help their mother to provide

food, and, when grown up, they are lucrative objects of trade. Finally, when old, the parents would often suffer want, had they not their children to support them. Hence, in a savage condition of life, children are the chief wealth of the family."

Apart, however, from merely utilitarian considerations, wedlock is honoured, and celibacy is very generally despised. Old maids and old bachelors are rare in the savage world, and their condition is contemned. In Tlaseala, "the unmarried state was, indeed, so despised that a full-grown man who would not marry had his hair cut off for shame." A bachelor amongst the Santals "is at once despised by both sexes, and is classed next to a thief or a witch." Amongst the Fijians it was maintained "that he who died wifeless was stopped by the god Nangganangga on the road to Paradise, and smashed to atoms." A bachelor, whether young or old, is allowed no voice in the Kafir kraal; and "among the Hindus of the present day, a man who is not married is considered to be a person without establishment, and almost a useless member of society."

Savage man is pre-eminently a marrying man, and one of the most important periods of his life is that at which he sets out to get himself a wife. Although the refinements of courtship, as they are practised amongst a few of the most advanced nations of the world, are quite unknown to barbarous peoples, yet the males of these peoples are usually at great pains to procure their wives, and the birds themselves do not display a keener spirit of rivalry in their wooing. On a former occasion, and in another part of this magazine, it was shown to what lengths the savage will go in decorating, mutilating, or completely transforming his person, in his endeavours to render himself attractive to the other sex. Dr. Westermarck has proved, by innumerable examples, that these practices are for the most part confined to the young men, and are customary with them when they attain a marriageable age. It is then that they paint, carve, and tattoo themselves, engage in feats of strength, and are eager to show their prowess in the chase or in battle. The fact that, amongst savage races, the man is more liable to be left wifeless than the woman to be left a spinster, causes keen and often fierce emulation between the young braves, particularly where there are several suitors for the hand of one girl.

Girls and young women have a considerable liberty of choice, and they well know how to exercise it. Sometimes it is they who impose severe and cruel ordeals upon their lovers. Dyak maidens demand as a present a certain number of human heads, which must be procured "by killing men of hostile tribes." The Sàkalàva girls of Madagascar test the bravery of their lovers in another fashion. "Placed at a certain distance from a clever caster of the spear, he is bidden to catch between his arm and side every spear thrown by the man opposite to him. If he displays fear or fails to catch the spear, he is ignominiously rejected; but if there be no flinching and the spears are caught, he is at once proclaimed an "accepted lover." A more dreadful trial of endurance is in vogue amongst the Dongolowees, where we are informed that, "if two men are suitors for a girl, and there is a difficulty in deciding between the rivals, the following method is adopted. The fair lady has a knife tied to each forearm, so fixed that the blade of the knife projects below the elbow. She then takes up a position on a log of wood, the young men sitting on either side. . . . Raising her arms, the girl leans forward, and slowly presses the knives into the thighs of her would-be husbands. The suitor who best undergoes this trial of endurance wins the bride, whose first duty after marriage is to dress the wounds she has herself inflicted." The natives of Aroræ present us with a gentler and prettier custom. "In choosing a husband the lady sat in the lower room of the house, and over her head were let down through the chinks of the floor of the upper room two or three cocoanut leaflets, the ends of which were held by her lovers. She pulled at one, and asked whose it was. If the reply was not in the voice of the young man she wished to have, she left it and pulled at another leaf, and another, until she found him, and then pulled it right down. The happy man whose leaf she pulled down sat still, while the others slunk away." A proverb of the Maoris may be cited in this connexion. "As a Kahawai (a fish which is very particular in selecting the hook that most resembles its food) selects the hook which pleases it best out of a great number, so also a woman chooses one man out of many."

Travellers present us with many conflicting statements respecting the existence or the absence of the sentiment of affection

amongst the lower races. No doubt, on the whole, parental love is stronger amongst these races than conjugal love, which we can hardly expect to find in any high degree of development in cases where the wife has been captured by force, or purchased as a drudge and labourer. There are, indeed, not a few peoples with whom love in our sense of the word is said to be entirely unknown, as amongst certain of the North American Indians, the Kabyles, the Beni-Amer, the Chittagong Hill tribes, and others. On the other hand, instances of genuine love-matches are very easily found, and in great numbers, amongst communities whom civilisation has not affected at all; and we may readily accept Dr. Westermarck's reflection that "it is impossible to believe there ever was a time when conjugal affection was entirely wanting in the human race."

There are peoples who marry seldom or never outside the territories of their own tribes or communities. The tendency of modern civilisation is to break down those barriers of caste or religious prejudice which formerly made marriage possible only within certain rigidly-defined circles; but prohibitions of intermarriage are still very strongly enforced in many parts of the world. Neighbouring tribes of savages are apt to hate one another consumedly, and this of course renders friendly intermarrying impossible, though it may be the custom to carry off as wives the women of a hostile tribe defeated in battle. In general, one savage or half-civilised race looks down with supreme contempt upon another. Indians will rarely intermix with negroes. Non-cannibal tribes in Equatorial Africa hold aloof with horror from their cannibal neighbours. The Hottentot will not marry out of his own kraal, nor the Bushman out of his own tribe. The numerous clans or tribes into which many savage nations are subdivided are usually animated by feelings of dislike or of positive hatred towards one another. Arab and Turk have a common religion, but will hold no intercourse with one another. There is a like reciprocal aversion between the Magyar and the Slav. "The black and fairer people of the Philippines," says Dr. Westermarck, "have from time immemorial dwelt in the same country without producing an intermediate race; the Bugio of Perak have kept themselves very distinct from the people among whom they live; and in Sumatra it is a rare thing for a Malay man to marry a Kubu woman. In India, Colonel Dalton was told that when one of the daughters of Pádam so demeaned herself as to marry out of her own clan, "the sun and the moon refuse to shine, and there is such a strife in the elements that all labour is necessarily suspended, till by sacrifice and oblation the stain is washed away." Marriage between the different castes in India, which was once permitted, is now strictly forbidden. In Polynesia, "the commoners were looked upon by the nobility almost as a different species of beings"; and in Tahiti, "if a woman of condition chose an inferior person as a husband, the children he had by her were killed."

The difficulty of obtaining a wife in an honest and friendly way (allied to the repugnance felt about very close intermarriage) was doubtless a prime cause of the once widespread practice of marriage by capture. This practice still prevails in some parts of the world. It is rare for women to be stolen by men of their own tribe, but the Ahts sometimes procure their wives in this way. It is more common for women to be carried off in battle. Another practice, once very general, was "for the man to get together a party of his friends and carry off the woman by force, apparent or actual." This is still done in parts of Fiji, New Guinea, the Indian Archipelago, and elsewhere. In the "best man" at a modern English wedding we see the descendant of the gallant who formerly lent most assistance to the bridegroom in the capture of the bride. The stealing of wives is still frequent amongst the Votyaks, Samoyedes, and Tangutans, "if the bridegroom cannot afford to pay the fixed purchase sum." Where the bride consents, the theft is transformed into the elopement; and the husband will often afterwards make good the purchase money to the bride's parents.

The marriage by capture must at one time have been common enough in most parts of the world; but at this day it survives chiefly as a form in certain curious marriage ceremonies. Thus, "Among the Mosquito Indians, after the wedding is all arranged, and the presents paid, the bridegroom seizes his bride and carries her off, followed by her female relatives, who pretend to try to rescue her." This show of carrying off the lady, even although nobody

offers the slightest objection to the marriage, is an essential part of the ceremony in a great many places; and in all such cases it is a point of honour with the bride to bite, scream, kick, or otherwise repel the first advances of her husband. Dr. Nansen says that on the east coast of Greenland there is but one way in which a man can contract a lawful union. He must rush into the lady's tent, seize her by the hair, and drag her off to his own abode. The bride's relations, meanwhile, "stand quietly looking on, as the struggle is considered a purely private affair, and the natural desire of the Greenlander to stand on a good footing with his neighbour prevents him from attempting any interference with another's business."

But marriage by capture is no longer a general characteristic of savage life. It has been replaced to a very great extent by marriage by purchase; though, as communities advance, and woman takes a higher position, this form of marriage also tends to fall into disrepute.

To an educated modern mind, the notion of buying a wife is scarcely less gross than that of stealing her. But there is a difference, and it makes for civilisation. The people who buy their wives are always at a slightly higher stage in the development of the race than those who steal them.

To buy a wife is still one of the commonest transactions in many parts of the world. It is not necessarily a merely commercial transaction, for the lowest races of the present day are superior to their remote forbears, and some sentiment of love may, and doubtless does, in most cases help to determine the suitor's choice. Obviously, indeed, where marriage by purchase is the immemorial use of the tribe, it need not include feelings of genuine love on both sides; and it is further to be observed that wherever this practice prevails, it is considered indecent for parents to bestow their daughters without a price. This is the sentiment of the Indians in Columbia; and in certain tribes of California the children of a woman for whom no money was paid do not rank with other children, "and the whole family are contemned."

The old Hebrew custom of obtaining a girl in marriage by performing certain stipulated services for her father, is widely diffused, according to Dr. Westermarck, among the uncivilised races of America, Asia, Africa, and the Indian Archipelago. Sometimes, when the husband cannot pay the price in full, he goes to live in his wife's family as a labourer, remaining there until he has paid in work the remainder of the sum agreed upon.

The same authority shows that the price of a wife varies indefinitely. It depends upon the general circumstances of the tribe, upon the wealth of the suitor, upon the rank and qualifications of the girl, etc. In British Columbia and Vancouver Island, "the value of the articles given for the bride ranges from £20 to £40 sterling." Horses are often the medium of barter in North and South America, and cattle in Africa. Kafir brides fetch from five to twenty or thirty cows. The Damaras, on the other hand, "are so poor a people that they are often glad to take one cow for a daughter"; the negroes of Bondo will accept a goat; in the Mangoni country "two skins of a buck are considered a fair price"; in Uganda, "three or four bullocks, six sewing-needles, or a small box of percussion-caps"; among the Samoyedes and Ostyaks, "a certain number of reindeer"; in Tartary, "some horses, oxen, sheep, or pounds of butter"; among the Indian Kisáns, "two baskets of rice and a rupee in cash"; in Timor Laut, "elephants' tusks"; among the Fijians, "a whale's tooth, or a musket"; in the Caroline Islands, "fruit, fish, and similar things"; in Samoa, "canoes, pigs, and foreign property of any kind that might fall into their hands."

We have no just grounds for supposing that marriage by purchase was ever the universal custom of mankind, and at the present day there are various uncivilised peoples who do not buy their wives. Presents may be given, but the notion of purchase is repudiated. It is so amongst the Ainos of Yesso, amongst one at least of the tribes of Alaska, amongst the Californian Wintun, amongst several African communities, amongst the Veddahs, to a great extent amongst the Hawaiians, in the Kingsmill Group, and elsewhere.

It is certain, however, that the majority of savage nations find nothing objectionable in the purchase of wives, and Dr. Westermarck thinks that this custom "may, with even more reason than marriage by capture, be said to form a general stage in the social history of man. Although the two practices often occur simultaneously, the former has, as a rule, succeeded the latter, as barter in general has followed upon robbery. The

more recent character of marriage by purchase appears clearly from the fact that marriage by capture very frequently occurs as a symbol where marriage by purchase occurs as a reality. Moreover, there can be little doubt that barter and commerce are comparatively late inventions of man." As woman grows in the esteem of the other sex, as her state increases in dignity and honour, she gradually ceases to be regarded as a mere object of barter, and the purchase sum begins to be replaced by the dowry or the marriage portion.

The marriage ceremonies of many savages are of the simplest possible description. In some places, indeed, ceremony is almost entirely dispensed with. There are no wedding rites in Dahomey, "except where the king confers the wife," the interference of royalty rendering it necessary for the bride to present her future lord with a glass of rum. Brandy-drinking is the principal feature of the ceremony in some Brazilian tribes. Amongst the Navajos, it is only required of the bride and bridegroom to eat maize-pudding from the same platter. In the Hill tribes of North Aracan, marriage is described as "a simple contract unaccompanied by ceremony," and it is an equally informal affair in many other tribes. At a Khasia wedding, "the couple about to be married merely sit together in one seat, and receive their friends, to whom they give a dinner or feast." They have a rather mixed ceremony amongst the Gonds and Korkús, consisting of "eating together, tying the garments together, dancing together round a pole, being half drowned together by a douche of water, and the interchange of rings." A negress of Loango is legally married after the bridegroom has eaten from two dishes which she has cooked with her own hand, and carried to his hut.

Where the ceremony assumes anything of a religious character, it is usually performed in a more stately and elaborate manner. There are impressive features in the marriage of a Fijian chief, where "the Ambati or chief takes a seat, having the bridegroom on his right and the bride on the left hand. He then invokes the protection of the god or spirit upon the bride, after which he leads her to the bridegroom, and joins their hands, with injunctions to love, honour, and obey, to be faithful and die with each other." The blessing of the gods was invoked in all marriages in Tahiti. "The preliminaries being adjusted," says Dr. Westermarck, "the parties repaired to the temple, where the priest addressed the bridegroom usually in the following terms: —'Will you not cast away your wife?' To which the bridegroom answered, 'No.' Turning to the bride, he proposed to her a like question, and received a similar answer. The priest then addressed them both, saying, 'Happy will it be if thus with you two.' He then offered a prayer to the gods on their behalf, imploring that they might live in affection, and realise the happiness marriage was designed to secure." The Igorrotes of Luzon require a priestess to perform the marriage rites, who prays "to the spirits of the deceased in the presence of all the kinsfolk of the couple."

In several countries soothsayers or fortune-tellers are consulted as to whether the proposed union is likely to prove a fortunate one, and the stars are questioned for a propitious day for the wedding. There are lucky and unlucky days, and lucky and unlucky seasons of the year.

We come now to consider briefly the *forms* of marriage. These are as various as they could well be, including monogamy, polygyny, and polyandry. Many worthy authorities, amongst whom may be numbered Mr. Lecky, in his fascinating *History of European Morals*, have concluded that monogamy is the natural form of human marriage, because of the comparative equality in the numbers of men and women throughout the world. But this comparative equality of numbers does not prevail all the world over. "The numerical proportion between the sexes varies, and in some cases varies greatly, among different peoples." In some regions there are fewer women than men; in others there are fewer men than women. To cite only a couple of instances: the men are on the whole more numerous than the women in the wild parts of Australia; whereas in Yucatan there are said to be two women to one man. Similar comparisons might be drawn from many other parts of the world; and the disparity in the numbers of the sexes helps to explain the varieties of the forms of marriage. It happens, rather curiously, that amongst some peoples there are more boys born than girls; whilst, amongst others, the proportion of births favours the girls.

But the limits of space confine me to generalities; and it may be asserted that, in our day, monogamy is the commonest form of marriage over the whole world.

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Crime and Vice in Germany

THE latest report of the German Statistical Department on crime within the Empire during the past year is not very encouraging. It is clearly evident that the growth and influence of reformatory agencies is more than counterbalanced by the growth of influences which exercise a hurtful influence on the morality of the people. Last year's report distinctly shows an increase of criminality. The tables show that 497,310 persons were condemned for offences against the law, in the previous year only 477,807 persons. In no previous year has the number of convictions risen so high. It is a bad sign, and the tables bring out the fact clearly that offences against the person have risen in a far larger proportion than offences against property. Twenty years ago 107,000 persons were convicted for assaults of various kinds; the report now published deals with 213,000 convictions. Twenty years ago 38,000 cases out of the total were convictions for dangerous assault; this number has now risen to 98,000, more than double the number even taking into consideration the increase of population. It is of special interest to note the proportion of condemned young people. The increase is noticeable here also, but not to any large extent, probably owing to the milder measures now taken with youthful first offenders. In the classes of arson and dangerous assault, German youth does not show well. Crimes of this nature are alarmingly on the increase; and crimes against morals are seen to be shockingly prevalent, and increasing at a rate which causes the greatest uneasiness to social reformers.

M. A. M.

The most Elevated Towns in the World

PROFESSOR GABEL, of Freiburg in Switzerland, publishes some interesting particulars about the highest inhabited places on our globe, from which the following notes are taken. The most elevated place of any importance in Europe is the village of Juf in the Grisons in Switzerland, with an altitude of 2133 metres (1 metre = 39 inches). In Africa the highest towns are found in Abyssinia; of these Ankuber is 2500 metres high. On the other side of the Red Sea the town of Sana in Yemen is 2150 metres high. Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, has an elevation of 2000 metres, with a population of 75,000. But Lhassa, the mysterious capital of the Dalai Lama, with a population of 25,000, is 3560 metres high, a height higher than the most elevated peak in the Pyrenees. In the New World, cities of great height are of more frequent occurrence. Mexico, a city of 300,000 inhabitants, lies at an elevation of 2300 metres. In the republic of Colombia, Santa Fé de Bogota, with 100,000 inhabitants, is 2645 metres high. In Ecuador, Ibarra is 2223 metres and Cuenca 2880 metres. Peru can boast of a large number of elevated towns: for example, Cuzco 3500 metres, Siruani 3532, Oroya 3625, Puno 3860, Crucero 3950, and finally Cerro de Pasco, with 13,000 inhabitants, at an altitude of 4350 metres, the height of the Dents Blanches in the Valais Alps. Bolivia also has a town over 4000 metres high, namely Potosi, lying at the same elevation as the summit of the Bernina in the Engadine.—M. A. M.

The Real Illness of Leo XIII.

AT last it is now officially known what the real disease was which killed Leo XIII., keeping him between life and death for three weeks. The pleurisy of which the medical bulletins spoke so much was merely the consequence of tuberculosis, developed especially in the left lung. There is nothing out of the ordinary in this, but what is strange is that when Professor Lapponi, the Pope's private physician, said what the real illness of the Pontiff was, Cardinal Rampolla absolutely refused to have it divulged to any one, insisting on this even when Professor Mazzoni joined his colleague in the same diagnosis. Thus the two doctors had to have recourse to obscure scientific phraseology in their statements for the public, concealing the real condition of the Pope by chronicling the progress of the pleurisy which was merely the consequence of the true illness. This, however, caused suspicion, dissatisfaction, and even mistrust towards the doctors, on the part of the Pecci family and several Cardinals, so that the two physicians again protested to Cardinal Rampolla that they must declare how

things really stood, his Eminence again refusing. So the doctors, to protect their reputations, had recourse to the expedient of stating before a public notary, in the presence of the witness prescribed by the law, just what the real illness of Leo XIII. was, the document to be produced after his death if necessary. What it has not yet been possible to understand is why Cardinal Rampolla should have so much objected to the revelation of the nature of the disease, as though a Pope could not, or should not, die of tuberculosis like any common mortal. Indeed, the Secretary of State rendered a bad service to his master, as when it leaked out that the true cause of the illness was kept secret, the wildest rumours began to circulate, certainly not to the advantage of the aged Pontiff. Perhaps Cardinal Rampolla feared that a death from such a cause might be cited against the principle of the Pope being a willing prisoner, of which he is such a staunch supporter, and might therefore be a strong argument to induce Leo's successor to lead a kind of life better responding to the rules of hygiene, and to the political situation existing in Rome since the fall of the Temporal Power.—S. C.

Partition of the New Hebrides

NEW HEBRIDES is at present under the dual control of France and England; each nation having by mutual agreement precluded itself from annexing the islands. The little archipelago, however, is by no means peaceful, and things are going from bad to worse. British traders have—most rightly—been forbidden to barter with liquor or rifles in dealing with natives, and so labour under a disadvantage, for the French traders are not restricted in the same way. In consequence of the French dealing with the natives, the trade in liquor and rifles is doing its deadly work, and some of the tribes are rapidly being exterminated. In his article in the *National Review* on the New Hebrides question, M. Etienne, the distinguished French publicist and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, proposes that, as a means of settling the differences, New Caledonia should annex the southern islands, and the Commonwealth the northern ones. This, however, meets with no approval in Australia, nor is it a fair division. The southern islands, which France would then possess, are the most valuable in the group; missionaries—many of whom are Presbyterians under the renowned Dr. Paton—have been working there for years, and the natives are civilised and Christians, while the natives on the northern islands are still heathen and uncivilised. Then again the southern islands are nearer New Caledonia and Sydney, and are therefore more convenient for trading purposes. Nor would we wish for France to take the northern islands. Under their rule the natives of New Caledonia have made no advance in civilisation, they are not Christians; in fact the French are not successful in dealing with the native races, and would most likely make a penal settlement on one of the larger islands. The people of Australia—especially the Christian community—feel that under these circumstances they cannot let any of the islands pass out of their hands, but wish that Great Britain would negotiate with France, and arrange an exchange with some islands in another part of the world for France's interest in the archipelago. New Hebrides would then be annexed by the Commonwealth, to the mutual advantage of Australians and natives.

A. P.

Civil Servants in Australia

A RATHER novel constitutional experiment is being tried in the State of Victoria, Australia. The Reform Act, which reduces the number of State members of Parliament, provides for the separate representation of all Civil servants. Owing to the railways being managed by the Government, the Civil servants are a large and important class, the voters numbering some 9000; and in the past they have, it is considered, used undue pressure to secure favoured treatment. Under the new system, the Civil servants will return three members of their own, one of whom will sit in the Upper House; and no Civil servant will be allowed to vote at any other election. The scheme was, and is, bitterly opposed by the State employees, especially by post-masters and school-teachers in country districts, who are thus cut off from local politics. The unfortunate railway strike, however, which was partly caused by this measure, has made the general public favourable to a trial of the new system. One evil result has appeared already. Previously, no Civil servant was allowed to publicly criticise the Government; but it has been felt that, with separate representation, this wholesome rule must become a dead letter. The Civil servants of course still have their votes for the two Federal Houses of Parliament, which is, in its way, another anomaly. It would not be at all surprising to find the next Parliament restoring the old order of things.—F. S. S.

A White Australia

A FEATURE of the present Australian Commonwealth Parliament, which will be dissolved at the end of the year, is the steadiness with which it has carried out its "White Australia" principle. It passed a stringent Aliens Restriction Act, under which any immigrant can be called on to write, at dictation, twenty lines of any European language. Then, at the instigation of the Senate, which is the more advanced House of the two on this question, it was decided that no mail subsidy would be paid to any shipping company unless its steamers were wholly manned by white labour. Following hard on this, a measure was passed prohibiting the importation of coloured (Kanaka) labour to Queensland after the expiration of five years. These Kanakas, who are natives of the South Sea Islands, are employed in thousands on the sugar plantations; but it is contended that they are a menace to public morals, and that the work can be just as well done by white men. In order to encourage the employment of whites, the Parliament has just passed a law which fixes a distribution of £3 per ton of sugar to all planters employing white men. The pearl-shellers of the north and north-west coasts have been compelled to substitute white for coloured divers, and in various other minor directions the brown and yellow men have been removed to make way for white men. At one time the Radical and Liberal press was complaining that we were to have a Piebald Australia; but the Commonwealth Parliament is fast removing the reproach.—F. S. S.

Bishop Moorhouse in Australia

WHEN the annals of Australia are written by the future historian, a high place will be given to the distinguished prelate who has just laid down the reins of episcopal office at home, but who was Bishop of Melbourne before he went to the great manufacturing city of the North. Certainly no man has yet filled the position of bishop here who left so great a mark upon this young community. Dr. Moorhouse was with us ten years, and during the whole of that time not only did he guide his own church affairs with distinguished ability, but he became practically the most outstanding man in the colony, whose utterance upon leading questions was often anxiously awaited while public opinion was forming.

The Bishop, as he was called by everybody, as a speaker was not approached in his day by any other of our public men. His annual courses of lectures would fill the Melbourne Town Hall with an audience of over 3500 people on a business afternoon—a quite unusual thing in a colonial city, where great audiences are not as a rule accustomed to assemble during the day. And of his visits to the rough bush parts of his large diocese the pleasantest memories still linger, for Dr. Moorhouse was a man able to make himself at home anywhere—a thing the colonial dearly loves—whether in a country hotel or a rough backwoods farmhouse, whether travelling by coach with a company of jolly commercials or in a railway truck—not carriage—on a partly-made line with a lot of hard-swearing navvies.

Hundreds of stories are still told of him, all illustrating his kindliness, his capacity for putting people at their ease, and his ready wit.

Dr. Moorhouse, his well-known pipe and his equally well-known bull-dog—who, by the way, lies buried here in the grounds of Bishops Court—were the constant material of our *Punch* artist for some of his best cartoons.

He was looked upon apparently as everybody's Bishop, for men who belonged to non-episcopal communions admired him as a man, and knew that in every time of crisis he was the fearless defender of the Faith, equally for them as for his own people; and when a cable message arrived from London, notifying his appointment to the See of Manchester, all Australia mourned our loss, but rejoiced in his promotion.

Now that he has resigned, ten thousand good wishes follow him into his retirement, with the hope that his days may yet be long in the land.

A. J. W.

Wood-Chopping as a Sport

A QUAINT branch of athletics, to be found only I believe in Australia, is that of wood-chopping. In New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania, wood-chopping competitions form part of the programme at a large number of athletic sports meetings; and every year special meetings, devoted solely to wood-chopping contests, are held to decide the Australian championships. The most important competitions are held in Tasmania, where as much as £100 is given for the first prize in a championship event, and at present the Tasmanian axemen are believed to be the best in the Commonwealth. The competitors use high-grade American axes, sharpened to a razor edge; and the skill displayed would be a revelation to the average man, who toils pain-

fully of an evening at splitting an armful of kindling wood. Tough logs of about a foot or eighteen inches in diameter are chosen, and they are firmly fixed in an upright position. At the firing of the pistol the half-dozen bronzed bushmen get to work, and for about two minutes the air is thick with huge chips. The precision and strength of the cuts is astonishing, and the best men do really wonderful work. Each man has an assistant, who squats beside the log, directs the cuts, and one of the marvels of the business is how this man isn't killed by the flying chips. Most of the champion axemen are timber-cutters, sleeper-hewers, saw-mill hands and the like, who use the axe daily. Besides the axe competitions, there are also competitions in log-sawing, with both single-handed and double-handed cross-cut saws. No one knows what lightning-like work can be done with a cross-cut saw until he has seen two expert bushmen using one.

F. S. S.

An American Assyriologist

DR. HERMAN V. HILPRECHT, the foremost American Assyriologist, has recently attracted the attention of the public in at least three ways. First, in the early spring, he became known as the editor of *Explorations in Bible Lands*, a popular yet comprehensive volume, which was recognised as authoritative upon publication. Dr. Hilprecht was assisted in this work by the leading archæologists of the world, who contributed to the book chapters on subjects which they had specially studied. What merit the volume has from the standpoint of good idiomatic English, Dr. Hilprecht, in his Preface, attributes largely to his late wife, who carefully read the proof-sheets and smoothed her husband's Germanicism. Almost simultaneously with the publication of *Explorations in Bible Lands*, Dr. Hilprecht attracted further attention by the invitation which he received to lecture before the German Emperor. The discussions which his views aroused in that country are too well known to require repetition. Finally, Dr. Hilprecht surprised the public by his quiet and sudden marriage to Mrs. Crozer, a widow of Philadelphia.

Dr. Hilprecht's life, from earliest years, has been that of a scholar. Although now an American in interest and connexions, he was a native of Germany, having been born in Hohenerxleben, July 28, 1859. From 1880 to 1885 he studied Theology, Philosophy and

Photo by Franz Meynen, Phila., U.S.A.

DR. HERMAN V. HILPRECHT

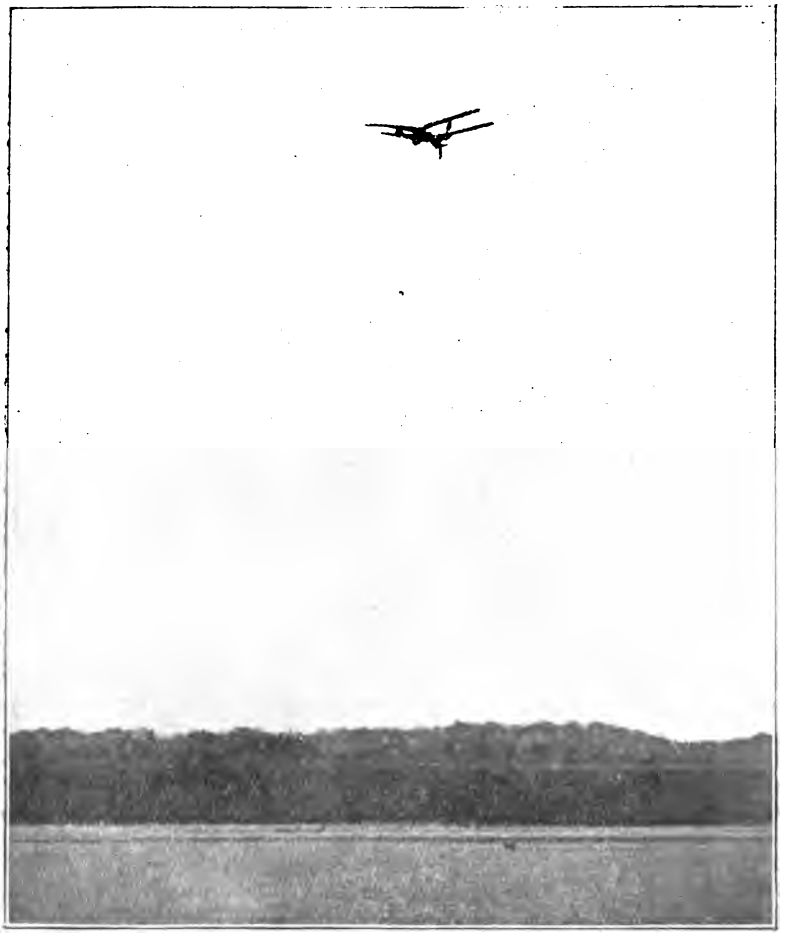
Law. He was called to the United States by the University of Pennsylvania, and became the Assyriologist and Scientific Director of that University's Expedition to Nippur, Babylonia, 1888–9. From 1893 to '98 he reorganised the Babylonian Section of the Imperial Ottoman Museum in Constantinople, and he subsequently made frequent expeditions in Asia Minor and Syria. He is now Curator of the Semitic Section of the Museums of the University of Pennsylvania. This section contains over 27,000 original Cuneiform documents, for the most part presented by Dr. Hilprecht. He also holds the Chair of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania—a chair recently endowed with $100,000 by Edward W. and Clarence H. Clark, bankers of Philadelphia. Prof. Hilprecht is generally recognised as the leading authority in Cuneiform Palæography. He is the Editor-in-chief of the monumental work which is to contain when completed a complete analysis of the Cuneiform inscriptions excavated from Nippur. He was a member of the Palestine Exploration Fund of London, 1897, and is connected with many other scientific societies of various countries. Personally, Dr. Hilprecht is a tall and athletic man of a vigorous build. He speaks several languages fluently, and when, after his last return from Nippur, he gave a series of lectures in the chapel of the University of Pennsylvania, the building was found to be too small to contain the audiences, and a large neighbouring church had to be secured.—A. B. R.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

The Langley Soaring Machine

PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY has for many years devoted attention to artificial flight, and the flying machine he has devised has shown that it is possible to construct an apparatus which will navigate the air without the use of balloons. Several years ago successful trials were made with this aërodrome, and it is reported that new experiments recently made have been very satisfactory. The machine may be considered as a mechanical bird with motionless wings which enable it to soar in the air. It in no way resembles a balloon which floats in the air, for it is hundreds of times heavier than the air it displaces. It is built almost entirely of steel, and is far heavier in relation to the air than a ship of solid lead would be in relation to water. One of the models with which successful flights have been made is shown in the accompanying illustrations. The weight of the model is 30 lbs., one-fourth of which is contained in the engine and machinery. Within the small body of the machine is everything for generating 1¼ horse-power, the total weight of fire, grate, boiler and every accessory being less than 7 lbs. The engine, with its cylinders, pistons, and every moving part, weighs 26 ozs. This puts in motion the propellers, which, turning at a rate of between 800 and 1200 revolutions per minute, drive the aërodrome at a speed which varies according to the inclination given to the wings. In the experiments which have hitherto been made, the supporting surfaces or wings have been given such an inclination as would limit the speed to between 20 and 30 miles an hour, but much greater speeds can be attained. The machine starts from a platform on a boat and rises in graceful curves against the wind, moving steadily upward and onward until the steam is exhausted, when, deprived of the propellers, it falls gently into the water without the least shock, and is ready for another trial. The length of flight so far accomplished is between half-a-mile and a mile, but greater distances will shortly be reached. The interest of the experiments lies in the demonstration that a flying model carrying fuel, boiler and engine can be



PROFESSOR LANGLEY'S AËRODROME IN FLIGHT

Reproduced from an instantaneous photograph by Dr. A. GRAHAM BELL

constructed capable of lifting itself in the air by its own internal energy and without the aid of a balloon. This is a noteworthy advance in the history of aërial navigation, and as experiments with the model are being carried on for the U.S. War Department, with the view of determining its possible uses as an engine of war, further progress may be expected.

PROFESSOR LANGLEY'S AËRODROME IN FLIGHT

View from above, based upon a photograph

The Miracle of Radium

MANY physicists and chemists are investigating the properties of radium, and scarcely a week passes without an important announcement being made concerning this remarkable substance. As already stated in these columns, a minute amount of a radium compound is capable of giving out a measurable quantity of heat continually, and of keeping a phosphorescent screen sparkling with flashes of light practically for ever. Prof. C. V. Boys has directed attention to other properties of radium discovered by various investigators. An atom of radium can constantly produce a luminous emanation, that is, something like a gas, which escapes and carries with it wonderful properties, while the radium remains unaltered in weight. In addition to manufacturing this emanation, radium emits three kinds of rays, one of which has much the same properties as Röntgen rays. Each of these rays consists of particles shot out from the radium, yet the atom of radium remains unchanged. When cooled to the temperature of liquid hydrogen, that is the lowest temperature which can be produced, its power of creating heat instead of being less is actually greater. It is estimated that in the course of their existence fifteen grains of radium will give out sufficient heat to raise five hundred tons a mile high. Thorium and uranium possess similar properties, but are not so active, so they would retain their vigour for about a million years before being worn out.

Facts of this kind are leading men of science to reconsider their ideas as to the constitution of various bodies. It has been suggested that the sun owes part or all of its light and heat to radium and related substances, and that the solar corona—an extremely attenuated halo revealed around the sun during a total eclipse—consists of radium emanations. Prof. Boys has now brought forward evidence that comets' tails are of the same nature as the emanations manufactured by radium; so that it is not too much to say that radium is providing a key which is being used to unlock many celestial as well as terrestrial mysteries.

Road and Air Resistance

PROF. HELE-SHAW and other mechanical engineers are carrying out a series of systematic observations on the resistance of road vehicles to traction, with the object of finding the best size and shape of wheel, width of tyre, and other details required for the improved construction of motor carriages. For the purpose of the experiments, a trailer consisting of a pneumatic-tyred wheel with a recording apparatus attached was connected with a car as shown in the figure, and runs were made at speeds of from 12 miles to 35 miles an hour over roads of different kinds, loads from 315 lbs. to 900 lbs. being placed on the experimental wheel. Some of the results obtained with this arrangement and by other experimenters are given by Prof. Hele-Shaw in a report just presented to the British Association. The effort required to drive an automobile along a muddy road appears from the experiments to be double that on the same road when hard and smooth. The resistance of air to the movement of automobiles is a matter of great importance when high speeds are reached. It has been found that at a speed of 53 miles an hour, the energy required to overcome the air resistance on a vehicle with an opposing surface of about ten square feet is between seven and twenty horse-power. To diminish this resistance to motion offered by the air, the front of an automobile designed for speed ought to taper and the back be still more pointed, like the form of a fish. Many present-day cars are badly designed in this respect, this being particularly the case with the "Coffin-Head"

PANHARD AND LEVASSOR CAR WITH EXPERIMENTAL WHEEL ATTACHED

front, which has a flat surface directly opposed to the air pressure.

Migration of Birds

THOUGH the general fact of the migration of birds has been known since very early times, there is still much to learn upon the subject. For twenty years a committee of the British Association has been collecting observations on the seasonal movements of birds in Great Britain and Ireland, with the result that what at first sight seems simple proves to be involved in difficulties, and no satisfactory explanation has been found for many of the movements, nor is there sufficient information as to the way the migration is performed. Mr. W. Eagle Clarke has reported to the committee upon the movements of eight species of birds, namely, the swallow, fieldfare, white wagtail, song-thrush, skylark, lapwing, starling and rook; and his work, the last instalment of which has just been published by the British Association, provides the most exact information available as to bird migration. Of these birds only the first two—swallow and fieldfare—and possibly the third, are popularly considered to be migrants in this country, the others being regarded as resident species throughout the year. Mr. Clarke has, however, shown that, as individuals, song-thrushes, skylarks, lapwings, starlings and rooks are migratory to the highest degree; that is to say, the members of the species met with at one season are not the same as those which occur at another. This fact has only been known to a few keen naturalists, and is wholly unsuspected by the public at large, though the birds belong to our most familiar species. Many other species probably show the same character, so that migration, among birds of these islands at least, instead of being an exceptional characteristic, may be general to most of our birds.

Adders in Water and Eels on Land

IT has long been a matter of dispute whether the British adder ever takes to the water as a matter of ordinary habit. Dr. Gerald Leighton failed to find a single case in English counties, after years of observation, but in Scotland the habit appears to be not unusual. Investigations and experiments made by him in the Scottish Highlands have proved that adders have there the habit of swimming the streams and rivers, as recorded in the folklore of the Highlands. It can no longer be doubted that adders take to water as eels occasionally do to land. Young eels or elvers will overcome almost any obstacle when swimming up stream: they have been known to climb up posts and to ascend into trees. Adult eels have been seen crawling over wet grass from one piece of water to another, and their presence in ponds or water-courses not in direct communication with the sea can often only be accounted for by their passage across fields in this way.

Frank T. Bullen, author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, contributes to the November *Sunday at Home* the first of a series of papers entitled "Lives of Some Deep-Sea People," beautifully illustrated by Theo. Carreras.

Varieties

The Ivy and the Bell

MR. JOSEPH KENDALL, 32 Wardo Avenue, Fulham, London, S.W., writes, referring to the inquiry in our August number about the poem "The Ivy and the Bell," that the author is Charles Mackay, and "if your correspondent cannot obtain Charles Mackay's works at any of the Public Free Libraries, if he or she will send me a stamped directed envelope, I will write out and forward."

A Problem on Protection and Free Trade

CAN any of our readers answer the following query of G. P.?

"A writer in speaking of hostile tariffs and free trade all round gives the following remarks:—'A given quantity of goods, which have actually cost £100 to produce in this country and to land in New York, may be sold to the American consumer for £151, but the duty upon them has been £50 and the manufacturer's profit only £1. If there had been no duty, the American consumer might have bought for £110, but his country would have been £9 poorer, and our country £9 richer than under the high protective tariff.' Now, sir, I cannot quite understand if the Americans paid only £110 for goods instead of £151 how they could possibly be £9 the poorer. How is it made out?"

Lorna Doone and *The Leisure Hour*

How many readers of *Lorna Doone* know that the great novelist drew his inspiration for it from the pages of *The Leisure Hour*?

A correspondence recently took place in *The Daily Chronicle* as to the reality of the stories about the Doones. The matter appears to have been finally settled by a letter from "A Sexagenarian." In this letter the writer stated that he had lived on Exmoor during the "fifties" and "sixties" of the last century, in his boyhood, youth, and early manhood, and that the stories or legends of the Doones were perfectly familiar to him.

"So familiar," he says, "were these stories to me when I was a boy, that I used to retail them with curdling embellishments of my own in the dormitory of a West-country boarding-school. The result of this was that a room-mate of mine, either just before or just after he went to Oxford, wove my yarns (he had not then himself visited Exmoor) into a story, which he called 'The Doones of Exmoor.' His tale was eventually published in some half-dozen consecutive numbers of *The Leisure Hour* [1863, p. 561, etc.—ED.]. My copy of it has long been lost, but I remember that though it was delayed some time by the editor, it appeared three or four years before *Lorna Doone*. Moreover, I had a letter from Mr. R. D. Blackmore, soon after his immortal work was issued, wherein he acknowledged that it was the accidental glancing at the poor stuff in *The Leisure Hour* that gave him the clue for the weaving of the romance, and caused him to study the details on the spot."

Back to the Land

EARL CARRINGTON, speaking at the opening of the new Housing Estate of the Battersea Borough Council in August, expressed his agreement with a remark of Mr. John Burns, that people thronged to the towns because they were landless in the country. In proof of this, he stated that in a district in Lincolnshire 2500 people left between 1881 and 1891. A friend of his and himself then undertook the provision of small holdings and allotments, and from 1891 to 1901 the number of people who left the district was only 115.

Astronomical Notes for November

THE Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises on the 1st day of this month at 6h. 53m. in the morning and sets at 4h. 34m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 11m. and sets at 4h. 16m., and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 28m. and sets at 4h. 2m. The Moon is Full at 5h. 28m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 5th; at her Last Quarter at 2h. 46m. on that of the 12th; New at 5h. 10m. on that of the 19th; and at her First Quarter at 5h. 37m. on that of the 27th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about a quarter before 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, at 3 o'clock on that of the 25th. No eclipse is due this month. The Moon, on the evening of the 6th, will pass near the Pleiades, and on the following morning will make a near approach to the bright star Aldebaran but without actually occulting it. The planet Mercury will scarcely be visible in any part of this month, being at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 21st. Venus is still brilliant in the morning, rising about 3 o'clock, and moving on the 3rd from the constellation Leo into Virgo; she will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 28th, and be near Spica, the brightest star in the constellation Virgo, at the end of the month. Mars is passing in an easterly direction through the constellation Sagittarius; he continues to decrease in brightness, and sets a little before 7 o'clock in the evening. Jupiter is at his stationary point on the 10th; he is near the eastern boundary of the constellation Aquarius throughout the month, and by the end of it sets soon after midnight. Saturn is very near the fifth magnitude star Rho in the constellation Capricornus; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 24th, when he will set about half-past 8 o'clock in the evening. Of the November meteors we now hesitate to say much; but a certain number will probably be seen by those who watch near their radiant point on the early morning of the 15th, and though the horned waning Moon will be near the same quarter of the sky, she will scarcely interfere much with their observation.—W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

When discussing human or social things, our habitual, erroneous way is to accentuate our contrasts, to speak of the old and the new, the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish, as if these conditions stood out in absolute detachment, and there was no overlapping.

People speak of the old fashion and the new with children when they mean the way of parental harshness as contrasted with parental leniency, just as if one belonged to one century or lustrum and passed with it. Now that wonderful book of family histories, the Old Testament, indicates very plainly that excessive leniency towards children is no new thing, and that the spoiling of them was as obvious in Solomon's as in our day.

Harshness towards the young of the household seems to have been of mediæval origin, lasting almost to the present. Brutality towards children pertains not to savage races, but to the dregs of civilisation. In sparsely populated lands, and among nomadic peoples, the young are treated with affectionate care; it is civilisation that has evolved Protective Societies that children may be safeguarded from those who bestowed existence on them.

Two writers, recently deceased, Augustus J. C. Hare and Samuel Butler, have left on record their personal experience of the parental relation. Though the one uses the autobiographical and the other the fictional medium for his narrative, both records have equally the personal note.

The Hare parents parted with their child, when asked to do so by a sister-in-law, that she might adopt him, with no reluctance other than that expressed in the question, "Will one be enough? we can spare you several if you want them," and thenceforward concerned themselves no more about him and his fortunes than if he had been a kitten bestowed unconditionally on the first applicant. The child, grown to maturity, tells this lightly, because he found a veritable parent in his adopted mother, and attained to that average of happiness in later life which casts a backward glow over the woes of childhood. From Samuel Butler's mind subsequent experience never effaced the thought of the early innocent happiness he had missed, and in his two well-known books, *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh*, the bitterness of his heart speaks stridently. In *Erewhon* he indicates an explanation of parental tyranny by an allegory. He says all children in the land of Erewhon insisted on being born, pestered the parents they desired, to permit them to be born, cried so clamorously for permission to enter the world, that the parents in a weak moment yielded, and so foisted on themselves a burden which they naturally resented and disliked. The parents feeling themselves victims, and being in a position of power, hurt their tyrants when they could. In this estimate of home life the sensitive can decipher an age-long interval of childish pain.

In *The Way of All Flesh* the children of successive generations are like pawns, to be moved this way and that on the checkered board of life by parental hands. If it suits the parental fancy to make of the child this or that, he is so made, without volition or vocation on his part; dropped into the whirlpool of a career for which he has neither aptitude nor desire, he sinks in it, or struggles through it as best he can. Towards the end of the volume, when the author thanks Heaven that tyrannous domestic usages are obsolete, one wonders if he meant this sincerely, or if it was the climax of his sarcasm.

Human nature does not change in a generation, it has not changed much since history wrote its first syllable. If a general course of action becomes generally modified, it is because the spring of action, the human mind, has undergone a radical change, and that does not seem to occur by ordinary process of development.

The belief sincerely held by generations of men and women, that everything human was altogether evil, made the wounding of the defenceless wear an aspect of religious duty. The broken spirit of the penitent Psalmist was considered a fitting burden for a young boy or girl to bear, and the reduction of the young to a state of resigned passivity was considered a saint-like action. Mrs. Susannah Wesley did not teach her babies to cry in a whisper without precedent. Some twelve of these babies died; the survivors certainly had acquired the quality of patience, but to-day we think the cost was excessive.

Where any course of action is easy it only needs to be indicated as praiseworthy, and multitudes will adopt it. Both the worldly and the pious found the maltreatment of the young attractive; when parental sternness was held to indicate strength of character and elevation of mind, who would not be stern? The suppression of childish inclinations and requirements so materially increased parental freedom that it became exceedingly popular, hence some of the cries that echo in our hearts to this day.

But religious belief and consequently estimates of duty, have entirely altered in the last generation. In our relations with our kind, laws of conduct which trace their origin to an inerrant fount are indispensable. Unless we recognise our duty to God, our duty to man will never become a common obligation.

Parents and children are a generation apart; how can they see eye to eye? How can the young, into whose vocabulary the word failure has never entered, understand submission to what they dislike, unless they are bound by laws which make obedience an obligation? Leave love and duty out of the question, and parents and children must oppose each other, so that the advance or retrogression of the household, its ascent or descent in the scale of civilisation, will depend on the individual force at each end of the tug of war.

Puritanic usages did good where the generation practising and the generation suffering them alike believed in their painful value. John Ruskin never had a toy but one during his lonely childhood, a Punch and Judy show that a relative gave him, and this was conscientiously suppressed by his mother. No protest arose in his mind in consequence, because he had assented to the thought that pleasure and misdoing were synonymous. In his later years he was able to ascribe much merit to his stern upbringing.

But the drastic method no longer exists on a defined and defended basis, where the Draconian habit persists here or there it is instinctive, not reasoned. Logic has gone to the other extreme, and maintains that nature must be developed, not suppressed. This has a fine sound, but followed into practice it evidently means that the children when young shall be permitted to think and do as they like, till they are beyond control, and their maturity is permitted to show how the link between man and the Divine is weaker and the link between man and the brute stronger than it was in the days of our fathers.

The general reduction in the standard of conduct throughout the community is too well known to call for specification, and too sensitive to bear it. Throughout every section of society, as every one standing close to the pulse of the community knows, offences that a generation ago would have been felt as a blight not only on the individual but on the entire connexion of the offender, have now become a detail regarded almost as of the everyday, to be deplored by the good, winked at by the knowing mediocre, and hailed with interest by the bad. "Come down hither," is the smiling invitation heard to-day, not only in railed-off leprous colonies, but in what might be called the very senatoria of family life. Let people forget God, and the next step will be to despise virtue.

We need a revival of religion, as Nineveh and the cities of the plain needed it; if we fail to experience it we shall perish as they perished. It is an appalling spectacle when people are seen to fight with the ugliest weapons, for details, while that which is essential lies gagged and bound in a dungeon, and the holiest things in life, all that raises man Godwards and distinguishes him from the brute, becomes matter for a gibe on the smiling lips of the gay dancers in the dance of death.

Where we build we must make sure that we have tested our foundations; we cannot take confident refuge in an edifice, no matter how sunny its turrets, how stately its battlements, if the earthquake has rent the walls, and we see the sun through the gaping fissures; ruin is ruin, and all the patching in the world but defers the day of final collapse. But under the edifice stands the firm foundation, the rock that cannot be shaken; it is they who love the venerated walls that must themselves raze them stone by stone, and, from the materials that are sound, rebuild with reverent, willing hands the temple of the Lord. We want revivalists, say the anxious and sincere; we do, and resurrectionists, sappers and miners as well as architects, and the Spirit to guide the pickaxe and the trowel alike.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY.

Aunt Nell.—It cannot be said that there is much promise in your sketch, "Was she right?" The first essential in the production of an acceptable story is that the action shall be either interesting or probable. In your narrative it is neither. That a Sunday School superintendent should reprove a teacher for unbecoming behaviour is a very everyday and by no means dramatic incident. That she should begin her well-deserved reprimand with the words, "I will tell you the story of my life," is absurd. Your study of human nature must convince you that sensible people do not offer their own poignant experiences to all and sundry. Then your people are all uninteresting, consequently what they do and say is of no consequence to the reader. Your Miss Burr is so slangy and so common that any one who would admire her could only be as vulgar as herself. Such people exist, but they are not deserving of notice in print. The artist must select and discriminate; the world is so full of models that there is no reason for portraying the unattractive. MSS. sent in for discussion should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, if the writer desires their return.

Midget.—I cannot find any wrapper for the return of your MS., so I conclude you are willing it should be destroyed, treatment I am always very reluctant to confer on anything type-written. Your story is probable and nicely written, but it is too eventless. Personally, I always prefer work like Mrs. Oliphant's or Mr. W. E. Norris's (where all the incidents might conceivably have happened to the people one knows) to anything more sensational or lurid, but drama is better suited to the market than probable experiences. The naturalness, unforced goodness and instructive morality of your story make me like you, and wish you every success in approaching the literary field. I will retain your MS. for a week after this appears in print in case you may wish it returned.

Little 'Un.—As your story is only a fragment it is impossible to do more than discuss it as a fragment. As it is full of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, it is possible the story when finished might prove suitable as a *feuilleton* for one of the daily papers that issue serials habitually. I believe the writers of these stories (which never reappear in book form) make much more money than many of their more famous and dignified brethren of the pen. The chief difficulty about writing stories of the feudal period is the language. How can the average girl know exactly how people spoke in the time of King John, and who to-day could read the Saxon of labourers or the Anglo-French of the Normans even if she reproduced it correctly? It is better to lay your story in a much later period than that of Ivanhoe, and then, where the language still seems to offer an obstacle, to let the story be told as tradition by an old servant of, at earliest, Queen Anne's reign. By that method you will also shorten and condense the narrative—a not unimportant detail.

EMPLOYMENTS.

Valiant.—If you will write to the office of *Women's Employment*, 9, Southampton Street, Holborn, for their pamphlet entitled *Open Doors for Women* (1*s.* post free), you will find useful suggestions on breadwinning, and have remunerative occupations indicated to you with the means of entering on them. The articles are reprinted from the fortnightly paper issued by the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, and give the most recent particulars regarding the Post Office, going into business, laundry work, sanitary inspecting, handicrafts, etc., etc. I am glad to know you feel brave enough for anything, and hope you may conquer all difficulties.

Alpha.—It is always the purchaser that pays, and the person desiring anything most eagerly who is taxed to acquire it. Most agencies charge a fee to both employer and employee; where it is remitted to the former it is doubtless that such may be attracted in greater numbers. After all you know the employer is the more indispensable and the less abundant. A lady can do without a governess, but how can a governess do without work? In a way it is a hardship where the fees are paid by the poorer of the two, but what can be done to hinder an agent making this condition? After all, remitting the employer's fee does not result in an increase of fee to the employed. Unluckily things are always made harder for the poor than the rich; it is always the poor that get the worst of every bargain, as I have already indicated in another connexion. It is very hard, but power always rules. A friend indicated to me recently the necessity for a "Mistresses' Protection Society," since present-day servants seem to encroach more and more, but how can people protect themselves against an ever-increasing deficit? Where the supply is less than the demand the blemishes of the supply have to be accepted, and this works the other way in the case of working ladies—there are more of them than openings for them, hence all that you complain of. It might be well to call at the above-mentioned Central Bureau, and see if anything suited to you is on the books. The fees are moderate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

La Carmencita.—It is so unusual for a girl to complain of being too thin that I read your letter twice to try to discover your age. As a rule girls shrink from obesity more than anything else. But the thinness of bad health, resulting in poor blood, neuralgia, and weakness, is a malady, and must be treated accordingly. Iron is the remedy for anæmia, and cod-liver oil for the neuralgia that comes from exposed nerves. There is no better fattening diet than milk puddings with as much sugar as is palatable. Slices of bread dipped in milk and with sugar sprinkled over can be eaten with enjoyment even by those who find mixed bread and milk too mawkish. Root vegetables, as potatoes, with butter or the fat of meat, are also fattening. A glass of hot milk taken in sips once or twice during the day is very nourishing. If you will use these things for three months, it is possible you may write then to ask for a reducing dietary.—VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

SEARCH QUESTIONS

(CHARACTERS FROM STEVENSON.)

1. "He saw Holyrood in a dream, remembrance of its romance awoke in him and faded; he had a vision of the old radiant stories, of Queen Mary and Prince Charlie, of the hooded stag, of the splendour and crime, the velvet and bright iron of the past; and dismissed them with a cry of pain."

2. "A man of a good stature, a very lively face, cordial, agitated manners, and a grey eye as active as a fowl's."

3. "This man was poor, brave, and active; he could read and write like a schoolmaster; he was a first-rate mariner besides."

4. "His face was permanently set and coloured; ruddy and stiff with weathering; more like a picture than a face; yet with a certain strain and a threat of latent anger in the expression, like that of a man trained too fine and harassed with perpetual vigilance."

5. "A man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty, and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow loveable."

6. "He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the small-pox; his eyes were unusually light, and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming."

7. "A man not old, though elderly, still enjoying the youth of the heart and the intelligence; a man of instruction; easily situated in this world's affairs; keeping a good table; a man, neither as friend or host to be despised."

A Five Shilling Book awarded for first set of correct answers. Give book and chapter as well as naming the characters described.

SHAKESPEARE ACROSTICS

First of Nine

WHOLE.

"*My* stars shine darkly over me."

INITIALS.

1. "*I'll* rather be unmannerly than troublesome."
2. "*I* will play the swan,
   And die in music."
3. "*He* hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour."
4. "If *I* had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me."
5. "Jove sometimes went disguised, and why not *I*?"
6. "*I* am not of that feather, to shake off
   My friend when he hath need of me."
7. "You English Princes all, *I* do salute you."
8. "In the *name* lay
   A moiety of the world."
9. "*He* was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality."

Name each character, and give Act and Scene for each reference.

Five Guineas' worth of books will be given for the highest scores. Each answer must be signed by a short "nom de plume," and the scores will be printed as the competition proceeds—one mark awarded for each light. All answers must be received by 15th inst.

OUR BOOK TABLE

(Books received: MRS. BATSON'S *Concise Handbook of Garden Flowers*, Methuen, 3*s*. 6*d*. *Jane Austen's Novels*, in 2 vols., New Century Library, T. Nelson and Sons, 4*s*. *MS. in a Red Box* (Anon.), John Lane, 6*s*. MR. VERNON'S *Is it Going to Rain?* MacNiven and Wallace, 1*s*. PROFESSOR RALEIGH'S *The English Novel*, John Murray, 2*s*. MR. LANGBRIDGE'S *Ballads and Legends*, Routledge and Sons, 1*s*.)

Mrs. Batson's *Concise Handbook* is a true *multum in parvo* of useful gardening knowledge. Without wasting a word she tells you, of each plant, all the amateur needs to know—height, colour, habit, preferences as to soil, shade, and general appearance; in every case also, both English and Latin names are given, and by good cross-referencing in the index, knowing either will enable the reader to find the description of any plant. This book would be a welcome present for a garden-maker.

In offering a somewhat belated welcome to Thomas Nelson and Son's thin-paper, two-volume edition of *Jane Austen's Novels*—(think of all the wonderful six, in good type, being contained in two small volumes!)—one muses with envy upon the golden days of those early reviewers who first cut the pages of *Sense and Sensibility* not a hundred years ago, and met the egregious Mrs. John Dashwood face to face, and jolly Mrs. Jennings, and our typical countryman, Sir John Middleton, all for the first time. Happy reviewers for whom were still in store Miss Bates and Mr. Wodehouse, the Bennet family, Sir Walter Elliot and Admiral Croft, Fanny Price, and all her sister heroines. Failing the heady raptures of original discovery, we have the solace of possession, and, with these two precious little volumes on the shelf, a secure annuity of enjoyment.

The MS. in a Red Box. This literary foundling, named after its cradle, and heralded with some flourish of pens, does not quite come up to our raised expectations. A robust and knockabout historical novel, in these days, marks no new departure in literature, and must pass a practised

scrutiny to show itself original. Had this book not protested its difference from other books we had not been so struck by its likeness to them. The attack is vigorous, and the style, by aid of frank anachronisms, goes well, and is never tedious. Love and the lady come briskly on the scene, almost with the rise of the curtain, while jealousy and adventure tread hard on their heels. The action takes place wholly in fenland, where the historical background of Charles the Second's time is effectively touched in. A lively and readable story, although on familiar lines.

Mr. Vernon is a believer in rain and its blessedness as a feature of our climate. In this book, *Is it Going to Rain?* he goes so far in his championship as to declare at the outset that "there is nothing fickle or haphazard in the weather." He claims that a close observer of the prognostics he has collected need never be taken by surprise, and he proceeds to give us careful descriptions of a great many weather signs long treasured in folklore, and whose picturesque names are more or less familiar to us all. The Red Sunset, the Damp Stone, Mares' Tails, the Sun drawing Water, the Wind Dog, the Angler's Barometer, and many others are, in this useful little book, scientifically explained and accredited.

Professor Raleigh writes in a close-packed but clearly-ordered style of the development of *The English Novel*. Derived in part from the ancient metrical romances, which he compares to masterpieces of the great mediæval art of architecture, "the novel with which the future lay, has its closest parallel in the art of painting, the outcome of the Renaissance." He defines the novel as the conscious expression of aspects of real life, as it is seen in the light of the temperament of an individual artist. . . . In the fifteenth century both of the ancestors of the modern novel—that is the *novella* or short pithy story after the manner of the Italians, and the romance of chivalry—appear in an English prose dress. From these the line of descent can be traced until, in the seventeenth century, as the drama declined, the modern novel rose to be a literary force, taking form and colour at first from the tastes of the period, in character-writing, autobiographies, diaries, and letters. Of the eighteenth-century school of novelists Mr. Raleigh says, "never was there a body of writers of whom it might more truly be said that their work is a criticism of life," but he adds, "the spirit of criticism had dominated creation." The School of Terror and the School of Theory were followed by the novel of Domestic Satire, with whose advent our writer thinks the art of fiction completed the conquest of the world and life. While in this department Jane Austen's work was supreme, Prof. Raleigh contends finally that the publication of *Waverley* three years before her death marked the fully-rounded development of the English novel, since "*Quod semper et ubique et ab omnibus* is the saving creed of the novelist. And herein lies the greatness of Scott."

Mr. Langbridge has published a volume of *Ballads and Legends*, old and new—of which he says "they represent and almost embody my secular work in the fields of verse." A pleasing little volume, in good type on thin paper, so pocketable one is surprised to find it contains over four hundred pages. Believing that there are no literary Melchizedeks, Mr. Langbridge in his preface enumerates his literary ancestry, and derives himself from John Hay, Charles Dickens, and Robert Buchanan. He is, however, sufficiently eclectic to acknowledge the authority of various other masters, expressing his appreciations neatly in a sentence. "It is Art," he declares, "in Poe a passion, in Tennyson a religion: in Keats the bouquet of wine: in Rossetti a painted window: a climate in Yeats: destiny in Mæterlinck—it is Art that seems to me now the essential thing in poetry." After this generous exuberance of metaphors, one scrutinises the volume with an eye to trace these influences, but none are obvious, for Mr. Langbridge has a Celtic gift of language all his own in his ballads, and the spirit and go, to take an instance, of *Pat Lonergan's Ride* is unimitated and inimitable. Among the legendary and supernatural poems dedicated to Maurice Mæterlinck is the finest thing in the book, the *Ballad of the Babushka*, to be commended as Christmas lore to any reader who loves to learn a haunting thing by heart. Our poet teaches with Tolstoi in the *Ballad of a Blind Beggar*, with Stephen Phillips in *Jeannie's Martyrdom*, and with Coventry Patmore in the fearless domesticity of such subjects as *Sam Green's Love*. Some of the numbers are songs, already well known, such as *Polly and I were Sweethearts*. A few of the rhymed studies of childish character are, we think, over-sentimental, but most are savingly humorous, as this portrait of *Teddy—a Black Sheep*, whose mischievous pranks required discipline—

"So his father 'talked' to Edward, while the children prowled around,
And they thought the conversation had a swishy, crackly sound;
But the pickle only chuckled when they asked if he were sore,
And eleven handsome copy-books slid rustling to the floor." . . .

On another occasion

"They locked him in his bedroom, and they took his clothes away,
And his doom was bread and water, to be taken once a day;
But at dusk the walls were shaken by the housemaid's grievous cries,
For a ghost was up the pear-tree, and it smelt of strong bull's-eyes."

In due course Ted enlists, does wonders in the field, and his name appears in the list of dead. Every one mourns, and realises too late how they loved him.

"He was made as God makes heroes, and we know it now he's dead——
And with that there came a letter, and the letter came from Ted!"

Who, characteristically, was not dead after all.

Here, again, is a sample of the didactic conceits, gay feathered arrows pointed with fine thoughts this writer has such happy skill in fashioning—

"Dig the roots of circumstance;
Feed the famished ground;
Grow one rose on briery chance;
And thou shalt be crowned.'

Our Chess Page

Gold and Silver Medals to be won.—Solving Tourney Award.

THE popularity of Our Chess Page constrains us to offer two medals, one Gold and one Silver, for the two of our readers who are most successful in solving all the problems, whether given in special competitions or not, to be published in our columns during the year, November 1903 to October 1904 inclusive.

Competitors will be required to use foolscap paper, to write on only one side, and to *head* each sheet with his or her name and address.

Any violation of these three simple conditions will involve disqualification.

Quick Solving Competition (October) Solutions:—

No. 1, Kt—B5.

If	K—Q 4,	Kt—K 7+	K—K 5	Kt—B 3.
	K—Q 4,	Kt—K 7+	K—K 3	Kt—Q 4.
	Kt × R	KKt—Q 4+	K—Q 4	Kt—B 3.
	K × Kt	Kt—Q 4	K—K 5	Q—B 3, etc.

No. 2, Kt—Q6.

If	Kt × P	Q × P	R—Q 5	Kt—B 3.
	K—K 4	Kt—B 3	Q—Kt 4.	
	K—B 6	KKt × P	K—Q 6	Q—K 3, etc.

The prizes, **Five Shillings** each, go to—

P. L. OSBORN, 152 Elgin Avenue, W., REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT, Worthing, and J. D. TUCKER, 2 Yew Bank Terrace, Ilkley,—whose solutions all arrived by the same post.

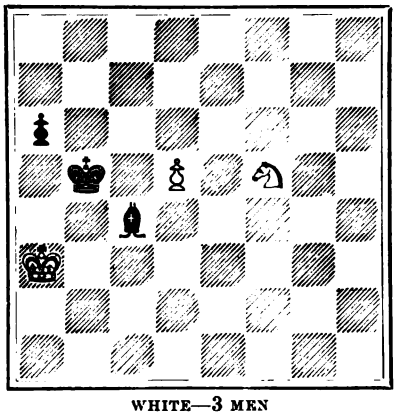
That most versatile and indefatigable of problemists, Mrs. W. J. Baird, has now turned her attention to problems of the retractor type. Several have appeared in *The Times'* and other chess columns, and we are glad to have secured one, composed expressly for Our Chess Page. Here it is:—

"*Twentieth-Century Retractor.*"

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

"Lead your battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field."
Julius Cæsar, Act V. Sc. 1.

BLACK—3 MEN



WHITE—3 MEN

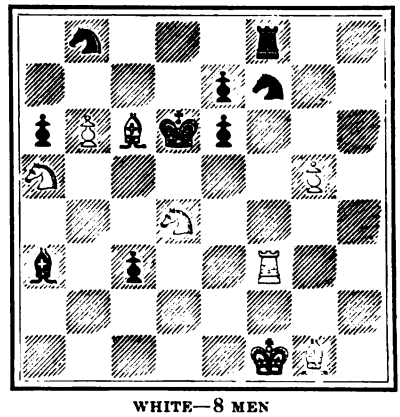
1. White played last but must retract his move.
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play so as to allow
4. White to give mate.

N.B.—No Queens allowed.

A prize-winner in our last Tourney:—

1st Prize. *Liliputian.*

BLACK—9 MEN



WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

For the Medal Competition solutions to both these problems must be sent in before January 15, 1904.

SOLVING TOURNEY.

EXAMINERS' AWARD

Special Prize, **One Guinea**:—

REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT, Worthing.

First Prizes, **Fifteen Shillings** each:—

FRANK W. ATCHINSON, Victoria Street, Billinghay, Lincs. H. BALSON, 262 Normanton Road, Derby. JAMES MOORE CREBBIN, 20 Clifton Road, Anfield, Liverpool.

Second Prizes, **Eight Shillings** each:—

EMMA M. DAVEY, 22 Apsley Road, Clifton, Bristol. H. HOSEY DAVIS, 143 Sefton Park Road, Bristol. COL. FORBES, 13 Pittville Lawn, Cheltenham. H. OSBORNE, M.D., 90 Orlando Street, Bolton. P. L. OSBORN, 152 Elgin Avenue, W. BASIL SPOONER, 2 Ibrox Terrace, Ibroxholm, Glasgow. R. G. THOMSON, 3 Sunnybank Road, Aberdeen.

Third Prize, **Five Shillings**:—

F. W. WYNNE, Holly Hall, Dudley.

The following also solved all the problems but failed to comply with the rules.

JAS. CHADWICK and G. L. SLATER; while JAMES BLAND'S only fault was the discovery of an imaginary cook in problem No. 10.

The following solved seventeen correctly:—

ARTHUR J. HEAD, J. D. TUCKER, and A. WATSON.

The following solved sixteen:—

W. B. MUIR and E. THOMPSTONE.

We have no space to give names of competitors who solved less than sixteen problems.

REPORT.

It would be difficult to imagine more perfect solutions than those sent by the winner of the special prize, while those of the first-prize winners were only a shade less admirable. But for the claims of several others whose work was too exhaustive to be unrewarded, these prizes would have been far more substantial. But chess players solve and play more for honour than for reward,

and we are satisfied that we have done the right thing in giving numerous rather than large prizes. The solutions in the third division were very good indeed, and but for the fact that they had to compete with practically perfect specimens of the Art, they would likely have been in the front rank.

The most difficult problem seems to have been *Didn't I say so*, No. 17, though a few competitors also failed to solve the two-mover *Asia;* a somewhat extraordinary circumstance. The near try in *Look Out*—B—Kt 6—entrapped more than one expert, but Black's reply of B—Kt 7 followed by B—B 8 surely crushes the attack. It was to this try that the motto of the problem was directed.

The solvers as a rule did not indulge in criticism. What little there was ran on the lines of commendation, of which a large share was bestowed upon the problem *Tyr*, to which an extra prize was awarded by the Tourney Judges.

We hope our next Solving Tourney will be as successful as the one now closed.

Short Solving Competition (August) Award.

Nearly all the competitors pointed out that the problem *Rough and Ready* was an impossible position, but it was, nevertheless, capable of solution.

Prizes of **Five Shillings** each go to—H. Hosey Davis, 143 Sefton Park Road, Bristol. P. L. Osborn, 152 Elgin Avenue, London, W.

No other competitor sent in all five solutions.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Twenty Pounds in Prizes

ESSAYS

1. Essay on "Free Trade *v.* Protection."
   First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea.**
2. (*For teachers, either in Day or Sunday School.*) Essay on "How Parents might help Teachers."
   First Prize, *French Pictures*, 25*s.*; Second Prize, *Rambles in Japan*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
3. (*For boys and girls under* 16.) Essay on "My Favourite Game."
   First Prize, *Driftwood*, A Story, 5*s.*; Two Second Prizes, *Fairy Tales from Far Japan*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

ART

4. The Best Original Black-and-White Drawing.
   [The drawing to be a portrait or a figure from life. The prize drawings to be the property of *The Leisure Hour.*]
   First Prize, **Three Guineas**; Second Prize, **Two Guineas.**

MUSIC

5. Best Music for the Poem,
   "The Laddie I Love,"
   which appears on page 88 of this number.
   Prize, **Two Guineas.**

NEEDLEWORK

6. (A) Best Bed-Jacket for Invalid.
   First Prize, *Italian Pictures*, 30*s.*; Second Prize, *Victoria, R.I.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
   (B) Best Knitted Muffler.
   First Prize, *Pictures from Holland*, 25*s.*; Second Prize, *Pictures of Southern China*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
   (C) Best Pair Cuffs or Mittens, Knitted or Crochet, any Size, with or without Thumb-holes.
   First Prize, *In Scripture Lands*, 15*s.*; Second Prize, *Driftwood*, A Story, 5*s.*

N.B.—All articles sent in this department will be given to workers in the poorest districts of London, for distribution among the deserving poor. *In no case will any article be returned.*

POSTCARDS

7. Best postcard on "My Favourite New Book," with reasons for the choice.
   First Prize, a 5*s.* book; Two Second Prizes, a 3*s.* 6*d.* book each.

PHOTOGRAPHS

8. Best Photograph of Domestic Scene (either indoor or outdoor).
   First Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**; Two Second Prizes, **Five Shillings** each.

COLONIAL SECTION

9. Essay on "Free Trade *v.* Protection."
   First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea.**
10. (*For boys and girls under* 16.) Essay on "My Favourite Game."
    First Prize, a 5*s.* book; Two Second Prizes, a 2*s.* 6*d.* book each.
11. Postcard on "My Favourite Preacher," with reasons for the choice.
    First Prize, a 3*s.* 6*d.* book; Second Prize, a 2*s.* 6*d.* book.

Colonial Essays, etc., to be received not later than February 25, 1904.

RULES

1. Our readers may compete for as many of the prizes as they please, but not more than one prize will be awarded to one competitor. Prize-winners of last twelve months ineligible in the same department this year.
2. Every competitor, except those in the Postcard Competitions, must *cut out the Eisteddfod Ticket* given on Contents page of advertisements, fill in the *number* of the competition, and fasten the ticket to the *outside of the envelope* containing competition.
3. A separate Ticket will be required for each competition. *No other matter must be included.*
4. Essays must be on foolscap, one side only, and must not occupy more than four of such pages.
5. For the *Postcard* Competition the latest date is November 5, 1903; for *Essays*, December 3; *Art, Needlework, Music* and *Photograph*, December 17.
6. All competitions must be addressed to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.
7. *No Essay or other contribution will be returned, even if stamps are sent.*

The Laddie I Love

A GALLANT BRITISH SOLDIER

I LOVE a little laddie who is busy all the day
Deciding his profession when he's grown too big for play;
He's almost five years old, you know, there's not much time to lose,—
"Grown-Ups" can do so many things, it's quite a task to choose!
A gallant British soldier, or a sailor taut and trim,—
A milkman, or a pastry-cook—they're all the same to him;
He'll drive you in a hansom if you wish to go to town,
Or be the King of England in a gilded cardboard crown!

A SAILOR TAUT AND TRIM

Oh! Colonel of a Regiment! Captain of a Ship!
Postman, Porter, Organ-man, Cabby with his whip!
Whatever you may call him, wherever he may be—
He's just the little lad I love, and that is all, to me!

Perhaps you wish to travel? There's the Scotch Express at nine,—
The guard will blow his whistle, and will signal, "Clear the line!"
Or if your head is aching he will say "you're very ill,"
And feel your pulse, and cure you with a bread-and-sugar pill.
And when it's time to go to bed, this little lad I love
Will coax you for a story ere the stars shine out above;
He'll put his arms around you, and he'll smile and kiss "Good-night,"
Then "make-believe" in Dreamland till once more it's morning light!

OR A PASTRY-COOK

Oh! Colonel of a Regiment! Captain of a Ship!
Postman, Porter, Organ-man, Cabby with his whip!
Wherever he may wander, whatever he may be—
He's just the little lad I love, and that is all, to me!

MARY FARRAH, LL.A.

PIERROT, MAKING HIS FINAL BOW

H

"GOOD-MORNING, MR. HELLARD! ARE YOU STAR-GAZING?"

See p. 100.

In All Time of Our Wealth

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV

"The feet of the men that drill"

THERE was a dim plan floating in Stephen Hellard's mind that was gradually taking definite shape, which was, that he would go abroad at once until he got more accustomed to his wealth. There is such a thing as being vulgarly rich, and he was terribly afraid of falling into that snare, and so utterly destroying his chance of success as a man of position. He did not care for the thought of travelling alone, but he knew enough to be convinced that he had but to set his foot on board a P. and O. boat bound for India, and make his fortune known, to win half a hundred friends only too anxious to force their claims to society upon his attention, and he finally decided that this would be the wisest course to pursue.

But first he had to go down to Ditcham Barracks, where the 120th Battery of Royal Artillery was quartered, to see his brother again; and now that he was able to travel about without any trouble of narrow means, his natural affection led him to long to see his nearest relative once again. He wrote to his brother, telling him to expect him on the following day, and travelled down by the express along one of the most beautiful stretches of line in England. Ditcham was an artillery depôt on a limited scale, a small grey town with a view of sea and sky unsurpassed by any famed Italian scenery. It was backed by a long slope of down and hill, wooded to the summit of every spur, and crowned by yellow lines of gorse and bracken, that waved like fires against the western sky, so that in the evening, when the stain of the sunset changed the purple clouds to orange and from orange to pale primrose, the horizon swam in a breathless silver haze of light—so that a man could not tell where the waving gorse ceased and heaven began.

Ditcham lay in a little hollow of the hills, and the only new part about the town was the flaring walls of the depôt barracks. A far-sighted Town Council had tempted the battery to Ditcham, instead of leaving it to be secured by some town of greater importance on the map, through many promises of rifle-ranges and improved sanitation, and it must be confessed that the Town Council had gallantly stuck to their colours. The presence of the military meant the increase of trade, and when the flaring red-brick walls made the slope of the downs less beautiful, the shop-people looked at the ration bills and declared their intention of planting surreptitious canariensis in the dead of night.

When Hellard left the little station, gay with advertisements of soaps and baking powders, he wandered up the main street, wishing that Ditcham had boasted of more than two cabs, and that the military, as represented by six gunners in blue and scarlet uniform, who were singing "Rule, Britannia," at the top of uncertain voices, had not secured the vehicles before he had time to collect his scattered wits.

But his walk allowed him time for reflection, and there was little to distract him in the old curiosity shop, full of toby jugs and spotted china dogs that seemed to be the staple trading commodity of Ditcham. There were a few gunners drifting up the road, and half-a-dozen children with market baskets or bundles of washing in their arms. There were two carriers' carts and as many old women, and a little knot of business men, who stood and talked outside the branch bank with its wire blinds. A church bell tanged cheerfully, and a clock from the little town hall sent forth a chime of lingering beauty that redeemed the Philistinism of the red-brick tower.

Hellard turned in under the iron archway of the barrack-gate, and stood for a moment watching the sunlight play upon the barrack-square, dappling it in sheeted shadows. There was a sentry marching up and down, to and fro under the penthouse roof of the guard-room, but he appeared to be so deeply intent on his monotonous work that Hellard passed him by and

sought information of a cheerful gunner in a straw hat and white apron, who was doing "cook's mate," and carrying a very large can of boiled, sweetened tea across to one of the barrack-rooms from the cookhouse. The sentry made Hellard nervous, for he had an idea that he might challenge him unexpectedly, for he remembered as a child paying a visit to an uncle in a marching regiment in Dover, and the darkness of the night when they emerged from the brilliantly-lighted quarters had impressed itself upon his mind, together with the clear "Who goes there?" the clatter of dropped carbine ringing out upon the frosty air, and the gruff answer of "Friend." He could hear in his mind the "Pass, friend; all's well," even now as he walked hurriedly forward. Like a clarion call it had rung in his ear with something invigorating about it, and he wondered now, half whimsically, if the challenging sentry could have declared that with him all was well.

"Will you tell me how I can find Sergeant William Hellard?" he said hastily.

The man set down the can of tea and scratched his head meditatively, for here was a swell who was asking for "Gentleman Hellard," though there was nothing the least soldierly about his bearing, and he wondered if there was any truth in the story of the sergeant's gentility.

"Yes, sir," he answered at last. "I will take you to his bunk, sir. I am going past it."

He waxed confidential as they departed together, the tea swishing in the can, for he scented a shilling, and at that moment the sum meant a good deal to him. It was a good step across the sunbright square, and Hellard, answering Gunner Jelf's words mechanically, was absorbing every detail of the buildings as they passed.

Ditcham Barracks were built in a square, the second and third sides formed by the married quarter block and the barrack-rooms, the first by the officers' mess and quarters, and the fourth by the guard-room and gate, and although the staring red walls were not beautiful, yet they bore the impress of solid comfort on every brick and angle of masonry.

"'E's a good sergint is 'Gentleman 'Ellard,' as we call 'im, sir."

Jelf was babbling on like the proverbial brook, and Stephen knew that he had touched on a subject that embraced a wide sphere, from daily rations to politics.

"Every man expects 'e'll be promoted to sergint-major when old Wherry gets the order of the boot. 'E's done a deal for the company, and bein' a bacheldore is more with the men, as one may say; and as for cricket, why you can't touch 'im at that, and few on us can get hold of his balls. That's why they call our battery 'The boundaries,' not from any disrespect to our manners, but 'cause we're s'posed never to hit anything less than a sixer!"

Cricket! Hellard smiled whimsically as he remembered where Bill had learnt his game. He remembered the playing fields of Eton now, with the sun upon the river, and the happy boys about them under the trees. The rhythm of the old boating song was in his ears, and he wondered whether any other Etonians had gone under as he and Bill had done, with such dire completeness. He slipped a half-sovereign into Jelf's hand, and without waiting to see the stupendous effect that so large a sum had upon the stolid gunner, he pushed the door of the barrack-room open and paused at the top of the steps. Fourteen iron bedcots were carefully packed away, and their brown blankets folded precisely on the pillows. Not a soul was in the room, and he could survey the whitewashed walls at his leisure, where pictures cut from illustrated papers hung, and Christmas cards of the highly-coloured cheap description jostled a decorative calendar of some years earlier. He looked round in vain for some sign of William, till at last his eyes fell upon a half-open door in the wall, through which a figure could be dimly discerned, which he gathered must be his brother. He steadied himself against the wall, and softly whistled the first bars of the Eton boating song, that sounded like a clear call out of the shadowy past in his ears.

Sergeant Hellard, seated upon his bedcot pipeclaying his belt, heard it and raised his head sharply. There were many ghosts to haunt him, and the song roused each one in turn, till the coarse serge of his uniform seemed lifted away from him, and the circumscribed life that he had led shrivelled up like a dream, letting in a vista of grey college walls and black-coated boys, and the long study talks at night over the fire—the endless wonder as to the future that is in the heart of every child of man. His own future had seemed to be a very bright one, he remembered,—with a rosy halo about a grown-up Bill Hellard, who

would win the V.C. and be a second "Bobs." What a mockery such thoughts were to him now—how unutterably dreary his coarse serge uniform and bounded life seemed in the light of those old days. Why, if he had thought at Eton—he, the popular open-handed Bill Hellard—that he would end his days as a sergeant in a service battery, he verily believed that he would have laid down and died. The song ceased, and with it the stout heart of the sergeant revived, and he opened the door.

"Hello, Steve," he said. "I guessed it was you when I heard the old chanty—why, it's years since we met."

Stephen looked at his brother through a mist of tears. Bill was a fine-looking, broad-shouldered fellow, tanned by Indian suns, honourably scarred by the slash of a tulwar on the North-West frontier, that had almost spoiled his beauty. But he was changed irretrievably, for a man cannot go through the coarsening life of barrack-room associations and remain as Nature first framed him.

"Come in," he said, pulling his brother into the bunk, that seemed a tight fit for one person, besides the bed and his kit-box. It was a little cupboard of a place, with a window looking out over the parade ground, but there was a framed photograph of Parkstone on the wall, and another of their mother.

"Bill," he said, in a voice thrilling with emotion, "ah! what has life been for us, since those days?"

The sergeant braced himself up.

"Life's all right," he said. "The only fault is putting square people into round holes. I suffered a bit at first, but I'm as happy now as a sand-martin in a quarry."

"You can't be," said Stephen, hoarsely, "with these associations—these men?"

He looked down at his brother's rough brown hands—at his heavy regulation boots—at the meagre outline of the box that held all his worldly goods.

"What's wrong with them?" said the sergeant sturdily. "I've made my bed and I'll lie on it, Stephen, my boy. I shall rise to be quartermaster yet."

"I have come to-day to offer to buy you out, Bill," went on Stephen hurriedly. "I have come into a great deal of money in a very extraordinary way—and I can give you a sum big enough to take you clear away and start you in business."

The sergeant's eyes wandered over the spruce and smart figure opposite, and an inscrutable smile passed over his face. Then he laid down his pipe and folded his hands across his knee.

"I should like to hear just how you came into that bit of money," he said slowly. "Six years of soldiering makes a man suspicious."

Stephen shifted his feet uneasily, and by bits began the narrative that placed his brother in possession of the main facts of his extraordinary accession to Mr. Hutton's million. The sergeant listened patiently to the end, no feature in his face changing, and no sign appearing in his stolid demeanour to help his brother as to his view of the case.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" he stammered out at last; "is it not the most wonderful piece of luck that ever fell to any man?"

He handed old Hutton's letter to the soldier as he spoke, and before he answered, Bill read it through slowly and folded it up.

"No blessing on the money—ill come by—conditions, to chuck your old friends—yes—a wonderful piece of good fortune, Stephen. But all the same, I'd rather earn my bread with my own hands."

"Oh, but think what can be done with the money—think what it means."

"I've thought enough about it," returned the other. "Time was, when I first joined, that I would have given my very eyes for a decent competence to take me away from a life that was purgatory to me."

He had slipped out of his new way of speech, and had become in the fervid passion of his tones the young, high-spirited Bill Hellard of old days, when he was pausing to see the world between Eton and a future profession.

"I was never clever, you know—would have had to enter the service by the back door as an officer—but when I found that it was my lot in life to be poor, I thanked God for two hands to work with, and woke up to the realities of life. It was kind of you to come and see me, Stephen, but are you not endangering your fortune by associating with me? I am scarcely the equal of a millionaire."

"I am allowed to see you once," said the other in a low voice. "Bill, I could make anything of you—give you enough for an assured income—let me help you."

The sergeant held up his hands.

"What am I fit for now? Clerkly work with these fingers? Literary work with no brains? Why, I have found my vocation, and that is to drill recruity boys on the barrack-square, and to drum something like straight living into the heads of the men of my section. When I was a little lad there was something we used to say on Sundays about doing our duty in the place where we had been put—and I have tried to do mine."

They were straight words, and for the moment Stephen was tempted to ask himself whether he was doing his duty by placing himself in the way of temptation that he knew would be too strong for him, but a sudden feeling of irritation against his brother rising up within him, swept other thoughts aside, and he rose to his feet.

"So I can't do anything, or, rather, you won't let me do what I would," he said.

"No, thank you, Stephen. If it had been money you had earned yourself, I might have taken it as a loan, but there's something in me that tells me this wouldn't be right."

"Bill, for old times' sake," said the other imploringly, as he held out a bank-note that made the sergeant draw up his lips in a whistle of surprise.

"Crikey, a hundred pounds! but no—thanks. There's little chance of spending that here, and maybe the giving of it would break the conditions of the bequest."

He looked his brother over from head to foot, and Hellard turned away, for he could not bear the expression of sarcastic admiration that lighted up his brother's face.

"Well, good-bye, Bill," he said; "I'm going abroad."

"Good-bye, Stephen, and good luck to you," said the other cheerfully. "Though I'm of the opinion that you'd better cut both hands off at the wrists than touch a penny of this money."

"That may be your opinion, but it is not mine," retorted Stephen hotly, as he strode away.

He turned once to look back at his brother, but the busy figure bending over his work did not move again, and he passed out of the soldier's life with a feeling that he had neither part nor parcel any more with the workers of life, for from henceforward he must be a drone.

He could not return to London that night, for there was no suitable train, and he therefore engaged a room at the little inn in the High Street, and ordered dinner. It was a fairly comfortable place within sight of the barracks, and Hellard, as he sat digesting his roast chicken and cabinet pudding, reviewed the events of the day with some indecision. It was a perfect evening of late spring, with a young moon, and in the half-light the slopes above the town looked unreal and shadowy, and the great gorse clumps like battalions of armed men. Somewhere away in the back region of the inn he could hear laughter and talking, and the red-elbowed maid who removed his dinner things told him with a broad smile that it was half-a-dozen gunner N.C.O.'s having a supper party to commemorate the sergeant-major's birthday. He was so dull up in that lonely room that he set his door ajar to listen to the mirth and revelry, pride alone preventing him from going below to seek their society. Some man was singing a stave of a patriotic song in a rolling bass, and after the applause had died away, another voice of mellow tenor, like a golden flute, took up the refrain to a jingling accompaniment. It was only a simple ballad that he sang, but Stephen listened entranced:

> "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket,
> And say a poor buffer lies low,
> And six stalwart gunners shall carry me,
> With step solemn, mournful, and slow."

Ah! he was back again at home, a child once more, and his mother at the piano was singing in the twilight, with a pathos in her voice that had often made him cry as a little boy. She had been so proud of Baby Bill's voice, so eager over his fresh notes like a thrush in the dawning. He could see her now bending over his curly head, as Bill in all the glory of a starched white frock faltered his nursery rhymes. What would she have said to see him now?

There are times when one praises God for the blessed dead, and that night Stephen Hellard unconsciously gave God that thanks. By and by came the clear call of "Last Post" from the barrack-square, the bugle lingering over each shrill note, and the grey town echoing them back. And the singing ceasing, the road was gay

"BILL, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE"

with blue-coated soldiers going back to barrack-room and duty.

Early next morning, Stephen Hellard, after a sleepless night, shook the dust of the past off his feet, and departed for London and his new life.

CHAPTER V

"He seemed to lookers-on, like those who dreamed
Of idleness in groves Elysian."

IT was on the deck of the Channel steamer that Stephen Hellard first discovered the truth that sea-sickness is the greatest leveller where human nature is concerned. He went on board at Dover, accompanied by a valet, whom he had engaged at the instance of Mr. Frederick Kent, and who proved to be a most proficient servant. There was nothing about either master or man to suggest the fact that they were *nouveaux riches*, but from the attention paid to them by the officials, it was evident that sable-lined coat and Russia leather trunks had done their work in impressing outsiders with a sense of the importance of their owner. There were several people crossing that afternoon, and when the gang-plank was uncoupled the bell rang from the shore, and the *Victoria* began to churn up foam with her paddles, and to push her nose seawards. Stephen looked round for a comfortable seat on deck, and felt profoundly thankful that he was a good sailor.

The Channel was in its worst mood, grey and lumpy, with a strong head wind blowing, and the steamer climbed up each rolling hillock of water, to sink down with a sickening thud on the other side.

The white cliffs of England were scarcely out of sight when half the passengers retired below, and the greater part of the remainder lay helplessly back in their deck chairs, hoping for a shipwreck with every slide of the rolling boat. Hellard was rather amused from the pinnacle of his own immunity from *mal de mer*, for of all fell diseases, sea-sickness is the only one that excites no compassion in the breast of the onlooker. In the bows of the *Victoria* two or three people were sitting watching the receding coast-line, but as a sharp sputter of rain lashed the Channel in an instant into white foam, they moved further back under the awning, and Hellard recognised them as Lady Cicely Dare and her aunt Miss Hadow, elderly and plain, and accompanying them the ubiquitous Captain Beaumont.

Lady Cicely's eyes fell upon the man in the deck chair, whose magnificent sable coat had been the outspoken admiration of half the passengers until they succumbed to a condition in which self-detestation is the only possible feeling. She stared at him for an instant bewildered, then as their eyes met, her Society artificial training stood her in good stead, and she advanced, holding out her hand.

"Mr. Hellard, by all that is wonderful. Gracious, what years it is since we met last. What have you been doing with yourself?"

Years! It was less than a month that she had cut the shabby, out-at-elbows journalist hack outside the Law Courts, but he was her equal now, nay, her superior in the matter of fortune.

"How do you do?" he answered, shaking hands quietly. "Five years is an age—or is it six?"

"It seems a weary time," said Lady Cicely softly, "but it is very nice to see you again. Now, let me introduce you to my aunt, Miss Hadow—oh, I forgot, though—you knew her before in the old days."

Hellard bowed to Miss Hadow, remembering her as a stern, uncompromising chaperon, who had not considered a fortune of £1500 a year good enough for her pretty niece, then a girl of eighteen. Lady Cicely was older now, and still unmarried, and Miss Hadow smiled ingratiatingly upon the owner of a set of sables the like of which she had never seen.

"What brings you here, travelling in this delightfully free-and-easy fashion?" said Lady Cicely, sitting down and beckoning Hellard to the next seat.

"A mania for travel, I suppose—I mean to go to Paris for a bit, and then work my way to Brindisi or Marseilles, to catch a steamer and go on an indefinite voyage somewhere or other—India perhaps."

"How dull," said the girl, giving him one of her old glances that he so well remembered, and that in the old days would have summoned the very heart from his body. She was handsome enough still, though the wear and tear of six unsatisfactory seasons had left their mark upon her face, and no one but her maid knew the secret of her exquisite complexion, or from whence came the bronze shadows in her hair. She was well dressed, for she had always possessed the peculiarly feminine charm of tact in what she wore, and the material and colouring of her grey gown that day were very gratifying to Stephen's artistic taste. A line of blue fur round her throat, and a suggestion of rose-coloured lining to her coat, completed a costume

that looked very simple, but was in reality the outcome of Paquin's deepest thought. There was nothing uncompromisingly stiff and hard about her hat, but on her bright hair the grey felt was perched knowingly, and the plume of a gorgeous Indian bird crossed the brim and nestled on the bright auburn hair. She knew that she was looking her best, and, devoured with curiosity as she was to discover what had led to Hellard's re-instatement in Society, she determined to try her best to fascinate him once again, and bring him back to his allegiance. But Hellard, guessing all this —nay, seeing through every accent of the pretty artificial voice, yet allowed himself to be fascinated once again, telling himself that he was only working out the punishment he had all along intended to inflict for her heartlessness. It would have been impossible to have begun on this agreeable footing had she not ignored the fact of their last meeting, but since she appeared to be sublimely unconscious that she had seen him in his out-at-elbows career, he began to find it easy to weave stories as to the past six years that bore some faint semblance to the truth, albeit a very decorated truth.

Lady Cicely gathered that he had somehow met with great reverses, and had lived in retirement for a time, away from his own kind—but that the death of some old relative had put him in possession of an enormous fortune which he was doing his best to learn how to spend. Lady Cicely listened enthralled to his remarks, and then with numerous expressions of sympathy, she mentally registered a vow to get her maid to find out more as to his extraordinary story from Hellard's valet.

"But since you have made no plans definitely as to India, why not come with us to Sicily for two or three weeks? We are going to join Bobby Vandaleur's yacht, the *Sea Nymph*, at Syracuse later, but I know he will be glad to have you as well —and yachting in the Mediterranean is delicious in the early summer before those horrid Euroclydon storms begin."

"I don't know about the yachting," demurred Stephen, "but I should enjoy Sicily for a bit, and could take my chance of a steamer at Brindisi or Marseilles later on."

"There is a very decent hotel at Taormina," went on Lady Cicely, "and after all, you know, that is half the battle. People talk about glorious mountains and Saracenic buildings, but if they had to exist on hard beef and black bread, they would not see much charm in the place. Now, some friends of ours wanted us to go up to Bronte last year, but when we made inquiries we found that there was the most appalling little hole of an inn—so I said the shades of Nelson might do their thundering alone. I preferred comfort, and didn't care twopence about woods and mountains."

Across Hellard's mind flashed the memory of the words: "Sicily is the Smile of God." Once he had seen dawn flush on the green coast from the sea as he paced the deck of the mail boat from Alexandria, and he had never forgotten the tremulous gold that fell on chestnut grove and wooded cleft of the hills, touching at last the sombre head of the great volcano with its cap of white smoke.

"I am afraid that where scenery comes in, a tablet of compressed meat would suit me admirably. I believe I thrive on light and air," he returned.

"Don't believe Cissie," chimed in Miss Hadow nervously. "She always talks like that, but I, who know her best, have seen her in tears over——"

"You need not perjure yourself further," cried Cicely gaily. "We will take the tears for granted. Let us walk a little, Mr. Hellard. Aunt Letitia will be quite happy studying the sufferings of other people, and rejoicing that she is free from the curse of *mal de mer*."

Hellard rose with alacrity, admiring the way in which the girl trod the deck of the pitching steamer, and they walked briskly up and down for a few moments, talking fitfully of the events of the past six years, watching the stormy light upon the grey sea, and the flash of a gull's white wing as it dipped past the boat. The wind screamed in the rigging overhead as the breeze freshened, but Lady Cicely only laughed as the tendrils of her beautiful hair were ruffled round her forehead, and the air woke a brighter colour in her cheeks. She felt that it would be very easy to win her way back into this man's affections, for her vast experience had shown her that the more sensitive a man's nature might be, so much the more easy was he to be deceived by a little judicious flattery, a little clever talk of the union of twin souls—the hollowness of an unsympathetic world. The *Victoria* was unusually

full of passengers that day, for there were several people on board bound for the Riviera, and others who were part of two big trips to Paris, undertaken by enterprising firms at the minimum of profit. There were several children, and one little family, with a father and mother in all the throes of sea-sickness, interested Hellard in spite of himself.

The head of the family was evidently a bank clerk, who had saved for many weary months for this trip, and his wife, a thin, faded woman with a pale lemon-coloured complexion, looked as though she would freely have given up her share in Paris to seek the shelter of a quieter haven than the deck of a mid-Channel boat. But there were two children with them whose rounded innocence appealed to Stephen, and when Tommy stumbled and fell with a little howl of despair, as a wave lifted the *Victoria* and then dropped her with a sickening lurch, Hellard paused to set the child on his feet. Lady Cicely drew away her gown quickly from the contact with the little hands covered with gingerbread and toffee.

"I hate dirty little brats," she said sharply. "He will be much happier grubbing in the scuttle."

But Hellard was of a different opinion, and said so firmly, and after a moment Cicely left him, with a shrug of annoyance, as he sat down trying to make friends with the children, and to suggest lemon-and-soda remedies to the despairing parents. Ten minutes later he was in possession of all their childish confidences, and with the thought of Gay in his mind had started upon a wonderful story of a bear who lived in a coal-pit and only ate overseers, when he became aware that Beddows, his immaculate valet, was standing at his elbow with an imperturbable countenance.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I was not quite sure whether you are aware that Miss Hadow is looking for you on the other side of the deck, sir."

There was something curiously firm about Beddow's manner, and Hellard, bewildered and irritated, yet felt himself compelled to put down the child and cross the deck to where Lady Cicely and her aunt were lamenting a prostrate maid with open-mouthed annoyance.

"Gracious, Mr. Hellard, what shall we do?—the creature is absolutely fainting. Maids have no right to nerves," said Lady Cicely. "She has fainted three times since we left Dover, and Aunt Letitia is quite upset about it."

Hellard listened politely, and ended by despatching Beddows with brandy and smelling salts for the invalid, and concluding the day by reading aloud to Miss Hadow from the *Court Journal*, and listening to the frequent remarks of Cicely and Beaumont on the frailties and follies of their numerous acquaintances.

They landed at Calais in the red of an April evening, when the crucifix that fronts the landing-stage stood out black against a background of flame, and it seemed no time to Hellard till he was ensconced in a special Pullman car on the Sud express, for which he had arranged. He had the pleasure of asking his three friends to share it with him, and to see that they appreciated to the full the possibilities that a million of money presents. Before they had reached Paris, it was decided that he should not remain there at all, but travel straight through to Messina, and from thence to Taormina, there to remain till the *Sea Nymph* furled her white wings in the harbour of Catania and beckoned him on board.

The long journey was successfully accomplished, and Hellard managed to make the discomforts of Italian railway travelling less apparent than usual. They reached Messina in the dawn of a new day, and Hellard, as he stood on the platform of the little station, realised for the first time the intense beauty of Sicily. They were waiting for the long-delayed train, and Cicely and Miss Hadow were extremely cross after a bad night, while even Beaumont expressed a strong doubt as to whether they would ever be comfortable in this forsaken hole.

Beddows and Annette were guarding the luggage, and perhaps never had a more dishevelled trio of the feminine sex set foot in Messina. Miss Hadow was muffled in a shawl as a protection against toothache, Lady Cicely was thoroughly travel-stained and in need of curling-pins and powder, while Annette had barely recovered from her attack of sea-sickness, and was audibly expressing a wish that she had never left Hill Street, Mayfair.

But Hellard, with his eyes fixed upon the Calabrian mountains trembling under the glory of a new day, flushing to rose from crest to foot, saw nothing of his

companions for the time. He was away in a new world, filled with the blue of the glittering Mediterranean, the shadows from the mighty cone of Etna—the black lava hollows in the Valle del Bove—the red of the walls of the Greek theatre, where Taormina towered on its sovereign height.

"The train is waiting," said Beaumont, touching his arm impatiently at last. "My dear fellow, this is all very nice, but I'd barter it for a sole fried to a T, and a mutton chop grilled as they can only do it at Frascati's."

Hellard, rousing himself, gave his arm mechanically to Miss Hadow, and they entered the train in silence. As he turned to look his last at Messina, Hellard gave a sudden cry, for on the platform staring after the departing train was a figure that he could have sworn was that of Mr. Hutton himself. Old and bent, he was leaning on his stick, looking earnestly after them, but in another moment Hellard was fain to acknowledge himself mistaken, for he remembered that Hutton passed for an invalid, and was too frail to leave the precincts of his own house or comfortable hotel for long together.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Miss Hadow, nervously. "Surely you have not seen any distressing sight. Really, these beggars are most aggravating—so wrong of people to be poor in a warm place—they must be thoroughly shiftless."

And with a murmur of reflections on the Government, Miss Hadow slipped off into a disturbed nap, from which she kept waking with little ejaculations of horror, and requests that Cicely would count her parcels, for she was convinced that the packing-case tied up with red braid was missing.

Hellard sat steadying himself on the ledge of the window, as the Sicilian train jolted uncomfortably along its narrow track. The monotony of the journey was relieved by their arrival at the various little stations, and the blowing of horns that heralded their departure again; the jolt with which the train started every time and the evident lack of Westinghouse brakes, rousing much comment from Miss Hadow and her companion.

But Hellard never forgot the look of the sea as they left Giardini in the ramshackle carriage that met them at the wayside station. Crawling up the face of the steep cliff, the two little barbs gallantly crested the ascent, and when he looked down on Isola Bella a flight of swallows, dropping seawards like a cloud, caught the sun upon their feathers and turned to glittering gold.

CHAPTER VI

"Nay: too steep for hill mounting,
Nay, too late for cost counting,
This down-hill path is easy, but
There's no turning back."

FLORIO'S Hotel at Taormina nestles under the very walls of the Greek theatre, and is almost English in its comforts. Even Lady Cicely could find nothing to abuse in the clean floors of red lava carpeted with Indian matting, and the coloured walls of the lofty rooms, toned in pleasant blue and white. A long verandah ran in front of the building, and there the tables were laid for early breakfast of coffee and rolls in full view of one of the most exquisite scenes in the world.

It was not very early in the morning after their arrival that the whole party collected again at breakfast, for the remainder of the previous day had been spent in unpacking and settling into rooms that seemed to Miss Hadow's jaundiced eye to be sparsely furnished with the necessaries of life on further examination. She was a woman who speedily lost patience with life, and saw the disagreeable side of existence before any one else had gone further than the outer shell, and she had fallen foul of Caterina the chambermaid, and instituted a thorough cleansing of her bedroom, with a corresponding scouring of the verandah from which it communicated into the salon. It was with a triumphant air of success in having thoroughly aroused the lowest passions of the Florio family that Miss Hadow, attired in a hard holland gown adorned by a stiff linen collar, joined the remainder of her party at early breakfast, just as Caterina, with a brow of thunder, set down the shining plated coffee-pot and the glass jar of honey.

The hotel was fairly full, but they had already bespoken their table in the open air, and the guests behind them sipping their coffee at the long table, looked with something like envy at the new-comers who could afford to pay all the extra charges and to make it worth the while of Signor Florio to oblige them in every way.

Hellard was leaning with his elbows on

the top rail of the verandah, oblivious of all around him. His eyes were on the wonder of the view about him, and he was wishing with all his heart that Mary Holland were with him, drinking in all this exquisite beauty with the whole power of her artistic nature. Below him the blue sea lapped a shore, foam-rimmed, of yellow sand, on which the Sicilian fishing boats were drawn up beyond reach of the tideless Mediterranean. The smiling valley under the mountains was green with olive glades and oak woods, and in the garden below him the birds were singing, and the song of the nightingale out-rivalled every other note. The little town, with its cathedral, its churches, and its towered palaces, was huddled up at the top of the sheer cliff, and above it, the castle hung upon a frowning crag, with the village of Mola above that again, with the sun streaming through broken walls many hundred feet nearer the sky. Etna was capped with smoke, light and filmy as a cloud, and the blackness of the dreary lava slopes was forgotten in the patches of golden broom and the intense blue and rose of the Alpine flowers that starred the edges of the great volcano, even after the last tree of the chestnut woods had ceased to flourish in the rarefied air. He could see the patches of snow in the hollows of the Vale del Bove, on which the sun never shines, and the long shadows that lay between him and the mountain seemed to turn to gold as he waited, so that every hollow was the home of a myriad rainbow colours that grew from the gossamer threads. He knew that such a scene lifted his heart heavenward, and he felt that within him was the longing for the higher life that he had always felt when in Mary's company; and so unconsciously his mind was led to her and her boy, and he linked the beauty of the place with his love for her.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hellard! Are you star-gazing? Poor Aunt Letitia has been waiting for your notice for quite an age, and there is your man with your letters."

He came down to earth again with a run and found Lady Cicely at his side, dazzlingly pretty and fresh in pale blue muslin, with a soft lace fichu and a cloud of tulle that did duty for a hat upon her bright hair. She brought the world back to him again as she spoke, and so did Beddows, waiting immovably by his chair with his letters. He bade her good-morning, and hastened to repair his breach of courtesy as regarded her aunt.

"I was so delighted with the view, Miss Hadow," he said apologetically. "It has beauty enough to turn any man's head, and yet win forgiveness for him."

"The view's well enough," returned Miss Hadow with a sniff, "only for gracious patience' sake let me know if this is all the honey for four persons. I should have preferred a filleted sole or a couple of eggs, and really, a bloater would have been almost preferable to this pernicious sweetness."

"Oh, Aunt Letitia!—bloaters and Mount Etna!" cried Cicely, with a glance of acute pain in Hellard's direction, but he was engaged with his letters and did not heed her.

There were a few of the ordinary communications that a millionaire receives—begging letters and requests for autographs—for a discreet paragraph in the Society papers had placed his affairs at the command of the English public, always interested in such matters—and one private letter, the handwriting of which he had every reason to know well. It was from Mr. Hutton, and, to his surprise, carried on its surface an Italian stamp:—

DEAR HELLARD,' it began, without date or address, "Just a line to say that the term 'associate' is a too wide one for my meaning. You retain the million of money only on condition that you take no interest in the affairs—nor in any way do kindnesses to, any persons in a lower position in life to yourself. Your wealth places you now on a footing with those people with whom you are travelling, and I shall have means of knowing whether my conditions are acted up to, as Jabez Hutton's fortune was never intended to ease the lot of fools, and they are only fools who can sink in the scale of humanity out of their proper place. But if I know your character, as I think I do, I shall not have to complain of any laxity on this score, and at the end of six months you will still be a millionaire.

"Yours very truly,

"J. DEVELIN HUTTON."

Hellard, meditating over this letter, lifted his eyes towards the radiant country again, and found his valet looking at him in a fixed manner. It was a very strange glance of absolute knowledge that entirely bewildered Hellard, but it was all

over in a moment, and Beddows was smoothing out the newspapers and gauging the contents of the cream-jug with the absorbed air of a good servant. And when Hellard later tried to extract some information as to his past career by a series of questions, Beddows was sublimely ignorant of a life that dated further back than when he was confidential man to Lord Arthur Conroy.

After breakfast he made a point of destroying his letter from Hutton with a feeling that thereby he was burning something that was an unholy compact between him and the giver of the money. He was at first inclined to dispute Hutton's right in disposing of his free-will, but remembered with a pang that he held his fortune only conditionally, and he recognised the first down-hill step in the ease with which he accommodated himself to circumstances.

He was writing letters, when a tap came at his door, and Beddows appeared with a message from Lady Cicely to say that they had gone up into the Greek theatre, and would Hellard join them as soon as possible; and not unwilling to put thought aside, he took up his hat and went out through the blinding glare of sunlight into the cool depths of the ruin.

Cicely Dare was sitting in a corner of the arch, and she made room for him with a pretty gesture of welcome.

"I was lonely out here," she said. "Aunt Letitia has seen an inlaid chest of drawers that she wants to buy, and she and Captain Beaumont have gone off with the intent of beating down the unfortunate owner a few lire. How she proposes to convey it to Hill Street is another question."

"That will be no difficulty," said Hellard, taking the vacant place.

"No—so you millionaires always say. Money can do everything, can't it?"

"Yes," said Hellard; "I suppose so."

"It is the most delightful thing in the world," said Lady Cicely with a faint sigh. "The want of it is the only real trouble in life.

Hellard had thought so once, he was not sure that he did not think so still, but he was open to conviction for the moment from either side.

"I am not certain on that fact," he said argumentatively. "I have heard that all sorrow is the outcome of sin, but have yet to learn that poverty is a sin, though it may lead to sin."

"That shows how little you know of what you are talking," cried his companion gaily. "There can be no alleviation in poverty—even in genteel penury—and when you are rich, you can soften every evil, even bad health. I am quite sure that if people are on the verge of starvation, they must have been brought there by their own folly, and that is criminal."

She had entirely forgotten that in him she was addressing a man whom she had met so short a time ago, in such a condition, but the prosperous man in the immaculate suit had forgotten nothing, and his answer showed it.

"I know how the world treats the poor man," he said bitterly: "I know that a poor man would prefer——"

He broke off suddenly, conscious that he had been on the verge of saying something that he would have regretted—something that would put Lady Cicely in an awkward position and compel an explanation.

She saw the danger, and returned lightly: "Oh! the world—who cares about the world? I would dearly love to live in a place like this with the man I loved—'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' Say in one of those white villas on the cliffs where we could watch the sun rise and the moon set, and be like the lotus-eaters—drowsing away our lives in one blissful afternoon."

She had spoken daringly, and for an instant Hellard fancied that there was real passion in her words.

"You would get tired of it," he said gravely; "and, besides, what use would you be to your fellow-creatures?"

"Of what use are we now, you or I?" she cried, then paused at his stricken face —"I beg your pardon, perhaps you are really the most philanthropic person on earth—perhaps you are of the sort who do good by stealth and blush to find themselves famous." Her lovely mocking face, framed by the ruddy brick, looked back at him, and he rose abruptly.

"I never do good—it is an—impossibility," he said awkwardly. "Come and climb higher up, this place oppresses me."

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall," she quoted, giving him one long, lingering glance from under her black lashes and challenging the answering couplet.

He laughed, and in another moment they were racing up the green slope like

two children, where they stood at last on the summit, with the sun-flash from the Mediterranean dazzling their eyes, and the shadow from the marble-quarried mountain about them reflected back from the pink walls.

Lady Cicely had been in love with Stephen Hellard in old days, though her worldly wisdom had preached down what little heart she possessed, and although she could not in the might of her vanity have contemplated a marriage that would have meant a social descent, yet now even, with only his original £1500 a year, she would gladly have married him, and how much more readily, seeing that he was a millionaire. She would risk a great deal to win him, but perhaps she did not altogether realise that she was risking his respect by her open tactics, although he had said to himself once already that a man might do worse in his position than marry a girl who was so essentially a woman of the world to her finger-tips. She was ignorant of the conditions by which he held his fortune, but even though he would not break them in the letter, yet he might do so in the spirit, should he finally make up his mind to break entirely with the past.

Miss Hadow was conversationally annoyed at luncheon. She was vexed with the Sicilian idea of a mid-day meal, which she said reminded her of a high tea in Pentonville. She was vexed at the heat, and at the fact that the chest of drawers was palpably a fraud on closer inspection; and the sight of her niece, cool and fresh in her muslin gown, added fuel to the fire.

"If I could have sat in the shade all day, I should have thoroughly enjoyed the morning," she concluded tartly. "And Walter Beaumont was not even an amusing companion. I declare it was a relief when he announced his intention of walking over the mountain to some place or other. His eyes were always on the theatre and never on the Sicilian who was doing his best to cheat me."

Cicely blushed a little, and Hellard laughed.

"You see, Lady Cicely, what a lodestar you are to your poor votaries."

"Walter Beaumont is no votary of mine," she answered sharply. "How should he be, when he has not two halfpennies to rub against one another!"

The frank worldliness of her tone annoyed Hellard, and he pushed aside his plate of purple figs.

"In fact, Lady Cicely," he said sarcastically, "you and I are of the same mind. Brains or personal charms count as nought compared to the solid virtue of English gold. Beaumont might be as witty as Molière, or as handsome as a Greek statue, but if Midas came round the corner with his millions——"

He ended with a shrug, and the girl laughed prettily.

"Ah! well, not quite so bad as that. But you and I are agreed, Mr. Hellard, that money is the principal factor in happiness."

Was he agreed on that disastrous creed? He could not be sure, even after a fortnight of experience as a millionaire. He was beginning to find that there was a want of interest in an existence that had not to look at both sides of a sovereign before it left his possession. He could do absolutely what he wished, but he felt at that moment that he wished for nothing.

He was sitting in his room watching the sun dapple the lava floor through the green shutters. He had contemplated a siesta, but the bed with its gauze curtains invited him in vain—he could not sleep. He was wondering what Mary Holland had said when she found him gone, and what Gabriel had done when he saw the golden horse. He could fancy his joy, but he could see the sorrowful look upon Mary's face as she read his letter of explanation. He had not been strong enough to resist the temptation of riches, and even he could not tell whither it would lead him. His two natures were at war with one another, and for the present the lower had the domination.

There was a knock at his door, and he flung himself into a busy attitude at his writing-table, as Beddows entered.

"Would you have any objection, sir, to my having this afternoon to myself?" he said, with a discreet glance round the room which noted the unwritten paper and the empty inkstand.

"Oh, certainly! certainly!" Hellard said hastily, with a sense of relief at the thought that he should be free from what seemed to be almost espionage for a short time.

"I thought of going down to Messina, sir, for some shopping. Could I do anything for you?"

The stately presence was still at his

door hesitating, with the handle in his fingers.

"Pray do—I require nothing," Hellard replied, with a touch of impatience, and Beddows withdrew as noiselessly as he had arrived.

As soon as the house was silent again, Hellard rose and went down into the garden by the flight of steps leading from the long window of his bedroom. He wanted to escape from his travelling companions for awhile and be alone to enjoy the real delight with which he was regarding the scenery about him. The garden gave on to the street through a wooden door in the wall, and with the sense of a naughty child escaping from its nurse, he slipped back the latch and stood in one of the narrow by-streets of the town, alone. He made his way across the road, and up a steep incline that led out on to the hills, drawing in the fresh air with every breath of his lungs, till he stood far above the town, with the white houses of Taormina nestling on the cliff below him, and the Mediterranean glittering like a shield of blue as far as the eye could reach. There was a small house that he could distinguish on his right hand, set in a grove of olive trees and fig bushes, and shut off from the path by an iron gate. It had an indefinable English air about its exterior, and about the muslin curtains that fluttered in the light wind behind the green shutters. He found himself looking at it rather curiously, with a sense of interest, when the gate suddenly opened and a little girl of about eleven years old came swiftly out. Her face was pinched and white, and her breath coming and going in quick gasps of terror. But she was evidently accustomed to rigid self-control, for she caught at his arm and steadied her voice through its sobs:

SHE CAUGHT AT HIS ARM AND STEADIED HER VOICE THROUGH ITS SOBS

"Oh, come—come—mother is very ill," she said. "Oh! I am glad to find some one—I am so frightened," and without a moment's hesitation, he followed her into the garden and shut the gate behind him.

(To be continued.)

Morley's Life of Gladstone

BY PRINCIPAL RAINY, D.D.

IT is vain to attempt a show of adequacy in our notice of this remarkable book. The undertaking was for Mr. Morley a great test of literary skill, fidelity, and right feeling. The result does him the highest credit. But what a mass of history and what a stream of biography it brings before us!

Mr. Gladstone was born in 1809. He entered Parliament in 1832, became a Goverment official in 1834. He was associated with Sir Robert Peel in the great fiscal reforms, and in the repeal of the Corn Laws. He became a member of Lord Aberdeen's Government in 1853, and in 1859 he took office under Lord Palmerston, which constituted his official adherence to Liberalism. His great financial reputation was now established. He was leader of the Commons under Earl Russell in 1865. In 1868 he became Prime Minister, again in 1880, in 1886 and in 1892. On the ground of failing sight and hearing, he retired in 1894. In 1839 he had married Miss Catherine Gwynne, and his home was a rarely happy one. As to public life, one recalls his early book on the Church in relation to the State, the Tractarian movement with its exciting results, the European revolutions of 1848 and after, the fiscal and Colonial reforms, the Crimean War, the Education question in its various stages, the reform of the Universities, the franchise questions, the rise of the German, and the fall of the French Empire, Majuba in South Africa, Egypt and Khartoum, Church and State questions, becoming more pressing in his later years, and the long-drawn-out trouble of Ireland, culminating in the two forms of the Home Rule project, on which amid boundless excitement and division of judgment his latest public efforts were expended. These are fragments of the list. Recalling these stirring passages, and the central position of the man who, whether right or wrong, always strove to deal with each event on what seemed to him principles of right, one is bewildered at the idea of judging and summing up the whole.

Well, as one reads the life, that intense and energetic nature seems to be among us again. Yet the vision comes in a softened light, and the whole rises before the mind as it could not do in the time of actual toil and strife; the great elements of character and the great motives of decision take their proper place. We understand better, which is a great gain.

One common impression about Gladstone is, that whatever his great qualities, he was sombre and imperious, as a man of his quality must be sometimes preoccupied, and vehement stories could be told to bear that impression out. But that idea must be qualified. As Gladstone put his whole mind into the questions he dealt with, he could not be easily moved from his ground. But the evidence is clear that his habit was self-control—courtesy in meeting on common ground men who had a right to speak, patience in discussion and patience with serious differences of judgment. He reckoned all that to be his duty, and he possessed in full the natural courtesy which made it his point of honour. Still, one of the forces which made him what he was, was a capacity for being angry. Sometimes it came out quite funnily. On one occasion the writer met with him on the evening of a busy day in one of his great campaigns. The day's impression had been marred in his opinion by some well-meant stupidity of a parliamentary adherent. No one else probably thought much about it, but Mr. Gladstone reported the conduct that might have spoiled his meeting with a solemnity of wrath that was highly diverting.

Certainly the impression of an open and gracious nature was what one gathered from his conversation. No attempts shall be made here to characterise it, and it did not lend itself to be judged by samples. It left you with the sense of a delightful mental atmosphere, the atmosphere of one who lived in large and rich worlds, with an unfailing note of nobility —he thought nobly and he took others on their nobler side. But the point is that it was in no degree over-bearing. He did not try to dominate the talk, though of course there were times when his mind was full of some subject which dominated

him. But usually he took topics as they came, talked on any with singular vitality and brightness. And he was quite capable of giving himself up to sheer fun and merriment. If topics failed he took you on your own department, welcomed what you could tell him, and had some unexpected contribution to make to the subjects you thought you knew best. For example, if he asked you about the supply of students for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he would tell you presently of the difficulties in that department of the Roman Catholic Church in England, confirming it by a statement of the exact number of Belgian priests doing duty at the time in Roman Catholic churches in Liverpool. Mr. Morley has given charming recollections of talk in his third volume.[1]

The permanent impressions about a public man must be based on his public achievements. Amid all the variety of his interests Gladstone's life, as Mr. Morley has said, was in the main the life of a statesman—his business was "to work the institutions of his country." The biographer also remarks again as "a signal trait" that "not for two centuries had our island produced a ruler in whom the religious motive was paramount in the like degree." These are therefore the main points. In saying a word or two about them, contentious assertions shall be as much as possible avoided.

Is it correct to say that as a statesman Mr. Gladstone's development was slow? He himself has suggested it (*Life*, I., p. 453). One would not be apt to say this of a man who came to his public career with high University distinction, who was in office before he was twenty-six, and whose note of distinction all along was keenness and competency. There is just one sense in which Gladstone "ripened slowly"; and that explains also many of the reproaches to which he was exposed.

Gladstone began his career with full conviction as a Tory born and bred, and he became at last the leader of Liberalism. That was his destiny. The mental qualities which laid him open to such a change characterised him from the first. But their working was delayed and complicated not merely by family and party ties, but by strong inward prepossessions and loyalties, which yielded only step by step. A man who is destined to such a career, is necessarily destined also to be the object of strong suspicions as to his integrity, and to antipathies, as if he had betrayed a good cause. It was so in the earlier instance of Peel. Gladstone, like Peel, was the son of an able, self-made man, who had risen by his own energy, and whose sympathies were with strong government.

A visitor at Fasque narrated to the writer a little scene. It was in the days that followed the repeal of the Corn Laws. Sir John totally disapproving of this, was yet visibly pleased with the place his son was taking in political life. One morning at breakfast—only one present besides the father and the son—Sir John from behind his newspaper emitted sundry denunciations of the effects of the repeal on the landed interest. It was ruined. "I can't believe, Sir," said William, "things are so hopeless: I see in the paper to-day that a friend of mine has been buying land. He is a capital judge both of business and land, and I think he knows what he is doing." "Ah, William," quoth Sir John, "ye have me there."

Old Gladstone deserved respect and confidence, which the son cordially gave him; and Oxford confirmed the inherited political bias. Yet methods of research and instincts of inquiry were present in Gladstone as in Peel, which wrought revolutions as the years advanced. In Gladstone's case the tumult of criticism and reproach was still louder than in Peel's. Though the tenacity of his nature long delayed the final break with Conservatism, yet his political change was in the end more thorough than Peel's, and expressed itself in forms more startling and explosive. There was this farther complication, that Gladstone was intensely possessed by religious principles, on which men differed widely and felt acutely. Finally Gladstone, as compared with Peel, had the more aggressive, impulsive, missionary nature; probably also he was less able to conceive justly how his conclusions would appear to other minds. One need not wonder that such a man, continuing to live and to live intensely during a political life of sixty-two years, should gather round him much of eager partisanship, and at the same time should rouse irritations and antipathies which were receiving fresh accretions almost to the end.

[1] But read the letters to the Duchess of Sutherland in the second volume. They play round public topics, but they are full of the glow of private friendship.

Those who judge his course to have been largely perverse, may naturally suspect that the meaner motives had more to do with it than he was himself aware of. The Life will give pause to these judgments. To his own thinking the history of his life, politically, was this: starting from an order of thought which regarded liberty as a dangerous force to be sedulously watched and restrained, his mind opened gradually, and at first reluctantly, to a sense of its priceless worth.[1] Onlookers will add that another element which determined the form and force of his career was a passion for justice and burning indignation at wrong. This revealed itself signally in the cases of Naples and of Bulgaria: but it was always present. Men will differ whether this impulse always in his case found its proper objects. But it was a great element in the man.

Some of the most interesting questions about Mr. Gladstone connect themselves with the religious side of his life. Mr. Morley has intimated that he does not think himself the man to expound Mr. Gladstone's position in this respect. But with great fidelity and skill he has done for us the best thing possible, in allowing this element to appear in a natural way and in its proper place. Many, including the writer, differed widely from Mr. Gladstone on points of belief which he reckoned important. But no one can read the life without a profound impression of the supreme place which religion had in him. This does not ensure a man against errors. Under the influence of religious emotions it is possible for us to consecrate our mistakes, and to clothe them with an authority they do not deserve. That is a well-known danger to which every religious man is exposed, and against which he has to guard. Gladstone knew this. He knew also how religion may become a pretext for worse evil:—

"There is one proposition which the experience of life burns into my soul—that a man should beware of letting his religion spoil his morality. In a thousand ways, some great, some small, we are daily tempted to this great sin" (Vol. II. 185).

But this was the element that sustained and dignified his life. It gave him the confidence of many who on theological, as on other details, were far from being at one with him; they saw that he feared God.

He began with the Evangelical belief, which had nourished saintly lives among his relatives. At Oxford he began to regard some of its teachings as too narrow; and the tone at least of High Churchism became familiar to him; but the early teaching had already fixed in his mind the great faiths on which he built to the end. A more definite influence which was in the air soon reached him, as in those days it reached so many. The more sacramental side of the Prayer-book suggested a new order of thoughts, and a visit to Rome—especially his first visit to St. Peter's—flashed upon him a vivid impression of the Unity of the Church, and of the place in Christianity to be accorded to it. Henceforth the atmosphere in which his religious life breathed was that of High Church Anglicanism: only, he gradually became milder in his judgment of others, while steadfast for himself. But his attitude to religious privilege and obligation was always the same, from the time when, as a youth, writing to his father, he explained his growing desire for the office of the ministry, on the ground of the nobility of the work and the deplorable needs of the world, on to the latest day of his life. When he went into politics and became a statesman, it was with this as his purpose, to serve God and the Church.

One point is his relation to Romanism. He owns that he took a mild view of the theoretical differences between Rome and Canterbury. Also his ties with the Tractarian party, his vigorous battles for their most assailable men, his intimate friendship with Newman, Manning, and Hope Scott, his whole attitude, in a word, brought him under vehement suspicion. He was accused as not merely a Romanist, but a Jesuit. All this was in the main a mistake. It can be strongly maintained that the man who is a Tractarian ought in logic to be a Romanist. But Gladstone at all events never thought so. Indeed it has always appeared to the writer that Gladstone was even singularly insensible to the temptations or the attractions Romewards which operated so irresistibly on some of his friends; nor is it easy to explain it. On one occasion, when the Oxford movement was the subject of conversation, some of the obvious considerations which might explain the secession to Rome of men like Newman and Manning were suggested. Gladstone put them aside rather impatiently. Why then, he was asked, did the

[1] Vol. III. 535, and elsewhere.

men go? He accounted for it by this, that they had taken up ground which ruined their prospects in the Church of England, and left them little future there; and they went over to Rome to get out of the difficulty. This was very surprising: but it must be added that probably he was thinking most of Manning. One could see a feeling of irritation in regard to Manning's secession, as if it had something unworthy about it.[1] The same feeling reappears in the *Life* (I. 387). But he could hardly have spoken as he did if he had been himself sensitive to the peculiar strain which Newman and Manning must have endured. Gladstone did, no doubt, cherish a friendly feeling towards both the Latin and the Greek communions. But he had a very bad opinion of modern Romanism as a system, and he felt no temptation to leave the Church of England.

It may be worth while to mention an anecdote he told on the occasion just referred to. Shortly before Manning went over Mr. Gladstone was attending church, and received the communion. As he was kneeling at the altar Manning came up the aisle and knelt beside him. The service was proceeding when Manning started up, saying, "I can't bear this sort of thing any longer," and left the church.

Gladstone, as his life advanced, cultivated intercourse with notable Nonconformists. It may not be quite easy to represent to oneself the exact mood of mind in which he did so. Of course, as they represented a section of the community more prompt than any other to sympathise with his passion for liberty and his indignation at wrong, it was worth a statesman's while to cultivate their friendship. But there was certainly more in it, something of real interest and predilection. On the other hand, it would be a great mistake to suppose that Gladstone became attracted to Nonconformity as such. Probably he found it more and more an interesting and stimulating thing to feel himself on common ground of positive Christianity with devout men, who yet were different from his Church associates in the cast of their Christianity; just as a Nonconformist may recognise a grace of its own in some types of Church devoutness, without any desire to leave the fellowship which more fully satisfies his conscience and his heart. Gladstone took a great interest in the affairs of all Churches: but it may be doubted whether he could worship comfortably, even as an exception, in any but his own.

As the place held by religion in the life of Gladstone has been referred to, it may be permissible to close with a little scene. On a Sunday afternoon or evening at Hawarden the party in the drawing-room included two guests. One was Lord Ripon, who, it may be remembered, had joined the Church of Rome. The other was a statesman who diverged from the Church of England in a different direction and not less widely. Conversation had been going on with the usual ease, but at a certain point Mr. Gladstone rose, went to a side-table where two silver candlesticks stood, and lighted the candles. Taking one in each hand he approached his guests, and begged them to come with him. They rose and went, not knowing why, but conjecturing that perhaps some political event required consultation. The prime minister guided them along a passage to a room, where he set down his candles, and said that he hoped they could occupy themselves pleasantly for a time; there were books and writing materials. He then departed. The two conjectured vainly what the object of their pilgrimage might be, till in a little while the sound of hymns proceeding from the direction of the drawing-room suggested the explanation. Mr. Gladstone was not going to interrupt the usual Sunday occupations of the family. At the same time he provided against his friends feeling themselves in an awkward or false position. The picture of the aged statesman, with a candle in each hand, marching off his questionable guests to safer quarters, is a vignette which is surely worth preserving in a corner of one's fancy.

[1] Purcell's *Life of Manning* had not then appeared. The writer believes it modified favourably Gladstone's impression of Manning's motives in the great step of his life.

Irish Viceroys of Two Centuries

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT

"THIS sort of thing I suppose has gone quite out." Fitting the action to the words the speaker, who happened to be Charles Lever the novelist, imitated the movement of one cocking and levelling a pistol by holding up and pointing his nutcrackers, across the walnuts and the wine, at the head of his host, who happened to be the late Sir William Gregory, sometime member for Galway, the entertainer of Lever, with one or two more, at his Irish country house near Gort. The little incident happened between the date of the first Irish visit paid by King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, together with his mother, and Gregory's resignation of his seat on appointment to the Ceylon Governorship. The political services of the author of "Charles O'Malley," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to his party were rewarded by an Italian consulship about the same time that his former host and life-long friend received the most coveted of all colonial preferments. Lever died at his post in 1872. Gregory survived him nearly twenty years, living to find himself among the most widely popular of intellectual Irishmen in London society, and—a position for which he had long entertained a fancy—a trustee of the National Gallery. The year which first took King Edward across St. George's Channel, during Lord Clarendon's Viceroyship, witnessed the close of an Irish era, whose social peculiarity had been pantomimically symbolised by the nutcrackers at Gregory's dinner-table.

With Lord Clarendon's great triumph, the passing of the Encumbered Estates Act,

JOHN WILLIAM, FOURTH EARL OF BESSBOROUGH. DIED 1847

July 1849, the Ireland of Sir Jonah Barrington, of convivial and feudal romance—the social *régime*, in fact, of the Middle Ages—came to an end. The Estates Commissioners met at Dublin for the first time in the October of the twelvemonth that introduced King Edward, when heir apparent, to the land of the Celt. They closed their court in the latest days of July 1858. The interval separating those two events witnessed the final scene in a national transformation act. Within rather more than half a generation, the personnel of the classes, giving the tone and setting the fashion to Irish society, had been changed. The establishment of new standards of social orthodoxy followed. National modes and habits of life went out—the methods of Anglo-Saxon gentility took their place. Such were the results following the sale of more than twenty thousand properties and the realisation of more than twenty millions by their embarrassed owners.

The Viceroyships, coincident with the transition from the old Ireland to the new, were chiefly those of Lord Bessborough and of Lord Clarendon. Originally settled in a Cumberland district called after their own name, the Ponsonbys came to Ireland in Cromwell's time; Sir John, the founder of the Irish house, received his Irish estate as a reward for a brilliant colonelcy of the Protector's crack cavalry corps. His second son, of the same name as himself, gave the Irish House of Commons its most polished and popular as well as its raciest Speaker. The Irish Viscountcy of Duncannon proved the stepping-stone from knightship to the Bessborough earldom. The fourth earl, throughout his long life, was never anything but an agreeable and interesting centre, round which much political life revolved. His stately and genial presence supplied the earliest and the most characteristic of the connecting-links between the social life of the Victorian and of the Georgian eras.

Closely related to the Lord Spencer who had been the associate of Carlisle, Fitzpatrick, Fox, and Grey in the most brilliant period of Devonshire House, by manner, sympathies and tastes, he belonged more to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century. His commanding reputation originally rested less on great talents than on admirable personal qualities—imperturbable serenity of temper, a quiet sense of humour that made him the best of companions, a keen eye for the absurd, in which

GEORGE, FOURTH LORD CLARENDON

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on the occasion of the King's first visit to that country in 1849

he found the same practical help as greater men have derived from philosophy. None of his characteristic sayings seem to have appeared in print. Several of them have been orally handed down. Some of the most characteristic may be given now. Lord Derby's failure in 1851 to form an administration was probably due to the timidity of Herries and the impracticability of Henley. Bessborough meeting both the same day described Herries as "looking like an old doctor who had just killed a patient," and Henley "like the undertaker who was to bury him." To the same period belonged two other remarks in the same vein. When at last the Derby government came into being, Bessborough happened to meet at dinner the Tory Whip, a great character in his day, "Ben" Stanley. "What place was to be given to a certain sporting peer?" "Oh," replied the Whip, "the Buckhounds of course. That is the only thing for men who reek of the stables." Bessborough, like Lord Granville, who also happened to be of the company, had himself held that horsey office. Quietly turning to Lord Granville, he remarked, "Rather

rough on us. Before we are quite deodorised for anything better, let us hurry into quarantine, in the purifying atmosphere of the room inhabited by Treasury understrappers."

The second reading of the Papal Aggression Bill, debated March 26, 1851, drew forth a capital speech from the third Sir Robert Peel, the great statesman's eldest son. "It was," said Bessborough, perhaps echoing Disraeli, "so straightforward and honest that his father, had he been there, must have disowned him." The late Lord Granville once apologised for his unconscionable number of sisters, cousins, and aunts to be found in the peerage. The exact words will perhaps be given in Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's forthcoming *Life of Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Secretary*. The Irish Viceroy just before the first visit of Queen Victoria's successor, had pleasantly pleaded guilty to the same soft impeachment, in a speech at a send-off dinner before leaving London. Lord Bessborough's personal charm and attraction for all classes may be judged from two facts. When William IV. had denounced the Whigs as "the greatest rascals with which it had pleased Providence ever to curse the earth," the King, while refusing to see the chiefs of the anathematised party, continued his personal friendship to Lord Bessborough who had acted as their Whip. During his last illness, while he yet lived, though hope of recovery was despaired of, the Irish capital offered up, in all its places of worship, a unanimous prayer that "a life so precious to the country" might be preserved. The purity and happiness of the Viceroy's home life had combined with his wise administration to place him in the rank of Irish worthies. On the night of his death, after the doctor's last visit, he quietly felt his own pulse. Remarking that the end must be near, he summoned to his bedside all the seventeen members of his family; even after he had taken leave of them he dictated letters to Lord John Russell, to some other of his colleagues. The end, coming soon after midnight, found every quarter of the city in mourning, women, children, and strong men dissolved in tears. Before his viceregal days began, Lord Bessborough's calm, clear judgment and experience had made him a Whig sage, as well as the adviser, most trusted on his own side, in those days, by the Queen and Prince Consort. A born politician, he scarcely aspired to statesmanship. The amiable composure that was the secret of his administrative success had come to him as a family gift. One of his ancestors, terribly wounded in the battle of Waterloo, had passed the night on the field, feeling himself to become weaker every moment from loss of blood. Conscious that the least agitation must be fatal, he dismissed all fear; he was found in the morning sleeping calmly, breathing gently as a child. Consummate self-control had saved his life. Just such another was Lord Clarendon's predecessor, as the Sovereign's representative in the Irish capital.

On July 25, 1839 a "full dress" debate on Spanish affairs kept the Peers sitting long after their usual hour. The discussion resolved itself into a series of Homeric encounters between champions of famous name and family on either side. Especially keen were the anticipations of the oratorical duel known to have been arranged between two men whose titles were charged with historic associations. The successor of the magnificent noble who had represented England at the Vienna Congress, Lord Londonderry, was pitted against a direct descendant of the Lord Clarendon whose word-pictures of the characters in the Great Rebellion had deepened, if not created, the popular reaction which restored the second Charles to his father's throne. Lord Bessborough's eventual successor had thoroughly studied Spanish questions on the spot, when, before coming into his title, he had gone as ambassador to the Peninsula in 1833. That was the first important appearance in Parliament of one destined to follow Lord Bessborough at Dublin Castle. No success could have been more complete, decisive, or have raised higher hopes to be fulfilled in the near future. The patrician period of politics had not then closed; a nation's leaders were still naturally looked for among the Lords. The noble sportsmen who then formed the majority of the Upper House freely exchanged bets on Lord Clarendon's future; odds were actually offered on his being at the head of the Foreign Office within another ten years. Some declared he would reach the Premiership at a single bound; others predicted that a spirit so manifestly superior to existing political environment could only breathe freely in some future combination of Parties. Then he might repeat the triumph of Chatham—trample on precedent and save a people.

The first instalment of fulfilled prophecy was witnessed when the hero of the 1839 debate became Lord Melbourne's Privy Seal in 1840. Indeed before going to Ireland, Lord Clarendon, almost in as great a degree as Lord Bessborough, had been the life and soul of the Whigs at home, had filled many great offices, had declined almost as many more—amongst them the Governorship of Canada. The brother of Bright and Cobden's ally, C. P. Villiers, he, more than any other peer on his side, brought the Free Trade Bill through the Upper House. Confident had been the anticipations of a coalition between the moderate Whigs and the Tories to retain Protection. In the May of 1846 the territorial nobles of moderately progressive sympathies, meeting at Lansdowne House, were very near agreeing to support a Conservative amendment which would have destroyed Peel's chances. Clarendon drew aside Lord Minto and Lord John Russell, with the result that the moderate Whigs were entirely over-ruled. In Lord Palmerston's phrase, "the villierishness of the Villierses had carried everything"; it had pledged the whole party to total repeal. About this time too Lord Clarendon met with a social experience which he used to work up into an admirable anecdote, often in after years, at his Dublin dinners, related by him with admirable humour. Coming home from Brooks', he thought he recognised in St. James' Street a remarkable face, that of the coming founder of the second French Empire, who had indeed, fresh from his French captivity, just landed in England, without the fact having yet become known to any one. That evening, or a few nights later, the Duke of Beaufort gave a dinner-party at Hamilton House. As the guests were entering the dining-room, Clarendon quietly said to the French *attaché* who was among them, "Have you seen *him?*" "Whom?" "Why, Louis Napoleon; he has just escaped from Ham." "I never," continued Lord Clarendon, "saw such a look of terror come over a man. The *attaché* dropped the lady who was on his arm, with one jump cleared the dining-room, passed out of the hall door, flung himself into a cab." Lord Clarendon never thought of making his Irish home the same cosmopolitan centre of intellectual and fashionable life as the place became afterwards in Lord Carlisle's day, when Edward Smyth Pigott, the late dramatic censor, to some extent, acted as master of the very decorous revels.

After the picture by Gilbert Graham

ARCHIBALD WILLIAM, THIRTEENTH EARL OF EGLINTON. DIED 1861

The most typical qualities of his family were impersonated in Lord Clarendon's countenance and manner, as in those of his brother, C. P. Villiers. Those attributes

were happily summed up by a later Viceroy, Lord Carlisle, in the Horatian phrase —*grata protervitas*. Neither of these brothers wanted the well-bred composure of the old Whig. The dignity of both blended itself with a certain survival of boyishness, like that with which Palmerston, to the day of his death, overflowed. Personally, Lord Clarendon, throughout his whole career, enjoyed more of acceptance with Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort than fell to the lot of any other Minister of his time. The royal visit of 1849 entirely grew out of his suggestion. Apropos of that event he said, "I am never very sanguine about things here, but after four years' suffering the people contrast the present influx of strangers and money with the long spell of preceding distress. They associate the Crown with the dawn of a new era; the Prince's interest in all that has to do with the cultivation of the soil has convinced them that their country's regeneration depends upon improved agriculture." That of course formed the central idea of Clarendon's administration. The already-mentioned Encumbered Estates Act was entirely his work. That measure, as he expected, created, in the manner described above, the country anew. Just half a century after his day another royal voyage across St. George's Channel has revived the talk, first current in 1850, about abolishing the Lord Lieutenancy. The date first fixed for that repeal seems to have been New Year's Day, 1851. By tolerably universal consent, it has since been postponed to the Greek Kalends.

This perfect specimen of the patrician English Whig was closely followed at Dublin Castle by a Scotch magnifico, splendidly representative of the principle of birth. To-day the thirteenth Earl of Eglinton is most clearly and splendidly remembered as the deviser of the tournament, at which, in 1839, the late Lord Dufferin's mother was "Queen of Beauty," and Louis Napoleon, entering the lists, jousted with the then Lord Elcho, still surviving as the Earl of Wemyss. In Parliament, Lord Eglinton, Lord Clarendon's opponent, had acted together with Lord Malmesbury as Tory Whip in the Upper House, during the whole season of the Corn Law controversy. "Bad beyond bad" is the phrase, in which a not too friendly critic described more than one of Eglinton's speeches against the policy of freeing the ports. In his own country, especially in his native Lowlands, this scion of the picturesquely ancient houses of Montgomerie and Seton is still remembered as the best landlord, the truest Scot of his time; it was a not very distant ancestor of his who had shed tears at the "misery and slavery of being united to England." Like his contemporary, the Whig Carlisle, the Tory Eglinton had been sent to Eton. His real and perhaps only education came from the historic novels of Sir Walter Scott. The knightly pageant at his castle was only one incidental expression of the taste and colour with which the literature of chivalrous romance had suffused his being. His station, his opportunities and responsibilities impelled him to a place among nineteenth-century statesmen. Otherwise he often, not altogether jestingly,

From a photo by Mayall

SEVENTH EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G. DIED 1864

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

LORD CARNARVON

remarked, "Who knows that like a second Don Quixote I might not have bestridden another Rosinante?" If he remained only a practical Conservative, that was because feudal Toryism had become merely a gospel of political perfection. There mingled also with the sentiment, of which, in matters of state, he was largely compact, the strong and saving common-sense of the hard-headed, keen-visioned Scotch Lowlander. Nothing could better illustrate the fusion of these different attributes than his speech at the first Burns Festival ever held in Ayrshire. In 1852 a Scotch noble of convinced Protestantism was not the Viceroy whom the Irish priesthood could have been expected to welcome. Lord Eglinton never swerved from his loyalty to the principle of national education, as opposed to the educational schemes of concurrent endowment favoured by the Roman Church. At the same time he wounded no papal susceptibilities; he left no sense of personal smart in an hierarchy incessant in its efforts to counterwork the educational policy of the whole government. His bearing towards all classes in the sister island was marked by an urbane gravity; by a demeanour that, if sometimes distant, was always genial; by a homely eloquence which might be serious, but which was not more removed from extravagance than from dulness. So successful during his first term of office had Lord Eglinton been in touching the Irish heart by his kindliness, in satisfying the Irish mind by his wisdom and tact, that, on his second appointment to Dublin Castle in 1858, his return secured him a welcome that was, in its way, a triumph.

Picture the Lord Rosebery of the twentieth century a few years in advance of his real age, of a presence somewhat more imposing, with nothing of the Scot in his carriage or conversation. No bad idea will thus be formed by readers in 1903 of the seventh Earl of Carlisle, in the year he first represented the Queen in Ireland, 1855. The principles and ideas embodied in his administration were as distinct and definite as had been the ideas animating the administration of any who had preceded him, from Lord Bessborough and Lord Clarendon to the head of the Scotch Montgomeries. Carlisle's antiquity of descent from "belted Will Howard" and other ancestors, equally famous in chronicle or legend, gave his personality the same attractive background

Photo by Elliott and Fry

EARL OF ABERDEEN

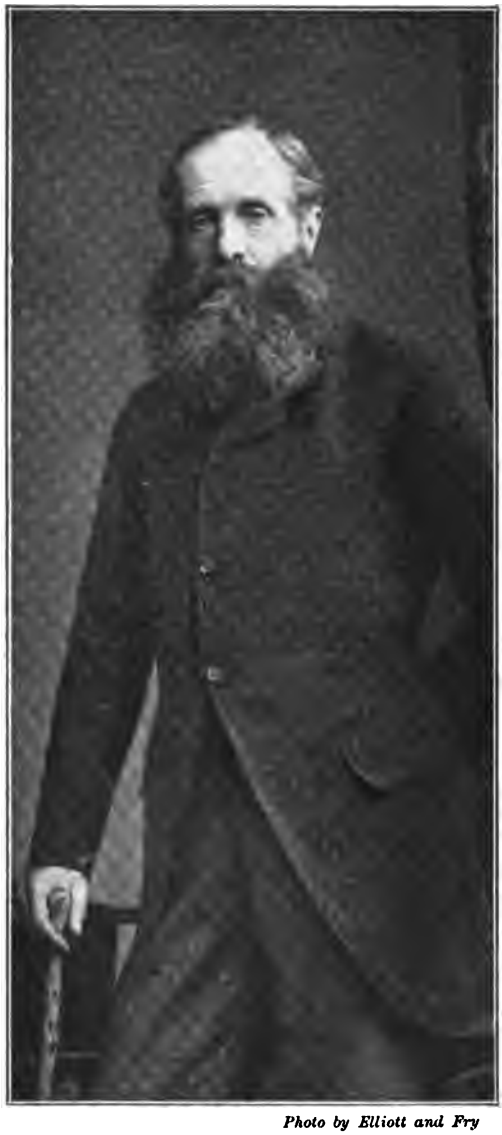


Photo by Elliott and Fry

EARL SPENCER

and historical setting as the Celtic imagination had seen in the case of Eglinton. A simple-hearted Whig patrician, with nothing theatrical in his temper, with a contempt for pose of any kind, and a hatred of melodramatic effect, Lord Carlisle could have no sympathy with the manifestations of the Disraelian "young Englanders," when the nineteenth century was closing its first half. The motive however he thoroughly understood and admired. The "Eton statesmen," as they are called in *Coningsby*, did something to narrow the gulf between classes, to diminish the distrust of the working classes towards the territorial aristocracy, not only by nominal revivals of the "order of the peasantry," by junketings on village greens, by high jinks and fireworks in noblemen's parks, but by inducing the owners of castles and manors to throw open their grounds to the humblest of holiday-makers. Before Lord Carlisle became Lord Lieutenant for the first time, he had discovered and applied a new social cement to the relations between the "estranged classes" by lectures on public questions of temporary or permanent interest, which he, or others of his order, delivered in the Institutes that were then becoming a part of the educating and humanising machinery of the nation. From the point of view of society, both his official terms were unprecedentedly successful. At the vice-regal court, the most accomplished hostess of her day, Lady Waldegrave, afterwards Lady Carlingford, learned some of the secrets of success in entertaining. No one had a keener perception of social or political promise than Lord Carlisle. Many of both sexes, who have since achieved distinction, made their *début* at Dublin Castle in his day. Amongst these may be mentioned the accomplished lady who, in her day, so profoundly impressed intellects as distinguished and as different as those of Froude, Gladstone, Kinglake, and who has left her influence on existing ideas of Anglo-Russian policy.

Of all those who have followed Lord Carlisle, his kinsman, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Aberdeen are the two who most transparently have been impressed by his influence, and have set themselves most deliberately to fill the place which he left vacant, as well as to carry on their work. The former indeed of these, perhaps not unconsciously or unintentionally, reproduced with striking closeness some of his relative's most amiable and instructive traits, in private as well as in public life. Concerning Lord Carnarvon's relations with C. S. Parnell's proposals for Irish self-government, the truth cannot be known before his widow, a daughter of the house of Howard, publishes, as in a forthcoming biography she may be expected to do, such extracts from family papers as may be needful to place the whole matter in a true light. The seventh Lord Carlisle's conciliatory temper and painstaking efforts for

Photo by Elliott and Fry

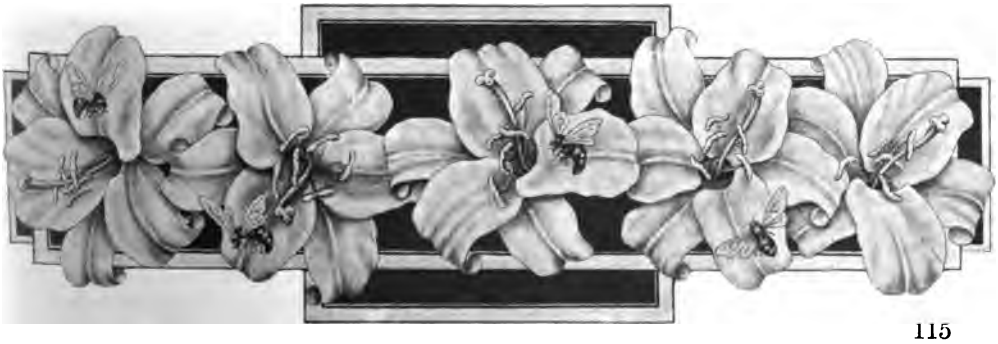
LORD CREWE

Photo by Lafayette

EARL DUDLEY

the material welfare of the entire community, more recently yet, inspired, in 1886, Lord and Lady Aberdeen with notions which not only at the time produced the happiest results, but which remain to this day operative forces in Irish administration.

Of other Lord Lieutenants, on whichever side, it might be difficult to say much without becoming involved in controversial references. Like Lord Carlisle and Lord Eglinton, Lord Spencer was Viceroy twice, on the second occasion under extremely difficult circumstances. He stamped his official term with a character as distinct and beneficent as had been impressed on the office by those of his forerunners who, in the manner already described, appreciably coloured it with their own personalities. The vice-regal court, since Dublin has been socially absorbed by London, never seemed more brilliant than when Lady Spencer was the immensely and universally admired vice-queen. Lord Spencer's example of high courage, honour, and chivalrous loyalty to his officials forms to-day his living legacy. It has animated all his successors; it has indeed formed the keynote of Lord Cadogan's, Lord Houghton's and now Lord Dudley's *régime*. At the present moment nothing looks more improbable than the abolition of the Irish Viceroyship, first talked about, as has been seen, half a century ago, in Lord Clarendon's day. More pertinent as well as more useful may it prove, as has been attempted here, to indicate the personal contributions made in the past by men of high character to the work of Irish administration, and thus to suggest the services that the individual representative of the Crown must still have it in his power to render to the unity of the Empire within the four seas.



My Good Old Pal

A True Story of a Dog

BY

OWEN KILDARE

NOT long ago, I was invited to write my story, "My Rise from the Slums to Manhood." Although I tried to tell it as briefly and directly as possible, it took many words to do so. Yet, in spite of those many words, I had to omit a number of incidents and events which had an immediate bearing on the course of my life; also, several persons, whose acquaintance influenced me greatly, were not mentioned. But the one whom I most regretted to omit is my good old pal—my Bill.

Perhaps I should not write this, because Bill is only a dog; but, when I closed the doors of my past behind me, he was the only one able to squeeze through them into my better life. He is the only relic of my other days, and a living witness of remembrance.

While I have no desire to detract from the work that my little girl accomplished, I should be grossly unjust were I to deprive Bill of his share in the making of me. I am a man; I feel it. My soul and conscience tell me so, and to all the forces that combined in my transformation I owe a debt of gratitude which deeds only—not words—can repay. If this plain tale of Bill shall demonstrate to you that he was a factor in my regeneration, then I shall have paid part of my debt to him.

Not very long ago the rector of a fashionable New York church came forward with the blunt claim that dogs have more than intelligence—that they have souls. Of course this assertion caused indignation in many circles, and dogs were rated very low, after that, in the list of intellectual values. It is fortunate that I am not sufficiently learned or educated to have an authoritative voice in the matter, for it will save me from criticism when I become too enthusiastic about my good, dumb, soulless brute. Yet I wish and hope that he has a soul.

I had been graduated from the street life of newsboys to the affluent existence of a Bowery celebrity. A few doors above Houston Street, on the Bowery, was a saloon which was known throughout the land as the "hang-out" of the most notorious toughs and crooks. Still, the place was nightly visited by persons called "ladies and gentlemen"—representatives of the "best" classes of society. I was employed there as a "bouncer," and there was never a night when my contempt for these shams, who lived their daily life under the cloak of righteousness, did not increase.

They came there to enjoy that seemingly harmless pastime known as "slumming"—to have a "good time." A "good time" in the midst of moral and physical filth; a "good time" in the company of jailbirds, fallen men and women; a "good time" of grossest selfishness, for, over and over again, I have seen men there for whose education I would have gladly given years of my life, and who, by one word of encouragement or sympathy, could have rekindled the dying flame of hope, of self-respect, in some fellow-being; but that word was never spoken, because it would have brought discord into the "good time," and would have jangled the croaking melody chanted by that chorus of human scum in praise of their host—the "sight-seer"—of the evening!

A glorious sport this "sight-seeing," these "good times," when the sons and daughters of affluence and position feast with gloating eyes on all that is vile and look on the unfortunates of a great city as if they were some strange beasts—men and women who once, perhaps, were just as good as they are! That each creature in the slums has left behind a niche in the world's usefulness, or a home, to which his daily thoughts stray back, is not considered by the "sight-seer." One does not like unpleasant thoughts when at a circus.

My nightly duty was to suppress all kinds of trouble. The business staff of my employer included several gentlemen, who were renowned for their deftness of touch, and who had had their photographs taken free of charge at a certain sombre-looking

building in Mulberry Street. Their code of ethics—never adopted by the public at large—decreed that they could do no wrong; but, when they did overreach the limits of Bowery etiquette, it became my painful duty to rise in righteous indignation and smite them into seeing their error.

One night, a middle-aged man of respectable appearance—the leader of a party of "sight-seers"—had quarrelled with a lounger. There was a rumpus at the table, and I was forced to object. I quickly landed the man who had insulted the visitor in the street, whither I was followed by the stylish victim. The occurrence had somewhat sobered him, and he was most effusive in thanking me for having so gallantly assisted him. A lingering sense of shame made him turn homeward, but, before leaving, he insisted that I should call at his home to be properly rewarded for having prevented him from falling further into the contumely of contempt.

Greed was then one of my many besetting sins, and I lost no time in calling at the address given to me. It was a comfortable dwelling in one of New York City's thoroughfares of ease and good living, and I could not help speculating on the moral make-up of a man who could leave an abode of comfort and home-cheer behind, to spend his leisure hours in a "good time" at a Bowery dive. Even though I could not read or write at that time, and was insensible to the world's finer motives, such an act on the part of a man who had all that life could give seemed to be beyond the ken of human intelligence.

My reception was none too cordial. I was treated as a blackmailer, which, alas, I seemed to be. After entreating me not to breathe a word about his nightly adventure, he invited me to his stable, where I was to receive the reward for my virtuous conduct. My hopes fell at this. Stables are the lodging-places of horses only, and I began to wonder if he imagined that I wanted to lead a horse through the streets as a reward for my conduct. I mentioned this to him, but he only laughed and bade me wait. He took me to a stall and there pointed with pride at a litter of pure-bred bull pups who were taking their *siesta* at the breast of their mother.

One by one he lifted them by the scruff of their necks for my inspection. I felt disappointed, and not at all interested. During my years in Park Row I had formed

A LITTLE ROGUE WAS ELEVATED FOR EXAMINATION

a deep-rooted aversion for all dogs. One homeless little cur, looking for a bit of kindness in his miserable existence, once made friendly overtures to me. I was still a brute—bestial, cruel—and sent the poor thing from me with a kick. As soon as he had regained his footing, he watched for his chance and bit me. Therefore, I hated dogs.

I watched the exhibition of pups with disgust. The little fat fellows hung motionless until dropped back into their nest. Just as I was about to propose a compromise, on a cash basis, a little rogue, different from his brothers, was elevated for examination. Instead of hanging quietly like the rest of his family, he twisted and wriggled, while his eyes, one of them becomingly framed in black, shone with play, appeal and good nature. There must have been the shadow of a smile on my lips, for the owner placed the pup in my arms and presented me with it. My first impulse was to drop the pup and kick it into the stall, but the little fellow snuggled into the hollow of my arm and heaved a deep

sigh of content. He was on my left side, and his warmth must have been infective, for I felt a dim, dull glow creep into my heart.

Without exactly knowing what I was doing, I tucked my new property under my coat and made my way to my room. It is a question whether the pup gained by the exchange of quarters. My room was on the top floor of an old-fashioned tenement. The ceiling was slanting and not able to cope efficiently with the rain. Of the original four panes of glass in the window, only two remained, paper having been substituted for the others. There was a cot, a three-legged chair, and a washstand with a cracked basin, and a pitcher.

I dropped the pup on the cot, and intended to note how he would take to his new surroundings. He failed to notice them. First, he squatted down and looked at me intently. I must have passed inspection, for, not seeing me draw closer, he came to the edge of the bed and gave a little whine. I meant to grab him by the neck and throw him to the floor, but when my hand touched him he felt so soft and warm, and—well, I patted him. Of course, I had no intention of allowing a pup to change the tenor of my life. That night I went to the saloon at the accustomed time and did my "duty" as well as before. However, at odd moments, I would think of the little fellow up in the room.

It had been our custom to spend the major part of the night drinking and carousing after the close of business. But on the morning succeeding the pup's arrival, I thought it best to go to my room at once, as he might have upset things or caused other damage. That is what I tried to make myself believe—a rather difficult feat in view of the pup's enormous bulk and ferocity—not caring to interpret my feelings. I opened the door of my attic room and peeped in. The little fellow was curled up on the blanket and did not wake until I stood beside him. Then he lifted his little nose, recognised me, and went off again into the land of canine dreams.

As I had the dog, I could not let him starve, and on that morning began my journeys to the grocery store for three cents' worth of milk. I became used to him, after a fashion, and, though showering very little affection on the pup, he seemed to be supremely happy in my company. We had been together for some time before I was sure of our relative positions. Always finding him asleep on my return from the saloon, I was surprised to hear him move about, one morning, as I was inserting the key in the lock. I opened the door, and before me danced the pup in a veritable frenzy of delight at beholding me. This not being a psychological essay, only a plain, true story, I shall not attempt to analyse, but will tell you straight facts in a straight way.

I do not know what made me do it, but I stooped down and lifted the little fellow to my arms. We sat on the bed, and a critical moment in our lives had come. It was a new, a bewildering experience to me, to have a living being so pleased about my appearance, and, feeling moved to learn the reason, I asked—

"Do you like me, pup?"

Bless me if that little thing did not try to bark an emphatic "Yes!" Oh, it was no deep-toned growl or snarl. It was the pup's first effort in the barking line, and it sounded very much like a compound of whine and grunt. But I understood, and we settled down to talk the matter over.

I realised that the pup was entitled to be named, and that matter was first in order.

"See here, pup; you and I are very plain and ordinary people, and it wouldn't do to give you a 'high-toned' name. Now, what do you say to 'Bill'?—just plain 'Bill'?"

The motion was speedily passed, and then Bill and I went on to discuss other questions.

"Bill, you and I aren't overburdened with friends. If you and I were to die at the same moment, not even a cock or a crow would croak a requiem for us. Now, I am going to make you a proposition. You're friendless, and so am I; you're ugly, and so am I; you belong to the most unintelligent class of your kind, and so do I; why not establish a partnership between us?"

Bill had sat watching my lips and looking as wise as a sphinx, until I asked the question. He answered in the affirmative, without a moment's hesitation.

"I am glad you like my proposition, Bill. Now you and I are going to live our own life, without regard for others. We're going to stick to each other, Bill; we're going to be loyal to each other, and, though we do not amount to much in the world, to each

other we must be the best of our class. We're going to be true friends."

I took Bill's paw, and, there and then, we sealed the compact, which has not yet been broken.

Our relationship being founded on this basis, I spent a good deal of my spare time in the room, which, until Bill's arrival, had been nothing but my sleeping-place. Soon the bare walls and the dilapidated condition of the furniture began to grate on me, and, slowly, I improved our *home*. I bought a few pictures from a peddler, purchased two plaster casts from an Italian, and even employed a glazier to put our window in good shape. Bill and I took pride in our home, and thought it the very acme of cosiness. You see, neither one of us had ever known a real home.

But dogs, as well as men, need exercise, and, in the afternoon, attired in our best —Bill with his glittering collar, on which the proceeds of a whole night had been expended—we took our walk along the avenue. He was beautifully ugly, and the usual pleasant witticisms, such as, "Which is the dog?" were often inflicted upon us. But we didn't mind, being a well-established firm of partners, who could afford to overlook the comments of mere outsiders.

In the midst of our prosperity came an unexpected break. A reform wave swept over the city and closed most of the "resorts." The loss of my position left us in a badly-crippled financial condition.

Bill and I had lived in a style befitting two celebrities. Porterhouse steaks, fine chops, and cutlets had been frequent items on our bills of fare. The drop was sudden and emphatic. Stews, fried liver, and hash took the place of the former substantial meals, and our constitutions did not thrive very well. It did not even stop at that, for, ere long, we were regular *habitués* of the free-lunch counters. It often almost broke my heart to see my Bill, well bred and blooded, feed on the scraps thrown to him from a lunch-counter. But there was a dog for you! Instead of turning his nose up at it, or eating it with growl and disgust, Bill would devour the pickled tripe or corned beef with a well-feigned relish. Between the mouthfuls his glance would seek mine and he would say, quite plainly: "Don't worry on my account. I'm getting along very nicely on sour tripe. In fact, it is a favourite dish of mine."

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME," BILL SEEMED TO SAY

You poor, soulless Bill, of whom many men, with souls, could learn a lesson in grit and pluck!

During that spell of idleness our hours in the room were less cheerful than before. I must confess that my "blues" were inspired by material cares, and not by any regrets or self-reproaches; but, whatever the cause, they were sitting oppressively on me, and I often found myself in an atmosphere of the most ultra indigo. It did not take Bill very long to understand these moods, and, by right of his partnership, he took a hand in dispelling them.

He would place himself directly in front of me, and stare at me with unflinching gaze. Not noticing any effect of his hypnotic suggestions, he would go further, and place his paw on my knee, with a little pleading whine. Having awakened my attention, he would put himself into proper oratorical pose and loosen the flood-gates of his rhetoric.

"Say, Kil, I gave you credit for more sense and courage. Here you are, sitting with your hands in your lap, and bemoan-

ing a fate which is largely of your own making. Besides—excuse me for being so brutally frank—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Big and strong, you live in idleness, and now you kick because you are down and out and deprived of your despicable means of livelihood. Owen Kildare, brace up and be a man. You are not friendless. I am here. True, I'm only a dog, a soulless brute, but I'm your Bill, and we're going to stick until we both win out!"

You will not offend me by calling me a silly fool for putting these words into Bill's mouth. Perhaps I err greatly in believing that Bill was not without influence over me, or that I could understand him; perhaps it all was imagination, but if it was—and I don't doubt it—it was good, because, no matter what it may be, whether imagination, inspiration, or aspiration, if it leads up, and not down, it cannot be too highly appreciated.

There were times when Bill's speech was either less convincing or my period of blues more pronounced than usual, and then he would resort to more drastic measures. He undertook to prove by the most vivid object lesson that a buoyancy of spirits is the first essential. Dogs, when gay and playful, run and romp. Bill made believe he was gay, and romped and raced and ran. If you will take note of the fact that the exact measurements of the room were fifteen by twelve feet, you can easily imagine the difficulties opposing Bill's exercise. Snorting and puffing, he would cavort about the narrow precincts, now running into a bedpost, now bumping against the shaky washstand. But he always accomplished his object, because, before his collapse from his exertions, he never failed to put me into a paroxysm of laughter. No "blues" could ever withstand Bill's method.

Still, he was but a brute—a poor, dumb brute.

The ebb of exchequer and spirits was at the very lowest when the dear saintly magician came to utterly change my life, and, with the conjuring power of her sweet spirit, the change was quickly wrought. Even Bill felt the evidence of the stirring of the better life, and at first was sorely puzzled.

The room became a study; the washstand a student's desk, with a big, ungainly head bent close to a smoking oil-lamp. I pored over my lessons. The pen in cramped fingers would trace those tantalising letters, and the lips would gruffly murmur the spelling. Then arithmetic was included in my curriculum, and often Bill had flung at him the maddening puzzle: "Seven into eighty-four goes how many times—yes, how many times?"

During my studies Bill sat beside me and blinked a hundred questions at me.

"Say, Kil, what are you up to now? Is this some new sort of tomfoolery? Can't I do it too?"

I often answered and explained, but the situation was not fully grasped by him until he met my teacher. And she? The rocks, the hillsides, trees and birds and flowers were

HE WOULD STARE AT ME WITH UNFLINCHING GAZE

all responsive to that little sprite, and Bill, in just one exchanged glance, saw that the fairy of our destinies had but begun her miracle of love.

We did not quite escape the germ of jealousy. Bill found a new joy in trotting beside my teacher at times when he should have been at my side. This I resented. On the other hand, at times when she and I would sit close together, Bill, with all his mighty prowess, would squirm himself between us. With coming weeks and months we understood our mutual feelings and respected our positions. Would that I could take a peep into Bill's doggish brain and read the memory of those heavenly days!

A man who is born to coarseness and brutality will sometimes lose control of his acquired attainments. There came a day, long forgiven and forgotten by her, but not yet sufficiently atoned for by me, when I permitted the subdued brute within me to assert itself for one brief moment. I saw immediately what I had done, and realised that my rowdyism could not be forgiven.

Then was a lapse in deepest shadows. Regrets, reproaches, self-accusations—what good were they? They could not lead me back to paradise. The room became a place of silent brooding, and not as regularly shared by Bill as formerly. Bill had taken no part in our estrangement. Emotional dog as he was, he never forgot to take care of the inner dog whenever an opportunity presented itself. From the very beginning he had industriously cultivated the acquaintance of my little girl's mother. First, becomingly modest, he had, in the course of time, insisted on being a regular guest at the dinner-table. I meant to break him of this habit, but the mother told me in confidence that Bill had whispered to her, quite plainly: "I think you are the very best cook in the world." Few women can resist such a compliment.

Let me call your attention to a corroborative testimony of Bill's linguistic accomplishment. For two long days I had not seen her—had not heard her voice. She lived just around the corner, and, from the window of my tenement, I could see the walls that sheltered my treasure, that I thought for ever lost. I sat and sat and stared at the cruel bricks that seemed to cry, "Halt!" Small wonder that the lesser things of life had lost their importance to me! Even Bill had, for the nonce, but little space in my thoughts; but he lost no time in bringing himself most forcibly to my notice.

I was at the window, and the door was slightly ajar. All was quiet, very quiet, until a slow patter on the stairs told of my partner's home-coming. My most casual glance was his share on entering the room. He was very anxious to avail himself of this, and made quickly for the sheltering shadows under the bed. But my careless glance had quickly changed to one of concern on beholding him, and, after much coaxing, he crawled out to face me.

My valiant knight had met his conqueror. The hero of many a battle sat wounded and bandaged before me. His left eye was swathed in linen. He tried to pass over the matter lightly; he wagged his tail, but only once, for that, too, was bandaged. Then he threw himself on my mercy.

It behooved me, as his partner, to investigate the extent of the damage, and I carefully untied the bandage that covered his eye. It was only a trifling scratch, suspiciously like one made by a cat. I also noticed that his badge of honour—his collar—was missing. On the point of throwing aside the bandage, a handkerchief, my eye fell on a well-known monogram in its corner, and—I cannot exactly recall how it happened—but, in the very next minute, my Bill and I were descending the rickety stairs, two steps at a time!

Just as we turned the corner, a belligerent-looking tabby made herself exceedingly conspicuous. Somehow, Bill found the other side of the street preferable. At the door he joined me again, and my queen's ambassador led the way up-stairs.

There I stood before her and stammered uncouth phrases of apology. I mentioned Bill's collar. A dainty hand took it from the mantel and handed it to me; our fingers met and—all the world was singing again the sweet refrain which for days had been silent. The impudence of that dog beggars all description. He had the unblushing nerve to claim all the credit for having brought love's jangle into tune again, and, in his excitement, rapped his damaged caudal appendage three times on the floor before he tried to bite it. Then our happiness began once more.

* * * * *

Her soul had flown to the realms above. Alone with her, I sat for minutes, hours, eternities, it seemed, and every lovely feature became for ever engraved upon my mind and

heart. My right hand was resting on hers, my left hung motionless by my side. Something rubbed against it. It was Bill, and he, surely, had no right there. For the first and last time, Bill felt the force of my wrath. He returned defiantly and deliberately and spoke his valid claim. I let him stay, and through that bitter night man and dog kept their silent vigil beside the bier of her who had loved both. It is not impossible that I was wrong to so profane the quiet chamber, but I have no fear to face my Maker in regard to it.

The old past crooned the tempter's lay, and for a short period I was very near the brink, from which I should have dropped again into the black abyss. It was Bill, the soulless brute, who shamed me back into the path where she had led.

On the floor below our attic lived a couple and their child, a little boy named Tommy. There was nothing attractive about the boy. He had a pinched, pale face, a lamed body, and a look in his eyes telling of but a short stay. Bill made Tommy a special study. For days and weeks he looked at him from the curb, until, one day, he doubtlessly labelled the boy "O.K." We all know that no dog likes to be kicked, and we also know that, if one has but one solid leg, he is very apt to be aggressive with it. Tommy had only one solid leg. As a result, Tommy, being prevented from joining the other boys at "hide and seek," found his own little pastime in kicking Bill in the ribs. Yet Bill did not seem to mind.

There came a day when Tommy was absent from the doorstep. One of the many bad spells of his sickness kept him in bed, and the larger part of the savings of his family, "against rent-day," went for medicine. Bill, always true and faithful, did not forsake his little friend during this period of distress.

In the midst of these troubles the dreaded day arrived, and the well-known voice of the rent collector could be heard in the hall. Bill seemed to surmise something. His head—by no means a small one—was squeezed between two rails. He did not take his eyes from the approaching danger. At length the enemy began his ascent to Tommy's floor, and Bill's head came with a growl from its tight point of observation. There was no mistaking his attitude. He put on his most businesslike air, and stood ready for defence, but not for assault. Some of the rent collectors of the East Side are not inconsiderate in their treatment of tenants. Others, however—and this agent was of that class—think little of the awful troubles of the poor. They are so tired of the many tales of misfortune that an echo of sympathy never answers in their hearts.

Bill had never debarred anybody from entering or leaving the tenement before, an inquiring sniff being his only greeting. Why then did he stop this man? Behind that closed door they sat in fear, expecting the threatening visit that would turn them into the street. Perhaps it is best not to argue this. You are at liberty to call it coincidence, or imagination on my part. I—and those who know Bill—call it intelligence and loyalty.

Were Bill a dog of fiction, his story would end in a blaze of glory; but he is very much of a reality and still my good old pal.

The roaring bustle of lower Broadway turns into deadly stillness with the fall of evening. For miles, excepting a watchman or a policeman, you will scarcely see a living being. That is where Bill and I enjoy our pleasant pastime. After the day's work is ended we travel through the quiet streets until we reach our stoop in the yawning, dark cañon of the skyscrapers. We do not talk much; there is better intercourse.

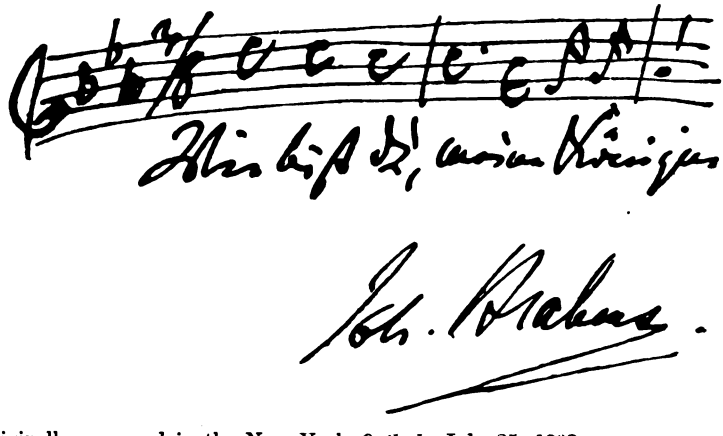
From where we sit, we gaze up at the skies and greet the merry twinkle of our glistening friends. Then, through the dancing myriads of celestial bodies, our vision winds its way on through the mazes, and does not stop until it sees the most beloved spirit in all the glory of the heavenly home. Every star reflects her face in brilliants, and from behind the hazy veilings of the cloud-smile, her eyes shine radiantly. Bill and I go home, not lonely, not sad or soured, for we have spent the hours in the ante-room of heaven, and have learned another lesson in the quiet night.

Ah! the firmament and the stars are for all of us; their glories shine for all mankind. You, gentle reader, may learn to know them—to own them—but, alas, you cannot own my Bill. Perhaps you would not care for him. He never was handsome, and now he is getting old, and might not be to you a pleasant companion. But he has travelled with me along life's highway; he has never told a lie; he has been loyal and true, and there's not, in all this world, another dog like my good old pal.

A Few Memories of Johannes Brahms[1]

BY SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

IT is a curious fact that the lives of the majority of the greatest composers have proved to be very unfruitful ground for their biographers. Inasmuch as they consisted mainly of writing music, eating, sleeping, and exercise (of sorts usually the reverse of sporting), the record is meagre except in the case of those who had to do with the dramatic side of their art. Of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, there is little to tell; and so it is with the last of their great line, Johannes Brahms. An article by Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason upon this last of the giants, which contained many interesting personal touches, besides some vastly acute criticism, has encouraged me to put down a few memories, dating mainly from his middle and later period, which may some day be useful when a future Spitta or Thayer arises to write his Life from the point of view of a future generation. But there is nothing striking about them; they are at best feeble side-lights upon a nature which was more than commonly *intime*, and which, moreover, was veiled by a considerable amount of purposeful paradox.



The first time I ever heard the name of Brahms was about 1867; as I lived until 1870 in Ireland, out of the reach of practical orchestral and chamber music by seven hours' rail and four hours' sea, the lateness of the date is not remarkable.

[1] This article originally appeared in the New York *Outlook*, July 25, 1903.

But I shall never forget the amazing effect which was produced upon me by hearing the variations on a theme of Handel, or how much of my small pocket-money I spent in buying as many of his works as I could get. I knew nothing of the Schumann article, nor anything about him save his music, and the grip it took of me at fifteen has never relaxed since. Nothing that was not inherently sincere could possibly remain so lifelong a possession of any musician. My first sight of the composer himself was at the remarkable Schumann Festival given at Bonn under the direction of Joachim in 1873, where he sat, tawny-haired and clean-shaven, beside his "second mother," Clara Schumann. My first speech with him was at a dinner-party given on the day following the close of that Festival by Ferdinand Hiller at Cologne; but it was short and uninteresting; he was somewhat bored and unapproachable, and not (to tell the truth) in the best of tempers. I had, however, the opportunity of studying his face, which I never again saw without the now familiar beard. The clean-cut, refined beauty of his boyish features had vanished, the jowl was thick and powerful, and the mouth rather large and coarse. But his eyes, which were of an astonishingly deep and luminous violet, were fascinating, and the brow and head most noble in proportion. Without the least personal resemblance, his face had a quality in common with Wagner and Liszt in that the upper half was very ideal and the lower very human.[1]

Like many great men, he had a suit of armour which he put on to meet the stranger. Tennyson's armour was brusqueness, Leighton's was excessive polish, Brahms' could be downright rudeness. But all three, as soon as their armour was put by, were alike in one respect—they were simple to the point of boyishness. Brahms most of all hated the lioniser, and was for ever on the look-out for him. Returning one day from a walk at Heidelberg, he was met by a man who stopped him and asked if he were not Brahms; on receiving an affirmative reply, the stranger expanded into eulogies of his compositions. Brahms put on a puzzled look, then suddenly said, "Oh, you must mean my brother; he was taking a walk with me on the hill just now," indicating where the mythical relation had gone, and the unwelcome celebrity-hunter rushed on up the hill.

In 1877 Cambridge University offered him (together with Joachim) an honorary degree. Mr. Mason, in his book *From Grieg to Brahms*, p. 178, has a remark about this which is erroneous, and is really a confusion between two wholly distinct events. He says that "when the University of Cambridge offered him a degree, suggesting that he write a new work for the occasion, he replied that if any of his old works seemed good enough to them he should be happy to receive the honour, but that he was too busy to write one." The actual facts are these: Brahms hesitated long about visiting Cambridge, and, being much pressed to do so both by Joachim and Frau Schumann, was almost on the point of accepting, when unfortunately the authorities of the Crystal Palace got wind of the possible visit, and announced in *The Times* that he would be invited to conduct at one of their Saturday concerts. This piece of over-zeal wrecked the visit. The University did not ask him to write a new work for the occasion, but although he would not come and could not be given a degree *in absentia*, he entrusted the manuscript score and parts of his first Symphony in C Minor (which had then only once been played in Carlsruhe) to Joachim, and it was performed together with the Schicksalslied at the concert of the University Musical Society, at which his presence was so desired. The incident to which Mr. Mason refers was probably an invitation in 1887 to write a work for the Leeds Festival—an institution which had hitherto wholly neglected his compositions, and which was conducted by Sullivan, who made no secret of his lack of sympathy for them. To this he replied: "I cannot well decide to promise you a new work for your Festival. Should you consider one or other of my existing works worthy the honour of a performance, it would give me great pleasure. But if this, as it appears, is not the case, how

[1] It is quite erroneous to imagine that Brahms was of Jewish descent. A glance at his purely Teutonic features and at his springing walk was enough to show that he had no Semitic blood. His friend Dietrich, of Oldenburg, told me that Brahms was an old Silesian word signifying "Reed." Max Bruch once roused the lion in him at a supper by saying, "Prosit, Abrahams!" and got in reply the crushingly unexpected retort, "Prosit, Baruch!"

could I hope to succeed this time? If, however, the charm of novelty is a *sine quâ non*, forgive me if I admit that I neither rightly understand nor greatly sympathise with such a distinction." A very pretty *riposte*, and a thoroughly dignified specimen of epistolary satire.

The Cambridge performance of the C Minor Symphony attracted almost every musician of importance in England, and much interest was excited among Cambridge men by the curious coincidence that the Horn theme in the introduction to the last movement was nearly, note for note, a quotation of the famous hour-chimes of St. Mary's (the University Church) bells. Brahms' music had long been more deeply appreciated and universally accepted in England than in Germany, probably in a measure from the fact that we had no serious battle-ground of Wagnerian and anti-Wagnerian parties; the performance of this symphony laid an imperishable keystone to his fame among Britons. I had myself the curious good fortune to compare the attitude of an English and German audience towards one of his orchestral works. In 1875 I heard within a few weeks two performances of his Serenade in A (without violins), first at the Philharmonic Society of London, and afterwards at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. In London the enthusiasm was so great that two movements (the scherzo and the minuet) had to be repeated. In Leipzig the entire work went literally without one hand being raised to applaud.

A short time after the Cambridge performance I had made my first collection of Irish Folk-songs, and, knowing the interest which Brahms took in such work, I asked and obtained his leave to dedicate it to him. The next time I visited Vienna I went with Hans Richter to see him. He opened the door of his little flat himself, clad in a jersey and trousers, and led us through a bare outer room, and his bedroom, scarcely less bare save for a drawing of "Anselmo's Grab" over his very short and stumpy bed, into his study, a double room crammed with books, music, and literature of all sorts. He greeted Richter warmly, and when I was introduced gave me a most distant and suspicious bow. I bethought me of the stranger at Heidelberg, and looked out for squalls. I was quite sure he was aware of who I was, but was going to measure my capacity for lion-hunting. His chance came; he offered Richter a cigar and was then handing the box to me, when he snatched it back with a curt "You are English, you don't smoke!" To which I replied, with an impertinence which it required some courage to assume, "I beg pardon, the English not only smoke, but they even compose music sometimes," making a simultaneous dash after the retreating cigar-box. For one moment he looked at me like a dangerous mastiff, and then burst out laughing. The ice was broken, and never froze again. I caught sight of some fine engravings, and he spent the best part of the morning showing me his complete collection of Piranesi, and other treasures which he had picked up in Italy during the previous summer. He only mentioned music once, describing most humorously an opera which he had heard at Brescia, which consisted, he said, entirely of "Schluss-Cadenzen," but was so beautifully sung that he rejoiced in listening to them over and over again.

When I next visited Vienna I went to see him without an appointment, thinking that I should surely find him at home at eleven o'clock. But his housekeeper told me that he had just gone to dinner. I was so astonished that I said to her, "In Heaven's name, what time does Brahms eat his breakfast?" "At five," said the dame; "he does all his work before eleven, and is out the rest of the day." However, I fell in with him later, and sat with him through a rehearsal of Glück's "Alceste" at the Opera-House, over which he waxed enthusiastic. His two favourite haunts in Vienna were Strauss's Band and the Opera. While there I heard of a tremendous verbal castigation which he had given at a restaurant to a young man who thought he would gain his favour by sneering at Wagner.

I made two attempts to induce him to visit England after this. First in 1889, when his "Requiem" was given at the Leeds Festival, I wrote and told him that if he would come to Cambridge *viâ* Harwich, I would go to Leeds and back with him, and conceal his identity from every one; but he was not to be stirred. Last in 1893, when the Cambridge University Musical Society was about to celebrate its fiftieth birthday. We wrote once more, and offered him, with Verdi, an honorary degree. He was this time sorely tempted

and much touched by the request, but he turned it off by saying how old he would seem beside the everlasting youth of Verdi, and how much nicer it would be if I would go and take walks with him at Cadenabbia instead. Our next and last meeting was in Berlin, the Christmas of the famous Jameson Raid. He came to conduct his two Piano Concertos and the Academic Festival Overture at a concert given by D'Albert, and was much fêted and in high good-humour. At an interesting dinner-party given by Joachim, at which were present also his friends Professor Dorn of Naples, and Von Herzogenberg the composer, an amusingly characteristic scene occurred. Joachim, in a few well-chosen words, was asking us not to lose the opportunity of drinking the health of the greatest composer, when, before he could say the name, Brahms bounded to his feet, glass in hand, and called out, "Quite right! Here's Mozart's health!" and walked round, clinking glasses with us all. His old hatred of personal eulogy was never more prettily expressed. Within a year and a half he was dead, and in this same house Joachim was showing me the first letter which Schumann had written to him after their first meeting at Düsseldorf, with the famous sentence, "Das ist der der kommen musste," and the autograph score of the first Piano Concerto, which contains that most impressive key to the meaning of the Adagio—the words of the "Benedictus qui venit" written over the notes of the theme.

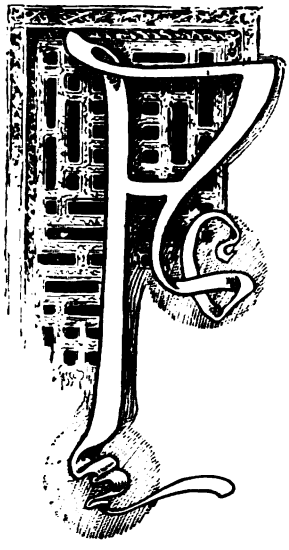
A most remarkable and extraordinary personality was Brahms. Humorous, fearless, far-seeing, sometimes over-rough to his contemporaries, but a worshipper of and worshipped by young children; with a very noble, generous, and ideal side to his character, and a curiously warped and sensual side as well. He could look like Jupiter Olympus at one moment and like Falstaff the next, but the Jupiter never seemed to suffer in the end; and assuredly, if a man's work be any key to his real soul, the last chorale which he wrote, the touching "O Welt, ich muss dich lassen," is a standing proof of the type of qualities which were dominant in him. For kings and princes he had no concern except as fellow-men. In that respect he resembled Beethoven. He could afford to be intimate with them because he was independent of them. For the Meiningen Festival he stayed at the castle and was in the habit of taking his constitutional at six o'clock in the morning. The Grand Duke knocked at his door at eight, and asked him if he had had a pleasant walk. "Yes, sir," said Brahms; "I have taken a stroll round the three neighbouring kingdoms." While he was on the same visit he electrified a state dinner by an outburst upon the attitude of Europe towards Japan. The war between China and Japan had just been declared, and every one was discussing the certain downfall of the smaller power. Brahms prophesied the reverse, and went on to say that after Japan had beaten China, Europe would step in, in its selfish way, and prevent her reaping the fruits of her victory. The Grand Duke reminded him that Europe had interests to safeguard, to which Brahms rapped out a sharp retort. All ended peacefully, but the little incident served to prove how much more far-sighted a politician he was than many of his professionally diplomatic contemporaries.

Of his later friendships perhaps the most curiously assorted was that with Hans von Bülow. He had sufficient insight to appreciate (what few did) the very great nobility of the character of that most versatile and peppery of men. To any who spoke complainingly of him, Brahms always answered with a request to remember his great and unique qualities; and certainly von Bülow repaid him with a devotion which never varied. And if he was sometimes brusque to his contemporaries, he could show in an eminent degree a modest deference to his seniors. The last vision I had of him was sitting beside the diminutive form of the aged Menzel, drinking in like a keen school-boy every word the great old artist said, with an attitude as full of unaffected reverence as of unconscious dignity.

Gaspar the Disciple

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY NORMAN GALE



FIVE years before the date of this story, at a time when the almond trees in the valley so beautifully accomplished the miracle of making boughs into blossom, it fell to the lot of Gaspar the Disciple (thus was he named by the many who loved him) to lead home from the little church in the village a bride who in heart and spirit was as excellent as in regard to human loveliness she was remarkable. It cannot be said that Gaspar, great as was the number of his joys, ever reached to supreme happiness while watching the star and stay of his desolate holding move about the farmhouse, cleaning, contriving, singing, for as a bird often flies suddenly from its home in the hedge, so there kept flying from his brain to his heart the feeling that Eva was not long to be allowed a shelter upon the earth. She was too close to the divine, he thought. He began to look upon the living-room with a reverence akin to that aroused in him when kneeling at the altar; there was a sense of hush about the place; and he could not help wincing if by some misfortune he made a noise there. No tremendous wind upon the side of the mountain was powerful enough to drive this idea out of his mind. As he tended his sheep, it would all of a sudden alarm his spirit, and far too frequently it was for him a black companion as he made his homeward journey from the upland fold.

For three years the rose carried this thorn. Then the thorn became incredibly larger than the rose, and Eva, being beckoned to from heaven, laid herself down on her deathbed. Gaspar, because he had been slowly prepared for the agony of passing from paradise to the wilderness, was so brave that the dwellers in the district wondered not a little to find him as willing as ever to wave a greeting, to exchange a smile or a story, and to busy himself with the affairs of his scattered neighbours, especially those who were struggling against sorrow and narrow means. They were not always with him to count the number of times that he lifted his face to the stars, breathing a word of love to the vanished wife. They did not see him evening after evening draw close to his side the vacant chair, or watch the eagerness of his looks as he stared among the flaming logs, to be pleased by the tricks of his imagination. Feeling that, whatever the degrees of self-denial and tenderness used by him for the sake of his fellow-creatures, it would never be possible for him adequately to give the proper thanks to God in return for the lending of Eva, the widowed man was tireless in his efforts to walk in sunshine from house to house, diffusing sunshine, and paying for Eva without stint. Not long after the death of his wife he lost fifty sheep that were overwhelmed in a snowstorm of exceeding severity. As there had been warning of the downfall, Gaspar could have saved the animals if he had been willing to refuse an appeal from a poor neighbour, to whom the destruction of his little flock would have meant a disaster not easily to be repaired. In the rough tones of the appeal Gaspar heard in fancy the voices of a mother and her children. These he could not resist.

The valley did not prosper. There was a succession of lean years, in the course of which Gaspar's savings were put into active use for the sake of the hungry and perplexed folk in the district, so that in time he, too, began to feel the pinch of poverty. One Christmas Eve a supreme test was applied to him. Once more he was called upon to help in the rescue of a neighbour's sheep, at a time when the few remaining to him were in danger of perishing under the drifting snow. With the knowledge that

by so doing he was stripping himself of the means to live, Gaspar trudged into the heart of the tempest, worked with the force, as it seemed to his astonished companion, of twenty men, and at last brought the sheep into a place of safety. He stumbled home a beggared man. Far away in Bethlehem the halo round the head of the Babe Jesus was illuminating the manger. Christmas had dawned, and the first bell of a miracle was about to be heard in despite of the storm that was matching its strength against the stubbornness of the mountain. The beginning of the wonder struck upon Gaspar's hearing at the moment when he was forcing his way along the path that led from the barn to the house, and for a few moments he halted in perplexity, half inclined to believe he was mistaken, and yet somewhat unwilling to think fancy responsible for the sound that had caused him to stand still and listen.

Suddenly the tempest ceased from its passion, the sky grew clear, the stars showed lovely in the Milky Way, and somewhere along the road that steeply plunged into the valley from the upland fold belonging to Gaspar there was to be heard the music of an oncoming sheep-bell. From where he stood Gaspar commanded a view of the track as far as the point at which it turned abruptly so as to skirt a great mass of rock, and because of the astonishing brightness of the stars he could tell that nothing was moving along the fifty yards that lay between him and the bend of the road. Steady was the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the bell. What could it mean? Sheep could not be travelling in such a depth of snow, and yet the bearer of the bell was certainly coming nearer and nearer to the farm, as the growing intensity of the sound was there to witness. Gaspar fixed his eyes on the point which he knew to be the sharp angle of the track, wondering at the strange happening, and aware that his heart pained him a little by beating even faster than it did on the golden day when first he beheld Eva stooping at the fountain in the distant village of Hartzig. To his amazement he perceived a faint glow upon the rocky heap at the corner. It slowly lightened, till at last it seemed as if the granite had changed into an irregular mass of moonlight. Gaspar took off his bearskin cap, feeling stir in his breast the energy of adoration. Clearer sounded the voice of the bell; brighter shone the rock. Then the watcher's heart gave a great leap, for he plainly saw the snow at the bend pressed to either side of the road, as if a miraculous plough were being driven down into the valley.

The next moment a cry of wonder broke from his lips. A flock of sheep passed round the corner. There was no snow upon their backs, but a flood of radiance coming he knew not whence. Three abreast the sheep came towards him, following the bell of the leader. Was there a shepherd? Gaspar's knees trembled as he asked himself this question. It was soon answered, for suddenly he was almost blinded by the glory of an angel who, bearing in his hand a crook that seemed to be made of gold, was walking behind the last of the sheep. Steadily the flock came towards the place where Gaspar was standing, the snow moving from their path, as long ago the waters of Jordan moved aside to make a passage for the Israelites. Gaspar fell upon his knees, and shaded his eyes from the beams of the angel; he felt the fleeces rub against him; he heard the breathings of the flock; he saw marks by which he knew that for his sake a miracle had been performed, and he knew neither how to speak his gratefulness nor how to lift his face to that of the heavenly shepherd by whose ministry he had recovered his sheep. The thought came to him, that from her inconceivable height Eva had noted his distress and had pleaded for the performance of this marvel, for he was far too humble to remember how greatly he deserved to have fall upon him from the Seat of Judgment the active goodwill of the Father whom he had worshipped, not alone by kneeling and praying and cleanliness of soul, but also by the better way of searching for chances to pour oil and wine into the wounds of those whom it would have been easy to neglect. After looking down with gentle eyes at the man whose flock he had guided through the snowdrifts, the Angel touched him on the shoulder with his precious crook.

"Rise, Gaspar, and behold thy sheep."

But even then humbleness kept the Disciple upon his knees, so that the Angel bent down to raise him to his feet. As their eyes met, the Angel smiled, and from that instant all fear went out of Gaspar's breast, leaving only reverence as deep as the deepest well of space in the universe. He straightened himself, and at once felt undazzled by the brightness of the visitor.

"RISE, GASPAR, AND BEHOLD THY SHEEP"

Around them the weary sheep had lain down to rest.

"Because thou, Gaspar, didst not hesitate to lose all in helping thy brother," said the Angel, pointing to the sheep and the farmhouse as he spoke; "and because not this night alone, but on many nights, thou hast been merciful in the noble fashion that is honoured in heaven, sparing nothing that cried out to be spared, neither thy body nor thy blood, it has pleased thy King and mine to send me to thee at this hour, charging me take thy sheep from death and deliver them, not one being lost, to thee, as a sign that He has not been unwatchful of His servant's service. Behold thy flock, no member of which has been left in the wilds, and accept it as a gift from Heaven in remembrance of Christlike goodness bestowed on thy fellows by thee."

"I am not worthy so to be visited and blessed," answered Gaspar. "Wilt thou, Lord, tarry awhile in the house with me?"

"That thou dost indeed deserve even more than at present hath been granted to thee there is a sign to come," the Angel said; "and it is a part of my duty to tell thee of this second grace. Unto thee there has been given the power over a single wish for a brief space of time. For how long thou shalt command thy happines not even I am able to declare. One thing more. The wish must be used for thy own sake. No other living creature can benefit by it in any way whatever. My message is delivered unto thee, Gaspar the Good. Farewell."

It was broad daylight when Gaspar awoke. Hurrying from his bed, he went to the window and tried to open it for the purpose of seeing what kind of a Christmas Day had come to the valley, but so severe had been the cold of the night that he could not raise the sash. In consequence of this, he was driven to scratch with his nails and breathe upon the icy fringe of gems that had grown in such wonderful profusion all over the ten panes of the window, till at last he was able to command a peephole, through which he could see hard blue skies and an enormous sheet of sunshine spread upon the flank of the mountain. The thought of Christmases spent with Eva at his side flooded his heart, and he spake aloud the wish for her to come again to the homestead, if only for a few hours, that once more the house should become a temple garnished with the ornaments of joy, as it had been in the sweet days of his life's success. Scarcely had the wish been uttered, when Gaspar staggered across the floor and stumbled on to the bed.

"Gaspar!"

There was no reply.

"Come, Gaspar! Breakfast is ready."

"So God has lent her to me!" Gaspar whispered. Then he cried in a voice that to him sounded as if it were tearing a way through raw emotions—

"Coming, dear heart! Merry be thy Christmas!"

"Merry and mellow be thine!"

Feeling the walls with his hands, as if he were grown blind, and uncertainly footing the familiar stairs, Gaspar, the wifeless and babeless, went to meet her who was to him both wife and child, and trembled as he went. He reached the door of the living-room. With her back towards him, Eva stood in front of the dresser, arranging a line of blue plates, and singing a lullaby that in the happy days she delighted to sing when her lap was full of coloured worsteds. She turned round and smiled at her husband. Gaspar had the feeling that the whole mountain had fallen upon his heart, but in the gloom of the passage the effect of the blow was not visible to Eva, who ran up to him, flung her arms about his neck, and pulled the bearded face down to her kiss. There was just as much starriness in her face as there had been during the series of honeymoons spent by them together, but not the least sign of greater gleaming. There was all the human magic of the girl, without the addition of any quality of a sort to baffle the man whose eyes so thirstily drank cup after cup of beauty. Gaspar was quick to perceive that in her all recollection of death on earth and life in heaven had perished. She had come back in a bridal humour, no more troubled than if she had moved from the sleep of a night into the household activity of the next morning, and once, when Gaspar, owing to forgetfulness, happened to say how dull it was for him to live at the farm without her to bless the home, she looked at him with eyes made large by wonder, and told him that he was as yet hardly awake. She pretended to rub sleep's cobwebs from his face while sitting on his knee, and chattered to him not less volubly than a brook chatters to the cress and forget-me-nots, till with a sweet little cry of alarm she jumped up, declaring that unless she got at once to work there would be no Christmas dinner

GASPAR HAD THE FEELING THAT THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN HAD FALLEN UPON HIS HEART

for either of them to eat. Because he knew the secret of her second coming, Gaspar deemed it almost a sacrament to speak to her, and touch her, and jest with her as if she were a being of flesh and blood, instead of a saint transported for a moment into the clay of humanity. How long would she stop with him? He wondered whether she must flit at evenfall, or earlier, or later; and when he left the house to look after the sheep he acted with a desire to be back in the room now illuminated by Eva's presence, grieving at lost minutes, and anxious to assure himself that during his absence she had not been called away—this time for ever. All was well on his return, so he settled down in his big chair to enjoy a pipe, and the music made by Eva's lips and feet

and frock, till she was able to bring him the Bible, as of old she had been wont to do on the snowiest of their Sabbaths, and sit down to listen to one of their favourite chapters. By this time Gaspar had determined to take everything as a matter of course, since not to do so was to be perplexed without limit, whether he considered the mystery of the pudding boiling in the largest of the saucepans, or the sprigs of holly that made a frame for his mother's likeness hanging over the mantelpiece, or the trails of ivy running along the dresser and the ancient bookcase, or the bunch of mistletoe (the Druids' darling growth) tied to a hook fixed in the oak-beam, to avoid which Gaspar always had to bow his head, and upon which there was nailed an image showing Christ in the act of redeeming the world. When the chapter had been read, the comments made, the lessons accepted by the reader's and the listener's souls, Eva and Gaspar knelt upon the floor to pray together, because it was impossible for them to be of the congregation assembled in the little church lower down the valley, where an irregular ring of houses seemed bent on keeping the temple warm and safe from the violent buffets of the wind. So throughout the morning hours Gaspar, not unawares, entertained an angel.

Beautiful for Gaspar were the hours that stood between dinner and tea, for as soon as his wife had washed the soiled plates, dishes, knives, forks, and spoons, and had changed her dress, she sat on a hassock in front of the fire, resting a head that was almost too exquisite against his knee, living their courtship over again, and speaking with affection of those dear to them.

"Tell me, Gaspar, just how I looked on the afternoon when you first saw me by the fountain. I suppose my hair was tumbled and my apron wet."

"I came upon you sideways, Little Joy," said Gaspar, stroking the cheek that was softer than a robin's breast. "You were bending to the pail, whether to see your face in the water or to count the bubbles I cannot tell you."

"It was to count the bubbles."

"Perhaps. The sunshine kissed all your body. With my hand on the trunk of the silver birch I stood to watch the unknown maid, wishing that she would grow tired of the—the——"

"Bubbles," said Eva.

"Bubbles, and by looking round give me a chance to see her face to the best advantage."

"And did she oblige you quickly?"

"Not quickly. Though the water flowed over the rim of the pail, she still remained in the same position, till at last I walked a few steps nearer in the hope that she would hear me approaching; but even then she did not move in the least, so that I felt sick at heart for fear she was a stray from fairyland."

"And was she?"

"Not quite, and yet almost, I think. I have never been able to accept her as in all particulars a human being. She must have been born in the house that stands halfway between earth and heaven."

"Even now do you feel this, Gaspar?"

"Even now, even now."

"Watch me, want me, love me in memory," she said.

"Just when I began to think I should have to touch her before she would come out of her dream, the maid slowly turned to me more than I was ready to behold. Have you any idea how lovely you were at that moment, Eva?"

"It was all for you. I am glad to hear once again that the watcher suffered no disappointment when at last he had his will. How far he carried the heavy pail!"

"I would have carried both you and it over the mountain, and yet felt no weariness!" cried Gaspar, bending in adoration over the head that was using his knee for a pillow. "Thanks be to God, in a bright and hallowed season I brought you to this house, which was never a home till you came to work in it a miracle, nay, hundreds of miracles!"

"Every Christmas you must tell me this story over again, Gaspar; at least, till you are tired of remembering what you saw and did at the fountain five years ago. Promise me."

"If it be possible, Little Joy, I will sit here every Christmas afternoon as long as I live and tell to you the sweetest story in the world. You must try to listen."

"Try to listen? Unless I am deaf, I shall hear you while I live. Even in the grave I believe I should hear."

"Would you hear in heaven?"

"Surely. You know, Gaspar, I have finished that long piece of crochet about which you have teased me so much, saying it would go three times round the barn. It is for mother. When will you take me to

Hartzig? Can we go next Wednesday, if the road is passable?"

"Perchance, child; Wednesday's use must keep till Wednesday comes. If all goes well, yes. If all goes well."

By the time the kettle was swung over the pile of logs, the room in which the husband and wife were making melody the one for the other had grown dark, for the wood on the fire glowed without flaming. Near the door leading into the scullery it was very gloomy. As Eva, who was busying herself about the tea, passed through this door into the darkness beyond, moving away in a straight line from her husband's chair, Gaspar thought he could see a faint glow that changed its position rather rapidly, that twice disappeared, that was no longer visible when Eva had returned to the hearth. He looked from her to the black entrance, and perceiving no further sign, easily persuaded himself that he had been mistaken, or that his eyes had been dazzled by the bright heart of the fire. Though on several occasions during tea he glanced in the direction in which he imagined the glow to have been, he did not again see anything to disturb him, and it was not till Eva once more passed from the big to the small room that he found cause to be shaken at the heart. The glow appeared again, this time with an added intensity; he proved it to be controlled by Eva's movements; and yet when she stood by his side on the hearth he was utterly unable to see about her head the brightness translated by him as a proof that Eva was beginning to pass from womanhood to angelhood. The time for her departure was drawing near. Quickly the room became very dark, and now Gaspar distinctly watched glory shining faintly among the masses of Eva's most wonderful hair. She sat down in the chair that her husband had drawn near his own, and leaned back in it with an expression of extreme fatigue. Gaspar did not dare to touch her, so manifestly had a part of her been invaded by the mystery of heaven.

"Are you very tired, Eva?"

"I have not felt so tired in all my life."

"Go to sleep. I will keep watch."

"Let me walk once or twice round the room," she said, rising from the chair; "then perhaps the feeling of sleepiness will go off, and we shall be able to sing our favourite hymns together."

She made an attempt to rise, remained for a few moments half standing, half sitting, and then with a deep sigh fell back into the chair.

"Everything seems to go round and round and round," she murmured sleepily. "Do you think I am going to be ill, Gaspar? It is strange for me to give way like this, just when the loveliest part of the day is drawing near. How sweet it is to be safe with you, my strong and loyal husband!"

"You are going to be well; very, very well. Fall to sleep, Little Joy. Bless you for a perfect Christmas! When I think of the heaven you have brought to me I know not by what means I can best show you how greatly I treasure your goodness. Sleep, you are safe from the wolves. Sleep, you are safe from the storm. Sleep, you are safe from all that could possibly hurt you. Fall asleep."

Even as he spoke, using tones fit for a lullaby, she glided from drowsiness into slumber. Moving very gently, Gaspar made his way to the window and looked out to see whether the night was calm. The expectant stars were watching the house in multitudes.

"She will have a fair passage," he whispered to himself. "How I thank God for lending her to me! Shameful would it be were I to pay Him back by weeping and moaning, because it seems good to Him to take her once more where I shall hope to find her when my journey is accomplished. Ah! the brightness grows! This room is partly heaven, and shall be sacred for evermore."

He sat down in his chair, and watched the radiance deepen round Eva, till at last his eyes began to ache. He closed them for a short time, and fell to thinking of the way in which he would devote the rest of his life to hallowing works among the folk scattered on the lower slopes and in the glens of the mountains, among whom as yet he had not laboured, it seemed to him, with all the force that had been put at his disposal. The Crusade of the Cross should be strengthened by the story of Eva's return and the description of the manner in which the celestial shepherd had driven home for him the sheep that otherwise must have perished in the fury of snow. He opened his eyes. Eva still slept, robed in radiance. Once more his eyelids shut out the marvellous sight. Once more in fancy he shaped for himself his career as a spiritual solace and refuge, under the tuition

EVA STILL SLEPT, ROBED IN RADIANCE

of his Master; and while he was thus engaged sleep took him at a disadvantage, so that when Eva melted from the valley to the fields of Paradise, he was held in chains more powerful than bonds cut out of iron, and being by them kept a prisoner he suffered not a single stab of the agony that might have broken his heart had he been forced to watch the second departure of his wife.

At what moment he ceased to slumber it is not possible to tell. Towards midnight the armies of the tempest burst into the valley and besieged the house in which Gaspar slept so soundly. Nothing rattled loud enough to wake him. The timbers groaned, the door tugged at its hinges, the windows seemed every minute to be on the point of being hurled across the room; and yet, there in a fireless chamber, with a thousand icy spirits flitting about his chair, Gaspar the Disciple slept, wearing upon his face a smile that looked as if it were the soul of happiness. Next morning, when the valley was celebrating by means of a cloudless sky the passing of the storm, the sun laughed its way into the room, only to find upon the sleeper's face a brightness brighter than its own. Even when, six hours later, the door was broken down by a band of men who had trudged up to the head of the valley, with good cheer in their hearts, for the purpose of finding how their neighbour had fared through Christmas, Gaspar did not heed the noise of the rending oak, or the uncouth cries of alarm, or the hands that sought to shake him into life. Try how they would, it was not possible for the villagers to tear the husband away from the wife. It was plain to see that he had spent a happy Christmas, else there could not have caressed his face a smile that surely must have resulted from a joy too deep to be endured by mortal man, but which must, in some way only dimly to be apprehended by those who saw it, have had its origin in the favour of God.

The Critic on the Hearth

BY JOHN A. STEUART

WHEN the Colonel had delivered his fiery philippic in the matter of Modesty *versus* George Borrow, the young man whom we call Solomon remarked with a significant twinkle, "It seems to me, Colonel, we have done very fairly this evening." And as in answer to the Colonel's look of inquiry he explained, "We have found two subjects of more than common interest—first, the unsuspected influence of light literature; second, the unsuspected value of self-conceit. The one, as some of us have just learned, for the thing is not yet familiar to our friend, the man in the street, gave a celebrated Cardinal to Rome; the other an imposing figure to literature."

The Colonel responded blandly that so far as the literary figure is concerned it was clearly a case of imposing. Only in an age of imposture could George Borrow manage to foist himself on an innocent and undiscerning public. He recalled Oliver Wendell Holmes's statement that audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always impressive, adding by way of commentary his surprise to find so shrewd a judge of human nature admitting such a fallacy. Audacious self-esteem, he went on to state, is but a roundabout way of writing the little word conceit. The young lady classic gently reminded the company of Goethe's view, which was to the effect that conceit is to be found only in narrow-minded people or those in mental darkness. It never goes with really first-rate endowments. In one of her novels George Eliot remarks that there is no need to pity self-conceited people, since they carry their comfort about with them. Conceit is a kind of gas providentially designed to inflate vacuous heads. Locke in his time considered it among other things, and delivered this judgment: "Strong conceit, like a new principle, carries all easily with it *while yet above common-sense;*" and a higher than either Locke or Goethe has said pertinently, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

"That's a clincher," cried Solomon.

My dear sir, that's Scripture beyond a doubt, and puts conceit precisely in its proper light and place. You may do something with all other kinds of defective persons, however glaring their deficiencies, but with the fool you can do nothing. In the end he will frustrate all your efforts and disgrace himself in spite of you; and this, though he may all the while be animated by motives and intentions which are beyond cavil. There is more fatuity about a fool than a wise man could well compute in a long summer's day. Did not Schiller declare that the gods themselves are helpless with him? In the merry England of romance a fool was a particularly keen-witted fellow in motley whose office it was to maintain the gaiety of kings and other exalted personages when their world was out of joint or hung too heavily upon them. Shakespeare's fools are miracles of wit and wisdom, philosophers in disguise, poets in essence, table wits unmatched in readiness and point. It would be possible to construct out of their detached sayings and scattered verse a system of philosophy as profound as Plato's, as practical as Machiavelli's, and better suited to ordinary needs than either.

These remarks were made one evening towards the end of dinner when the company, having induced the inward glow which comes of dining satisfactorily, was attuned to geniality and brotherly views. The cook and the *restaurateur* are in reality the prime masters of humanity. We are all subdued by the gleam and savoury warmth of the well-plenished table, when, in the words of our son of Avon, digestion waits upon appetite. The whole man then sings as harmoniously as the morning stars; a subtle philosophy not found in books seizes upon the heart, or perhaps some region a little lower down, and moves deliciously along all the cords. So that the veriest churl beams unconsciously. A Frenchman reflecting on our climate said that the only fruit which ripens in England is the baked apple. That is a witty Gallic libel. But to many a well-ordered British community the sunniest time of the day is the dinner hour. Nor is this to be accounted anything but a sign of national wholesomeness and vitality. Having dined, John Bull faces the world like a philosopher, and the philosophic post-prandial mood constitutes at least one source of his strength.

There is one sauce which is an infallible aid

to good-humour, I mean properly-conducted dinner-table talk. Who are the men that shine in it? I think they are the men who begin with pretty little tiny kickshaws of conversation and proceed with deft lightness through the serio-comic to graver topics. The British love gravity, and abhor levity. The person who would so abuse the privileges of the occasion as to preach at any stage ought, in the expressive American phrase, to be ruthlessly "fired." It is dangerous to attempt monopoly of talk in general company.

"The modern fool," quoth Solomon, reverting to the business in hand, "is of a different complexion from his Shakespearian relatives. He suffers from an insufficient furnishing of the top storey. In the old days only a clever fellow could be a fool; now the case is reversed, and as a consequence he is appallingly numerous."

"Appallingly," murmured the whole table in chorus, "appallingly." Evidently we had all suffered from the fool.

"After all, isn't it largely point of view?" said the Curate. "What the dog thinks of his master may be partly imagined from the wagging of his tail; but what the cat thinks of her mistress is a matter for profound speculation."

The young lady classic, full of her own exalted notion of things—she is young and beautiful and romantic—gently but firmly ruled the fool out of our discussion and adroitly brought us back to her own fountain-head of ideals—imaginative literature, wherein she professed to find the germs of all that is noblest and best in thought and emotion. In the reckoning of great things pray do not forget emotion, because it is the winsome feminine form of thought, and is operative and effective where the masculine form is dead or useless. Parenthetically it may be remarked that in the great crises of life, whether joyous or sorrowful, emotion is the first handmaid of the mind. For in spite of logicians and other hard matter-of-fact persons, sentiment rules the world. Sentiment is indeed the child of thought, but it is a child that has more influence than the parent. To think well is not always to act well; but the right feeling invariably brings the right action; and as Matthew Arnold reminded us, in a passage worth printing in gold, "conduct is three-fourths of life." Wherefore I give emotion a first place among the elemental forces that really mould the world and develop life and character. The young lady classic had these things in mind as she expounded, daintily and half bashfully, her gospel of the ideal, a gospel in her case made delightfully persuasive by a charming personality.

"It seems to me unquestionable," said the young lady classic, keeping with feminine persistency to her point, "that the growing influence of the novelist is one of the most significant signs of the time. The novel, as written to-day by the best practitioners of the art, is a vehicle for ideas, as the highest epic and dramatic poetry has ever been. Fiction is thus enlarging itself. In good hands (I don't speak of the crude mob of artisans and mechanics, manufacturing for the factory girl and the servants' hall) it is becoming protean. It is asserting in a hundred subtle ways, which the dull can neither detect nor understand, the superiority of mind over matter. It transfuses sordidness with the colours of the imagination."

"Is, in fact, a delicious and stimulating cordial," put in the Colonel, bowing gallantly. "I observe there is much discussion in critical quarters over the principles of fiction, and that the high priests and law-givers cannot agree among themselves. Some ask, as if the question touched an international dispute, whether Shakespeare had any conscious moral aim in writing. I cannot tell. I only know that his work is a treasury of moral precepts and fundamental principles. As to the novelist, there can be no question that he is often, and with malice prepense, a reformer, and what is more, an effective reformer. Didn't Dickens amend the poor law, and isn't the People's Palace the true monument to Besant?"

"How delightful it must be," cried the young lady classic, "to be always occupied with ideals, always in touch with the beautiful and the picturesque, and away from the petty sordidness of common life."

I asked whether she had ever tried to write fiction herself. The crimson of an orient morning suffused her face and neck, and her eyes shone as she answered timidly, "Only a few short stories." I did not inquire what became of them, because I knew as well as if she had stated the fact that they were locked among her secret treasures in her desk up-stairs, after suffering rejection at the hands of contemptuous editors. Throughout this England of ours thousands of men and women, of all ranks, conditions and callings, are assiduously and surreptitiously engaged in the production of fiction. Publishers accept from three to five per cent. of the manuscripts sent to them, often with tearful and heart-melting appeals. On the

most favourable reckoning the rejected therefore amount to ninety-five per cent. The majority never get beyond this stage. Their literary aspirations are killed in the bud, and ever after there is at the back of the mind a numb sense of foiled ambitions. Some have an amazing fortitude and perseverance. I know a lady who wrote seven long novels before she gave up, each written twice over. Two million words; think of the labour! There are multitudes of people with sections of novels in their desks. These, like the man in the scriptural parable, began to build and were not able to finish.

But it was obviously idle to speak of these things to the young lady classic, who thought of literary ideals as if they were the breath of life and the only things worth living for—barring the tender attentions of the Curate. But I asked permission to relate a little parable which I think suggestively illustrates the delights on which she dwelt so rapturously.

* * * * *

Since oaks spake in the thicket of Dodona and the goddess uttered wisdom in bad verse to the children of Apollo, there has been no oracle like unto our Oracle. In his wisdom he condescends to write novels. Now this is no singular thing, as we have seen. Multitudes in these days write who are never published, and multitudes are published who are not sold. Here is the crux of authorship. It is the glory of our Oracle to write, to be published, and, above all, to be sold. Here lies his grand distinction. For of what use is light if it be under a bushel, and what availeth genius in remainders or limited editions? The sun shines on the just and the unjust (with perhaps a sneaking preference for the latter), and our Oracle is as universal as the sun. Translators jostle each other in rendering him into every tongue under heaven, heathen or Christian, so that from the two-and-thirty points of the compass cheques come fluttering down on him like flights of birds of paradise till he is nearly smothered in wealth.

Now a certain literary aspirant, lifting his eyes afar off and beholding these things, said to himself, "Of a surety here is some great mystery. Is it that this man writes so much more divinely than all other men that these torrents of gold flow upon him? I will arise and go to him; peradventure I may learn the secret of extracting cheques from publishers." So he arose and shook out his ambrosial locks (literary beginners, Samson-like, believe in the unshorn hair), and took his cloak, which, alas! was getting threadbare, and his staff, and hied him to the Oracle.

Now the Oracle is genial, and his heart goes out to disciples when they approach to do homage or piously to seek instruction. So he opened his arms to the literary aspirant, and the twain sat down in luxurious easy-chairs and discoursed exquisitely of the pure joys of literature. Presently the literary aspirant, taking courage, dwelt on its noble qualities—the soul, the imagination, the humour, the pathos, the beauty of style, and loftiness of aim which command popularity. But all at once the Oracle laughed that Homeric laugh of his.

"I perceive," he cried, "I perceive you are still in the callow stage." And he laughed again till his Olympian sides ached.

For a moment the literary aspirant was too much abashed to open his mouth, save in a gape of astonishment; but when the Oracle's fit of merriment was passed he ventured to say: "You will pardon the dulness of a beginner, but callow seems an odd epithet to apply to such ideals as mine. They have always, I believe, animated and inspired the masters of literature."

"Pray don't be offended," returned the Oracle, chuckling. "But honestly, I can never think of ideals without laughing. Ideals!" he cried, breaking out again. "Ideals, and in literature too! Dear, dear, what are we coming to? Believe me, it is vastly amusing."

The literary aspirant, who was not without some natural heat of temper, would have launched forth in defence of his ideals, but the Oracle interrupted him.

"You see the evils of tradition," said the great man. "It is quite wonderful how the blind lead the blind. Really the folly of mankind is colossal. Ideals! dear, dear. My aspiring young friend, don't be speaking of them. The ideal in literature; tut, tut, you must not show your extreme youth in that manner. Look at me," he pursued, drawing himself up to the full height of his sublimity. "Do I dawdle over the ideal? Do I worry myself bald about style and naturalness and the nonsense of fine writing? I know a trick worth two of that. Hark," he added, winking comically as he bent forward in a confidential attitude. "Hark, I'll tell you a secret, though you mustn't be speaking of it." And he whispered knowingly in the ear of his visitor.

"You astound me," returned the literary aspirant.

"Oh, do I?" laughed the Oracle. "Well, suppose you were to go out into the street and bawl, what do you think would happen?"

"I suppose a crowd would collect," answered the literary aspirant innocently. "But what has that to do with literature?"

"What!" exclaimed the Oracle, "you expect to succeed in authorship, and don't see the connection between literature and the crowd! My dear sir, can't you see that it's the crowd that makes success?"

"*Ad captandum vulgus*," said the literary aspirant modestly.

"I have never thought it worth while to learn the dead languages," quoth the Oracle. "I seem to do very well without them. I have my own methods. Have a cigar."

"But the methods imply art," said the literary aspirant, taking the proffered cigar.

"So," said the Oracle. "Yes, there's an art, and a difficult one, only——" He waved his hand meaningly.

"*Ars est celare artem*," observed the literary aspirant, forgetting himself. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he added with a blush. "I have the most treacherous of memories. I merely meant to say that, if you will excuse the expression, the cloven hoof must be concealed."

"Ah," cried the Oracle, "we begin to understand each other." He took a turn about the room, rolling his eyes mystically, those wonderful eyes that see so much and so deeply. "Yes, I think we begin to understand each other. And let me tell you this, there is no sensation in life comparable to that which comes of beholding yourself selling like hot cakes. That, sir, is the right sort of fame, the fame that makes amends for all the twaddling of idiots about ideals and art for Art's sake. Cultivate that and be happy."

* * * * *

The young man called Solomon pricked his ears at that with the vivid interest which men display when the subject of money is introduced. Gold is almost as magical as royalty in the interest it arouses, perhaps indeed it is the only monarch that holds universal sway and excites universal admiration. Solomon's commercial sense was stirred.

"I tell you what," he exclaimed, "your Oracle may not have been much on ideals, but he had his head screwed on all right."

This is my friend's method of saying that a man has all the business endowments. "He produces what he knows is in demand and must therefore sell, like the baker from whom he borrowed his simile."

"Or the renowned Bobus of Houndsditch turning out sausages," put in the Curate quietly. "The Oracle caters—I keep to baker language—for the mob, and the mob being a mighty concourse, he circulates by the hundred thousand, or possibly by the million. If he circulated by the ten million it would make no difference. he would still be the catering tradesman, not the electrifying, charming, ennobling artist. Let us have done with mere questions of monetary gain! In commerce the tradesman holds a useful and honourable place, but in literature, unless we debase the name to the gutter, he is an anomaly, a danger, and, I will add, an abomination."

"That's going it strong," rejoined Solomon, touched as we could see in a tender spot. For his own ambitions were monetary, and he had been heard to declare that if he did not die rich it would be because he should die young.

"The cloven hoof," said the Colonel softly, "should certainly be excluded from the sacred precincts."

The young lady classic sighed as one who has just eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and finds the fruit bitter unexpectedly to the taste. The Colonel looked at her kindly and wistfully. "My dear," he added, like a father comforting a child, "in going through life we must shed many of our illusions, but that is no reason why we should part with our ideals. Keep them in lavender or anything else that will preserve them, for they are not only the true elixir of life, but the unfailing fountain of youth."

Our heads bowed in assent, and I noted that the face of the young lady classic had recovered its lost radiance.

The Sheep-shearer

A RUSTIC STORY

BY MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS

CHAPTER I.—THE WORKADAY WORLD

IF no longer a festival, as in the Georgian period, sheep-shearing fifty years ago was still a rustic event. Titled landowners had long ceased to lay in provisions suggesting a siege, and fill castle and hall from ground floor to attic, perhaps a hundred guests being feasted abroad. But among farming folk upon this occasion still reigned bustle and hilarity. Then flowed freely that mellow home-brewed known as Old Harvest. The jest went round, for the nonce masters were hail-fellow-well-met with their men, a longer day's work than usual seemed pure pastime.

A picturesque scene this Suffolk farm presented on a sheep-shearing morning in May. Just as tender nurses strip their little charges by the fire or in a sunny corner, so sheep-shearing always takes place in meadows looking south. And although

"LET ME EASE YOU OF YOUR LOAD"

sheep do not relish the process of losing their wool any more than babies the process of undressing, soon, well pleased to be rid of a burden, they nibble gaily, one spotless form after another set off by the emerald turf as china lambs by miniature herbage. As the morning hours wore on still lovelier looked this little world. Hardly in southern lands were sharper contrasts than here, the brilliant leafage of the young larches shooting up into a radiant sky, emerald and turquoise the young corn and bright summer heavens.

Behind the sheep-shearers' meadow lay the farmyard, its cheerful noises reaching the men where they worked, the thresher's flail, the stockman's whistle, the milkmaid's clatter as she hung out her newly-scoured pails to dry, hens cackling, turkeys gobbling, ducks quacking.

The sheep-shearer, with the ratcatcher and the thatcher, is a specialist, all of these making their professional rounds as judges on circuit.

Ephraim Cutting, always called by his Christian name, stood at the top of the sheep-clipping tree. None of his fellows handled the gentle creatures more dexterously or humanely, none got through his task at a quicker rate or kept better order in the meadow. For, from the moment of taking up his shears to that of laying them down, the sheep-shearer's word was law. Methodically, almost automatically he wrought, taking little part in the prevailing merriment, for Ephraim was not only a strict "meetener"—that is to say, a meeting-house goer—but a man who pondered deeply on many subjects, whenever he spoke saying something "to the purpose."

"Come, Ephraim," said Tom Berrett, the village wag, "you look older (*i.e.* more serious) than ever. But yonder comes somethin' that would have made father Abraham's face shine even after losing his Sairey."

"Don't mock the patriarchs, leastways in my hearin', Tom," was the severe reply.

Tom's only reply was a grimace and a caper. Then he turned towards a girl who came tripping from the farm with a can of beer.

"Make haste, there's a good mawther,"[1] he shouted; "we've got a bloke here that dry that if he doesn't soon get something to wet his whistle he'll set himself ablaze like a haystack in sultry weather." Then as the maid drew nearer he ran forward and attempted to take the can from her hand.

"Let me ease you of your load, my dear," he said, "it's unbecomin' for us men folk to stand by whilst your little arms ache."

For answer he received a smart box on the ear, the rebuff being acclaimed with loud guffaws and exclamations of approval.

"That's right, give it him well," cried one. "Go it, Carrie, teach him to 'have himself as he should do," shouted a second. "My! Tommy, how your ears must tingle!" put in a third.

Tom Berrett was a general favourite, but "too forrad with his tongue." A taking down was good for him.

Without taking any notice of the applauding chorus the girl set down her can by Ephraim's side, merely saying—

"Master said that you'd please to pour out, he's just a-talkin' to the miller."

With that she turned away, but not quickly enough to escape the discomfited wag.

"Tit for tat, a kiss for a blow," he said, and springing forward kissed the girl's rosy cheek, a roar of laughter applauding the act.

"Have a care, all of you," Ephraim called out sternly, "or, true as I sit here, this ale shall go, aye, every drop of it, into yonder horse-pond."

Still seated on his three-legged stool, a half-shorn sheep between his knees, he next glanced at the damsel, his lips moved, he seemed about to speak. Then with the dazed look of one suddenly recalled from everyday, comfortable things, unexpectedly confronting a painful past, every fibre alive to rekindled grief and struggle, he stammered an incoherent word and went on with his work.

CHAPTER II.—ROMANCE

NO more heeding the sheep-shearer's attitude than the behaviour of his men, Carrie tripped back, every step, every toss of the head betraying self-consciousness, a woman's satisfaction with her own charms and general appreciation of the same. No East Anglian maiden was this, no typical paragon with a face round as a

[1] East Anglian old English for maiden.

plate, eyes blue as tea-saucers, and hair that flaxen, as folks said, tow couldn't hold a candle to it. Instead she had an outlandish haughty look, a look of the Londoner, the pert miss from the Shires. Upright as a dart, with skin white as the driven snow, and hair black as the raven's wing, Carrie Watts only wanted a silk gown, tuscan bonnet and feather, to look the lady. Thus folks described her. Of her origin and parentage no one knew anything. She had come from the other side of Bury St. Edmunds, that was all.

Meantime, although his sheep was let go, Ephraim seemed to have forgotten the ale. Hint after hint was dropped in vain, till at last one bolder than the rest seized the can, and beginning with the sheep-shearer filled every one's horn. The strong sparkling home-brewed loosed every tongue. For awhile the men rested; squatting on the ground, each brought out his hunk of bread several days old, and accompaniment of cold pork, or "flet" or skim-milk cheese.

"Now, if I was a bacheldor" (a bachelor), quoth Joe Simmons, like Tom Berrett a bit of a wag, "if, as I was a-sayin', I was a bacheldor, I'd know where to go a-courtin'."

As he spoke he glanced after the vanishing cotton gown.

"And I know what you'd get, Master Simmons," put in Tom Berrett, rubbing his right ear, "a good tight smack like myself, for your pains. She's a high-flier is Carrie, and bent upon being made a lady of."

"And that's a thing easier said than done too, I lay," added Abraham Wade, the head ploughman. Like Ephraim, he was an austere Methodist and given to quote Scripture. "Leastways, if a mawther looks to be asked in church, not to have part and lot with painted Jezebels, them who walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, mincing as they go."

"You're right there, Master Wade," Tom went on; then making a significant grimace he said, "and if I'm not considerable out o' my reckonin', that young woman we're a speakin' on is not on the road to matrimony. Why, Josh, master's backhouse boy, overheard her say she was a-goin' to May fair to-morrow to meet a gentleman."

"Then she won't bring us a can of beer this time twelvemonths, that's all I can say," was the other's dry rejoinder. Thereupon wiping their lips on their coat-sleeves and putting aside their flat baskets called frails, all resumed work, the head ploughman remarking—

"You've your old pains in your joints, Ephraim, I lay; you look good tightly peakish, all of a sudden."

"There be things worse than rheumatics that come upon us unawares, Master Wade," was the reply. With a sigh, or rather a half-suppressed groan, he took up his shears, his hands firm as ever, his movements as automatic, only deep flushes that came and went and alternating pallor suggested pain or emotion.

When the long bright day had drawn to a close, and the men had gone home, he lingered, or rather hid himself in the orchard. Two linen-lines would, he felt sure, be cleared before night, and who but Carrie would clear them?

True enough, as something akin to twilight was stealing over the landscape, as one by one the lighter objects became dimly outlined against the massed greenery, blossoms of pear and apple tree and white linen matching the grey heavens, a tall, slim figure came quickly towards the drying-ground. Singing as she tripped along, Carrie was soon by the linen-lines and briskly enough began to unpeg.

"Lor', how you startled me; are you a ghost or a man?" she cried, as Ephraim's gaunt figure suddenly appeared from behind the damson trees.

"Man and ghost both in a sense, young woman," was the reply; "no other than your mother's husband. You've heard of him, I suppose?"

The sheep-shearer was far from intending to be stern or retributive. Deep pity for another rather than for himself now unmastered him, his enforced calm looking like hardness and reproach. The girl, evidently misconceiving his attitude, drew back affronted.

"And what, I should like to know, has that to do with me?" she cried, firing up. "Mother was laid under the turf long ago, she can't hear your railing. And it's no fault of mine that I'm her daughter out of wedlock. I didn't ask to be."

With her back turned to him she continued her unpegging, piece after piece quickly filling her basket. Ephraim stood by determined upon unburdening himself, but hardly knowing how to begin. He looked on the point of shedding tears from sheer bewilderment. Meantime, unmoved, only

ruffled and indignant the girl swiftly cleared her lines.

"You can wait here till Martinmas, I've nothing to say to you," she exclaimed, making for the back door.

CHAPTER III.—TRAGI-COMIC

"BUT I've a somethin' to say to you, my girl, a somethin' you mayn't be sorry to hear, and which you shall listen to willy-nilly. Put on what farin's you like, scream till all the village comes a-runnin' to gape and listen: true as my name is Ephraim Cutting I'll out with what has been pent up in my breast this twenty year."

His prisoner stood still, for he now barred her way, and held her hands in his own, those tremendously strong hands that had stood him in such good stead as a sheep-shearer. Daring of the daring, apt to be reckless alike in speech and conduct, now for the first time Carrie felt overawed, held fast by a new, hitherto unknown spell, in the grip of another's passion. For that

CARRIE FELT OVERAWED

stern utterance was almost immediately replaced by a tenderness even more impressive, a tenderness that thrilled this careless, fortune-tossed, friendless girl in every fibre of her being, and in its intensity only to be compared to a religious awakening.

"My dear," the sheep-shearer began, a tear being suppressed with every word, "you'd think, I daresay, that I'd ha' run miles another way rather than stand here a-speakin' to you and lookin' at you, but angered as a man may be with the wedded wife who deserts him, ready as he may be at first to kill her, aye, and her partner in sin too, this can't last, leastways when he cares for a woman as I cared for your mother, and when he tries to act up to the Gospel as I've always tried to do. And the speakin' image of her, you are, my dear, as I took her to church, then innocent as a new-born babe; and when I see'd you this afternoon and heard the chaps say that you was a-goin' to the fair with a gentleman——"

"They shall catch it for meddlin' and makin' with my affairs," she cried, momentarily recalled to herself—the pretty, vain little self so plumed upon, set such small store by—"I'll just teach them to tittle-tattle about me."

"When I heard that," Ephraim continued in penetrating, almost heart-broken tones, "I made up my mind to waylay you, to go on my bended knees——"

Warring against her better self, trying to break the spell, she tossed her head defiantly.

"Well worth a-goin' on bended knees to such as me, a mawther without so much as a name to bless herself with. There, let me go, do."

"You're not so poor as many another either," said the sheep-shearer, now weeping as he spoke. "I'm but a working man, my dear, but I've a house and home and a heart-ful of love awaitin' you there, love I haven't known what to do with all these long years. I shall think on you as your mother was when we walked together, forgettin' all the tribulation that came after. And have you thought on another thing? The wages of sin is death, the wages of sin is death; have naught to do with that gentleman and the fair——"

Did awe, pity, self-interest, or a reproach that was hers by inheritance now turn the scale? Perhaps Carrie herself could not have said, but bursting into tears she threw her arms around the old man's neck with a hearty—

"Said and done! I don't want to lose my character, but I'm tired of belonging to nobody, and I'll do my duty to you as a daughter, see if I don't. There, come along, and speak to missus about my leavin'!"

Slumber Song

WHITE sheep, woolly sheep,
Drowsily they go,
Winding thorough the pasture deep,
Bleating soft and low,
Ba-baa,
Baa, baa, baa!
Count them as they plod:
Great and small, they travel all
To the fold of Nod.
Elves that none can number,
In down of the eider shod,
Are bringing flowers of slumber,
Poppies heavy with slumber,
Dropping with dews of slumber,
Up from the fields of Nod.
Nid, nid, nod!
A haze is o'er the sod:
A dusk of things—a drowse of wings—
You lose your way in Nod.

Grey doves, dreamy doves,
Hearken how they woo:
"Love your love, your love that loves
Only, only you."
Do, do,
Do 'e, do!
Brooks of dreamland flow,
Half in drowse, the nodding boughs
Waver to and fro.
Elves that none can number,
In down of the eider shod,
Are bringing flowers of slumber,
Poppies heavy with slumber,
Dropping with dews of slumber,
Up from the fields of Nod.
Nid, nid, nod!
A haze is o'er the sod:
A dusk of things—a drowse of wings—
You lose your way in Nod.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

Photos by Henry Irving

II.—Schools for the Deaf

LEARNING TO SPEAK, CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

THE education of deaf children presents even greater difficulties than the education of the blind, though the conditions of the problem are not so generally appreciated. It is not his deafness, but the fact that he has no language, which so completely isolates the deaf child from his fellows and makes him so difficult to teach. He does not know the names of the commonest objects, and it is difficult to conceive what his mental processes may be, so closely does thought seem to be related to language.

There are, of course, many degrees of deafness among school children, from the slight hardness of hearing which led a child to describe the equator as "an imaginary *lion* running round the earth," to the absolute deafness which cannot hear the shrillest whistle or the loudest peal of thunder. The children for whom the School Board has to make provision in special schools are those who are too deaf to receive instruction in the ordinary schools. There are about six hundred such children under the care of the London School Board, and of these the great majority are congenitally deaf—so called deaf mutes—who have neither hearing nor language, the minority—about twelve per cent.—being children who have become deaf after acquiring some power of speech, and who may or may not have a little hearing.

The age of compulsory attendance for the deaf is from seven to sixteen. But there are several children at the deaf centres who are younger than seven, and the sooner they begin the better. It is very interesting to watch the first steps in the deaf child's education. The methods are much the same at all the centres, but we will take for our example the deaf centre at Cavendish Road, Balham, where they are specially successful with little children, and are working rather more on kindergarten lines than at some of the other schools.

In the beginners' class we find six or seven little children varying in age from four to eight years. The teacher is trying to impart the rudiments of language; her object is to enable each of these little children, who cannot hear a single sound, and before coming to school had no language whatever, to pronounce all the sounds in the English language, and to recognise them when spoken and when written. A sufficiently difficult task, yet, thanks to the natural imitativeness of children, less difficult than one might suppose. The child

moves his lips as the teacher moves hers, and, putting one hand to the teacher's throat and another to his own, he feels the movements of the vocal organs and imitates them with his own. A mirror is sometimes used to enable the child to compare the motion of his own lips with those of the teacher. As the sound is pronounced the letter or letters representing it are written on the blackboard. As soon as a few vowel and consonant sounds are known they are combined to form words. Thus, the teacher makes the hissing sound of "s," the child does the same, and "s" is written on the blackboard; "aw," says the teacher, and the child, after several attempts, perhaps, and using the mirror to test the position of the lips, reproduces the sound correctly, and "aw" is written on the board. The sounds only, not the names of the letters, are learned at this stage. The two sounds are now spoken together, and a new word has been learned. But not quite; how should a deaf child know what a "saw" is? The object must be drawn on the board, or, better still, produced and handled. The lesson is not likely then to be forgotten.

AN ARTICULATION LESSON, CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

As soon as a few words are known, they are combined to form sentences. In the next class sentence-making is going on merrily, and here something like a conversation is possible, though it has to be kept within the limits of a very narrow vocabulary.

All sorts of pleasant means are devised for making the language lessons agreeable as well as memorable. The conversations centre round objects which can be seen and handled, and as far as possible they are illustrated by pantomimics into which the children enter with much spirit. Part of the playground is laid out in small garden plots, which have to be tended and, of course, talked about. Silkworms are watched at their fascinating occupation, and several birds and a tame rat are on permanent duty at the school. Sometimes a child's birthday will be celebrated by a tea party; invitations will be written and delivered, one child will go shopping, and the feast will be partaken of with conversation appropriate to the occasion.

Drawing and various manual occupations designed to train the hand and eye are introduced from the beginning. The exercise-books of the younger children contain simple sentences and rough pictures, often very interesting and amusing, in coloured chalk. These are regarded not as artistic work, but as a means of impressing the meaning of the words written. With many of the deaf children drawing soon becomes quite a mode of expression, a useful means of supplementing their limited vocabulary. Even very little children draw flowers from nature, and those a little older make original designs based on the flower forms. They also practise modelling in clay, and at Cavendish Road the school rat has more than once played the part of model at these lessons. Altogether the artistic work of the deaf

schools compares very favourably with that of the ordinary schools.

It is pleasant to see the eager interest of the children in their work. Speaking must always be a matter of more or less effort to the deaf; singing is to them the natural and easy thing. And the great advantage of teaching speech from the earliest years is seen at Cavendish Road in the readiness of some of the children to speak spontaneously to their teachers, and even to the stranger within their gates. A little girl about six years of age, who probably had but a few score words in her vocabulary, buttonholed me as soon as I entered the class-room, and pointing proudly to her straw plaiting said, "Eva made it." I noticed too that some of the children were talking to each other by means of the lips, though without sound.

It is a little difficult to realise how heavy a task lies before the deaf and dumb child in the mere acquisition of his native language. It is, of course, a matter of far greater difficulty than the learning of a foreign language would be to a hearing child. The mistakes the deaf make in speaking and writing suggest, to some extent, the nature of their difficulties. Sentences get distorted and words curiously misused. "I had bread and fire for breakfast," said one child, meaning that she had toast. Another said that she had had for a birthday present "a pail and a sweep," meaning a broom. It is inevitable, therefore, that in educational attainments the deaf child should remain for years far behind the hearing child of his own age. But the gulf between them is gradually narrowed, and the more the deaf child advances in knowledge of language, the greater becomes his power of acquiring information.

It is not, however, at the ordinary day centre that we can now see the highest development of the deaf work under the London School Board. The work is being organised similarly to that of the blind children, so as to give the elder scholars two or three years of training, largely of a technical character, in a special residential school, with the object of fitting them for definite occupations. The school for elder boys was opened at Anerley in January 1903, that for elder girls is to be opened in the spring of 1904 at Wandsworth.

A TEA PARTY, CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

In the Anerley school there are fifty-five boarders (presently to be increased to sixty) and about twenty day scholars. They have been gathered from the deaf centres in all parts of London. Here, then, one may see how far the education of the deaf under the London School Board has yet gone. It is very interesting to watch a lesson being given to the highest class, and to join in conversation with the boys. These lads, whose ages run from thirteen to sixteen, are on a level in general information, I am told, with the fifth standard in a hearing school.

CLAY MODELLING (A TAME RAT FORMS THE MODEL), CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

The conversation on the occasion of my visit ranged from one subject to another, and it became evident that the boys were pretty closely in touch with most of the subjects in which hearing boys of their own age would be interested. They read the lips of the teacher with wonderful ease and accuracy, and there is very little difficulty now owing to restricted vocabulary. The visitor, especially if he be a bearded or mustachioed person, is not read so easily as the teacher, but even he finds it possible to take a fair share in the conversation. Most of the boys read the newspapers, and some are beginning to read standard books with interest. One bright lad in the class had started writing a story, the title of which at least is noteworthy. It was to be a story

STRIPWORK, A MANUAL TRAINING LESSON, CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

about Siberia, and was to be called "The Land of a Thousand Sorrows." It must not be supposed from his choice of a subject that the young author is of a preternaturally melancholy disposition. On the contrary, his normal demeanour seems to be cheerful to the verge of hilarity.

It is, however, the technical and trade instruction which gives to the Anerley school its distinctive character. It is felt that since it is not the easiest thing in the world even for the hearing lad to get a good situation when he leaves school, the deaf lad will have a very poor chance indeed unless he have some special qualifications which will to some extent make up for his physical disability. It may not be possible in the time devoted to trade instruction in the school to make a boy a thoroughly expert workman, but he may well attain sufficient skill to make him very useful in a workshop; he may gain a grasp of the principles of his trade, become familiar with its technical terms, and so be able without difficulty to receive instructions and explanations from the employer or foreman.

During his first year at Anerley a boy spends, as a rule, three half-days a week in the workshops, during his second year five, and during his third year seven half-days. The trades taught are tailoring, shoemaking, woodwork and metalwork, and others will be added later on. The instructors are practical mechanics, and the instruction given is on distinctly trade lines, thus differing from that given in the ordinary manual training centres. All explanations are given orally, so that the work of the shops as well as of the school-room ministers to the pupil's progress in speech and lip-reading.

ANERLEY RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL: BOYS AT WORK IN THEIR OWN GARDENS

The Anerley school is the first of the kind in England, and is therefore to a great extent experimental. The services of a very able and experienced head-master have been secured, and the Board evidently determined that there should be no risk of failure through any niggardliness in the matter of equipment, for the planning and furnishing of the school are on the most lavish scale. Attendance at this particular school must, of course, be voluntary; but any reluctance parents may have to sending their sons to a boarding-school generally disappears after a visit of inspection to Anerley. The

residential part of the buildings consists of four cottage homes, named after distinguished members of the London School Board — the Lawrence, Reay, Moberly, and Stanley homes. Each accommodates fifteen boys, and is in charge of a "mother." The daily life is modelled, as far as may be, on that of a well-ordered home rather than of an institution. Five boys sleep in each of the bright, clean bedrooms, and every boy has his own comfortable spring-mattressed bed. The boys willingly help with the housework, and there is a healthy rivalry between the houses, so that the Lawrence boys cannot go to school, happily, with the consciousness that the Stanley door-knocker is more brilliantly polished than theirs, nor can the Stanley boys tolerate the thought that the Reay common-room is more tastefully decorated than their own.

DINNER AT ONE OF THE COTTAGE HOMES, ANERLEY

There is a fine playing-field in which cricket and football are vigorously pursued, and the school-hall is fitted as a gymnasium —the finest gymnasium in any London Board School, and one which many secondary schools would be proud to possess. The school has its annual sports day, and visits are paid to a neighbouring swimming-bath. The results of this ample provision for athletics and physical training are seen in the vigorous, sturdy figures and alert demeanour of most of the boys. Beyond the playing-field is a large garden, which supplies the school with vegetables, and in which plots of ground for flower-gardens are assigned to such of the boys as care to cultivate them.

At the school for elder girls, which is to be opened at Wandsworth Common, it is proposed to teach dressmaking on artistic lines and millinery, in the hope that some of the girls will be able to find employment on leaving school in good West End shops. Girls who lack the taste and artistic capacity for such work will be taught laundry work, and other occupations may be introduced later on.

Such is the scheme for the deaf child of ordinary capacity: the day centre up to the age of thirteen, followed by three years at a residential school, where special attention is given to technical work. But there are some unfortunate children for whom this curriculum is impossible. Their mental capacity is below par, or perhaps some other physical infirmity is added to deafness. What is to be done with such children? They get little good at the ordinary deaf schools, and their presence tends to retard the progress of the brighter children. Yet they are capable of receiving some degree of education, and the difficulty of imparting it does not relieve the educational authority of its duty to these unfortunates. Since October 1902 special provision has been made for them at a residential school in Homerton. Here are gathered all the deaf children who, for one reason or another, are incapable of benefiting by the teaching of the ordinary deaf schools.

It is a pathetic little company of boys and girls of all ages from six to sixteen—about forty of them in all. Every child is a difficult case, but nearly every one presents a different kind of difficulty. Every child is a separate problem in pedagogics and psychology, and consequently, of course, requires individual attention. The task of

the head-master and matron, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Barnes, and of the other teachers, is —one would suppose—anything but an enviable one. Fortunately, Mr. Barnes is endowed with a very large measure of the Mark Tapley spirit, and his cheerfulness and energy are infectious. The more depressing the conditions of work, the greater the credit for being jolly; the duller the child, the more cheering are the faint gleams of intelligence which the teachers are able to evoke. For though none of these children will make a bright scholar, and few probably will ever earn their own living, yet much may be done to brighten and elevate their lives. Some, when they first come to the school, are little better than animals—speechless, helpless, unmoral, the reasoning faculties dormant, the conscience unenlightened. But give them good food, a comfortable and happy home, and continual occupation, and by degrees the most degraded become self-respecting, acquire nice habits, take an interest in life, show themselves anxious to please, display some mental activity and some manual skill, though but the most crude, begin to communicate with their companions and their teachers; in a word, are raised from the animal to the human level. Such is the work of this Homerton school, and here, of course, there can be no pedantic allegiance to the oral or any other system of teaching; any and every means are adopted by which the intelligence can be awakened and instruction imparted.

The deaf work in London has suffered somewhat in the past from want of uniformity and continuity of organisation. It will be seen from what has been said that the present thorough organisation, which is very largely the outcome of the efforts of Mr. B. P. Jones, the Board's Superintendent of Deaf and Blind schools, has only just been completed. It must therefore be three or four years hence before it will be possible to speak from full experience of the efficacy of the present system. When a fair number of boys at Anerley and girls at Wandsworth have completed their three years of training and taken their place in the industrial world; when the ordinary day centres, relieved from the specially difficult cases, have had a chance to do their best with the intelligent children from six to thirteen years of age; and when the poor weaklings have been subjected for several years to the gracious and stimulating influences of the Homerton home, the successors of the London School Board will be able to estimate rightly the value of the work done by the Board on behalf of the deaf children of London.

THE GYMNASIUM, ANERLEY SCHOOL

A Visit to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs

(Shortly before the Siege of Peking Legations in 1900)

BY ANTOINETTE DUTHOIT

COUNTRY travelling in China, although a strange experience to those who are only familiar with the prosaic speed of railway journeys in Western lands, is all the more attractive because of its novelty. So at least I thought when starting on a lovely spring morning, to visit the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs, thirty or forty miles distant from the city of Peking. Our party was but seven in number, and we were only to be away four days, yet judging by the numerous attendants and the elaborate preparations for the start from the "Hôtel de Peking," the uninitiated might well have concluded that we were to dwell in the wilderness for as many weeks; for in China the would-be traveller into the country must carry with him all the necessaries of life—or do without them. Food and water, bedding and blankets, table furniture; even a stove and cooking utensils must be provided, as the barest of bare rooms in native inns is the only accommodation to be met with *en route*, and the pack-donkeys, loaded with baggage as well as the Peking carts filled to overflowing, were highly important items of our equipment. The ladies travelled each in a mule-litter, which is somewhat like a large sedan chair, the upper part of the sides and front being opened or closed at will. Borne by two mules fastened between the strong wooden shafts, one in front and the other behind, it travels sedately at the pace of three or four miles an hour, a muleteer in charge (mostly asleep) riding a donkey alongside. If properly "spread" with the mattresses and cushions, so indispensable at night in the Chinese inns, the mule-litter is very comfortable, when one has become accustomed to the alternate swaying and jerking motion caused by the peculiar step of the mules in walking. The blue-hooded carts drawn by mules driven tandem, the red and blue mule-litters, and the servants in flowing gowns, their glossy queues hanging from beneath large flapping sun-hats, together with pack-animals, and riding-donkeys with their gay pack-saddles and collars of merrily jingling bells, formed an essentially Eastern and very picturesque procession.

It was only 4.30 A.M., but the streets were full of life as we passed through the city to one of the great Western Gates. From this point the way lay for miles along sandy tracks across the vast plain on which Peking is built. For the occupants of the mule-litters, at least, this first part of the journey was scarcely exhilarating, enveloped as we were in clouds of sand kicked up by the mules, with an Eastern sun beating down on the tops and sides of the litters, making the heat almost insufferable within. Halting only occasionally for rest and refreshment at quaint, though uninviting-looking wayside inns, we journeyed on throughout the day, and if the plain itself was somewhat monotonous, there was always much of native interest all around. Often on either side of the dusty track lay far-stretching fields of rich-springing grain crops, melon fields and orchards, for the Chinese peasant is unrivalled as an agriculturist, thrifty, industrious, resourceful; by nature law-abiding and peace-loving, he only wishes to be left in peace to the cultivation of his land, and perhaps none have suffered more severely during the late troubles than the uncomplaining Chinese peasantry.

Crowds of picturesque blue-garbed villagers gathered by the roadside to gaze at us as we passed through the villages, for the foreigner is regarded with wonder and awe, as a remarkable and possibly dangerous curiosity. Children fled terrified and screaming from one's most conciliatory smiles, to hide behind their parents, and mothers hastily covered their infants' eyes at our approach, lest the evil eye of the foreigner should chance to rest upon them. In every village, however poor, the Temple was always a conspicuous object, and within it in all probability would be found some splendid specimen of bronze-casting in the shape of an incense altar, or other sacred emblem.

The leisurely Mongol caravans passing by were objects of never-failing interest, and one was never tired of watching the long trains of some fifty heavily-laden Bactrian camels, as they sailed slowly and majestically along in "strings" of six or seven, casting evil, suspicious glances on the foreigners from vicious half-closed eyes. All the beasts seem ever to share the natives' dislike of the foreigner, and it was highly entertaining to watch our donkeys' efforts to unseat their riders—other means failing, by rolling on the ground—and to see the mules' evident delight when they had succeeded in upsetting the litters and turning us out—which they did sufficiently often.

It was getting towards evening when we descried the welcome outline of the north-western hills, and knew that Nankow was within reasonable distance. This was the walled town at the foot of the famous Nankow pass, where we were to halt and stay the night. But when we did arrive, weary from the long day's journey, how truly appalling was the sight of our strange quarters. An enclosed inn-yard in which pandemonium reigned; boys and men, mules, ponies, donkeys, dogs and fowls swelling the chorus, and apparently vying with each other as to which could make the most noise. On either side of the enclosure rough stalls and mangers provided stabling for the animals, and at the extreme end on a slightly raised platform stood the inn itself, a long, low building, with the usual ornamental roof, broad eaves, and lattice frontage, from which ineffectual double-leaved doors opened straight into the rooms from the inn-yard. The interior was rough, bare, and not too clean. The best guest-room only boasted of a wooden table, and benches placed in the middle of the uneven stone floor. One end of it was taken up from wall to wall by the "kang" or brick bed, a hollow brick platform, under which a charcoal fire is lighted in winter, the fumes being supposed to escape by a flue communicating with the open air. At first sight it was not encouraging to find that we ladies must make the best of it as a common bedstead, but the inimitable Chinese "boys" quickly spread inviting-looking beds upon it side by side, with the litter furnishings, and as it was happily too warm to need the charcoal fire, there was no fear of suffocation by the fumes, which generally do not escape in the well-regulated way expected of them.

ARCHWAY OF GENKHIS KHAN AT CHÜ YUNG-KWAN

The ornamental lattice frontage was covered with a tough native paper on the inside, affording the sole protection from wind, weather, and inquisitive Chinese, who delight to poke holes in it to "look see" what is going on inside.

But novelty is rarely without its charm—and never have I slept more soundly than during that first night in a Chinese inn, despite the brick bed and the tumult outside, which bid fair to continue all night, and which was certainly raging furiously at four o'clock the next morning when we awoke to prepare for an early start.

An almost magical change of scenery lay before us, when soon after daybreak we entered the lovely and romantic Nankow pass,

MARBLE ENTRANCE TO THE AVENUE OF MONOLITHS LEADING TO THE TOMBS

luxuriant with flowers and foliage. Grand rugged hills rose on either side, as we followed a winding, gradually ascending road by the side of a wide river-bed, then quite dry, and covered with massive boulders and great gleaming white stones. The road was fairly alive with traffic, mostly tending in one direction, on the way from Mongolia to the busy mart within the Chinese capital. Hundreds of carts, blue-hooded or lightly-roofed with matting, and filled with travellers or merchandise, lumbered leisurely along, as well as numberless trolley carts loaded with all kinds of country produce; heavily-freighted, squeaking wheelbarrows slowly trundled on, and coolies, always at a jog-trot, bore their various loads slung at each end of bamboo poles balanced across the shoulder. There were handsome buff-coloured Mongolian ponies, with long white manes and tails, and ornamented forelocks; droves of heavily-laden pack-mules, and droves of donkeys too, with burdens ingeniously disposed in the ends of long sacks, and crossed so that they hung with equally distributed weight on either side. The little animals trotted steadily on, regardless of their drovers, who, like my muleteer, managed to sleep peacefully as they rode along!

Herds of black swine, and flocks of white long-haired sheep were continually driven by, and oftentimes seemingly moving stacks of brushwood or straw bore down upon us, although close inspection discovered a minute donkey between two sheaves. As the sheaves met at the top, projected in front, and trailed on the ground behind, there was not much donkey to be seen, nothing indeed but the nose and the forefeet. Delightfully picturesque, too, were the groups of Tibetan travellers, with their bright-faced, attractive-looking women. Now and again the traffic was so dense that we had to halt until the road was clear, especially as it became narrower higher up the pass. The impression left on my mind is of a never-ceasing, fascinating procession of life and colour, streaming down amongst the hills; sometimes appearing in the distance winding along on the opposite side of the pass, now crossing the river-bed, then advancing, meeting, passing us by.

A few miles up the pass from Nankow stands the remarkable Chü Yung-Kwan archway, built in the thirteenth century

ELEPHANT, IN THE AVENUE

by Genkhis Khan, the great Tartar monarch.

Above the archway, on the outside, are some very quaint carvings, and within there are some equally quaint ones in lower relief; but chief in importance and interest are some famous inscriptions, of very special value, which archæologists and scholars of all nationalities have travelled far to see, and which are similar in philological value to those of the Rosetta Stone. They present the same version, in six languages, of two Buddhist invocations, one on each side of the archway. The original Sanskrit is carved in large characters along the top, and of the other five languages, the Chinese, Mongolian and Tibetan are easily recognised; the Ouigour (ancient Manchurian) and Tangut are beyond the ken of any but Oriental scholars. Of the principal carvings within the arch, those on the roof represent the five Celestial Buddhas, and the four gigantic figures just inside at each corner are the four great guardian kings with which one is so familiar at the entrance of every Buddhist temple in China — the White Guardian of the East, the Green Guardian of the South, the Red Guardian of the West, and the Yellow Guardian of the North. The symbolical carvings without, above the archway, are intended to represent the "triumph of Buddhist enlightenment over the powers of darkness, typified by serpent dragons coiled in scrolled clouds." Though keenly interested in examining this unique structure, I unfortunately knew but little about it at the time, and I am indebted to Dr. Bushell, late of Peking, for the details of this explanation.

It was just beyond this archway that we caught the first impressive sight of the Great Wall, high on the hills above us, the crenelated battlements showing in clear sharp outlines against the blue sky. How strange and wonderful a link it seemed with the far, far-away past; in its very conception old-world and romantic, for it was built, not to defend a city, but a vast nation from the devastating inroads of Tartar hordes.

Sixteen hundred miles long, and twenty-five feet high and wide, this stupendous structure was the work of Ch'in Shih Huang, the first universal Emperor of China, two centuries before the Christian era; and, like all colossal monuments of the Eastern world, it was carried on by forced labour at a fearful sacrifice of human life. The Chinese have on record that every third man in the empire was drafted and forced to build, while many hundreds of thousands lost their lives; it was, they say, "the annihilation of a generation," adding, as if in justification, "but the salvation of a thousand."

It is indeed an amazing sight to see the Wall winding its way along the summits of

FABULOUS ANIMAL, IN THE AVENUE

the hills, sweeping down into the valleys, ascending the heights. Fine embattled towers, serving the double purpose of watch-towers and bastions, occur at frequent intervals, and now and again we passed through strongly-guarded passes with two massive stone gateways perhaps fifty yards apart, branches of the Wall descending the hills abruptly on either side to join them. The great double-leaved, iron-plated doors were thrown wide open, and must have remained unclosed for long ages; the top of the Wall, flagged with broken stone, was overgrown with weeds, and everywhere were grievous signs of ruin and decay. But yet the marvel rather is that it should be so far intact. There has been no use for it, since for centuries the opposing nations have been united, while no attempt is made to keep it in repair. And it has stood for nearly two thousand years!

We had planned to picnic on the top of the Wall, but sudden heavy rains made it impossible, and a Chinese inn on the way back was the only alternative. There groups of gaily-dressed women peered curiously at us from a safe distance, and the usual crowd of men gathered about us, until one of the party produced a camera, when they beat a hasty retreat, for well they knew about the evil spirits concealed inside it. One man with a refined intellectual face, whose picture was much desired, was as wily as a mosquito in evading the range of the camera.

FINAL ARCHWAY THROUGH WHICH THE BODY OF YUNG LO WAS CARRIED FOR BURIAL TO THE HILL BEHIND

We reached Nankow by sundown, and the following day was to be devoted to the Ming Tombs. Leaving by five o'clock, the morning was yet well advanced before we saw the beautiful yellow porcelain roof-tiles of the Tombs, glistening in the sunlight amongst the trees, at the foot of the distant hills.

The Ming dynasty was the last Chinese dynasty to hold sway over the empire. There were seventeen Emperors of the Ming line, which extended over a period of nearly three hundred years, its overthrow

being brought about by a terrible and widespread rebellion, originating in Shensi. Emboldened by repeated and brilliant successes, one of the chief rebel leaders marched northwards, conquering as he went, to attack the capital. When he arrived at Peking, one of the Southern Gates was thrown open by a traitor, and the rebels surged in, ruthlessly setting fire to the city in every direction. On hearing this fatal news the Emperor ascended the Mei-shan (Coal-hill), an artificially-made eminence north of the Palace, which commands a view of the whole city; and seeing the destructive flames leaping upwards on every side, he returned to the Palace in deep distress. Early the next morning, with but one remaining faithful follower, he ascended the hill again. Writing a few words there with his own blood, to the effect that this calamity was a punishment from heaven for his want of virtue, he concluded with a pathetic appeal to the enemy on behalf of his subjects, and hung himself with his silken girdle.

Unable to cope with the rebels, the Chinese called upon the Manchus to help them, a step which proved fatal to the old dynasty. In a short time the Manchu T'Sing dynasty was formally inaugurated, and the present Emperor, Kwang Su, is the twelfth sovereign of the line.

The justly-celebrated and beautiful Ming Tombs near Peking are the mausolea of thirteen of the Ming Emperors.

They are approached by a remarkable avenue of great stone figures, all monoliths. Elephants, lions, camels and fabulous animals, placed at regular intervals, form the longer part, and at the end near the tombs are four pairs of gigantic statues of civil and military mandarins; the presence of all these strange figures being supposed to suggest their existence in the spirit world, in the service of the dead monarchs. The avenue is entered through a magnificent marble "pai'lou," or memorial arch. A little beyond this entrance is a red, golden-roofed pavilion with open archways on the four sides, in which stands a colossal tortoise cenotaph of marble, bearing inscriptions in Chinese and Mongolian, eulogies of Yung Lo, third Emperor, whose tomb is generally understood to be the finest of the thirteen. Close by stand some curiously-winged marble columns covered with mythical carvings, and then begin the long lines of monoliths, guarded by hills on either side. A paved way of at least half a mile in length, leading across a fine but ruinous marble bridge, lay between the end of the avenue and the Tombs; the long intermediate distance being indicative of the highest possible rank.

At the entrance-gate of Yung Lo's Tomb, a long parley ensued with the gate-keeper, which we left discreetly with exaggerated indifference to one of the Chinese "boys," and finally the doors were thrown open and we entered the first great court. The "Tomb" includes several acres of land, enclosed within high walls and divided into a series of courts lying one beyond the other, with porcelain-roofed halls, gateways, pavilions, and porcelain pagodas; for as if in pursuance of the idea already suggested with regard to the stone figures, the Royal Tomb is constructed on the same plan as the Palace.

The Great Hall standing between the second and third courts is a magnificent building, and opens upon either court by three large doorways exactly similar and opposite to each other. It contains the entombed monarch's "spiritual tablet," set upon a canopied throne, richly carved and gilded, a table with various sacred emblems standing before it. The ceiling is composed of hundreds of decorative square panels, showing gold dragons on a blue ground; but in every other respect this vast interior impresses one with its dignified simplicity, and the numerous pillars which support the massive roof are simple trunks of teak, each six feet in diameter and fifty feet high. It took many years to bring these enormous trunks by sea, in junks, from Siam, and to float them on rafts up the Grand Canal and the Peiho to Peking, from whence they had still to be carried with immense labour over nearly fifty miles of the plain of Chi-li, before the Emperor's tomb was reached.

On the outside the shapely double roofs of yellow porcelain project over painted façades, in which the most brilliant colours are daringly blended with surprisingly beautiful effect. Triple flights of marble steps, with central slabs presenting carvings of imperial dragons, lead to the great doorways; and three tiers of marble terraces, with carved balustrades, surround the building. Partial signs of neglect are apparent not only in the fallen heaps of broken porcelain, but in the grass and creepers springing up amongst the terraces and roof tiles; but on the whole it is in fair preservation, notwithstanding its centuries of age.

Passing on through further courts and buildings one comes at length to a marble altar, standing before a massive embattled tower, which is crowned with a double-roofed pagoda. Through an archway and up an inclined passage, tunnelled in the solid structure of this tower, the body of the monarch was carried, through a second archway into the hill behind for burial—and there it still rests. Two other tunnel passages, full of weird echoes, diverge from either side of this now closed arch, and lead to the top of the tower, where stands the graceful pagoda, containing another memorial tablet to the King. The high burial-hill at the back of this final archway commands an unrivalled view of the surrounding country, and of the enclosed groups of porcelain-roofed halls and pavilions of the other twelve tombs. Impressed by the stately silence, and filled with the romantic charm of the place, one wandered again and again amongst the tree-shaded courts, and through those wondrous halls, where the spirit of the dead past seemed to linger. Regretfully indeed did we turn away at last, lest the swiftly-falling Eastern darkness should overtake us on the homeward way.

At this period of the world's history it is impossible for any one nation long to resist the march of progress and remain in a state of self-satisfied isolation; and yet, with these peaceful and charming old-world scenes indelibly impressed upon the mind, one cannot but regret the violence of China's awakening, which has carried such desolation and destruction in its wake.

From an æsthetic point of view one deplores also the careless destruction of noble structures and priceless artistic treasures, and the despoiling of much that was ancient and unique by foreigners and Chinese alike. All this, with the introduction of railways, electric light and other Western improvements, dispel all too rudely the glamour and romance of ancient story, which so strikingly invested the wonderful city of Peking, and the one time prosperous and fascinating region of Northern Cathay.

Photo by D. Wilson

ORNAMENTAL COTTAGE, CLARE, SUFFOLK

The Ballade of the Wedding-Smock

FOLDED away in an oaken chest,
Precious relic of long ago,
Cunningly "gauged" on shoulder and breast,
Bleached till it rivals untrodden snow—
That smock! Its wearer looked brave, I know,
In smart new breeches of creaking cord,
And shoes with buckles; a village beau—
He would not change with a feudal lord.

Here by the chimney he sits at rest,
With toil-worn fingers he traces slow
The patterned hearts—'twas at her request,
A pretty fancy—they worked it so.
He smiles in her eyes like a lover, tho'
For fifty years she has graced his board
Since they together made such a show:—
He would not change with a feudal lord.

His old wife's hand in his own is pressed,
Fifty odd years roll back, and, lo!
He in his wedding-smock is dressed,
Her yellow curls in the sunlight glow.
Here, flitting nimbly to and fro,
She lights the log from the wood-pile's hoard
On their own hearth for the first time—Oh
He would not change with a feudal lord.

Envoy.

No better fortune can Fate bestow
Than lives attuned to love's deep chord.
Tho' he be humblest of men below,
He would not change with a feudal lord.

NORAH MCCORMICK.

The Galway Salmon

Photo by Hill

WEIR BRIDGE, GALWAY, IRELAND

ONE of the prettiest sights in Galway City is the river Corrib, a clear rapid river running from Lough Corrib through Galway to the sea. It is the home of salmon. Leaning over the bridge one sees the noble fish by the hundred, and it is a beautiful sight to watch their glistening bodies as they dart to and fro. They come up from the Bay, and, unlike the streams flowing past many other towns, the Corrib is not polluted, so that fish will frequent its waters. A Scotsman—a well-known cricketer—had a day's fishing in the river, and killed fifty-three salmon with the ordinary rod. Splendid fish they were. To the fisher we would say, Go to Galway for a holiday: you can have lough, river, and sea- fishing; and the people are all glad to see you.

GEORGE THOW.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE MANOR HOUSE

Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Allan Barraud

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Dwarf Tribes in New Guinea

THE large island of Papua or New Guinea, lying to the north of the Australian continent, though explored pretty fully along the coastline, is still a comparatively unknown land.

The island, which is now an integral part of the Commonwealth, has been much in evidence of late owing to the legislation which has been rendered necessary for its government, and amongst other matters an earnest effort is being made to induce our legislators to prohibit the sale of liquor, so that the native population, estimated at four hundred thousand, shall not be decimated.

On the retirement of Mr. (now Sir) George Le Hunte from the post of Lieutenant Governor to become Governor of South Australia, Mr. Robinson, the Judicial Commissioner, became Acting Administrator, and he has been assiduously engaged of late in the exploration of the N.E. interior.

His last reports to the Prime Minister are of great interest, for they announce the discovery of new pigmy races, akin in some respects to those found by Stanley in Africa.

While at Tamata he received a visit from the chief of a village situated on the Kumusi River, whose height was only 4 feet 3 inches, with a chest measurement of 26 inches. This small specimen of native authority had a pleasant manner, appeared exceedingly friendly, and acted just as any other native would. His people—the Aligai-ambo tribe they are called—live in a marshy region, which they never seem to leave, and are expert in the management of the fragile and shallow canoes which they use for working their way through the dense masses of aquatic undergrowth.

Mr. Robinson had a further opportunity of noting the features and limbs of a man and woman who came off to them from the village in the marsh, and he remarks that the feet were short and broad and very thin and flat, with, "for a native, weak-looking toes." This was accentuated in the case of the woman, but in both instances the feet seemed to rest somewhat helplessly upon the ground as wooden feet would do. They are so accustomed to their aquatic surroundings that they are not only most accomplished swimmers, but "they can glide on their feet through a bed of reeds or rushes, or over masses of floating vegetable matter with ease," while on the other hand they tire quickly when walking on land. They build their houses, like many other tribes in New Guinea, on piles at a height of about 12 feet above the water.

In a later report the administrator records his discovery of still another dwarf race. While his party was on the march, they suddenly surprised a pigmy native in his garden. "He was small and slight of stature," he says, "and wore a curious headdress. His hair was bound in long stiff tails, and the whole was covered in a fool's cap of native cloth, impervious to wet, the narrow end of which was allowed to fall down his back. He apparently thought us strange creatures and regarded us with no little awe." The language spoken by this man was somewhat musical, but none of the natives with the party could understand it. Further investigation into the habits and customs of these dwarf tribes will be awaited with interest.—A. J. W.

Exploring in New Guinea

THAT this work is no child's play is evident from Mr. Robinson's account of the many difficulties they met, and especially the many insect and other pests that attacked them on the march.

They suffered greatly from scrub itch, "an invisible microscopic tick" which burrows beneath the skin and causes intense pain, while leeches and ferocious bulldog ants were not a whit less eager in their attentions. The vast masses of underscrub intertwined with trailing vines and the dreaded prickly pear, together with the spear pits of the natives cunningly concealed by leaves, made exploration a perilous and toilsome business.

But, in spite of every difficulty, the party had good success, and Mr. Robinson reports highly of the fertility of the land.

It is apparently the home of tobacco, large quantities of which were found growing, and in every garden there were supplies of sugar-cane, paupau, pumpkins, sweet potato, taro, and yams, with nuts in great profusion.—A. J. W.

A Colony's Escape.

JUST 100 years ago there sailed through the well-known "Heads" at the entrance to Port Phillip Bay, at the apex of which, 40 miles to

the north, the fine city of Melbourne now stands, two ships, whose coming and subsequent going were destined to be fraught with important consequences to the residents of the future Colony of Victoria. They were H.M.S. *Calcutta* and the transport *Ocean*, with a human freight of 299 convicts under Colonel Collins.

Three or four years before Lieutenant Grant, commanding the *Lady Nelson*, was investigating the almost unknown coast, and on reaching Sydney he reported the discovery of what appeared to be a small inlet. Lieutenant Murray succeeded to the command, and instructed Mr. Bowen, his lieutenant, to examine this inlet or entrance. He did so, and passing through the narrow channel, whose "wild tide race" Kipling has immortalised, found himself inside a vast land-locked harbour. On the 15th February 1802 Murray himself entered, and three weeks later took possession of the territory for King George the Third.

Governor King was then ruling in New South Wales, and his entreaties to the Imperial Government for permission to found a colony resulted in the arrival of the ship-loads of prisoners aforesaid. As a matter of fact, the transport cast anchor first, and was joined by the *Calcutta* a few days later, on the 10th October 1802.

Commander Collins decided to fix his settlement at a spot, now and for many years past known as Sorrento, some five or six miles from the entrance. He could not have chosen a worse site for a penal station, or a better for the future history of Victoria. The soil was sandy, the water was brackish and only to be got by sinking, and the bush offered every facility to the convicts to escape. Three of them did flee into the wilds, two of whom died, but the third (Buckley, "the wild white man") lived for many years with the natives and practically became a savage, till discovered and re-tamed by the early settlers.

Collins' reports of the position were so unfavourable that Governor King sanctioned the removal of the whole outfit to Tasmania, as it is now called, and, in deep disgust with the place, the expedition sailed once more through the Heads. By so narrow a risk was the territory, afterwards called Victoria, saved from becoming a convict station.

Collins' name is perpetuated in the street called after him, the finest thoroughfare in Melbourne, but if ever a man deserved a monument for lack of enterprise—a lack ultimately so beneficial—this surely was the man. Had he but possessed a little skill in exploration, or had his second in command been undismayed by his first brush with the natives, a few hours' sail would have placed him in touch with the fine sites on which two cities are now built, with every natural advantage, and backed for many miles by some of the finest farm lands in Australia; instead, dark tragedies of transportation would have been the result. He simply wrote—"When all the disadvantages attending this bay are publicly known, it cannot be supposed that commercial people will be very desirous of visiting Port Phillip," and sailed away; while to-day the ships of all nations continually pass through the Heads, within sight of the very spot on which he landed, carrying their share of the commerce of the world. The old well is all that is left to remind the present generation of Victoria's only convict station.[1]—A. J. W.

Alpine Sports in Australia

ALTHOUGH the whole of Australia lies within either the tropical or very temperate zones, and snow is practically unknown, there is one spot where the winter sports of Northern Europe are not only possible, but are actually practised with enthusiasm. This spot is the village of Kiandra, on a slope of the "Australian Alps," in the south-east of New South Wales. Kiandra is in such an elevated position that every winter it has heavy falls of snow, and annual competitions are held in connexion with snow-shoe races, jumping with Norwegian ski, tobogganing, and other similar pastimes. The mountains amongst which the town nestles afford splendid facilities for these sports, and people pour out from Sydney and the neighbouring towns to witness what are thoroughly novel sights for Australia. The residents of Kiandra have been quick to see the advantages their town may derive from such facilities, and they are doing their best to make the place an Australian Davos. The air is keen and bracing, and the weather is usually very good. Kiandra is not very far from Mt. Kosciusko, which is believed to be the highest mountain peak in Australia. Kosciusko is snow-clad all winter, and for some time Mr. Clement Wragge, Government astronomer of Queensland, and who was the means of establishing the well-known observatory on Ben Nevis (Scotland), had a

[1] An attempt was subsequently made to land convicts in Melbourne, but was successfully resisted by the inhabitants, headed by Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke.—ED. *L. H.*

meteorological station on its summit. Unfortunately, one bad winter the occupants of the station nearly lost their lives in the snow, ran short of provisions, and the station is now deserted.—F. S. S.

Proposed Railway across Australia

ONE of the dreams of the Australian Commonwealth is a transcontinental railway—from east to west. At present, save for the steamboat service, Westralia is isolated from the eastern half of the continent, and the proposed railway is to run from Adelaide (South Australia) to Coolgardie, the eastern terminus of the Perth-Coolgardie railway. Unfortunately, this railway would pass, almost wholly, through arid, desert country, and, as it would be several hundred miles long, it is believed that it would be many years before it would pay expenses. Its initial cost would be about £2,000,000. It has, however, many points in its favour. It would, for instance, allow the English mails to be landed in Adelaide, Melbourne, and all over the eastern states two days quicker than at present. Then it might, in the event of a war, be of considerable strategic importance, in case the "enemy" held control of our southern waterway. It would also give the eastern states a short cut to the goldfields, and a quick route to Perth and Westralia generally, and would especially be a boon to sufferers from sea-sickness. If it is constructed, it will allow of one of the longest railway rides—from Brisbane (Queensland) to Perth (Westralia) in the world. Many Federal members of Parliament favour it, especially the Westralian representatives, as it would give the latter easier access to Parliament. Just now South Australia has in view a transcontinental line of its own—north and south—connecting Adelaide and Port Darwin, and is calling tenders for building it on the questionable land-grant system. This line passes through far better country than the other, and there is a chance of it paying its way. It will traverse the heart of the continent, and pass through places where only an occasional explorer has been as yet.—F. S. S.

Coloured Races in Australia

OWING partly to its climate, but mainly to its geographical position, Australia is the happy hunting-ground of coloured races; and this is a fact that needs to be intelligently grasped by critics of the "white Australia" policy. Chinese are found by thousands in all the states, dating from the discovery of gold in the early fifties. At present they are decreasing in the southern portions of the continent; but northwards, especially in the tropics, they were steadily increasing until the passing of the Immigrants' Restriction Bill a few months ago. Japanese, both male and female, abound in N. Queensland, Northern Territory, and Westralia. Hindoos and Afghans—chiefly in the shape of camel-drivers and hawkers—are found in all the states, and the Hindoo hawker has become a pronounced pest. In Queensland there are thousands of Kanakas—South Sea islanders—engaged in the sugar plantations; but a recent law provides for their deportation within the next five years. In every state there are more or fewer aborigines, but as they neither work (to any extent) nor intermarry with whites, and are fast dying off, they are a negligible quantity. Malays are fairly common along the north coast, where they are engaged chiefly in the pearl-shell industry. There are also fair sprinklings of negroes, Papuans, and half-breeds of various colours. All along the north coast of the continent it is rare to find a settlement or town where the pure white predominates in numbers. Usually, however, he is the principal man in the place, but there are towns where Chinese or Japanese, or even Afghans, are wealthy storekeepers and contractors. On the Coolgardie goldfields, for instance, by far the wealthiest camel-contractor was an Afghan, who was worth thousands of pounds.—F. S. S.

Our American Correspondent

THOSE of our readers who have observed the initials "A. B. R." appended to our notes for the United States will regret to learn of the writer's death. Mr. A. B. Rice, son of Rev. Dr. Edwin Rice of Philadelphia, was a young man of great promise. Born in 1878, he was only twenty-five at the time of his death in October 1903. He had taken a high place at the University of Pennsylvania, and was devoting himself to literary pursuits. His notes were always readable, and he gave much information of great value about current events and social life in the United States.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

A Fallen "Star" weighing Fifty Tons

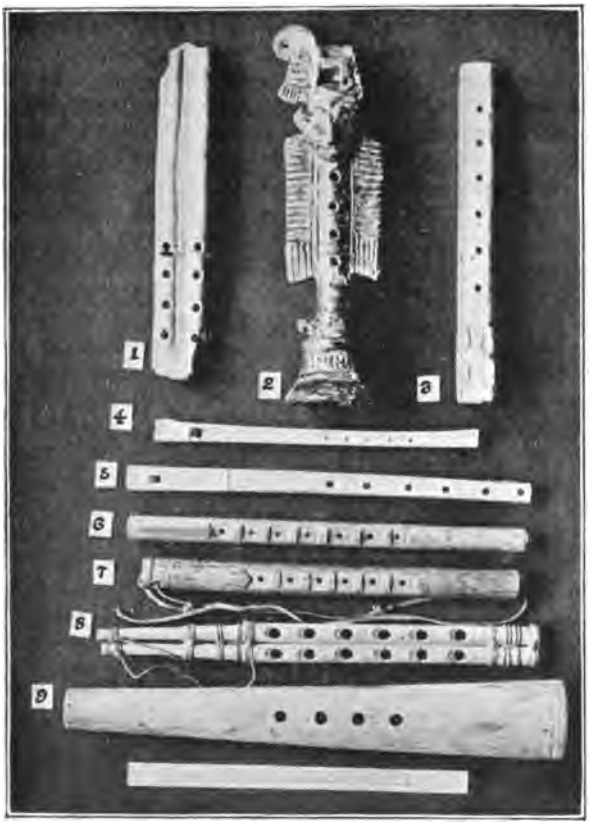
ONE of the largest and probably the heaviest meteorite yet found upon the earth has recently been excavated by Prof. H. A. Ward at a place called Ranchito, near Bacubirito, in the province of Sinaloa, Mexico. This mass of meteoritic iron is more than thirteen feet long, six feet wide, and five feet thick, and its weight is estimated to be about fifty tons. The great meteorite which Lieutenant Peary took from Anighito, Greenland, to the United States a few years ago is believed to weigh nearly fifty tons; and next to these two, the three heaviest "fallen stars" known to science are those from Chupaderos, Mexico, sixteen tons, San Gregorio, Mexico, eleven tons, and Bemdego, Brazil, five tons. Mexico can lay claim to more large meteorites than any other country, and taking but ten of them, their total weight is ninety-five tons, or on the average more than nine tons per meteorite. The Bacubirito mass was known to be a meteorite so far back as 1876, but it is only recently that Prof. Ward undertook the long and difficult journey to the place where it existed and succeeded in excavating it. The meteorite was found embedded in black vegetable soil, with one end slightly projecting above the surface. Upon digging away the soil, the great mass of celestial iron was found to rest on solid rock without a trace of soil under it, thus suggesting that it fell from the heavens at a period when the rock was bare. The form of the mass after it had been unearthed is depicted in the accompanying illustration: which shows also the pittings found on the surfaces of most meteorites. The recovery of a mass like this is a striking reminder of the substantial nature of the roving masses of rock which the earth may draw to itself in its journey through space. These masses are of course not stars; but when they rush through our atmosphere and are rendered white-hot by the heat of friction against the air, their appearance as gigantic balls of fire is so alarming that precise observations of the phenomena attending the fall of a large meteorite are difficult to obtain. Fortunately, large meteorites are rare, and our atmosphere is able to protect us from the smaller fragments which bombard us and are consumed in the course of their flight through the air, their destruction being announced by the streak of luminous vapour which we call a shooting star or meteor.

THE GREAT METEORITE UNEARTHED IN SINALOA, MEXICO, BY PROF. H. A. WARD

Musical Scales

AN interesting contribution to the history of musical scales, by Mr. C. K. Wead, has just been published by the U.S. National Museum. Three centuries before the Christian era, the

Greek musician Aristoxenus pointed out that while the voice, in speaking, changes its pitch by insensible gradations, in singing it moves usually by leaps or steps. Most peoples who have attained any moderate degree of civilisation have attempted to limit the number of steps to be taken by the voice in any song between the highest and lowest note, and to fix these steps by rules. In earlier days, however, no definite musical scale of notes existed, and the voice of man was as free as regards musical utterance as that of birds. After this stage of primitive music came the stage of instruments mechanically capable of giving a scale of notes. The commonest instruments of this kind are flutes, the holes of which are in some cases arranged in two groups. Flutes were used by prehistoric man, and instruments with from three to six holes have been obtained from early tombs in Egypt. A group of flutes from various parts of the world is here reproduced from Mr. Wead's paper. From a study of these and other instruments, the conclusion is arrived at that no idea of a musical scale has determined the positions of the holes in them. The appearance of the instrument is the chief consideration among primitive peoples, and the size, number, and position of the holes depends upon the size of the hand and the expertness of the performer for whom the instrument is constructed. An examination of primitive wind instruments shows that the holes are primarily decorative, and are placed in positions where they do not interfere with the artistic design. From his instrument with equal-spaced holes to please the eye, prehistoric man obtained series of sounds that could be repeated, and could give to the ear and the mind the idea of the definite leaps or steps that Aristoxenus, countless years afterward, called the characteristic of music.



FLUTES WITH EQUAL-SPACED HOLES

1. Double Flageolet, Mexico.
2. Aztec Flageolet, Mexico.
3. Stone Flageolet, Mexico.
4. Bone Flageolet, Costa Rica.
5. Bone Flageolet, Amazon.
6. Bamboo Whistle, Tibet.
7. Bamboo Whistle, Tibet.
8. Shepherd's Pipe, with reed, Arabia.
9. Horn, Finland.

Invisible Records for Magnetic Phonographs

THE scratching and hissing sound heard when listening to a phonograph or gramaphone is due to the stylus passing over the wax or ebonite surface of the record. The noise is unpleasant, but though it can be lessened by keeping the records and the stylus in good order, it can never be entirely done away with so long as the reproduction of sounds depends upon scratches on a material surface travelling under a blunt point in contact with it. An instrument has, however, been invented by means of which sounds can be reproduced without the objectionable quality of the phonograph and gramaphone. The instrument depends upon a discovery by Herr Poulsen, described some time ago in these notes, that if a steel wire is caused to travel past a small electro-magnet in circuit with an induction coil and a telephone or microphone into which a person is speaking, it acquires magnetic peculiarities which vary according to the sounds of the voice. In order to reproduce the sounds thus magnetically recorded, it is necessary simply to connect the induction coil with an ordinary telephone receiver and to pass the magnetised steel surface under the magnet. This is the principle of the Poulsen telegraphone, described in the *Scientific American*, from which the accompanying illustration has been reproduced. There are two forms of the instrument, one in which a steel wire is wound upon a drum which can be turned at a constant speed, as in Edison's phonograph, and the other in which a steel plate is used similar to the disc of a gramaphone. In each instrument, a small electro-magnet takes the place

of the stylus of the phonograph and gramaphone, and as the steel wire or disc moves under it the sounds are reproduced. Of course, a wire or disc which contains a record shows no change on its surface, as the change it undergoes is purely magnetic. If it had not been demonstrated that steel could preserve the weak magnetic impressions received from a magnet in electrical circuit with a telephone, and could afterwards actuate the magnet so as to reproduce the sounds received, it would be reasonable to doubt whether such a thing were possible. But Poulsen's instrument has been well tested, and leaves nothing to be desired as to articulation and purity of sound. As there is no actual contact between the record and the reproducer, the scratching and hissing of an ordinary phonograph are entirely obviated. A record can be completely erased by passing an ordinary magnet over the steel disc or causing the steel wire to move such a magnet. It is scarcely too much to say that the Poulsen telegraphone is one of the most interesting scientific instruments which has been devised for some time, and there is every reason for believing that it provides a means of reproducing sounds nearer perfection than anything yet available.

CYLINDER AND DISC FORMS OF THE POULSEN TELEGRAPHONE

Compass Disturbances at Sea

In discussing the causes of shipwrecks, it has often been suggested that the compasses of ships could be affected by the attraction of magnetic rocks on the neighbouring dry land, causing the ships to be unsuspectingly diverted from their correct course, just as

"A rusty nail, placed near the faithful compass,
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck an argosy."

Captain E. W. Creak, in his presidential address to the geographical section of the British Association, regards this explanation of wrecks as "a fond thing vainly invented." Many cases of local magnetic disturbances are known to exist, but they are limited to small areas, and none have been found of sufficient influence on land to account for shipwrecks. But as local disturbances of the compass occur on dry land, it is not a matter of surprise that similar effects may be produced by land under the sea. Considerable disturbance of the compasses of ships have been found in certain localities in depths of water sufficient to float the largest ironclad. Captain Creak refers to a remarkable area of this kind which exists off Cossack, north-west Australia. This "magnetic shoal," as he terms it, is three and a half miles long by two miles broad, and has not less than eight fathoms of water above it. A deflection of fifty-six degrees was found over one part of this shoal, and this at a distance of more than two miles from the nearest land. It appears, therefore, that though magnetic anomalies on land cannot be held responsible for compass disturbances which lead to shipwreck, magnetic rocks under water may be sources of disturbance.

Rate of Ocean Drift

To obtain information as to the general direction and rate of ocean currents, Mr. H. C. Russell, Government Astronomer of New South Wales, has for several years arranged for sealed bottles to be thrown overboard from ships in various parts of the world. Each bottle contains a paper giving the date and position when it was thrown into the sea, and asking for similar particulars from the person who recovers it. In his latest report upon the results, Mr. Russell states that one bottle thrown overboard in the Socotra Sea on January 28th, was found in the Gulf of Aden on February 9th, having travelled 350 miles in twelve days, or, on the average, more than twenty-nine miles a day. This is one of the most rapid drifts yet recorded for ocean waters.

Varieties

Motto of the Dental School

"DENS sana in corpore sano."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

What to do in Rheumatism

A PROFESSOR at one of the allopathic colleges is reported to have said: "There are two things to be done in rheumatism—grin and bear it, or bear it and not grin."—*Homœopathic Envoy.*

Liddon's Rebuke

LIDDON had a very genial, kindly wit—never harsh or cruel, yet often incisive. When he was Proproctor at Oxford an opportunity occurred for his exercise of this gift. This story I was told by one who took part in the incident. A friend of his had been plucked several times, and in the better colleges it was customary to ask such men to take their names off the books. At that time a man could not be a member of the university unless he belonged to a college. The dismissed student thought that this was a good opportunity of "getting a rise" out of a proctor; so he told his friend if he would walk up the High Street with him, he would smoke a cigar (a thing unlawful for undergraduates in the public streets). His friend agreed, and the candidate for honours in conflict with the proctor, proceeded to smoke his cigar in the most ostentatious manner, so that he could not possibly be overlooked. It so happened that, as they passed Queen's College, Liddon, the Proproctor, emerged from the gate, and seeing the violation of the rules, he raised his cap, as is the custom with proctors, and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I must ask your name and college. You must be aware that it is not allowed to smoke in the High Street." "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "I am not a member of the university." "Oh," said Liddon, with a quiet smile and a gracious bow, "I am sincerely thankful to hear it." This was decidedly a backhander. "Oh," said the man to his companion, "shouldn't I like to punch his head?"—PROFESSOR CLARK in the (Toronto) *Westminster.*

Modern Microscopy

[A HANDBOOK for Beginners and Students by M. I. Cross and M. C. Cole. London: Bailliere, Tindall and Co., 1903.]

The microscope has an interest to others beside the scientific worker to whom it is a most important instrument of research. It is a fruitful source of pleasure and instruction to many who make no pretence to science, but who have been unwittingly drawn into the study of minute objects, and through these studies to add to the sum of scientific knowledge. This work is well up to date. It describes the requirements and accessories of the modern microscope, and figures the more perfect instruments in the market. Further it instructs, shortly but clearly, in the best methods of preparing, staining, and mounting microscopic objects. Every owner of a microscope which is more than a plaything cannot fail to find in this work many valuable, practical hints.

A Query

"BRIAR-ROSE" wishes to know the author of these lines, and where they occur:—

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.'

"Keeping Sunday"

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Guardian* recently asked for fuller information of a custom which he heard of in passing through Gloucestershire. At a village church near Stroud, they celebrate what is called "Keeping Sunday" (the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity), when the children, standing hand in hand, entirely encircle their church and sing appropriate hymns. This, says the writer, seems a happy symbol to emphasise the petition in the Collect, "Keep, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy Church with Thy perpetual mercy."

Can any of our readers give us any particulars about this custom?

A Flower Guild

MISS M. KNOWLES, Hast Hill, Hayes, Kent, writes to us: "I shall be so grateful if you will ask your readers if they would kindly consent to join the Flower Guild which has been instituted for the purpose of sending flowers to the children of some of the poorest schools and sick poor of London. I shall be very glad to answer any inquiries about the Guild or to send full particulars to any one who would like to have them."

"The Rural Exodus"

AMONG valuable papers issued by the Howard Association is one on the "Return to the Land," which gives the result of Danish experience.

Denmark, during the past half-century, has been able not only to prevent any "Rural Exodus," but actually to induce a decided *reverse* current of population from the towns into the country. She has done this, too, in spite of foreign competition exactly similar to that which has injured British agriculture. She has become the second country in the world, in regard to average wealth per head. She annually supplies the British market with more than a million hundredweights of butter, and about another million hundredweights of bacon, and some two hundred million eggs, besides scores of thousands of live pigs, cattle, and horses. In return, of course, she receives much

English wealth which might, and ought to be, distributed at home, if the British people and Government would imitate the Danish modes of agricultural development. Denmark has, within a few years, reclaimed some two thousand square miles of previously waste land, which had been regarded as almost valueless. About five-sixths of her territory is possessed by small freeholders and peasants. The Danish farmers and dairy owners have formed Co-operative Societies for the collection, sale, and export of their produce, and with immense advantage. The peasantry have established some 400 banks, chiefly under their own management. There are several hundred cattle-breeding societies scattered over Denmark. Numerous co-operative steam dairies, bakeries, factories, and mills have also been set up. The Danish University and its students have taken a most patriotic course in instituting free lectures and evening lessons for the working classes, committees for promoting popular amusements, cheap concerts, cheap literature, and also offices for free legal advice.

Empire-Making

HAS our fickle climate anything to do with empire-making? It has matured a race of men found equal to all vicissitudes and extremes of temperature. What a picture that is which we have of Englishmen on the Sind frontier when Frere was Commissioner, and John Jacob served under him. Jacob was the son of a Somersetshire clergyman, described as "hardy and frugal almost to asceticism." The frontier on which he was stationed stretched for nearly two hundred miles along an almost rainless desert plain. The summer heats beat down without a day's respite for fully six months. "In June 1839 the thermometer in the hospital-shed at Shikarpur was standing daily at from 130° to 140°, once reaching 143°. The nights were so oppressive—the mercury frequently not going lower than 94°—that the English officers sleeping on the house-top would pour buckets of water over their beds before lying down upon them, so as to snatch a few hours of sleep in the coolness of the evaporation; or if living in tents they would scoop out the earth and make a mud-bath to sleep in" (*Frere's Life*). On the edge of this desert lived Jacob, absorbed in his regiments and his work, never taking leave or furlough for nine years, and spending every shilling of his pay and private fortune on them. There was a time when his own regiment of Sind Horse had to lie down to rest with boots and swords on for months together; but he reduced the turbulent frontier to order by his incessant vigilance, and more than all by his inflexible justice. "In the course of seven years Jacobabad, on the site of the half-dozen huts of Kanghur, grew into a town of eleven thousand inhabitants. It was no longer on the edge of the desert, but shaded by trees in the midst of a cultivated plain, reclaimed and fertilised by the water which canals, engineered by Jacob, had brought fifty miles from the stream of the Indus."

Christmas Cards

"AGE cannot stale, nor custom wither the infinite variety" of Messrs. Raphael Tuck's Christmas Cards. Their calendars for the new year are beautiful works of art. And as for their children's books and cards—happy the child who becomes the proud possessor of *Father Tuck's Annual!* Their catalogue in itself is a book of nearly 300 pages, and from it almost any taste can be suited.

Astronomical Notes for December

THE Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises, on the 1st day of this month, at 7h. 44m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 54m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 57m. and sets at 3h. 49m.; and on the 21st he rises at 8h. 5m. and sets at 3h. 50m. He will be vertical over the tropic of Capricorn at midnight on the 22nd, which is therefore the time of the winter solstice, when the days are at their shortest in the northern hemisphere and at their longest in the southern. It will be noticed, however, that his actual time of setting is earliest about a week before, which is simply because the middle of the day by the Sun is then earlier (about seven minutes) than by the clocks, which keep mean (that is, average) time. The Moon will be Full at 6h. 13m. (Greenwich time) on the evening of the 4th; at her Last Quarter at 10h. 53m. on the morning of the 11th; New at 9h. 26m. on the evening of the 18th; and at her First Quarter at 2h. 23m. on the morning of the 27th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about a quarter past 10 o'clock on that of the 23rd. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The Moon will pass very near the bright star Aldebaran soon after midnight on the 31st, but without actually occulting it. The planet Mercury is visible in the evening during the latter half of this month, passing from the constellation Sagittarius into Capricornus. Venus is a morning star, at first in Virgo and afterwards in Libra; she will be near the Moon on the 15th, the conjunction taking place before they rise. Mars sets now between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening; he is in the constellation Sagittarius, from which he passes into Capricornus on the 12th. Jupiter is in the western part of Pisces, and by the end of the month sets soon after 10 o'clock in the evening; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on Christmas Day. Saturn is near the boundary of the constellations Capricornus and Aquarius; he will be near Mars on the 20th, setting about 7 o'clock in the evening.

W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

Abhorred Publicity.

It is now some thirty years since women of the English aristocracy began to permit the sale of their photographs in stationers' and other shops, and their exhibition in traders' windows among pictures of bishops, prize-fighters, actresses, and demireps. I was not as old as I have since become when I heard a very beautiful young married woman of good, but not distinguished, family read at the breakfast-table a letter she had just received from a well-known firm of London photographers, asking her to give them a sitting that they might exhibit and sell her photograph with that of the Marchioness of ——, the Countess of ——, and Lady ——. Whether owing to the period or to something personal to the recipient, the request struck her as only amusing. But her father, who was very proud of his daughter's appearance, felt flattered and would have dallied with the temptation. "You would be in very good company," he said. "In a shop window," she answered. I am always glad to remember that not for a single instant did that young English gentlewoman entertain a proposal that, however worded, was odious. When the Marchioness of —— and the Countess of —— permitted their well-coiffed heads and jewel-adorned necks to be seen of and sold to every possessor of a superfluous shilling, they were laying a very sharp axe at the root of the tree of their racial eminence. There are things that the average mind expects, and the elevated mind demands, of rank, and these do not include a place among commercial commodities.

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That *blasé* women who, in quest of sensation, have learned to consort freely with wearers of the sock and buskin, should think it eminence to appear with them at the photographic mart is intelligible if unfortunate, but that these women and others of their class should permit the portraits of their young daughters to appear week by week in the columns of illustrated newspapers, because enterprising editors desire a pretty picture that will cost them nothing, is not only deplorable but degrading. It is of service to any periodical to be able to claim such intimate relations with people of good position as are evidenced by the appearance of young Lady Sibyl and the Honourable Constance in its pages; but what of the girls whose fair faces are offered for the discussion of Cholly and Johnnie in every hotel billiard-room, or subjected to the wet thumb of the butcher's boy, who can take half-an-hour from his labours to look at the illustrated papers on the table of the free library? Except the proprietors of these enterprising organs, no one is benefited by exhibitions that degrade the object of them. The average reader becomes unable to discriminate among aristocratic women, literary women, artistic women, drawing-room debutantes, prize athletes, dancing girls, and demi-mondaines when he finds them cheek-by-jowl in his favourite publication.

* * * * * * *

Some years ago a periodical went a degree further, and offered a beauty prize to the young woman whose charms received most votes from a plebiscite of the readers of that organ. If I mistake not an actress got the prize, but an Earl's young daughter came in a good second. In the robust old days when men dealt drastically with those who insulted the women of their family, a groom of that aristocratic house would have been sent to horsewhip the intelligent originator of this test of the taste of the community, and the world would have been a good deal sounder and sweeter for that act of violence. As things have become, it may be that Lady Sibyl was flattered to have come second to Zephyrina. People whose appearance is their stock-in-trade are in the way of business when they advertise that appearance in all possible ways, but those who are privileged to stand apart from such publicity, sacrifice more than their dignity when they offer their faces to every careless and sometimes contemptuous eye. To what a pass has our aristocracy come when those who respect it, in spite of itself, keep in their hearts an ever-diminishing list of those belonging to it who have not condescended to the blandishments of the wily proprietors of illustrated periodicals. I have heard it boasted that the Cecils at least have never lent themselves to the free kodak. This of the possessors of one of the grandest names in English history! *O tempora! O mores!*

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What has befallen the aristocracy is crowding on the heels of the eminent in other walks of life. One wonders if George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Gaskell were alive to-day, would they succumb to a polite appeal for a photograph and a few particulars regarding their achievements "for the information of our readers," or, if refusing, their refusal would be dictated in any measure by the knowledge that at least two of them were not fair to see? The present *doyenne* of English letters appeared two months ago, not in a literary but in a very frivolous periodical, surrounded by ten of her sisters and half-a-dozen of her brethren of the pen. The author of a very able book of the social scientific order was there too; indeed, the astonishing thing was that all the company had *some* claim to distinction in the world of letters. Now I know a writer who was invited to appear in that particular gallery, and who treated the application as if it had been a trade circular from a house with which she did not desire to do business. It went unanswered into the waste-paper basket. Here again a friendly adviser might have said, "You will be in very good company;" and here again the person addressed might have replied, "But in a very bad place." What producers of anything look like is of no consequence to the community, and to the kindred spirits it is merely the quality of their works that matters. We have frequently been told by shrewd traffickers in other people's repute, that readers (*i.e.* the purchasers of that particular trafficker's publication) are interested in knowing how much authors earn, the kind of houses they live in, their favourite comestibles, and what class of the community asks them out to dinner. It was a paper that talks of itself very respectfully as a social and religious influence which originated the habit of vulgar and untruthful brag about literary large incomes. Happily few publications have been sufficiently low to follow this particular lead. But many victims rose to the gaudy fly of the interview, and fell proportionately. Until people stand far enough from their own egotism to recognise the puerility—not to give it a harder name—of all notice accorded to anything of theirs but their work, the probabilities are that the work is trivial. When fine work has been accomplished, then the picture or the biography will be fitting. When producers of anything can take their sovereign place on a throne of high achievement, they cease to be their own, the disciples they have made can claim them. Until then let them be still, and forbear to think that a brief passage across a shabby stage to the sound of a cheap fife-and-drum for pennies that will go to the showman at the door does anything but dishonour them, the class they belong to, and the work they think to do.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY.

Not Like Other Girls.—It is very interesting to receive even one letter from a correspondent who desires not to write books but to collect them. With regard to advice as to what to purchase, that can only be conditional. It is only what you like that will afford you much pleasure or profit. When one,

still young, is so happily circumstanced as to be able to make study an end, and not a means to the end of earning a living, she will find it the most ultimately satisfactory and profitable kind of reading which makes a speciality of one subject, and endeavours to procure the most valuable works on that subject. Knowing one thing well, you would ultimately become an authority on that. Suppose you took up art or any one of its numerous branches, say the painters of one school—Flemish, Dutch or Italian—and read everything you could find on the paintings of one of these, studied their works or reproductions as far as you were able, then, travel where you will, something of which you possess special knowledge will always arise to interest you. Or take a minor branch, stained glass, old silver, china, there is a perfect library of information to be acquired on any of these. I heard a lecture delivered on stained glass by an English lady conducting a party of tourists through a Florentine Church. Possibly profound scholars might have considered her knowledge superficial, but it was nevertheless so interesting that when she came to me subsequently to collect two lire because I had stood to listen, I paid the amount readily. Possessed of a reader's ticket to the British Museum, you could begin your elementary quest of knowledge, and could subsequently purchase copies of the books you most desired to possess. I have heard with awe that a copy of every book ever printed in the English language may be read at the British Museum. If your views are less scientific, and if you only want a general collection of good books, you had better follow a review that has a good repute, make a list of the works that impress you, and after a time purchase those you feel you want. Here is my own list for the present month: *The Woman Who Toils* (Grant Richards), *Sarah Tudley* (Ward and Lock), *Forerunners of Dante* by Marcus Dods (T. and T. Clark), *Mankind in the Making* (Chapman and Hall), *The Nemesis of Faith* by Anthony Froude (Routledge), *How to Bring Up Our Boys* (Religious Tract Society). A writer in a high-class popular weekly says the salaried person with an income of £120 should spend at least four pounds per annum on books.

Mary Marcia.—Your verses are rhythmic, and the spirit that animates them is very good. Had they expressed what you have to say at less length, I should have subjoined them to my answer, so that you might see how they looked in print. Try again.

Dulcie.—Your little story is pretty, and might be accepted for publication by one of the children's magazines. But why do you kill off your brave and long-suffering little hero? In olden times it was so much the fashion to let all the good boys and girls in books die untimely, that intelligent children who believed in the truth of such records, assumed that extra merit on their part would prove very unhealthy, and therefore put off the efforts to be good till a more convenient season. I suppose it is true that the gentle and passive have less resistant power than the turbulent, and are therefore more likely to succumb to illness. But it is more useful to teach people how to live than how to die. We shall all manage the dying somehow. *The Writer's Year Book*, published at 1*s.* 6*d.*, is a useful compilation for amateur authors, as it affords much information regarding the periodicals that may be approached by the beginner, and also quotes the average prices paid by various periodicals.

R.C. (South India).—I have conveyed your suggestion to the compiler of *The Student's Text-Book of Esperanto* (this comprises both Grammar and Dictionary and costs 1*s.* 6*d.*), who may be disposed to send books on sale or return to Madras. Esperantists can correspond with others of their own or a different nationality. The Secretary will supply to members or students the addresses of those anxious to practise the new language by letter-writing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ars Longa.—The Fellowship of the New Crusade has been established for the purpose of inducing greater simplicity of life among the leisured and, subsequently, the working classes. Another object is to revive artistic handicrafts and teach villagers and peasants how to produce at home beautiful and desirable manufactures. The Crusaders are still a small body, and without any regular meeting-place. As their object is transcendental, the bettering of humanity in ideals, physique, products and sense of mutual obligation, is, indeed, an endeavour to put Christianity to practice, their progress is not likely to be very rapid, but few thinking people will fail to appreciate their aim or to wish them well. They desire to encourage sound industry, to teach people to value possessions that have cost labour and time to produce, and to dispense with superfluities in the home. In Eastern countries the humblest utensil possesses beauty as well as utility, and the New Crusaders think this would be universal were manufacture by hand resumed, and were the workers educated to discriminate between grace and ugliness. The Society controls some peasant products, as tapestry, handmade rugs, etc., which exceed in beauty, as they do in price, the machine-made article. The member's subscription is very small, merely that required to cover postage of notices pertaining to the movement. Particulars can be learnt if application be made (enclosing a stamped addressed envelope) to the Secretary of the New Crusade, St. Cross, Haslemere, Surrey. The Master of the Association is Mr. Godfrey Blount. The Crusade does not aim at sensation, it works quietly and silently; if its ideals found universal acceptance, the world would become a much happier, healthier, and holier place.

Green and Gold.—It has been advanced that the use of preservatives as borax, salicylic and other acids in food is one cause of the physical and mental degeneracy which is only too obvious in certain parts of the kingdom. Even where the use of preservatives in perishable commodities is acknowledged, the full extent to which these are employed is concealed. All such things are more or less injurious, indeed some people do not hesitate to term them poisons which the system is unable to eliminate to any great extent. It is said that even our own country producers add boracic and salicylic acid to milk to keep it sweet for the consumer, and rub it over fowls intended for the market. One feature of which the community can judge is the dental deterioration in the last two or three generations. The grandparents of our present men and women retained their teeth to old age. Now scarcely one school child in a thousand has a perfect set of teeth. Dentists ascribe the deterioration to dietary, but seem unable to particularise the responsible items. Tainted meat if washed in water to which a little salicylic acid has been added will lose its taint, but the meat should then be carefully washed in fresh water.

Maid Marian.—Dahlia roots will keep best if immersed in fine dry sand during the winter. They should be taken up before the frosty weather sets in, left to dry, and then kept in a dark place. Damp or mildew will destroy them, and too much heat will also cause them to shrivel overmuch. If sand is not available, dry clay would answer the purpose. A rough packing box will store a large quantity of dahlia roots. In the spring these sell at prices ranging from 3*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*, according to the quality of the blossom.

Philanthropist.—To teach the helpless to help themselves is the most divine service man can render his brother man. The sense of kinship is feebly growing throughout the community, and that is very hopeful. Various useful industries are now being taught in prisons, of such a nature that when the convict goes forth, he or she shall possess some honest aptitude, free from the felon's brand, whereby to earn bread. The aim of too much philanthropy has been to merely relieve want without making any provision against its recurrence. It is well known that a recently deceased and highly venerated dean gathered the scum of the lowest parts of London to settle round his church, by reason of charities the most noble in conception, but too unrestricted in practice. A recent writer on Toynbee Hall, describing the establishment of a young clergyman and his wife in that neighbourhood, before the inception of the Settlement System, says the most worthless of the populace had become mere shameless mendicants, whom the Church's pitiful charity had so demoralised, that inability to accede to their unreasonable demands more than once induced the smashing of all the vicarage windows; that clothing for newly-born infants was regarded as a right, and that the vicar's wife was often summoned to come at once and bring her parcel as the baby was born, and there was not a rag to cover it. Among such unpromising neighbours the New Apostles established their Settlements, whose good work is year by year meeting and surmounting the miseries of poverty and the difficulties of ignorance.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

SEARCH QUESTIONS

(Sayings of Doctor Johnson.)

1. "I would put a child into a library (where no unfit books are) and let him read at his choice."
2. "A London morning does not go with the sun."
3. "When a man is invited to dinner he is disappointed if he does not get something good."
4. "Oratory is the power of beating down your adversaries' arguments and putting better in their place."
5. "All theory is against the freedom of the will, all experience for it."
6. "Getting money is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life."
7. "When any fit of anxiety or gloominess or perversion of mind lays hold upon you, make it a rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it; by endeavouring to hide it you will drive it away. Be always busy."

To whom were these things respectively said? State also under which year you find each recorded in Boswell's Life of Johnson. *A Prize of* Five Shillings *offered for first correct answer.*

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Second of Nine

"*I* was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."

1. "*I* should have been a woman by right."
2. "*You* must forget to be a woman."
3. "As weeds before
   A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
   And fell below *his* stem."
4. "*My* crown is in my heart, not on my head. . .
   . . . My crown is called content."
5. "This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised
   me quite."
6. "Talk not of dying, *I* am out of fear
   Of death."

Name each character, and give Act and Scene of each quotation.

Five Guineas' worth of books will be awarded for highest scores in this competition, and marks published here from month to month. Each answer must be signed by a short "nom de plume," and the scores will be printed as the competition proceeds—one mark awarded for each light. All answers must be received by the 15*th inst.*

ON THE BOOK TABLE

(Books received: *Modern Views on Matter*, by Sir Oliver Lodge, Clarendon Press, 2*s*. *Naturalist in La Plata*, by W. H. Hudson, *new ed.*, Dent and Co., 5*s*. *A Book of Sundial Mottoes*, by A. H. Hyatt, Philip Wellby, 3*s*. 6*d*. *Memoir of Anne J. Clough*, by B. A. Clough, *new ed.*, Arnold, 6*s*. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, by J. Fox, junr., Constable, 6*s*. *Johanna*, by B. M. Croker, Methuen, 6*s*. *A Prefect's Uncle*, by P. G. Wodehouse, A. and C. Black, 3*s*. 6*d*. *The Young Ice Whalers*, by Winthrop Packard, Longmans, 6*s*. *The Pedagogue at Play*, by G. M. A. Hewett, George Allen, 6*s*.)

Sir Oliver Lodge's Romanes lecture on *Modern Views of Matter* expounds the most recent theses and hypotheses as to the nature of radium, and of the electron, that apparently ultimate unit or "atom" of electricity. "The subtle chemist can divest," mused George Herbert,

> "And strip the creature naked, till he find,
> The callow principles within their nest,"

and the lay mind is amazed by the discoveries of scientists who have measured radio-activity, in which the speed of electrified atoms is "as much faster than a cannon-ball as that is faster than a snail's crawl," and who see "reason to believe that a minute scrap of radium scarcely preceptible to the eye may go on emitting these energetic projectiles for hundreds of years." In concluding his most interesting lecture, Sir Oliver declares, "My experience has led me to feel sure of this, that whatever hypotheses and speculations we may frame, we cannot exceed the reality in genuine wonder. And I believe that the simplicity and beauty of the truth concerning even the material universe, when we know it, will be such as to elicit feelings of reverent awe and adoration."

A new edition of Mr. Hudson's *Naturalist in La Plata* will be welcomed by all who know how interesting is the manner as well as the matter of his writing. In this volume the chapters on Music and Dancing in Nature, and Facts and Thoughts about Spiders, are full of fascinating stories. This, for instance, of a giant man-chasing spider—

"Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly saw a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me."

Throughout the book the concerted songs of many birds, and intricate dancing figures accompanying them are described from repeated observations—along with innumerable instances of pity, kindness, skill and caution in the daily life of untamed birds and animals.

Mr. Hyatt has collected over four hundred sundial mottoes from many places, and quotes some fine sentences from lovers of sundials, by way of prologue and epilogue. Charles Lamb eulogises "the altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial;" and Mrs. Alice Morse Earle notes "the beauty and wonder of the thought that Time, that most intangible, most fleeting, most wonderful of conditions, is marked so fittingly in its passing by a shadow almost equally intangible." The Latin mottoes bear the palm for brevity and fulness. SINE UMBRA NIHIL . . . SILENS LOQUOR . . . UMBRA! QUOD ASPICIS? UMBRAM. . . . After such sonorous music, English has but a tinkling sound. Yet their weight of meaning gives dignity even to the English words, and they toll our thoughts away into their world of shades. *The time to come is no more ours than the past. . . The silent shadow speaks, dost thou heed? . . . What thou seekest is a shadow. . . Make the passing shadows serve thy will.* After these the words chosen by Harriet Martineau for her sundial seem a cry for relief, *Come light! visit me.* The book is handsomely got up and is an ideal table-book—pleasant to look at, and suggestive to look into.

The Life of Anne J. Clough pictures in illuminating detail, the growth and development of a most interesting and individual type of character. The sister of that *Thyrsis* for whom Matthew Arnold "knew to build the lofty rhyme," she was worthy of her kin—and in the diaries of her early years one can trace the gracious outlines of a sincere and noble nature, something of the type George Eliot loved to draw in Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea Brook. The daughter of an English cotton merchant, her girlhood was spent chiefly in Charleston, in South Carolina, with occasional visits to Liverpool, where her father's relations lived. When Anne was sixteen the family returned to Liverpool (her birthplace), and her home was there for sixteen years. Her father's gradual failure in business, and his death, brought much anxiety, but the interest of visiting and teaching in the Welsh National School, begun as an occupation merely, soon showed her what was to be her vocation in life. Hampered by a defective education which to the end left her methods illogical and unsystematic, her remarkable width of judgment, fertility of resource, and originality of thought, added to a strong and sympathetic personality, made her a power among the educative forces of her age. From small beginnings the way opened before her. After teaching at Liverpool and Ambleside, she became organiser and secretary of the North of England Council, whose scheme of lectures did so much to forward the higher education of women; until in 1871, at the age of fifty, she entered upon the great work of her life in organising Newnham College, at Cambridge. To realise her ideal in this college for women she gave her own time and strength and money without stint. Her twenty years of work as its Principal, from its beginning in a little house in Regent Street—where she and her first five students could only make ends meet by frugal care, she and they together making beds and washing dishes and dusting and sewing in the intervals of study—to its maturity as an incorporated college, rich in houses and lands, and numbering its graduates by hundreds; these years of work are all recorded here, and are full of interest.

Chad Buford, the "liberty-loving little tramp," who finds work in the second chapter of his history as a shepherd in the Kentucky valley of Kingdom Come, is a boy worth knowing. His dog Jack, on trial and acquitted for sheep-killing, is worth knowing too, and his school days, first at the "blab" school (so called because the lessons were learnt in simultaneous sing-song) and then at a Blue-Grass College, are all good to read about. Chad is a man when the Civil War comes to sunder friendships and break up homes in Kentucky as elsewhere, and when his conscience, warring against his affections, calls him to join the army of the North, he rides away with a heavy heart. His soldiering, which fills the last half of the book, is well told if not so crisp and fresh as the story of his early days, and his love story is as pretty as they make them.

Johanna (or, as it should be in Irish, Shevauneen) Daly was an Irish beauty, daughter of one of the most industrious poachers in the country. As good as she was beautiful, and as industrious as she was good, Johanna had no dowry, and since in Kerry it seems marriages are made on business lines only, the colleen was like to go unwed. She was "a marvel for management and behaviour," and had some accomplishments too; "she could drive a hard-mouthed ass, she could dig, and knit, and bake, and sing, and in all the glens there was no better weaver," and yet Ninny Quain, the lame match-maker, after many a weary, thankless tramp up the Dalys' boreen, invariably returned with the same sad story, "Johanna's father would offer no fortune whatever." How Love succeeded where Ninny had failed the story proceeds to show. A charming idyll.

The Prefect's Uncle, of whom Mr. Wodehouse writes, was a horrid little boy, a rolling stone in the educational world, whose record somewhat tries the reader's credulity—"I was at Harrow before I came here, and at Wellington before I went to Harrow, and at Clifton before I went to Wellington." *Here* was Beckford College (whose whereabouts school-boys may identify), and here he remained for one term only, but long enough to make life a burden to his nephew Gethryn, a sixth-form, first-fifteen, and first-eleven hero of the right sort. The story of how things went wrong, and then came right again, is well told.

In *The Young Ice Whalers* we have the story of a Massachusetts school-boy—whose schooling is merely mentioned as a leaping-off point from which he plunges into oceans of adventure. Embarking on a North Pacific whaler whose captain and owner is his father's friend, the captain's son being his friend, Harry Desmond had his fill of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences. Their ship is crushed in the ice, and the boys, after two winters among the Eskimo, cross the Kotzebue Sound in an open boat before a gale. Landing on the Alaskan shore, they discover a new gold-field, and return to civilization and their homes with fifty thousands dollars apiece.

Finding that there seemed to be "very little record of the doings of ordinary men on ordinary holidays," for those who want suggestions as to where to go and what to do for a little rest and pleasure in intervals of work, Mr. Hewett has supplied the want with a chatty and cheerful collection of his own holiday experiences. He takes us to Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Norway, to fish and shoot and golf with him at our leisure and ease. Most persuasively of all, in his best chapter, he takes us to enjoy three weeks of a Swiss winter at Grindelwald, of whose wonder-working climate he declares, "I never sit and munch my bread and ham by this spring above the pines, where the deep gorge falls away at my feet, without longing to bring all England out here to bask for an hour in the sun, and give them one look at the panorama of mountain and valley that spreads itself before our eyes. One hour of it would put new strength into these millions of tired workers, one week would surely take years from off their age." The book is illustrated by a number of good photographs, including one of the Kyle of Loch Alsh at sunset, quite remarkable for its beauty.

Erratum.—In the notice of *The MS. in a Red Box* last month, *for* Charles the Second *read* Charles the First.

Our Chess Page

Offer of Gold and Silver Medals

We are offering two medals, one Gold and one Silver, to the two of our readers who are most successful in solving all the problems, whether given in special competitions or not, to be published in our columns during the year, November 1903 to October 1904 inclusive.

Competitors will be required to use foolscap paper, to write on only one side, and to *head* each sheet with his or her name and address.

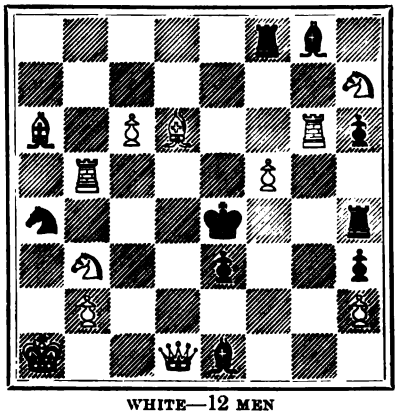
Any violation of these three simple conditions will involve disqualification.

Two prizes of **Five Shillings** each, one for town and one for country solvers, will be awarded for the first solutions received of the following four problems.

No competitor who received a prize for solving last year will be eligible. Solutions must be written upon only one side of the paper, and must be headed by the name and address of the sender, with the date clearly indicated.

"*Coquette.*"—By A. F. Mackenzie.

BLACK—9 MEN

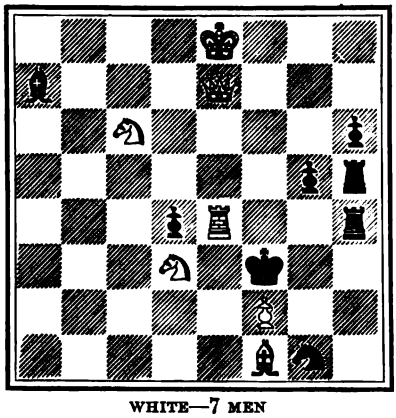


WHITE—12 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

"*The Unknown.*"

BLACK—8 MEN



WHITE—7 MEN

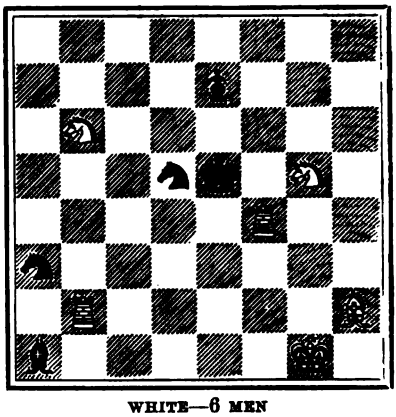
White to mate in two moves.

The above problems received Honourable Mention in one of our Tourneys.

Two easy problems for our less expert chess-playing readers.

By C. H. Hemming.

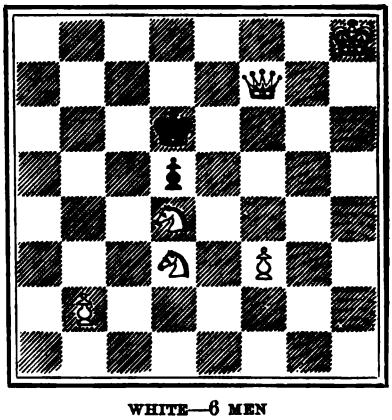
BLACK—5 MEN



WHITE—6 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

BLACK—2 MEN



WHITE—6 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

For the Medals Competition solutions to all the above problems must be sent in before February 15, 1904.

QUICK SOLVING COMPETITION.

The names of the prize-winners were published last month. Other correct solutions have been received from—

E. M. Davey, H. Hosey Davis, J. W. Dixon, J. Y. Fullerton, J. Jones, W. Mears, and E. Thompstone.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

GARDEN SCENES

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod

Photos by—LUCY DRUMMOND HAY
JAMES H. HARRIS (Trevarno, Helston, the seat of Mrs. A. M. Bideford Smith)
T. MORRIS
A. H. SWINDELL

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Photographic Competition: Result

BEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF DOGS.

Five Prizes of Five Shillings each:

F. GETTY, Waterloo, Liverpool; R. W. COPEMAN, Wincanton; CARRIE PERCIVAL-WISEMAN, Painswick Lodge, Weston-super-Mare; JOHN PALMER, 7 Bilbie Street, Nottingham; MISS L. M. LE MESURIER, Halcyon Place, Doyle Road, Guernsey.

Highly Commended:

MRS. E. C. COPEMAN, R. J. ELDRIDGE, JOS. GREY, G. W. HARKER, A. C. HEAD, C. L. HAWKINS, S. E. GRINNELL, L. ROBERTS.

Commended:

E. A. GODSON, MISS H. HERVEY, MISS DUNMORE BEETSON.

BEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF CATS.

Five Prizes of Five Shillings each:

MRS. E. C. COPEMAN, The Union, Wincanton: R. J. ELDRIDGE, 9 Christchurch Road, Hampstead: ETHEL A. WOOD, 9 Westbury Park, Bristol; MISS A. C. HEAD, Offspring, Vrangue, Guernsey; J. CHAPMAN, 12 Boscastle Road, London, N.W.

Commended:

MISS WINEARLS, L. M. LE MESURIER, MISS MCGINITY, MISS CARROLL NICOLL, MISS CHAMBERS, AGNES W. E. DICKIE, GRACE CHAPMAN, W. RONALD T. BOURNE, MISS AVICE DASHWOOD.

Christmas in Canada

IN our December number 1902 (p. 157) there appeared an account of "Christmas in Canada," which had been awarded a prize in our Eisteddfod competitions.

We have received a communication from a Canadian gentleman, who takes exception to several statements made in that essay. He asserts—

1. That the ice on Muskoka Lake before Christmas would not carry a sledge with four horses. He also forwards us a letter from a resident at Muskoka Lake, who says, "I have lived here for thirty-one years, and have never seen a farmer drive four horses in his sleigh. They always use two."

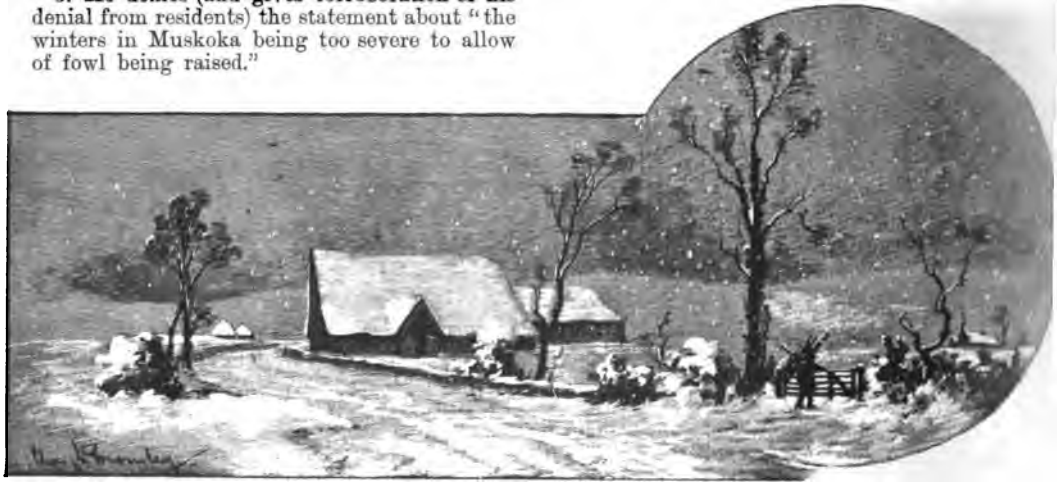
2. As to the "hickory-log fire," he says that hickory does not grow in Muskoka.

3. He denies (and gives corroboration of his denial from residents) the statement about "the winters in Muskoka being too severe to allow of fowl being raised."

4. He also challenges the accuracy of the statement that persons mentioned in the article who were snow-shoeing were "clad in huge raccoon coats," and wore "nose-protectors."

Other points are mentioned by our correspondent, but these appear to be the most important. On receipt of his letter in June 1903, we communicated the contents of it to the writer of the Prize Essay, but have received no reply.

We can only say that we had no reason to doubt the *bona fides* of the essayist, who wrote as a resident in Toronto, and we are sorry if the reputation of *The Leisure Hour* for accuracy and care should in any way have suffered. We must now leave it to our Canadian readers to judge between the two correspondents.



SEASIDE SCENES

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod

Photos by—

REV. CHARLES E. PATERSON
R. F. MORRIS
G. A. MURCH
JOS. GREY
T. L. MEEK

SEASIDE SCENES

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod

Photos by—

J. MORRIS
W. COOPER
FRANK HOLLINGWORTH
BLANCHE MASSY

o

From the painting by Wagner. *Berlin Photographic Co.*

BEETHOVEN

The Polar Quest

BY E. H. SHACKLETON, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(LATE THIRD LIEUTENANT NATIONAL ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION)

Photo by *Watt and Sons*

CAPTAIN SCOTT, COMMANDER OF THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

OF late years public and scientific interest have been directed to the hitherto little known South Polar Regions, and in view of the fact that at present there are, or have been within the last year, four separate expeditions to the Antarctic, some of which have relief vessels going out to them, it is not out of place to definitely define the limits and ambitions of these expeditions, and so clear up the mystery at present attached to them in the public mind.

Since Sir James Clark Ross's voyage in 1842 until Sir George Newnes sent out the *Southern Cross*, there has been no real exploration in the Antarctic Seas.

Of late years, however, a stimulus has been given to exploration, and practically an international scheme for making the unknown known, was entered upon. The following expeditions—the British National, the German National, the Swedish National, and the Scottish National—have been at work trying to elucidate the many geographical and scientific problems.

These four expeditions have been working as far as possible in conjunction, as regards methods, but in different quarters of the Antarctic. The British, as may be seen from the accompanying map, have their winter quarters in what is known as the "Ross Quadrant"; the German in that known as the "Enderby Quadrant"; the Swedes made their quarters near Grahamsland, south of South America; while the Scottish expedition proposed working in the area of the Weddell Sea.

I propose dealing with the British National Antarctic Expedition first.

I had the honour of being on this Expedition, and travelled with Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson on the Southern Sledge Journey, which reached lat. 82° 17′ South, by far the most southerly point yet attained. It

Photo by *Watt and Sons*

THE *DISCOVERY* DIPPING HER ENSIGN IN FAREWELL

Photo by *Watt and Sons*

THE HULL OF THE *DISCOVERY*

The hole in propeller blade for lifting it by is shown. This view shows shape of hull well.

Photo by *H. Collack*

PILOT AND PASSENGERS LEAVING OFF THE START

is needless for me to go into details, as regards this Expedition, for within the last few months the facts have become public property.[1]

The *Discovery*, which was built

[1] See also Professor Gregory's article in *The Leisure Hour*, September 1903.

Photo by *Watt and Sons*

VIEW ON DECK OF THE *DISCOVERY*, SHOWING ICE HELM AND SPARE PROPELLER BLADES STOWED FOR CARRYING

The iron box in foreground is a portable forge.

Photo by *Watt and Sons*

THE *DISCOVERY*, LOOKING FROM STEM ON PORT SIDE

The room at the bridge ladder is a deck laboratory for examining the dredgings.

by the Dundee Shipbuilding Company, proved herself a staunch and worthy vessel, nobly standing the buffeting of those ice-clad Southern Seas. She wintered in lat. 77° 50′ South, and from there various sledge parties proceeded East, West, and South, encountering the usual dangers inseparable to Polar exploration; but fortunately only one life was lost. The ship was frozen in, in February 1902, and still remains there; but it is hoped that with the returning sun and the use of explosives she may be freed from her icy fetters.

On the initiative of Sir Clements

Photo by *Messrs. Thomson*

OFFICERS OF THE *DISCOVERY*

Markham, the energetic President of the Royal Geographical Society, to whom, indeed, the organising of the whole expedition is due, a relief vessel was purchased, called the *Morning*. She arrived within five miles of the *Discovery* on the 23rd of January last. The sick and injured were taken on board, and she returned to New Zealand. Since then the Admiralty has taken over the next relief of the ice-bound *Discovery*, and another supplementary vessel, the *Terra Nova*, was purchased, manned by a crew of whalers, and proceeded in tow of H.M. cruisers through the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, and joined the *Morning* at Hobart, Tasmania. They will go down to the ice together, and hope to come back with the *Discovery* to New Zealand. Captain Colbeck, who so ably commanded the *Morning*, is in supreme command of the Relief Expedition. It is not possible for me to go more into detail with regard to the work done by the British Expedition, it is sufficient to say that it has been entirely successful.

Photo by *Watt and Sons*

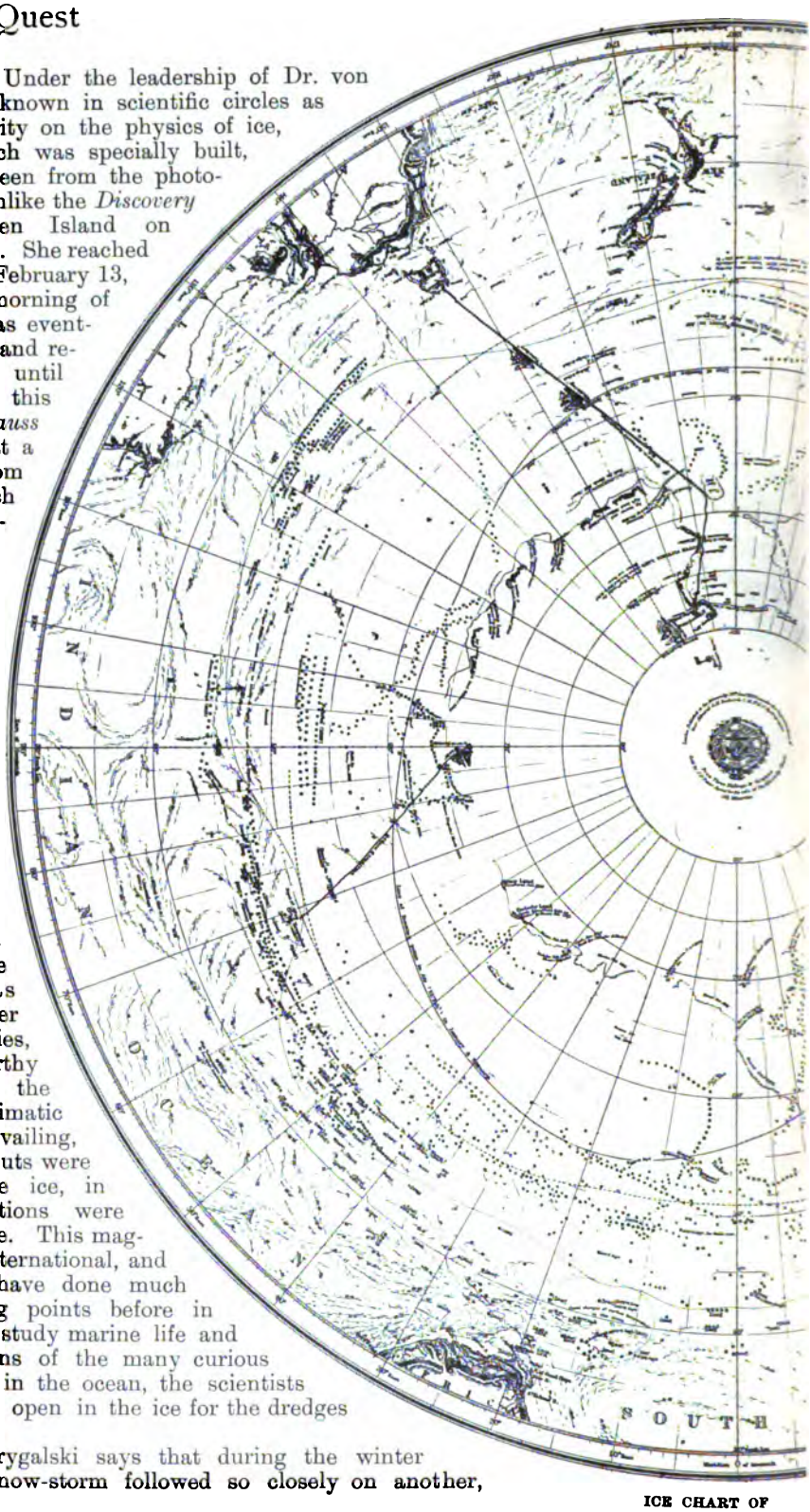
THREE OFFICERS OF THE *DISCOVERY*:
LIEUT. ROYDS. LIEUT. ARMITAGE. LIEUT. SHACKLETON.

The German National Expedition, which proceeded under the direct auspices of the German Emperor, has now accomplished its

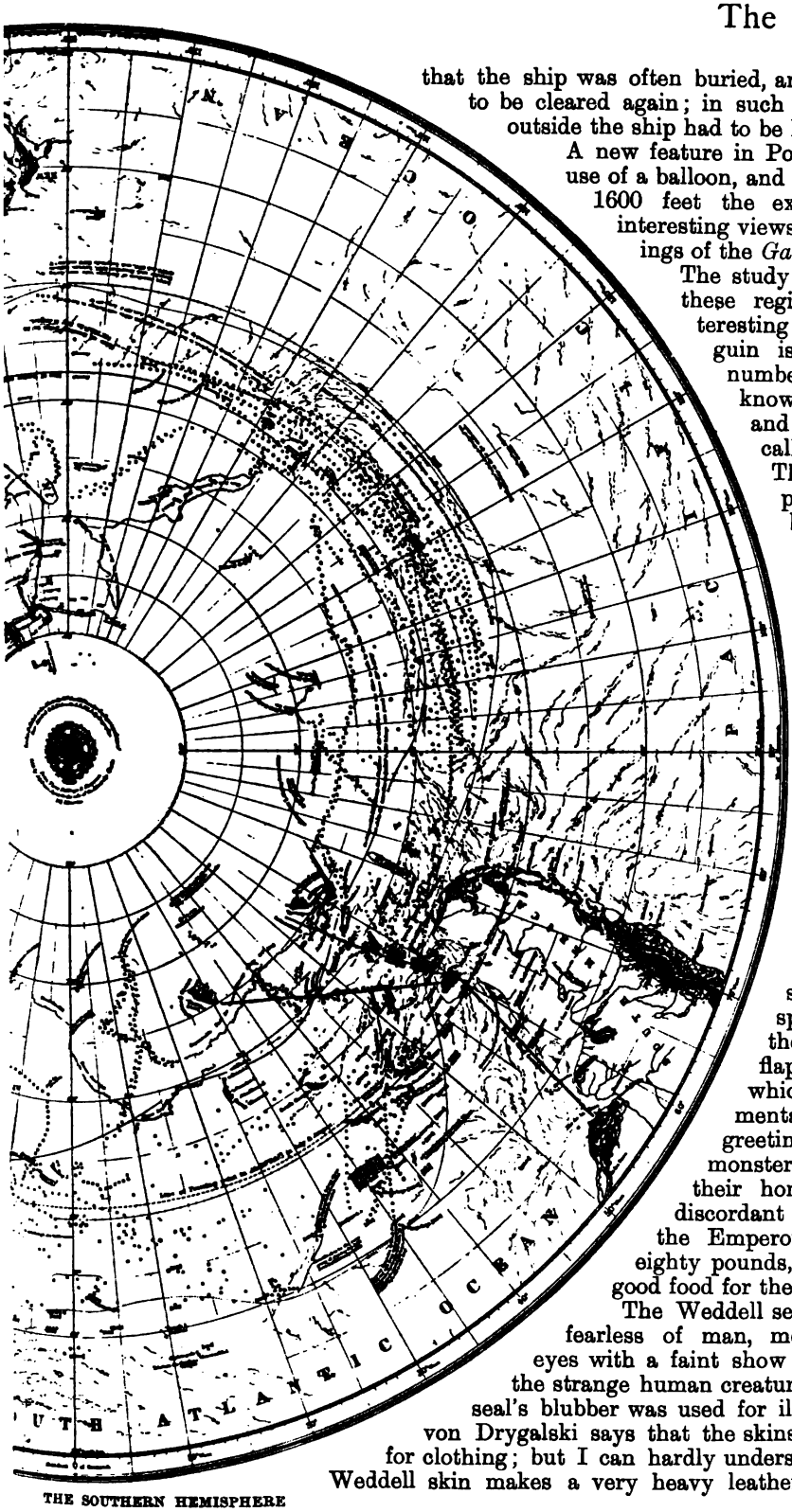
valuable work. Under the leadership of Dr. von Drygalski, well known in scientific circles as the great authority on the physics of ice, the *Gauss*—which was specially built, and, as may be seen from the photograph, is quite unlike the *Discovery*—left Kerguelen Island on January 31, 1902. She reached the pack ice on February 13, 1902; on the morning of the 22nd she was eventually frozen in, and remained there until February 8 of this year. The *Gauss* was frozen in at a short distance from the land, which was almost entirely snow-covered, there being only one bare hill, which was of volcanic structure, and has been christened "Gaussberg."

The newly-discovered coast of the Atlantic land was called "Kaiser Wilhelm II. Coast." The scientific work of the Germans was pursued under great difficulties, with praiseworthy zeal in spite of the very adverse climatic conditions prevailing, and magnetic huts were erected on the ice, in which observations were constantly made. This magnetic work is international, and the Germans have done much towards solving points before in obscurity. To study marine life and obtain specimens of the many curious animals found in the ocean, the scientists kept two holes open in the ice for the dredges to go through.

Dr. von Drygalski says that during the winter months one snow-storm followed so closely on another,



ICE CHART OF



THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

that the ship was often buried, and each time had to be cleared again; in such weather all work outside the ship had to be left undone.

A new feature in Polar work was the use of a balloon, and from a height of 1600 feet the explorers obtained interesting views of the surroundings of the *Gauss*.

The study of animal life in these regions is most interesting; the quaint penguin is there in large numbers, both the small, known as the Adélie, and the larger one called the Emperor. Though the Emperor is the larger bird, it does not show the same curiosity as the smaller, for the Adélie seems absolutely fearless and rushes towards intruders, while the Emperor moves off slowly and majestically. They were very interesting to watch in the water, as they dived through the waves like shoals of dolphin, springing up on the ice occasionally, flapping their carpi, which are the rudimentary wings, and greeting the strange monster penetrating to their homes with weird, discordant cries. Some of the Emperors weigh up to eighty pounds, and they make good food for the dogs.

The Weddell seal is also utterly fearless of man, merely rolling its eyes with a faint show of interest when the strange human creatures intrude. The seal's blubber was used for illumination. Dr. von Drygalski says that the skins were often used for clothing; but I can hardly understand this, for the Weddell skin makes a very heavy leather, and I should

Photo by *Watt and Sons*
C. W. ROYDS, LIEUT. R.N.
(*DISCOVERY*)

think most difficult to cure, especially with the limited means at the disposal of explorers. The small petrel, commonly known as Mother Carey's Chicken, was also very plentiful.

The German explorers increased their knowledge of the locality surrounding the vessel by carefully planned and carried out sledge expeditions. The leader, taking parties out, even in the winter, gained much knowledge of the meteorological, zoological, and geological conditions. The cold was intense on these journeys, sometimes minus 22° Fahr. On February 8 of this year the explorers were released from winter quarters by the breaking up of the ice, and Dr. von Drygalski tried to push still further south. The furthest south attained by this Expedition was 66° 30′ South. To those living at home in comfort, it is hard to realise the difficulties that beset such an Expedition in the pursuit of science. The *Gauss* had her propeller broken off in the pack ice and was in constant danger

Photo by *Watt and Sons*
R. SKELTON, R.N.
CHIEF ENGINEER, *DISCOVERY*

Photo by *Turner and Drinkwater*
CAPTAIN W. COLBECK, OF THE RELIEF SHIP *MORNING*

Photo by *H. Colbeck*
OFFICERS OF THE *MORNING*

Photo by *H. Colbeck*
CREW OF THE *MORNING*

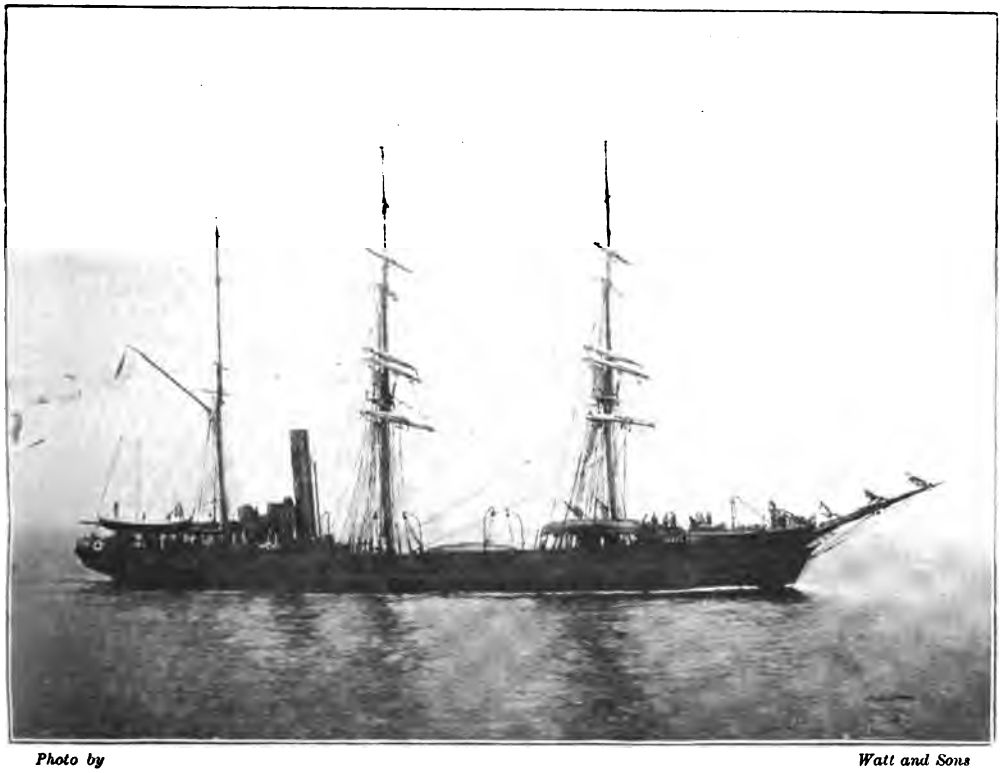


Photo by *Watt and Sons*

TERRA NOVA, RELIEF SHIP

from the huge blocks that battered her sides. No news was heard of Dr. von Drygalski till May 14 of this year, and the German Government, anxious for the safety of their gallant explorers, was contemplating the dispatch of a relief vessel, when the joyful news arrived, that they were safe and successful. About the time this article appears, they will be home in Germany.

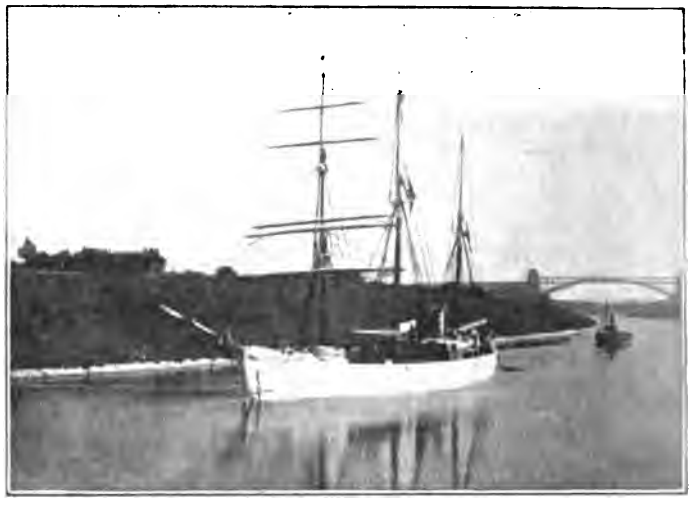
I will now deal with the Swedish Expedition.

The leader of this Expedition is Dr. Otto Nordenskjold, the son of the great Arctic explorer who is famous as having made

Photo by *Watt and Sons*

TERRA NOVA: CAPTAIN AND CREW

DR. ERICH VON DRYGALSKI, LEADER OF THE GERMAN EXPEDITION



THE GERMAN EXPEDITION SHIP *GAUSS*

the first sea journey from the Behring Straits right through the Arctic Sea to Europe. His vessel, the *Vega*, has lately been lost, having been crushed in the ice, and her crew only just managed to jump clear before she sank; some of these men have since joined the *Terra Nova*, the British relief ship. Dr. Nordenskjold's son has devoted his attention to Antarctic exploration, and left Staten Island early in January 1902 in the steam barque *Antarctic*. The course was directed to the South Shetland Islands, and a good deal of scientific work was done in that locality, and though no flowering plants were discovered, mosses and lichens were obtained, also many fossils. The Expedition then explored some of the islands

LIEUT. GYLDEN, COMMANDER OF SWEDISH RELIEF EXPEDITION

FRITHIOF, SWEDISH RELIEF SHIP

close to Belgica Strait before proceeding further south. Unfortunately they were not able to reach further than 66° South, and as it was too early to prepare for their winter station, they worked along the ice pack towards the east in order to explore. Having made many interesting observations, and the summer being far in advance, they returned to a place which they had selected for winter quarters in Admiralty Inlet at the edge of the great Snow Hill Glacier. The geology of this locality is very interesting, and the leader hoped to do good work. The winter party consists of Dr. Nordenskjold, a meteorologist and magnetician (Dr. Bodman), Lieut. Sobral, assistant magnetician, Dr. Ekelaf, physician and biologist, and two sailors. The *Antarctic* was sent back to the Falklands with orders to return in January of this year and take off the shore party.

Dr. Nordenskjold in his report stated, that if nothing was heard of him by June of this year it would be a sign that he was in great danger, and would require assistance. Unfortunately this evidently has come to pass, and serious doubts are entertained as to the safety of the Expedition. The result has been that three Relief Expeditions are now on their way to try and find the hardy explorers who have risked so much for Science.

I will describe these Relief Expeditions.

The Swedish Government decided to dispatch a vessel in search of Dr. Nordenskjold, and the steamer *Frithiof*, under command of Lieut. Gylden of the Swedish Navy, who previously made a successful expedition to Spitzbergen, is now on its way. He met the French relief vessel *Français* at Funchal, and the two commanders decided to co-operate.

The French Expedition under Dr. Charcot, son of the great hypnotist, had intended exploring in the North Polar regions; but on hearing of the danger of his fellow-explorers, the leader gave up that project to co-operate with the Swedes in the rescue of Dr. Nordenskjold. His ship, the *Français*, was on the way, but unfortunately at the start a fatal accident to one of the men necessitated their return to port. They left Brest on July 30. The third Relief Expedition was fitted out by the Argentine Government.

It was from Buenos Ayres that the Swedes originally left, and amongst the wintering shore party is an Argentine officer, Lieutenant Sobral, so, recognising their responsibility, the Argentine Government immediately arranged for the relief, cabling to London orders to Commander Iriszar to fit out an Expedition at once. Having no wooden vessel available themselves, they have sheathed one of their gun-boats, the *Uruguay*, in teak so that she may withstand the pressure of the pack ice. Commander Iriszar, the Argentine Naval Attaché in London, has had great experience in the Magellan Straits—notorious for bad weather—and the Government could not have picked a better man for the work; assisted by the Geographical Society, in six weeks' time everything was prepared and he had left England to take his vessel out. These three Relief Expeditions will co-operate, and everybody wishes them success in their humane and arduous enterprise. Shortly after this article appears we may be expecting news from the ice.[1]

I now come to the last, the Scottish Expedition.

Mr. Bruce, the leader, has been in the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to the North, and is a most enthusiastic explorer. In spite of great financial difficulties, he was eventually able to equip an expedition.

The ship, formerly a whaler, named the *Hekla*, was practically re-built, and re-christened the *Scotia*. She is a barque-rigged auxiliary screw-steamer of about 400 tons, and I may say in passing that this is the most convenient size for all vessels doing Polar work.

The captain of the *Scotia*, Captain Peterson, has had over twenty years' experience of Arctic navigation, and twelve years ago made a voyage to the Antarctic.

Mr. Bruce's intention is to devote himself more especially to

Photo by *Thomson*

LIEUT. SHACKLETON, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

[1] Since going to press the good news has arrived that Dr. Nordenskjold has been rescued by the Argentine Expedition. His vessel had been crushed in the ice, and the explorers were in great straits.

oceanographical problems, his vessel not being suitable for magnetic work. He hopes to winter, if possible, in the Weddell Sea, and expects to drift with the pack ice so that he may make extensive biological collections as the vessel moves over new ground.

The Weddell Sea, which is the explorers' goal, was named after a Captain Weddell, who in 1823 took his little vessel down to these seas, and on reaching lat. 74° 15′ South found an open ocean and no ice. Since then many other explorers have tried to enter, but have always been stopped by heavy ice; we sincerely trust that Mr. Bruce may be successful, but it will not be till next March that any news can arrive, for he only left Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, at the end of last January. I hope that with the aid of the map my readers will be able to clear up whatever doubts exist in their minds with regard to the position of these Expeditions.

In conclusion, just one word in reply to those who ask, what are the practical results to be obtained? It must be admitted that the actual monetary results are *nil*, but the theoretical knowledge gained is of great value to Science, and the information as to meteorology and magnetism will directly influence and prove of practical use to navigation.

In All Time of Our Wealth

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII

"The mill can never grind again with the water that is passed."

"I WANT you to understand," said Mr. Hutton suavely, "that I rely on you, Beddows, to see that all my conditions are observed."

"Yes, sir."

Beddows standing, looking down at him, fancied with a touch of contempt that he had never seen a more grotesque object than the old man in his padded silk dressing-gown, his withered face more ghastly in comparison with the brilliant sunlight pouring through the unshuttered windows straight upon him. He was sitting in a comfortable room in the Hotel Reale, with every modern comfort about him, but the same restlessness of discomfort that always characterised him in Lester Street.

"I know that you are thinking, what is it all for, Beddows; why am I doing it again, when last time it all ended so disastrously? But Stephen Hellard is of a different order to Monty Nash, and where Monty—poor chap—went to the bad his own way, Stephen will never do such a thing. Drink does not tempt him as it did Monty, for he has always had his head in the clouds, and is a man of the greatest nicety. But, Beddows, I want to prove to my satisfaction that there is such a thing as an upright man left in the world. Hellard will go to a certain point, I dare stake my word, but he will never pass the boundary line that divides honour from dishonour."

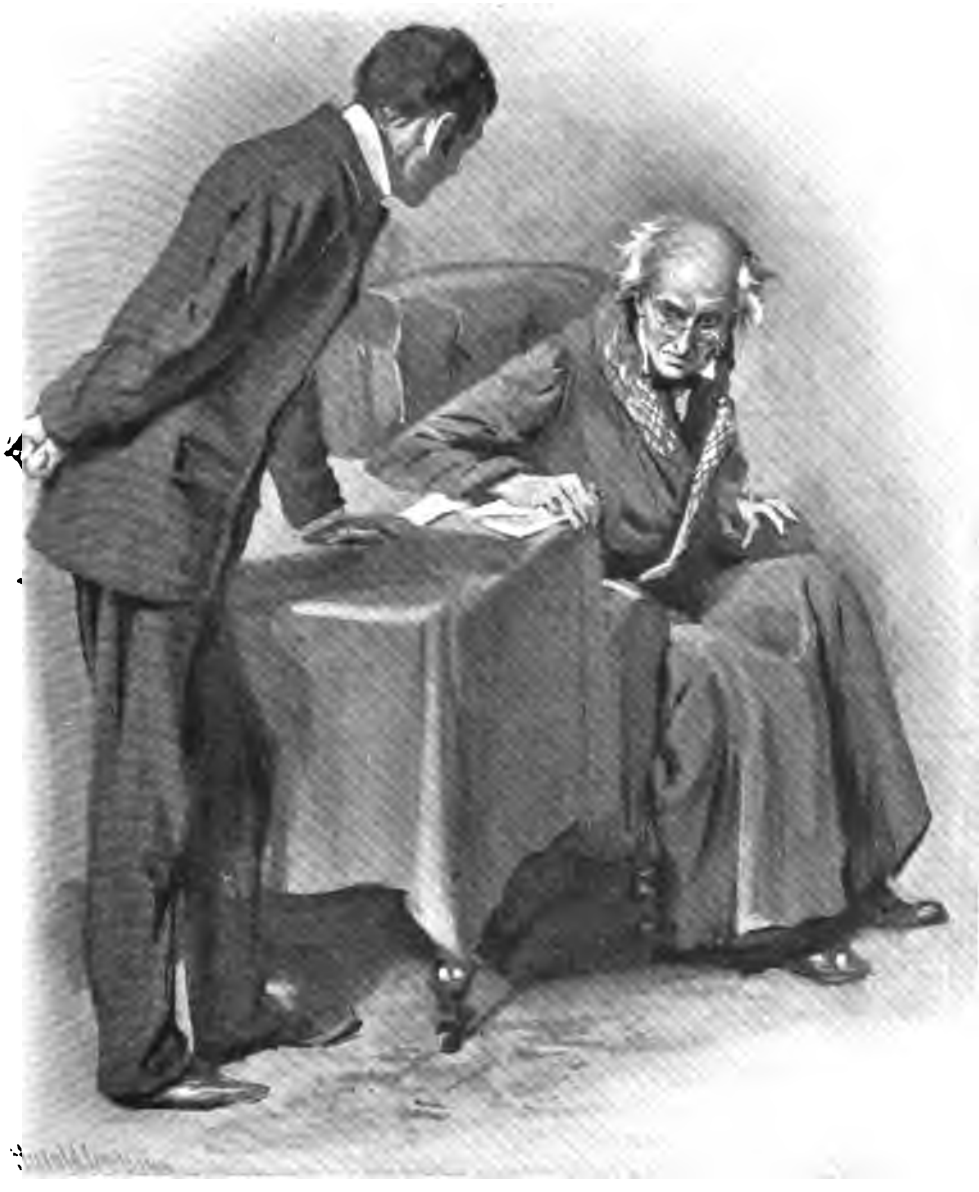
"You are a strange mixture, Mr. Hutton," said Beddows, with the freedom that betrayed him as something only a little lower than an intimate of the elder man's. "You have the name, I believe, sir, in the world of a hard man, with only one interest in life—and that—money: with only one ambition—to make Jabez Hutton's million the curse to others that it has been to yourself. But in reality——"

"In reality," answered Hutton quickly. "Jabez's million is the touchstone that tries a suffering humanity. When it has discovered a man strong enough to resist, it will found the hospital for which I originally intended it."

"It is astonishing to me, sir, that you refuse to turn it to your own uses."

"I suppose you feel that if this money was within your own grasp it would found no hospital?"

"I should find no difficulty in disposing of it, sir."



"BUT IT IS A DARING EXPERIMENT, MR. HUTTON"

"But the chance will never be yours. Your nature is not hovering between the highest and the lowest path in life. The world thinks me a cracked old man, I am sure, but some day there will be a few people who will look upon me as a public benefactor."

Joseph Hutton turned in his chair and laid his hand upon a pile of papers.

"You have watched Mr. Hellard leave the woman he loves; you have watched him with his brother; and you say that there is yet another trial awaiting him in Taormina?"

"There is Lady Cicely Dare and the attraction of her set, as compared to the chance of his coming across Mrs. Holland's brother and his wife and child. There will lie temptation for him, but if he once gets on board Mr. Vandaleur's yacht, the *Sea Nymph*, I should not say much for his chance of escape from marriage with Lady Cicely."

"And marriage with her would be the final ruin of a life that has much promise in it. How can you manage that he shall come across these old acquaintances?"

"That will be arranged," said Beddows quietly. "It will also be put before him that he must choose between them and the money. But it is a daring experiment, Mr. Hutton. Supposing that you kill all the good in him at one blow?"

There was something very earnest in the man's voice. He had in that moment laid aside his suave servant's manner, and it became apparent that the business in which he had embarked meant more to him than the mere earning of a comfortable competence for himself.

"Frank Beddows, you have known me for twenty years now, and when I helped you out of the tightest corner in which a man could be, you remember that you vowed to devote your life to my service, unquestioningly," returned Hutton steadily. "If you are tired of the work already, let me know now."

"I am not tired of it, sir; I am only anxious."

"And you have no right to any feelings of your own; you are merely a private detective."

There was no trace of a sneer in Hutton's voice, merely a steady determination to keep the man's mind upon the goal before him.

When Beddows had gone Joseph Hutton sank back huddled into his chair like a very old man.

"I hope it will work out for the best," he said, his thin fingers moving anxiously backwards and forwards over the letter he held. "There were two women I loved—one was my sister and the other was—Janie Hellard. Monty Nash, my nephew, was not strong enough to stand the test—he would have done no good in the world, and was better out of it—but Stephen, unless I am mistaken, is made of different stuff. If he goes under, it will break my heart."

The letter he held in his hand had been written by Hellard's dead mother, and he kept it always with him. Many years ago, when Janie French had been a girl of seventeen, he had fallen in love with her, but her heart was not for him—it had been given to Stephen's father, and the letter told him so in tender, womanly words. He knew every syllable by heart; he could repeat it now as he sat there in the southern sunlight.

He had acted ignobly after that letter had come to him, for he had shut himself up from his fellow-creatures, and until Stephen Hellard crossed his path, he had lived an utterly selfish existence, divided between his rooms in Lester Street and the little island of Sicily where he owned a few acres of vineyard on the Bronte slopes. Stephen had roused the slumbering man in him, and although he had taken many months to form the resolution that had so recently taken shape within him, yet now that it was formed, he was a man with but one purpose in life—to try the child of the only woman he had ever loved in the furnace of temptation. His half-crazed brain held no idea of sterner trial than existed between poverty and wealth. Once in his own life the choice had come to him, and finding no blessing in the money that his father had bequeathed to him, earned at such prodigious cost, he was strong enough to lay it aside, and to take up his life on the simpler income of seven hundred a year that had come to him from his mother.

Sometimes he fancied that the cry of those who had been crushed down to the very earth to wring that fortune from their despair, sounded in his ear. Unjust usury and extortion had brought it to his father, and he had died with the miserable sense of remorse upon him. Joseph Hutton could remember that death-bed now—even after the flight of so many years. He was certain that the spirits of the poor whom his father had oppressed were present by his dying pillow, and that instead of the angels to close his eyes with loving, pitiful hands, the sobs of the widow and orphan rang in his ears and made death a stern journey.

Even as an old man he could remember the remorse on the dying face, and the white, shaking figure of his mother, to whom that death meant freedom from tyranny. There were no tears shed in that room, and the pity of it struck him now with an intolerable sense of the horror of such a life—such a death. All his life long, Jabez Hutton had lived each day to pile up gold upon gold, and when death caught him

unawares, it was with a grudging terror that he lay down in his last illness. His life had been spent for himself alone, and his death found him without one good deed to record —not one human creature who could rise up and call him blessed.

The old man, who had been young then, went rapidly through those past days as he sat in that sunbright hotel room with his head upon his hand. In spite of the warning of his father's last words he had used the fortune bequeathed to him for some years, until his love affair with Janie French arrested him and turned his thoughts in upon himself.

As old Jabez lay dying, he had turned and caught at his son's hand with eyes that bore the suffering of all remorseful souls in their depths. "It has done me no good, my son," he could hear the weak voice say: "it has done me no good. If you value your soul, do not use a penny for yourself."

He wondered now whether the sins of his father and the stain on his name would be done away. Surely God would see that he had done his best to help human nature by teaching a lesson from that very money itself; and though the lesson had been preached in his own way, yet it had not cost him the less pain when he realised the frailty of men where money was in the balance weighed against a noble life of hard work. Was that ill-gotten fortune destined to go its way destroying the lives of men upon its path, instead of helping them and lifting them higher? Would it never be shown that he was doing all that lay in his power to show men the impotence of wealth to bestow happiness in life? He had proved it to the hilt, that the blessing of God rested on a noble life spent for others, even were it surrounded only by what poverty could give.

He shut his eyes now and prayed that to Stephen Hellard the light might come, and if his prayer was as crazed and extravagant as his brain, yet it was none the less an honest one. He felt exhausted by the interview and the emotion that had shaken him, and leaning back in his chair, he touched the bell, and his servant brought him the restorative that he was accustomed to take at such times.

"I am an old man," he said to himself painfully. "A very old man—and I feel the weight of my seventy-nine years very heavily to-day. God grant that I may be spared to see Stephen Hellard prove himself a child of God."

Then he settled himself in his long chair for a sleep, and in that sleep he dreamt that the spirit of Stephen's gentle mother came to visit him. He thought that he was walking in the spring fields among the Devon woods, and that the may was out upon the hedges like snow-wreaths, and he thought that Janie came up to him with her lovely flower-like face and laid her hand in his, looking very earnestly at him. "Thank you," she said. "You have saved my boy's soul alive," and with the tender notes of her voice in his ear, Mr. Hutton awoke with the tears upon his face.

CHAPTER VIII

"As we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious helpful ministry."

WHEN Stephen Hellard, with the child's hand still gripping his arm tightly, walked up the path between the luxuriant orange bushes, he felt a certain amount of excitement as to the new adventure fortune was bringing him. The small warm fingers drawing him on so confidingly, filled him with a sense of his power of protection, and he began to ask questions of his guide.

"You must tell me your name," he said, "and what is the matter with your mother, and then I can make up my mind what to do."

The child checked her tears with marvellous self-control for her age.

"My name is Molly Vesey," she said, "and mother has fainted and we cannot bring her round again. Her heart is very weak, and we are frightened, father and I. He is an invalid, and he cannot walk."

"Have you no servants in the house?"

"We have one, Maria, but she is out shopping in Taormina. We cannot go out of our garden very often because the people here are not kind to us."

Molly ended with a little sob, and Hellard realised that there was some mysterious trouble overshadowing the household, that he must unravel at his leisure. The new interest and excitement was just what he needed at the moment, and he quickened his steps.

"Let us hurry," he said. "Poor mother may be needing us very much."

He realised the shabbiness of Molly's gown, and the unkempt look of the garden,

which was a beautiful blossoming wilderness. No pruning hand had been laid upon the olive trees for some time evidently, and the orange bushes, brilliant with ruddy fruit and fragrant with snowy blossoms, were sorely in need of attention.

The house was bounded by a high wall that ran round it in a circle, and was a low, white building, green-shuttered at every side, with a flight of steps running up to the front door.

As they approached, a dog barked hoarsely from his kennel, but was quieted by Molly's voice.

"Come along quickly," she said as she ran up the steps into the house, and he needed no second invitation. The small entrance hall opened on to a long, low room, very poorly furnished with the heavy mahogany furniture that is characteristic of the Sicilian house. There were muslin curtains in the windows, drawn tightly across the pane, and a straw carpet upon the lava floor, while a bowl of roses and creeping trails of caper blossom made a spot of beauty in what was bare and sordid. On the sofa a woman was lying breathing quickly in sharp gasps of pain, while in an invalid chair a young man, evidently her husband, was watching her with keen anxiety, and now and again lifting her head higher on the pillow.

"Molly, is that you? Did you see Maria coming back? Thank God! your mother is better—but who is that with you?"

His ear had caught the strange step, although, helpless as he was, he could not turn quickly to discover Hellard's identity for himself. His face had sharpened a little with fear, but Molly's next words relieved him.

"It is a strange gentleman, father—an Englishman," she said, with a thrill of delight in her voice.

"I am glad to see an English face, especially now that our servant is out and my wife has one of her attacks."

Hellard without replying knelt down by the sofa and raised the helpless woman to the open window in his strong arm. He had in his pocket a small flask of wine that he was in the habit of carrying on any long mountain excursion, and he was thankful for its presence now as he held it to the invalid's lips and watched the colour steal slowly back to the deathly face.

"She is better now," he said briefly, after a few moments, laying her back on the sofa and turning for the first time to speak to the master of the house. He owned to some curiosity as to the family, for the sick woman's face was that of a lady of gentle birth, although her hands were roughened by hard work. She was aged by suffering that had lined her face and whitened her dark hair, and her shabby gown did not disguise the painful thinness of her figure.

"I am glad," Stephen said; then paused suddenly with a sense that the world was reeling round with him, for the face of the bent man in the chair was that of Grant Vesey, Mary Holland's eldest brother, who had broken off all connexion with his family when he had married, as his father had stubbornly insisted, beneath him, by taking to wife a girl who had been a nursery governess in a neighbouring family. The pride of the old man had never relented, and fifteen years ago, when Mary Holland had been the age of the little Molly at his side, Grant Vesey had disappeared from society with all the fortune he possessed, namely, the two thousand pounds that had been bequeathed to him by his grandfather when he came of age. He had gradually died out from the memory of all his relations, and Stephen knew that even Mary Holland had ceased to wonder where he was, since it was plain that he preferred to be hidden from the world.

The recognition was not mutual, and for a moment Hellard was silent in sheer amazement. Then he said, "You are Grant Vesey—I remember your face."

The man looked slowly up, his face working with some emotion that presently found its vent in a sob.

"I do not know who you are," he said painfully; "I cannot recall you—but I can thank God if He has sent a friend in our hour of need."

"I am Stephen Hellard—we used to be children together."

"Stephen Hellard! Mary's little sweetheart as we used to call you—what a marvellous coincidence!"

His thin right hand went out towards his old friend, and Hellard grasped it warmly. Englishmen are never very demonstrative in their expression towards one another, but Stephen knew that there was a depth of emotion under the helpless man's quiet exterior that was shaking him to the very core.

"I always told you, Grant," said a weak voice from the sofa, "that day is nearest when the clouds are darkest, and they could not have been darker with us."

Mrs. Vesey had recovered, and Stephen, glancing at her, saw that in other and happier circumstances she might have been a pretty woman, but that trouble and sorrow seemed to have robbed her of her youth too early.

"Nell, dearest," said her husband, taking her hand tenderly, "you must not excite yourself at all; you must let me talk to Mr. Hellard. I am thankful to see you better."

She nodded and smiled at him, and Stephen could read in her face the story of a brave woman who, in spite of illness and poverty, had kept up her husband's spirits, and had resolutely determined to regard the bright side of life in the midst of so much that was dark.

"Pray tell me how I can help you," he said, carried out of himself by his sympathy with their evident distress. "Perhaps it would be better if you told me the whole story of your life as briefly as possible, and the events that have brought you here."

"Tell him, Grant," said Mrs. Vesey; "it will be such a relief to tell some one at last."

Stephen sat down in a chair with the shadow upon his face so that he might see and not be seen.

"You know, when I married my wife, I offended my father, and we came out here, for Nell knew the place well, and was sure that we could do a great deal more with a small capital than would have been possible in England. So we bought a vineyard that was then in the market, and for some years we succeeded in earning a modest income, quite enough to keep the wolf from the door, and our workmen were happy with me, and my wife taught Molly and kept the house going. But you know what a difficult country Sicily is to keep friendly in if your ways are not the ways of the people; and last year we got into a difficulty with one of the men and dismissed him for impertinence. The same day the poor fellow died very mysteriously, and it was said that I had poisoned him. Even my long connexion with the place and our unvarying sympathy with the people did not help us then, and his family banded themselves together and determined to make our lives a misery. I do not know that they would actually have gone so far as to murder me, but certainly some one managed to disable me nine months ago by shooting me in the back. It may have been an accident—the man said so when charged with it—but the result was the same, for here I am, helpless and crippled. It is impossible to get on with my work, for no one will work for me except one faithful Sicilian woman, and I cannot return to England, for we have no funds. We are now living on our capital, which is dwindling day by day; and besides that, we go in fear of some further mischance happening to one or other of us, and the anxiety is wearing my wife to death: but what can we do?"

It was a pitiful story, told in a manly, straightforward fashion, and in it Hellard realised as he had never done before the mighty passion that underlies the phlegmatic exterior of those children of the sun. Revenge is so essentially part of a Sicilian's life that he never pauses to think of the vileness of the sin, and neither in religion nor education are they taught to uproot a characteristic that is now a second nature. To the outward eye they are extremely devout, but it is to be doubted whether their religion goes further than the church door, to be donned and doffed there.

"What a tragedy of a story," cried Hellard warmly, then paused suddenly as he remembered, with a pang that seemed to strike at the very roots of his life, that he could by the terms of his agreement do nothing to help them.

"What can I do for you?" he said confusedly, rising from his seat. "I will write to your sister for you, Grant, and—and see what is possible to be done."

It was horrible to him to realise that these poor friends must think his words inadequately lame, and he could see the sudden expression of chill that swept across Grant Vesey's face.

"You need not be afraid, Stephen; they would not hurt you because you might be seen in our company."

"Do you think I am a coward?" cried Hellard hotly, then realised that his attitude must be quite incomprehensible to Grant Vesey. "You are quite mistaken about me," he concluded helplessly. "I shall find out what I can do for you, and at any rate, I can write to Mary."

He shook hands with Grant and his

wife, while Molly stood ready in silence to escort him to the outer gate.

"I know your little cousin Gabriel," he said gently.

"Did you know, Grant, that Mary married Mr. Holland of Casuabon, and when he died it was found that there was nothing left for his wife and child?"

"No one writes to me now—I know nothing," said Grant sadly. "I thought that Mary would marry you."

All the blood in Hellard's body seemed to rush to his face.

"She did not care for me," he said. "She was very happy with her husband."

"Is she happy now, and comfortable?"

Hellard felt miserably guilty. "When last I saw her, she was well—and I think happy. Her address is 100, Verner Street," he said abruptly, feeling that if Grant should know how he had deserted her, and how untrue he had been to his own heart, he would feel the contempt for him that a man who has risked all for love must do. "Good-bye," he said again, and hurried away down the path. He bent down to kiss the little girl at the gate, and pushed something into her hand that crackled as he parted with it. "Take this from your little cousin Gabriel," he said awkwardly.

"No, I cannot, thank you," said Molly, shutting her eyes resolutely, so that she might not see the tempting slip of paper. "Mother would not like it," and Stephen felt that he was frustrated at every turn.

He turned and looked at her as she stood holding the gate back and watching him down the steep path. Her trim little figure in its shabby frock was the last thing he saw as he climbed down again to Taormina. She reminded him somehow of Mary Holland in the delicate prettiness of her face, and her eyes had the same pathetic shadow in their blue depths. His thoughts flew back to Verner Street and his life there. Softened by the distance of days, it did not look so terrible to him as it had done when he was living it out and every moment was charged with discontent. If he had thrown more heart into his work, he might have made a success of it, for certainly he had talent, though the mere drudgery of writing was distasteful to him. But he had never owned that good heart that eases work, and had ever desired what was out of his reach, and spent his life crying for the unattainable. He bitterly reproached himself now that it was too late, and in the impulse of the moment had half vowed to return to Mary and poverty and to relinquish the unblessed fortune, when he turned the corner of the road and came on Lady Cicely Dare.

"I knew that you were mountaineering," she said with a sparkling smile, "and you really look as if you had had an adventure. Why did you not take me with you? I have been so dull and bored, and Aunt Letitia is so tired of the place that she wants to go straight down to Catania to-morrow and join Mr. Vandaleur's yacht, and so does my cousin."

She looked appealingly at him, ready to mould her own wishes on his opinion, and he looked at her, fancying that he read only womanly kindness in her eyes.

"Yes, I have had an adventure," he said impulsively, ignoring the latter half of her question, "and I want to tell you all about it."

"Pray do," she said, throwing a swift glance at him from under her long lashes. "I am all attention and interest."

Stephen paused on the slope where they stood, and, with his face to the sea, poured out the whole story of the Veseys in her ear, sure of her sympathy, certain that she would help them although his own hands were tied. She was silent when he had finished the recital of their troubles, and he glanced at her, thinking for a moment that she was in tears. But he saw that her eyes were fixed upon the Calabrian mountains opposite, and that her mouth had hardened in a straight line.

"Well, what do you think?" he said at last desperately.

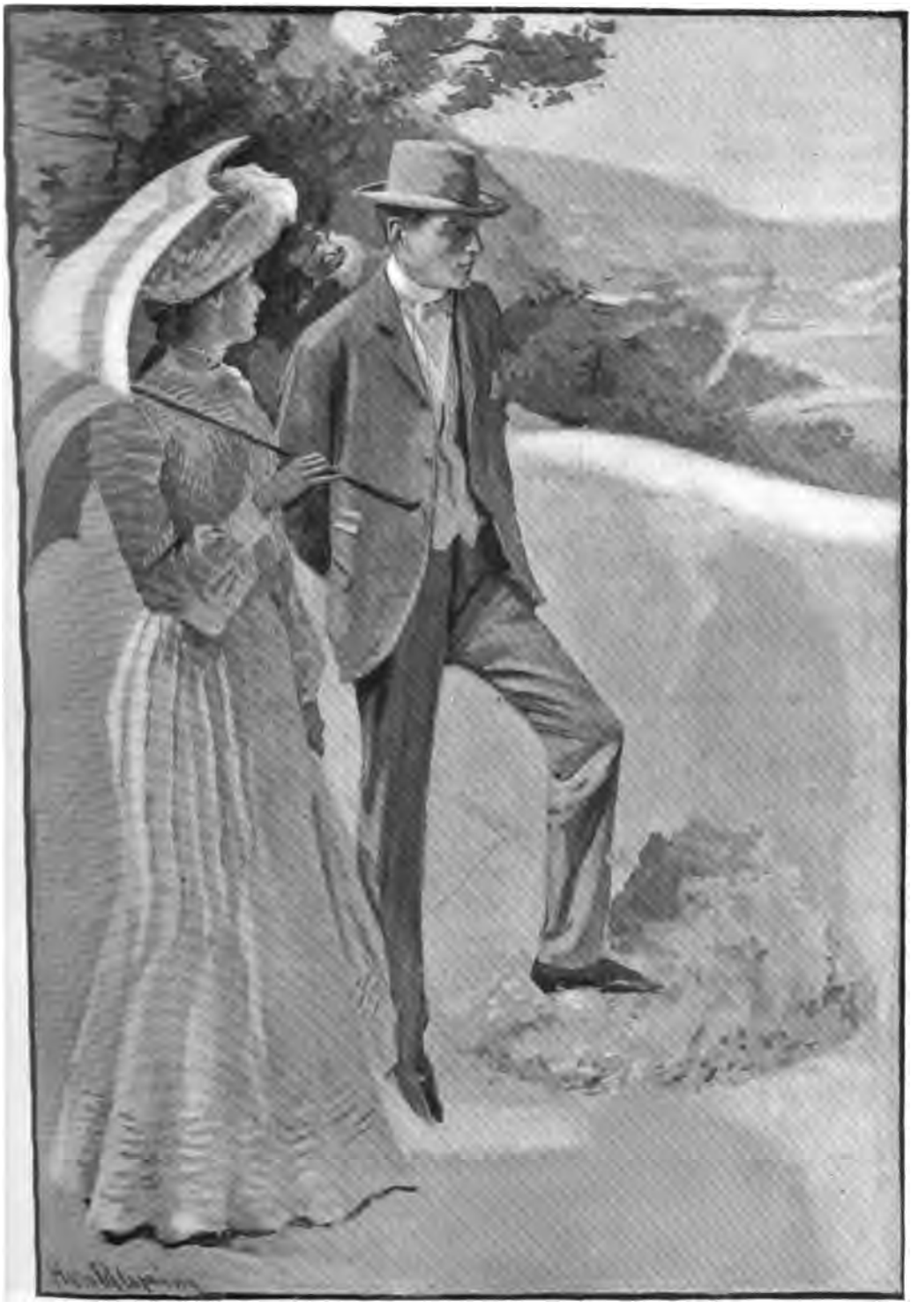
"My dear Mr. Hellard," she said, with a charming laugh, "from the beginning, these acquaintances of yours seem to have acted foolishly. They married in the maddest fashion against the wish of every one, and now they are only suffering from the consequence of their own folly."

"But they married loving one another."

"Love is all very well when it is accompanied by other advantages, but, come now, you must confess that they have run their heads into a perfect hornet's nest by acting on impulse."

"Then it is wrong to follow the dictation of your own heart?"

"No sensible man would allow his heart to lead him into an impossible situation."



STEPHEN PAUSED ON THE SLOPE WHERE THEY STOOD, AND, WITH HIS FACE TO THE SEA, POURED OUT THE WHOLE STORY

"Then you would leave them to their fate?" he cried passionately.

Lady Cicely nodded.

"Oh, they will get out of it all right. If I were you, I should inform their own relations, and leave the family to extricate them from their difficulty. It does not in the least concern you, and no one could expect you to go out of your way to bring down inevitable annoyance on your head from the Sicilians, who are a vindictive people. No; we will go away to-morrow to Mr. Vandaleur's yacht, and you will have done your share admirably by writing to Mr. Vesey's relations and informing them of his plight."

"Which of these three was neighbour to him that fell among thieves? and he answered, He that showed mercy on him."

The words rang in Hellard's ears, but he put them away from him. The plan pointed out by Lady Cicely was evidently the way in which the world would treat the case, and he would not be doing anything outrageous by adopting it. Then, too, it was the easiest way, and would entail no personal trouble and involve no risk of losing his fortune.

He hesitated for a moment, with his eyes upon the sparkling face at his side.

"Come, now, Mr. Hellard, am I to think you a man of common-sense?"

He was not strong enough to resist temptation. The mere desire to do a good action was not enough to keep him in the path of honour.

"Yes," he said reluctantly, "you are right," and he knew that he had taken another step downward in the path of honour.

CHAPTER IX

"In the infinite spirit is room
For the pulse of an infinite pain."

THEY left Taormina the next evening, and went down to Catania to join Mr. Vandaleur's yacht, and perhaps no man ever felt more relieved than did Mr. Hellard, when he saw the shores of Sicily die away behind him, till the cliffs were a mere shadow on the sky-line. So long as he was in the place, the thought of the Veseys had haunted him, and he realised that for his peace of mind he must forget them with all speed. He wrote a brief note to Mary Holland, in which he told her of her brother's plight; then, striving to persuade himself that he was not the coward he knew himself to be, posted it, and tried to dismiss the matter from his mind.

Beddows was a remarkably good servant, and it seemed to Stephen that he made the path of travelling an extremely easy one. He was very attentive, but at the same time there was a watchful air about him that Stephen was apt to resent, though when once they were on board the yacht this attitude was not so noticeable. It was impossible to become on any more confidential terms with him, for there was an impenetrable wall of reserve round about the valet that seemed to hedge him in, whenever his master tried to find out what lay within the outer shell.

Mr. Vandaleur was a young man who had more money than he knew how to spend, and, with the help of companions who were not desirable, was fast dissipating a fine inheritance. He was about six-and-twenty, and in all his life, since his majority, he had never cared to rise above mediocrity; while having no guiding star to lift him higher, he was content to kill time by an unprofitable round of amusements.

Life on board the yacht consisted in eating and sleeping and playing games, an existence which Hellard found charming for the first three weeks or so, when he threw himself heart and soul into whatever was going on about him, content frankly to live the life of an animal, as the rest did. Every night the yacht rang with shouts of laughter, and all day Vandaleur's select party of chosen friends played cards and smoked, and read trashy novels, idling their time away in the sunbright hours.

"I say, Hellard, shall we play bridge again to-night, or poker? Your luck was dead in last night, and we want our revenge off you."

Bobby Vandaleur, dressed in an immaculate blue serge yachting-suit, sauntered up to the taffrail, where Hellard stood alone lost in thought. He lifted a meditative face, and came back to the present moment with an effort.

"Ah, the game? Oh, yes, Vandaleur," he said, "what you like."

It was one of his dark days of doubt and indecision. The down-hill path had been fatally easy, and he was wondering if it was true that there was no turning back. Of what value was this life to him? He was drifting on a lee shore that meant shipwreck to him of every ideal in life. Vandaleur

was a good-natured young man, who had heard Lady Cicely's version of Hellard's accession to fortune, and he thought that his guest was probably brooding over some dark memories of the past.

"Come and have a turn or a drink," he said. "Life is not worth brooding over. Live for the present is my motto."

"Is it?" said Hellard bitterly. "Yes, I should have thought that it was. Thanks, very much, Vandaleur, I know you mean to be kind, but I want neither the turn nor the drink now. I am afraid I am a skeleton at the feast to-day, but it is impossible to be always wound up to a pitch of gaiety."

Vandaleur shrugged his shoulders and departed, vowing that Hellard was a queer fellow, and that if it was not for his money he should have nothing to do with him; but when a man is a millionaire, there is every excuse for him.

If he had been a poor man, Bobby would have set him down as being eccentric and undesirable, but since in Vandaleur's world the only people who were noteworthy were those who had a certain amount of this world's spoils, everything was permissible to Hellard.

Stephen shook himself together after a time, and moved back to the rest of the party, taking a deck chair close to Lady Cicely, who smiled up at him.

"Are you tired of your own thoughts?" she said archly.

"Very," was his brief answer. "They are unhappy companions to-day. What have you been doing with yourself?"

He knew what she would reply—reading the latest magazine—gossiping and sleeping—and he smiled a little.

"The same old routine," he said. "You must be sick of it, going on for years in the same way."

He saw the rudeness of his remark when he had uttered it, but he was powerless to change it, and Lady Cicely laughed hardly.

"Do you think me such an antique, then?"

"You know I do not," he cried with a gesture of impatience, and since he was always considered as Lady Cicely's special property, the one or two ladies who were sitting by her rose with some muttered excuse and moved to a more sheltered corner of the deck.

"Dorothy, my dear," muttered Mrs. Curtis to her daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen, "I am sure that the young man is going to propose. He has the complete air of it."

Dorothy Curtis was a charming girl, frank and innocent as a wild-flower, and fresh and unspoilt as English girlhood should be.

"Do you think so, mamma?" she answered quickly. "Oh, I hope not. Lady Cicely is not half good enough for him. He has such a sad face—so different from the men we meet in this sort of party. He looks as though he were struggling to find his soul—there is a sort of fear in his face."

"My dear Dorothy!"

Mrs. Curtis was quite shocked at the interest in her daughter's voice, and wondered half hurriedly whether any words had passed between them that might lead her to take a stronger sympathy in the man. But Dorothy's eyes were steadily fixed upon her work. Perhaps she was thinking in her mind Mrs. Browning's words:

> "I thought: Now if I had been a woman, such
> As God made women, to save men by love—
> By just my love I might have saved this man."

For she knew with quick intuition that he was suffering, and that she could not help him, however much she might sympathise with him.

"We are going to put in for our letters at Malta, are we not?" Hellard said again to his companion.

"Yes, why?"

"Do you know that I cannot endure this life any longer?" he said. "I find it so absolutely devoid of all interest. I shall remain in Malta, I think, and then perhaps continue my journey eastward."

Lady Cicely turned pale, but she bit her lip sharply, and her face still smiled conventionally.

"I don't wonder that you are tired of this sort of thing. I, too, am sick of it," she said, with a quick gesture of impatience. "It is all so hollow, really."

She must catch this mood as she best could, and if he saw that they were of the same mind, no one knew whether they might not be drawn together in sympathy.

"Vapid in the extreme. I am tired of winning money—or losing it, as the case may be—for it seems to me the most contemptible fashion of parting with one's worldly goods. I am tired of drifting on a summer sea. I want work—some serious interest in life. Why should I not visit

Siberia, or shoot the snow leopard in Thibet?"

"Why not, indeed? But as it is, I don't think we shall make even Malta to-morrow. There is a bank of fog coming up now."

Stephen looked at the horizon, where a film, dense and grey, was stealing up over the blue, blotting out the far, faint sky-line and the oil-smooth sea.

"They don't often last long," he said, "and there goes the dressing-bell."

"I wonder what we shall have for dinner? Quails on vine-leaves, I hope. Mr. Vandaleur's *chef* is worth his weight in gold," said Lady Cicely, stretching herself and yawning daintily. "Come, you must say that there is one thing that never fails in interest, and that is—one's meals."

Hellard looked at her from his superior height of six feet.

"Ah, no," he said gravely. "All through my life it has been a matter of intense interest as to whether my larks' tongues were absolutely the unadulterated article, and not merely those of the garden sparrow."

And Lady Cicely glanced at him, half puzzled by his tone, and wholly unaware that his sarcasm was trenchant. She sauntered away, to return in an exquisite gown of billowy white chiffon, fastened here and there with diamond clasps, and Dorothy Curtis, looking at her with reluctant admiration, was forced to confess that in her plain white muslin she herself looked an ordinary rosy-cheeked English girl beside the brilliant Circe. But Dorothy's little hour of triumph came later in the evening, when the others had sat down to their cards. For Dorothy possessed a voice sweet as a thrush at a June dawning, and every night she was put down to the piano by her mother, instead of joining the noisy party in the smoking-room. To-night she was a little restless, for no one had spoken to her at dinner, and Stephen had talked with desperate gaiety to his neighbour, Lady Cicely, and little Dorothy was sure that what she feared would very surely come to pass. Perhaps her thoughts were running in a melancholy vein, for she presently slipped from the lighter songs she was singing, into the exquisite pathos of "Oh, that we two were maying." Hellard heard her among the smoke and laughter of his noisy companions, and after a moment he excused himself at the next break in the game under the plea of a headache, and hurried on deck. Mary Holland used to sing that song, and every note was laden with thoughts of her:

> "Oh, that we two lay sleeping
> In our nest in the churchyard sod."

He covered his ears with his hands, so that he might not hear the clear plaintive notes, but they beat in upon his brain with steady insistence:

> "With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast."

His senses were reeling with smoke fumes and calculation: and the faces of the eager players were in his mind, all disfigured by the same hideous passion—the desire to win the pile of gold that lay upon the table before them. Surely it was an evil vice, that of gambling—it brought Lady Cicely on a level with the miner at the corner of the street, staking the price of his children's new boots upon the result of the next football match, or the man who bankrupts himself in gambling on the Stock Exchange, and brings his wife and family to the workhouse.

> "And our souls at home—at home—with God."

The sweet voice sank down, fluttering like a lark into its nest from the heights of heaven, and Stephen flung out his hands to the night.

"Mary," he said, "oh, Mary, I am not worthy of you. I should not have left you."

He found that the tears were thick upon his lashes, and he was not ashamed of them, for they were washing away the blackness of his sins like a cleansing tide. He looked out seaward, as a sudden siren screamed through the darkness with swift surprise, realising that the fog had folded round the yacht, until he could see no further into the impenetrable blackness than his hand might reach. He had always felt afraid of a fog at sea, but now he seemed to stand there a thing apart—alone—on the very verge of something that was going to happen, and it was a great relief to him when Dorothy Curtis came out of the music salon and joined him on deck, for she was a living, tangible soul.

"Why, what a fog there is," she said quickly. "Are we in any danger, Mr. Hellard?"

Even as she spoke there was the blare of a horn hooting somewhere within touch of them, so closely that when out of the

night the bowsprit of a large vessel was seen looming straight above them, the shock was no surprise to Stephen. He flung one arm around the girl's shoulders, and the other round the stanchion, and steadied himself as they struck and drew away again awkwardly, with a shivering and splitting of timbers that was like the sickening crash of an earthquake.

In an instant everything was in an uproar, and people were running in every direction, women screaming, and sailors

SHE SANK DOWN IN A COLLAPSED HEAP UPON THE DECK, SHAKING WITH TEARS AND FRIGHT

shouting out unintelligible orders on every hand. Hellard saw Lady Cicely, maddened with terror, dash past him, and thinking she was going to throw herself into the sea, caught at her flying draperies.

"What are you doing?" he said sternly. "Be brave, and we shall all be saved."

She sank down in a collapsed heap upon the deck, shaking with tears and fright.

"Oh, we are going to be drowned; I know it," she sobbed. "Why did we ever come on this hateful voyage?"

"Miss Curtis, will you look after her? You are not so alarmed. I believe there is no danger," Hellard said quietly.

The girl looked up with the light of courage in her eyes, and it seemed to him that she was pointing him heavenward, as only a good woman can do.

"We are as near God by sea as by land," she said simply. "Why should I be afraid?"

The hurly-burly of sound about them—the crippled yacht—the blinding fog—the steam siren from the unseen ship that had sheered off—the shouts of the crew of the *Sea Nymph* as they lowered the boats and strove to discover the extent of the damage to the yacht—all passed over this girl, so it seemed, leaving her unafraid in her trust and faith. Her mother was clinging to her in pallid silence, and Vandaleur was rushing about half demented, abusing the men and giving orders all in a breath. Dorothy stooped and lifted Lady Cicely to her feet, putting her arms about her and pressing her head against her breast with a gesture of tender pity.

"If you do not look at the mist you will not be frightened," she said. "They are doing all they can to help us, and we shall go off in the boats as soon as possible to the other ship."

"How can you be so calm?" moaned Lady Cicely distractedly. "I am terrified, for I feel so helpless."

"But there is always a Helper, dear," returned the other, so softly that Hellard hardly caught the words. "God is with us. Can you not think of the Everlasting Arms?"

"I wish I had been good—I wish I had been good," was the only answer.

It struck Hellard now at this supreme moment of danger that the unworthiness of the life that he and Lady Cicely's party were living could never be displayed more plainly than it was at this moment. Death had faced them in that supreme crisis, and out of them all the only soul to meet him calmly was the girl who had always lived a simple life of duty. He vowed now, with a bitter sense of his own unworthiness, that he would leave the party at Malta, and give up Hutton's fortune, returning to his old life and to Mary Holland, creeping home, so he told himself, to find his real home in her love. He found Beddows at his side, when a few moments later they were filing down into the boats.

"I have done with this life, Beddows," he said huskily. "If we get safe to shore again, my mind is made up, for I think you know more about the whole affair than you profess to."

"You will change your mind, sir, when you are safe. The yacht is crippled a bit, but the mate says she is watertight, and can be towed to harbour," Beddows answered, as he sprang into the boat. "We are all ready to promise anything when we are in danger."

"Nevertheless it is true," Hellard replied, "and you will see it for yourself."

He recalled the words some time later, when the fog had lifted and they were all safely on board the little Greek coasting steamer, with the *Sea Nymph* in tow behind them; and he remembered them again when he sat in his room in the hotel in Valetta two days later, with his English letters before him, and the realisation of a cloud of trouble dawning upon his mind as he opened them.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Problem of the British City

BY F. A. McKENZIE

I.—The Home

F. A. McKENZIE

IT was Euston Station, and the hour was approaching midnight. As I hurried to my sleeping-car, at the further end of the train, my way was blocked by a long line of people. Every third-class carriage was filled with young people, lads of fifteen and sixteen, with new suits and bags containing their kit above them, mechanics in the pride of their early manhood, young labourers, girls who looked the pick of our younger countrywomen.

Around their carriages and crowding the platform were others who had come to see them off. These were usually older, shabbier, and many of them had worn and hopeless faces. "The boys are off to Canada," the conductor told me when at last I reached my car. "We've had crowds like that for five nights a week this past four months."

Off to Canada! Fortunate lads! Those of us who know the West can but be glad for their sakes that they were going to a land where they will have room to live their lives and to make the best of their manhood. And yet that night, as the roaring express bore us northwards, my thoughts drifted from them to the great city we had left behind. Not long before I had seen crowds of poor Polish immigrants pouring into London; here our own sons were going out. Is there no room for our own here? Is the life of the poor in the British city to-day an existence from which the young and strong may well escape with greatest speed, leaving it for foreign refugees?

Within the past two generations, the life of the English people has changed from partly agricultural to almost purely urban. The population of large parts of the country is now, and long has been, declining; that of the cities grows at an amazing rate. The farmer clamours in vain for labourers; in winter, the streets of our cities are blocked by the march of the unemployed. Much of our country has become nothing but a holiday centre for townspeople. Great districts are constantly being absorbed for game-preserves, and the estate that could give employment to two hundred families in food production now provides work for half-a-dozen keepers and breeders. And despite the efforts of public-spirited men, this movement bids fair to continue for some time to come. The growth of our cities is only likely to be arrested by some economic revolution, such as the further adaptation of water-power to industrial purposes, which will move the centres of employment elsewhere. For the next generation at least, the serious work of England will be done in the towns, and the country will be more and more the recruiting ground and pleasure centre of city folk.

In twenty years the administrative County of London alone (and this is but part of Greater London) has increased equal to the total population of New Zealand. Battersea, that in the memory of many was a pleasant rural retreat, has now inhabitants excelling in number Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia. Willesden, not long since a market garden, now ranks among the most populous towns in Europe. West Ham, but yesterday a marsh where Londoners shot water-fowl, now presents the greatest mass of poverty the earth has ever seen accumulated in one spot.

Our population has grown until it has almost become a menace, and the total wealth of the nation and our output of manufactures have risen to a degree hitherto unequalled. But along with this increase has come a steadily enlarging area of dense poverty, a lowering of the national physique, and a growing separation between the classes. There is no land of white-speaking men where the gulf between rich and poor is so marked as in our own to-day. The palace is built ever further from the

slum. Prosperous Belgravia can know but little of Canning Town, however kindly its intentions, for though they are both parts of the one capital, they are practically half a day's journey apart. The large manufacturer, in many cases, knows neither the names nor the faces of his own workmen. The old personal interest, the salt of industrial life, has been too largely replaced by a strictly limited cash consideration. Few of us can know anything of the way in which our clothes are made, our furniture is put together, our everyday wants are anticipated. The benevolent instincts of the more prosperous classes were probably never more active than now, but we are too busy, too aloof by habits of thought and customs of life, and too absorbed in our own necessary affairs to understand the needs and the ways of the toiler at our doors.

Life in the city has grown very hard for the poorest, and the number of the poorest has largely increased. Legal pauperism, that a few years since was declining, again shows steady growth. Winter by winter we hear stories from all parts—a large proportion of them genuine—of starvation in our slums. And we are breeding in our back streets a generation whose very being is a misery to themselves, a menace to our safety, and an unceasing drain on our resources.

Practically one-third of our people are either destitute or in receipt of such low or irregular wages as to be on the verge of destitution. In London alone, 350,000 families live in tenements of one or two rooms. In Liverpool, the official estimate of the income of the people in the poorest district is 15*s*. per week per family. In the Scotland Road district, Liverpool, the death-rate among children under one year old is about 220 per thousand, and was formerly considerably higher. In the dock-side districts of London there are many thousands of families earning not more than 12*s*. a week all the year round, and living mainly on bread, tea, and charity, with beer or gin as a luxury. The chief of police of one of the largest English cities recently informed me, as a commonplace fact, that in one populous slum district under his charge, it was the exception for a girl to reach sixteen and retain her virtue. Such facts are mere surface details.

The problem of our cities is not now so much one of crime. We still, of course, have our Alsatias. The "Dust Hole" in Woolwich, the Dorset Street area in Spitalfields, Notting Dale, "Little Hell" in Somers Town, and certain parts of the Borough are notorious crime centres. But so far as my own observation goes, the violently criminal centres are declining in number. Crime, in many cases, is taking other forms. Several notorious haunts of a generation back are now reformed, and our police have the criminal poor, with the possible exception of the hooligans, who are essentially budding criminals, well in hand. Much of the poverty of to-day is too hopeless and spiritless for any active endeavour, even in crime.

London undoubtedly affords the most striking example of great areas of deep poverty, although on a smaller scale Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, and the chief manufacturing towns of the Midlands can show examples as bad. The only important manufacturing town in Great Britain known to me where considerable poverty is not found is Oldham. The reason there is that the borough affords abundant employment for men, women, and children in the cotton mills, wages are high, and thrift has become a habit among many of the people. The Oldham operative can stand a few months of slack time as a rest, in place of, as in other places, a time of semi-starvation.

In London we find that within the central district, from Victoria Station in the West to Aldgate in the East, and from the Thames in the South to Euston Road and Old Street in the North, the area of poverty has substantially declined. Five Dials and the criminal area around it disappeared in the Shaftesbury Avenue improvement scheme, and Seven Dials is largely transformed. Clare Market, another criminal centre, made room for the new Holborn-Strand improvement, Drury Lane is changing for the better, and the slum area of Westminster is rapidly giving place to rows of palatial flats.

But for every slum cleared in the central area, a hundred have sprung up outside. In Westminster, for instance, while the inner part has altered for the better, the great Pimlico district, a few years ago composed of large private residences, is descending to the scale of one to three-roomed tenements. The private houses, in thousands of cases, are now being let floor by floor and room by room. They have few conveniences necessary for proper living.

The water supply, as often as not, is solely upon the ground-floor, and so families living on the fourth floor prefer in many cases to go dirty rather than carry supplies up several flights of stairs. Sanitary arrangements, adequate for one family, break down hopelessly when they have to accommodate ten. And despite the activity of the local authorities, who in the City of Westminster deserve every praise, a condition of things is arising dangerous to the best health of the people.

The same thing goes on all around. The slum dwellers of Shoreditch, turned out of their district by improvements, annex a side street in Battersea, and crowd it out so far as they are allowed. The old inhabitants of Stepney, outbidden in rent by Polish Jews, migrate to Deptford, and raise rents and further overcrowd that already overcrowded district. And so long as London continues to grow, and poverty continues to increase, even proportionately, this thing must go on.

The housing question is the first and, in some ways, the most pressing city problem. To some extent it has been met in London by the transformation of the individual private house into the tenement. From the borders of Hampstead to the outskirts of Brixton the old houses have been subdivided and sub-let. The average working-class family, whether mechanical or clerical, cannot afford a house of its own, and must either take in lodgers, sub-let to another family, or be a sub-tenant itself.

Tenement buildings have sprung up in great number, it is true, and are being added to rapidly. But usually there are restrictions on the number of children allowed, which disbar many families, and numbers of the best poor object to the barrack-like air, the publicity, and the noise of the average tenement. And there is no doubt but that many of the older "models" are little better than the transformed houses. At its best, the modern tenement is a lesser evil; at its worst, it is the slum in its most hideous form. The best tenements are, without question, the Guinness Buildings, and if tenements there must be, as apparently there must, I can imagine none better.

One famous philanthropic company inflicted real injury on the poor by erecting great blocks of buildings inaccessible in large part to the sun. Such buildings mean greater liability to disease and an increased death-rate. The County Council, which has seriously and on a large scale grappled with the housing problem, has unfortunately built some blocks that are little better than sets of big cupboards. The new set the Council has erected behind Holborn Town Hall presents a striking example of this. The Council has, it is said, been driven to this course by the strict terms of repayment necessary for its loans, but I, for one, deeply regret that by some means its advisers could not have avoided it.

The housing problem is a vital one. The transformed private house is a miserable makeshift, the tenement largely destroys private family life, and is often unhealthy and inconvenient; the price of land is ever rising in the centre of cities, and the cost of building has risen incredibly in recent years. The endeavours of local authorities and private philanthropists, splendid as they are, can only palliate a growing evil. Is there then no remedy? The only remedy I can see is threefold. First, the slum landlord must be inexorably punished who allows overcrowding or insanitary conditions to prevail. Second, and chiefly, we must scatter population outwards by improved locomotion. Third, private manufacturers should, so far as possible, transfer works from the city to the country.

The first recommendation should command universal assent. Nominally, it does. In reality, it does not. The enforcement of local sanitary laws is in the hands of the local elected authorities. These authorities are chosen by the small section of the community which condescends to interest itself in local affairs. Brewers, builders, contractors, and their friends have a direct personal concern in controlling local affairs. If the slum builder obtains a seat on the Borough Council, it is not likely that the sanitary inspector, whose salary depends on the builder's vote, will be active against him. The brewer's agent on the Watch Committee cannot be expected to lead a campaign for the strict observance of the licensing law.

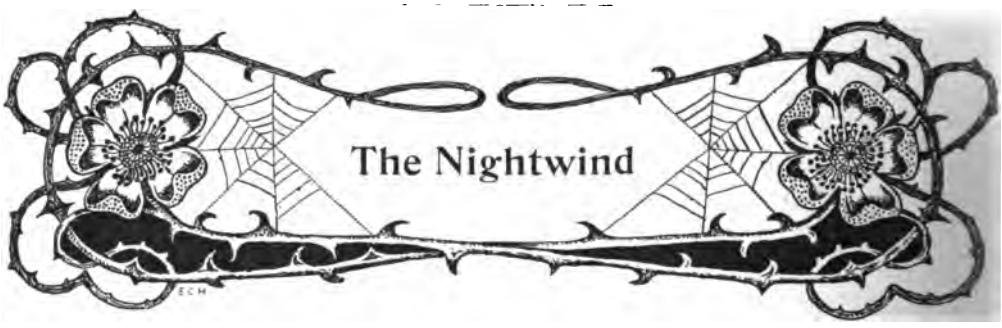
Let me not be misunderstood. I do not say or imply that every man interested in the drink trade or in property inhabited by the poor, who is on a local Council, is actuated by unworthy motives. Many of them are most honourable men, serving their localities at great personal sacrifice. But I do say that their presence often lends

itself to abuse. And there are some of whose motives there can be no question. I know one case where two members of a newly-formed London Borough Council, disgusted at the way in which the relatives of the councillors were being pitchforked into responsible paying positions, irrespective of qualifications, proposed a self-denying ordinance that no near relation of a councillor should be eligible for paid office. The motion gave rise to a vigorous debate and was finally rejected. But one councillor gave his case away by shouting angrily, "What's the use of our coming here if we ain't going to make something out of it?"

The larger the council, as a rule, the less the corruption. The main city councils are absolutely beyond suspicion, and no man has, so far as I am aware, ever breathed seriously a doubt against the great county councils. But we need more independent men in our second-class borough councils, and we need, too, a more general realisation by the electors of their duty to choose the best men.

The second reform is coming. Electric traction is transforming our urban locomotion, and if Parliament discourages it a little less, it will come much more rapidly. Happily Parliament can no more in the end keep back electric traction than it could check the era of steam railways.

The third reform will be finally attained by economic compulsion. We are rapidly reaching a stage when the manufacturer saves money by going out. This has already been admitted in the printing trade. Other trades will soon awake to it also.



THE midnight stillness holds the summer skies,
With moon, and all the stars serenely shining;
Like music's dying notes as softly dies
Life's noise of joyance, struggle, and repining.
Whilst Day, in sleep, forgets its toils distressing,
O! Nightwind, thou, with strains so heart-possessing,
Dost quite beguile th' unsleeping mourner's senses!
Unseen, amongst the sweet leaves straying,
Thou mov'st me by thy mystic playing
To such forgetting of the world's offences
That my translated soul to ecstasy is stirred!
And on the wings of sound, as on the wind the bird,
It mounts, and asks not whither it shall fly,
But, with unquestioning impulse, seeks the sky!

Where didst thou learn, O moving Nightwind! where,
These strains that all my being are entrancing?—
Perchance hast borne them from the viewless air
Of that Unknown to which we are advancing?—
No strains of Day know yet such rapt appealing
As these of thine, so fraught with fondest feeling,
Until, thro' very charm of sound, thou seemest
To make a way for deepest yearning
To reach to where 'tis ever turning—
Winged onward by thy song supremest!
O! art thou some swift voyager from 'yond the stars
That thus thy music frees me from the bars
Of sense—dispels all binding thoughts of place—
And leads me to illimitable space?

FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

Nelson's Duchy of Bronte[1]

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN

BRONTE itself is about the least interesting feature of Nelson's Duchy of Bronte in Sicily. It is a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, who do not enjoy the best reputation among their fellow-countrymen. The estate offices are there, and the female servants are sent there from Maniace when the family are not in residence.

And it is there that Il Duchino, as the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood is called in the Duchy, has to go for the litigation in which the ungrateful people who depend on his bounty so frequently involve him. The Duchy of Bronte was bestowed by Ferdinand I. and IV. of the Two Sicilies upon the hero of the Nile, to whom, in the flight to Palermo, he probably owed his life as well as his kingdom. It was estimated to bring in £3000 a year. It was an appurtenance of the Crown of Sicily. The King reclaimed it, compensating in coin those who possessed it under him. It came to the Hoods by the marriage of Samuel Lord Bridport to the heiress of the first Earl Nelson. By the terms of the English patent the earldom went to the son of the eldest sister, Mrs. Bolton; but the heiress was able to retain the Sicilian title and estates. Mr. Hood formerly spent much of the year at Maniace, and though he is now Private Secretary to H.R.H the Princess of Wales, he still spends a couple of months there each year.

MOUNT ETNA AND THE CITY OF BRONTE

[1] The beautiful photographs from which the pictures are reproduced were taken by the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood.

THE CASTLE OF MANIACE, THE CAPITAL OF THE DUCHY

The town of Bronte is comparatively modern. It claims the ubiquitous Emperor Charles V. as its founder. Maniace, the capital of the Duchy, is five centuries older, but nothing now remains of it except some overgrown ruins, and the Castello which is the Sicilian seat of the Hoods. The town of Maniace was founded by the Byzantine general, George Maniaces, after his great victory over the Saracens. He owed this chiefly to the Varangian (Northmen) mercenaries, led by Harold Hardrada, who invaded England just before the Battle of Hastings, and was defeated and slain at the Battle of Stamford Bridge. Maniace has another niche in history—a very curious one—it had for its prior the infamous Rodrigo Borgia, who rose to fame and infamy as Pope Alexander VI.

When the family are away Maniace is kept in an interesting state of siege. No women are allowed within its walls, and the gates are kept closed from six in the evening till daylight. Nor are there ever less than six of its little garrison of two-and-twenty men inside its gates.

Immediately inside its gates there is an armoury well stocked with loaded magazine rifles, and Mr. Hood and the Englishmen who assist him all carry loaded rifles when they ride about the estate; for Maniace stands in one of the wildest parts of Sicily, high up on the foothills of Etna, and at times brigands infest the neighbourhood; so much so that ten years ago there was a list supplied to the manager's office at Maniace, with their descriptions and nicknames; there is often more than one brigand of the same name. There were quite a score on this black list. Only a few days before we went there this year, the strong wine-store had been broken into in a vain attempt to secure a sum of money supposed to be kept there. When one was killed the word *ucciso* was written against his name. They are now all captured, killed or disappeared. It is libellous to call a man a robber in Sicily, even when you secure his conviction. The people of the district are bad, otherwise the munificence and goodness of the Hood family must have won them over long ago; for none of the money made by the estate is ever taken out of the island, it is all devoted to improvements and bettering the condition of the tenants, the labourers, and the land. If the estate belonged to a Sicilian proprietor, the last penny that could be dragged out of it, without any outlay on improvements, would be extracted from it for its owner to gamble with at Rome or Palermo. Not that he would

get it all, for every one through whose hands it passed would "sweat" it.

But in spite of liberal treatment and immense amount of employment afforded through the innumerable improvements introduced by Mr. Hood, the natives are apt to grumble at the estate not having a native proprietor. No piece of scoundrelism is too petty for them. They would even counterfeit illness in order to sell the medicines given them from the estate infirmary, unless they were compelled to swallow them in the manager's presence; others kept them, or threw them away if disagreeable to the palate. The savagery of the natives is also inconceivable unless you had the word of the Englishmen who are over them. There was a tenant, for instance, who paid a rent of five hundred English pounds, and died only last year. He lived by himself, and never tasted meat except when one of his animals died. Even then he sold all he could of the deceased animal; but if there was any over, he thrust it into the fire until the outside was charred, and then tore off the half-cooked meat. A year or two before that Mr. Hood built him a nice new house, but as he insisted on lighting a fire in the middle of the floor as he had always done in his hut, and neglected every sanitary law, his house was soon reduced to a sort of pigsty. If there were any explanation of his conduct, it would be that the tax-collector would have rated him nearer the real mark if he had been found not to be living like a pig any longer. For a bed he had only the skins of the animals which had died, thrown on boards.

The interest of the Bronte estate centres in Maniace—the natives rightly call it the Castello, for the original Castello or *torre* erected by Giorgio Maniace was turned into a convent by Margaret, mother of William the Good, in 1174. The monasteries of that day had to be fortresses; the Saracens had comparatively recently been expelled from Sicily, and their brethren were constantly raiding the Mediterranean littoral. Little remains now of the convent of Margaret beyond the church, but that contains some charming examples of Sicilian-Gothic, particularly the west doorway, with its clustered pillars and carven capitals, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden, and war, hunting, and agriculture. The only windows left unblocked are the small round-headed slits in what would be the clerestory. The church, like the house, is kept barricaded against

Designed and photographed by the Hon. A. Nelson Hood

THE MONUMENT OF THE CENTENARY OF THE NILE IN THE COURTYARD AT MANIACE

THE NELSON TROPHY GALLERY AT MANIACE

brigands. The nave, like the west end, is of pointed Sicilian-Norman. Its columns are alternately round and hexagonal. Two years ago Mr. Hood and Mr. Beek stripped off the plaster, revealing the dignity of their original lava. From these columns rise stilted arches of the Saracenic style so dear to the Norman rulers of Sicily.

The first abbot still lies buried beneath the altar—Mr. Hood cherishes every old bit, every old tradition. The Byzantine Madonna, painted by no less an artist than St. Luke, which the church was built to receive, still stands on the altar. Lord Bridport had it taken to London and restored. The east wall of the church was thrown down by the great earthquake of 1669; but was re-built, and has two very ancient figures, which were found in the *débris*, let into it. There is an ancient triptych behind the altar. The wooden corbels of the roof are old. The Duchy pays a chaplain to hold services there. Not very long ago a priest from one of the neighbouring towns demanded, as a right, to hold a public service there, which would have given him free access at all times—an awkward thing in a country where the line between brigands and priests might not always be strictly observed. It was refused, as the church is not under the ordinary ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The chaplain officiates on every Sunday and *festa*. The church is always crowded with the wild mountaineers. There was no confessional box, so one had to be improvised at Bronte. There is something very beautiful and reposeful about this well-cared-for old church, and a strange, bizarre note is struck by the tombs of the English Governors-General of the Duchy of Bronte, who are now called managers.

Except for the smallness of the bedrooms, which were cells, and the long narrow gallery off which they lead, the upper part of the convent, used as the dwelling-house, is very English, though of course it is full of fine Sicilian-Greek curios, for Mr. Hood is a great collector. At every turn you meet relics of the conquering admiral on whom the Duchy was bestowed, including a book-plate signed by him when he still had his right hand, and his visiting-card when he was

Captain Nelson,

Royal Navy.

The gallery is specially dedicated to him. Under the picture of his death which hangs in it is the ivory-handled dirk which was his first weapon, laid beside the decanter and the two glasses engraved with "N." which he used the last night of his life, and a copy of his baptism certificate. Engravings of most of the well-known Nelson pictures hang there, including the famous Nelson Maclise in the Houses of Parliament, and the *Glory* engraving, with battered Trafalgar ships round it. There is also an oleograph of Mr. George Joy's charming picture of *Nelson's First Farewell*, and a picture of the wrecked *Foudroyant* on metal, made

from one of its own bolts, framed in its own oak, and a most curious poster—

ON 30TH OF MAY, 1806:

THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

WEATHERCOCK.

JANE SHORE.

FUNERAL HONOURS, CEREMONIES, AND MAGNIFICENT PROCESSIONS BOTH BY LAND AND WATER OBSERVED TO COMMEMORATE THE GALLANT HERO,

THE LATE LORD NELSON.

The house contains many other interesting historical objects beside Nelsoniana from the intimate connexion of the Hood family with the Royal Family. In Lord Bridport's bedroom, for instance, there is an engraving of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, autographed by her late Majesty and the late Duke and Duchess of Teck; and on the library table is the manuscript journal of the visit paid to Ober-Ammergau by Mr. Hood in the company of the late Duchess of Teck, illustrated with splendid photographs. It was prepared at her request. The handwriting is as clear and beautiful as the photographs. Among the most covetable of the minor pieces are the great old Sicilian chests which were used for flour when Mr. Hood first came to Maniace. He has a really valuable collection of Sicilian terra-cotta figures, many of them unusually large; but of course the principal objects in the collection are the gold and silver coins of the Greek period of Sicily, including a splendid specimen of the most famous of all ancient coins—one of the series of great decadrachms struck by the Syracusans after they had conquered the Athenians in 413 B.C. The library contains all the important books about Nelson and a tolerably complete collection of the chief works on Sicily.

They have English fires everywhere in the house—a most necessary thing for the variable climate of Maniace. Maniace is so high up on Etna, that wind and wet and snow tyrannise it through the winter and much of the spring and autumn, though the temperature and sunshine in those seasons is often delicious. It has not the corresponding advantages, for it is extremely malarious in summer; so much so that the Englishmen who manage the estate have to leave it and go to a station an hour higher up the mountain when the hot weather comes on. This is because the convent was, like so many Sicilian-Norman convents—for example, the glorious old Badiazza outside Messina—built almost in the bed of a torrent. The torrent at Maniace swells into the chief river of Sicily, the Simethus, which has such a lordly valley below. In July, August and September the estate is troubled with malaria; the attacks are often so bad that nothing but the drastic methods of the village apothecary can ward off death. They first administer an emetic, then quinine. The patient is made to take endive or wild olive-water and dandelion. Strong applications of leeches and mustard-plasters are made. Mr. Beek, the manager of the estate, once had to take no less than sixty grains of quinine, which left him deaf for fifteen years afterwards. But the peculiar malariousness of Maniace is aggravated by the river's constant shifting of its bed; for deadly vapours come of course from the drying up of the river bed. The malaria is now much decreased: where formerly a fifth or a fourth of the employees fell ill from malaria, now only one or two find themselves on the sick-list.

The estate is purely agricultural, devoted mostly to the fine old scriptural harvests of corn and wine and oil. They are now planting more and more olive trees every year, but already from a thousand to twelve hundred gallons of oil are produced. It is kept partly in eighty-gallon drums of tinned iron, partly in the great clay amphoræ used in Sicily from time immemorial; but the earthenware damages the oil, which is sold in tins containing three gallons each. The Bronte wines are famous, and the Bronte cognac is everywhere recognised as one of the best procurable outside of the choice French brands. The name Bronte applies of course to the duchy, and not to the town. The vineyards are at Maniace. There is not much evidence of the wine industry (which has separate buildings) about the house, except in the purple clots of wine-lees, which are sold for the manufacture of cream of tartar.

In the days of the Roman Empire Sicily was one of the granaries of the world, and Sicilian wheat is still important commercially. It is one of the hardest wheats of Europe, and hard wheat is necessary for the manufacture of macaroni. The rents are largely paid in corn, which the estate sells. In August the great old

QUEEN MARGARET'S GATE IN THE CHURCH OF THE CASTLE OF MANIACE

horreum or barn of the convent is overflowing with wheat. The old Sicilian measures are used in buying it, because the modern decimal measures are not even yet understood by this backward population. But the Government measures are of course used by the Management, and when the wheat has to go by rail, it is weighed as the only means of preventing the parcels being tampered with. The sieves for the wheat are made of goatskin cut with dies, which make beautiful patterns of varying shapes to suit wheat and chaff, vetch and earth. In filling the sacks all sorts of precautions have to be taken to avoid cheating, which does not prevent Sicilians using "In the Name of God" instead of the numeral one. According as the measure is shaken down or not shaken down, and levelled or not levelled with a stick, it varies immensely, and only the most trusted men can be allowed to do the measuring. The common Sicilian of this part of the country is always lying in wait to do some petty cheating. Even the watchman has to signal the fact that he is awake and performing his duties on a peculiar sort of stop-watch alarum which registers the time at which it has been touched. Some of the locks even are fitted with apparatus which makes them register the time at which they are touched.

But though little remains of the world of Queen Margaret, the whole house is a convent building with plenty of seventeenth-century work still left in it; indeed, the vaults used as storerooms may be yet older, but they are not interesting. The beautiful portions of Maniace are the church and the fortress-like walls renewed in the ancient style by the Hood family, and the fine courtyard and multi-arched porch, which also owe their appearance to the present owner. The beautiful Iona cross in the courtyard, erected in 1898, "Heroi Immortali Nili," for the centenary of the battle, was executed from a drawing by Mr. Hood himself.

When seen from the right angle outside you can want nothing more picturesque than Maniace. It rises from the bank of a tumultuous Sicilian river fringed with osier and tamarisk, recalling in its Saracenic outline King Edward I.'s castles in Wales. Its strong and lofty walls for a great height from the ground are unpierced by any apertures; its great gateway is enfiladed by a loop-holed tower. Around it the olives of Sicily mingle with the familiar trees of a Scottish avenue. Indeed, when the splendid waterfall is running in full force, Maniace might well be in Scotland but for the glorious cone of the great volcano which towers above it, and the grey foliage of the olives and the subtropical luxuriance of the garden, which Mr. Hood has made most beautiful by applying his admirable taste and the art of the landscape gardener to the accentuation of its natural beauties.

The enormous walnut tree which was once the glory of the garden at Maniace has now fallen to go up higher, as the dining-room table. Gooseberries, raspberries, and currants grow freely here, mingled with such familiar neighbours as

periwinkles and violets, and such strangers as barberries, palmettos, and Japanese bamboos, and above all the many-blossomed laurestinus and the fragrant golden-flowered mimosa, which is the wattle of Australia. The lesser celandine is there in the spring as everywhere; and primroses—though the primroses of Etna have lost their primrose hue and turned white with orange-hearts. But this is a garden of the iris, the narcissus, and the peony. Etna's own flowers are the golden-ruddy euphorbia, the wild peony, and the iris in a dozen forms. The wild peonies of the Etnean forests are pink and white and red. They are low-growing and scanty foliaged, but extremely graceful. One variety of narcissus grows single-headed like a daisy, another with so many clustered heads that you can picture the hundred-headed blossom which Proserpine was stooping to pick when Pluto lifted her into his chariot to carry her below the earth. The men of Etna have it that this happened only a few miles from here, in the swampy lake of Gurrita, where no fish can live. I have left the irises last because they are the glory of the Etnean plateau. There they wear most of the hues of their rainbow godmother. On that one stormy day that we drove from Randazzo to Maniace, we saw them purple and mauve and yellow and white, and blended in a dozen different ways.

The formal garden with its box borders, white irises and narcissi, scarlet anemones and fragrant gillyflowers and cyclamens, is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

The farms of this great estate are all let out, but its vast orange forest, almost the only one in the world, and its wine and oil pressing, give work to one hundred men year in and year out, and to every available hand at harvest time. On that estate they have many harvests. Corn in July and August, grapes and pistachios in October, and olives in November and December being the principal.

Maniace lends local colour to Mr. Marion Crawford's *Corleone*, and as it rises from the lentisks and osiers and wild oleanders of the river in echelon against the evening sky under the majestic cone which only Fujiyama outgraces, it has an almost eerie majesty. Ferdinand I. and IV. of the Two Sicilies was a fool, but he stumbled on one of the eternal fitnesses when he chose Etna for Nelson's guerdon. The one stands out like the other—almost unapproachably immense. The great mountain rising lonely from the plain is a hundred miles round.

We are never likely to forget the drive from Randazzo to Maniace. Kind friends had told the manager of the Duchy of Bronte that we were at Randazzo and anxious to see the estate so intimately connected with two heroic English houses. We were in the main street of Randazzo, photographing old fourteenth-century palaces with Gothic windows of delicate grace, when a guard in scarlet and blue uniform, armed with a repeating rifle, rode up to us and jumped off his mountain pony. The manager had never seen me, so he could not have given him any description, but I was the gentleman of a foreign family, so he felt quite sure that I must be the person intended to receive the letter. It was couched in the true spirit of Sicilian hospitality. If it suited us to go out the next day, the Duke's carriage would be sent that night so that we could start as early as we liked in the morning. It would fetch us back in the evening, and spend a second night at Randazzo, so that

THE CORBLE OF THE CASTLE OF MANIACE

we might be sure of decent horses for our drive.

Soon after eight in the morning we got in, before all the inhabitants of Randazzo, with all the wraps in our possession. It was pelting with rain. It rained so fiercely that we had no eyes for the exquisite black-and-white tower of St. Martino or the grim castle of the mediæval Dukes, with spikes, once garnished with human heads, rusting high in the air, or the scarped and river-washed walls of mediæval Randazzo.

With heads bent down to save our eyes from the lashing storm, we wound up the hillside which leads to the ancient lava-stream, which is the most vivid witness to the miraculous good fortune of Randazzo. There is no town of its size so high on Etna. It is the most convenient starting-point for climbing to the crater; yet of all the towns on Etna, it is the one that has never been destroyed by the burning lava which has streamed down all round it. Tracts near by have been buried deep in ashes, but never a house or a life has been lost within the bounds of Randazzo, and its streets are full of dwellings five or six centuries old, with the shafted windows and the containing arch which are the glory of Sicilian-Gothic. St. Mary has been kinder to Randazzo than Randazzo has been to St. Mary, whose ancient church has been repaired with French thoroughness rather than Italian. The element of taste is wanting. Fortunately nothing else has been restored in Randazzo. How nearly this little Lombard city has escaped is shown in the most typical Italian fashion, for it has a suburb built in the middle of the lava-stream above the town, where, presumably, rent is low or non-existent. So poor are the Italians, and especially the Sicilians, that to save a few soldi of rent they will put up with savage discomforts. I have never seen anything like this suburb of Randazzo, where the cottages, to escape the storms and snows of Etna, crouch in the hollows of the lava with little but their red roofs above the ground. They are almost as black as the lava from which springs the compensating note of colour in the landscape—the marvellous spurge of Etna. It is a spurge closely resembling, when you look into it, the humble spurge of Kentish woods and Dorset downs, but it seems treason to call it by any name except its stately Latin title of Euphorbia, for its mighty blossoms are so many crowns of glowing gold worked out in richly-blended shades of orange and yellow and red—the three colours used in painting the golden lions of heraldry when *res angustæ* forbid the use of gilt. One of the most striking features of Etna is the way that its sullen fields of lava, which support no other life but a gay rust of lichen, send up golden plumes of euphorbia, which shine a mile away.

Doubtless that drive from Randazzo to Maniace was specially desolate on that day of vengeful storms. On other days there would have been the great white cone of Etna with its Fujiyama-like grace towering above us all the way as we whirled along the splendid high-road, in scenery that might have been Dartmoor if the wild tracts between the tilth and pasture had been heather instead of lava. But those lava-streams which Etna, when wrathful, has flung upon its foothills—I could never picture Hell till I had seen their barren sierras and abysses!

The Wooing of Sergeant Mahony's Daughter

A TALE OF A DERBYSHIRE VILLAGE

BY KATHARINE GLASIER

OHN BEARDMORE, road surveyor under the Parish Council of St. Martins-in-the-Sand, lay stretched on the green bankside of a lane that was counted steep in incline even in that district of peaks and coombs,—and was well content.

It was not only that it was early evening of an early summer, nor that his hot day's work had been well done. From his childhood he had lived a vigorous, open-air life, and the sight of the smoke from his pipe, curling up till it lost itself in the golden haze of the overhanging gorse just as the gorse-gold itself had merged in the blue radiance overhead, touched him only with the pleasant sense of pleasant things that could be trusted to renew themselves in their season.

The Parish Council had met that day and grumbled an approval of a somewhat expensive scheme of granite road-dressings, whereby their surveyor hoped to temper if not to wholly allay the white dust whirlwinds of the district's limestone roads.

But even that concession to John's practical wisdom on the part of the local farmers was in no wise accountable for the dreamy deepening of the light in his quiet, grey eyes, nor for the soft, almost tender curving of his lips under their stubbly moustache.

Something had happened—or rather he had made a discovery which revealed him, John Beardmore, third son of Jabez Beardmore, village plumber and gasfitter, in a new light to himself. It had all been worked out in that lane and at that very point not two months ago. For the third time that evening he found himself recalling the trifling details of the story.

Heavy winter rains had torn away the surface of the hillside and left it with jutting rock-ridges, calling for wary treading on the part of foot-passengers and presenting actual danger to the stout-limbed farm-horses who had to make its ascent at that spring crisis of the year with loaded carts behind them. It had not been a case for half-measures. In less than an hour Beardmore had brought a small staff of roadsmen on the scene with the greater part of old Will Haslove's "painful pile" of road-metal at their command.

The district road-engine had proved less mobile. Driver and flagman alike had protested that the steep, narrow lane afforded no ground for the negotiations of a steam-roller. John had insisted, and the men had sulked till the fine drizzle of the spring morning and the men's demurrage had fled suddenly at the approach of a warm burst of sunshine.

Once started, the little road-engine had done her work gallantly. Panting up-hill and groaning down, she had never failed to respond to her driver's brake nor gone back on a "crush" once attempted. Well pleased with the progress of the work, John had gone home to his lodgings, and at his lonely table sat down to his Monday's dinner of cold meat and potatoes without fear of a breakdown in either gear or discipline. But he had scarcely come within sight again of the scene of his morning's labours when his voice had been raised in wrath.

The driver had been cleaning out his engine's fires to prepare her in her turn for the feeding up that should start her out refreshed for her afternoon's work. In the process he had gathered a large iron bucketful of glowing ashes, and just as John appeared round the corner, had emptied it out upon the quick green of the bank, not a hand's-breadth from the spot where the surveyor was now resting.

"An ugly thing to do!" John had denounced it roundly. "With no need-be at all when the whole roadway lay ready to your hand! Would you scorch the hawthorn-roots and kill the young grass just at its springing? I tell you it would burn in and in there and leave a scar the summer would not heal."

John had hardly understood his own indignation. It had broken out of him from

somewhere near his heart, where the light of the April clouds, the lark's melody, and the "twofold shout" of the cuckoo had lingered from the morning.

The driver had stared stupidly at John's hasty work with the shovel. What was "a bit o' green bank" to a man "with a wife and six children and less than a pound a week to keep 'em on"? But he had grinned a broad grin of amusement when he saw his road-engine asked to part with a portion of its slender store of water to satisfy the surveyor's urgent sense of the need for atonement. It would be no fault of the driver if the work were stopped for half-an-hour or more while the flagman climbed the hill with swinging water-pails.

But there the matter had ended, or been left in silence out of sight till an hour ago, when John had thrown himself down on the bank, unthinking, to receive his reward.

For there, at his side, in the shadow cast by his shoulders, he recognised the little patch of ground which he had rescued two months ago from its fiery visitation. The thick grass rising about it clearly outlined the circle. On one side an edge of charred and blackened earth rose like a miniature cliff to tell of the cruel sea that had licked away its life. White rootlets and reddish-brown blades of grass bore witness to a fierce fight with fate; but in the very heart of the circle John saw what caught at his breath. A clustering patch of wild pansies—he counted nigh half-a-score of the yellow-eyed, pale-blue flowers on their slender stalks—a very beatitude of blossoms!

It was strange how the sight of them moved him. Leaning over them and keeping his pipe well to windward in his other hand, he lifted with his roughened forefinger one delicate flower-face after another, to let it fall back again with a little sigh for the exquisite nature of the pleasure he experienced.

"I'm glad I had that old cinder-heap scattered off o' this," he muttered. "Only to think o' scorchin' the life out o' such pretty things as yon!"

John was not a scientific botanist. He did not stay to question whether the pansy's seed had been hidden deep in the earth at the time of the fire-dropping, or whether by the actual clearance then effected a specially fitting place for a vagrant seedling's survival had been created. He was only conscious that there, in that spot, the whole shy loveliness of growth owed its being to him, John Beardmore, and in the thrill of the thought he caught himself vaguely wondering whether he had ever done anything so worth doing in his life before.

He was no reader of books or he might have felt himself raised into the order of chivalry, established more than a century before his time by a Scottish ploughman with a "wee modest crimson-tipped flow'r" for emblem. "La Picciola," or the story of a green shoot of heliotrope and a prisoner's love for it, had never been offered for claim upon his sympathy. It was doubtful even if John recognised himself as one of "Nature's Worshippers." He loved her temple: that was certain. But he was wont to enter it with spade and bucket, and recked little of the work of the singers in the choir.

To-day, however, all unexpectedly he had been vouchsafed a mark of favour from his "unknown goddess" that could scarce have stirred more wonder in him if it had fallen straight from the blue sky over his head.

He put his pipe back into his mouth and tipped his hat over his eyes the better to enjoy his new field of reflection.

It was the first day of his annual fortnight's holiday. His men were all at work in the neighbouring hayfields, and the lanes and roads of the district were to be rolled and watered for a space without his official inspection. He had made no special plans for his holiday. His old father and mother lived in a neighbouring village, and looked for his coming every Sabbath. There was his sister, married, in Manchester. He might take a run over and see her in her new home before the fortnight was out; but for this evening,—had he not been content before? He was more than content now. The smile deepened in John Beardmore's eyes.

He was roused by the sound of footsteps on the lane above him: light footsteps that stumbled as they hurried. A sharply-drawn sob recalled him to presence of mind.

"Why, Norah lass," he said, sitting up and looking with concern into the tear-stained face of the girl who had pulled up at sight of him. "What is the matter, and where are you going?"

His keen eyes had noted that Norah looked "dressed" in spite of her reddened eyelids, and that she carried a tin hatbox

in her hand, fastened with a bit of string at the hasp.

"I'm don' wi' things up yon," the girl answered with heavy emphasis. Her Irish tongue moved slowly in the Derbyshire dialect. "Tha hast no need to think to keep me either. My father's wife has struck another woman's daughter once too often, John Beardmore. All th' village knows about her an' me. There's no call to waste time i' tellin' that tale again. It began fourteen years back when he married her, and it's gone on ever sin'. 'Tis time now that 'twere finished. That's all."

The girl's breast heaved under her white blouse. John looked at her with gradually quickening sympathy. It was true what she said. All the neighbours knew that Sergeant Mahony's second wife, a thrifty, thin-featured woman, native of the place, had had her own to do with her step-daughter Norah. The woman was not naturally unkind; she was merely a hard woman, and Norah was, probably, John thought as he looked at her, very much what her Irish parents had made her, and not to be blamed too much for a softness that might after all prove to have its place in the world.

"But where are you going, Norah?" he asked her gently.

"To Manchester," she said, the warm colour rising in her face. "There'll be paper-mills there as well as here, I reckon, and nobody to bother about where a girl comes from so long as she does her work."

"Paper-mills!" John repeated dully.

"I'M DON' WI' THINGS UP YON"

"Ay, lass, there'll be paper-mills i' Manchester."

He was thinking, and for him rapidly. The paper-mill in the village was an old source of vexation of spirit with him. He hated to pass in the roadway the great wagon-loads of unsavoury "waste" that were sent down to the mill-doors from the railway week by week; and the black water and greasy "scour" of the brook after it left the mill-sluices angered him afresh every time he crossed the fields through which it flowed. The women, moreover, who worked there grew a bit

too rough and ready with their tongues. John had a passing vision of fluff-and-dust-laden skirts and unwholesomely-shawled heads, and his general attitude of dislike drew itself up with a shock before Norah's freshly-coloured face, girlish figure, and dark, wavy hair.

"A paper-mill is a sorry place for a woman even in th' country, lass," he said. "But in Manchester—nay! I cannot think you should go."

"I'm noan goin' back yon," Norah cried. "She struck me, I tell tha, an' all because I kept still a bit to let th' robin . . . ." Her pretty rounded throat swelled and impeded her further utterance.

John had a queer sense of something giving way inside him. He stretched out his hand toward the girl.

"Tell me," he invited her with lip and eye. It seemed to him that there was some strong necessity upon him why he should hear the end of her story. Norah's softness was easily drawn.

"'Twas th' robin I'd been feedin' all th' winter," she explained eagerly. "An' he 'ud come up to th' step or on to th' winder-sill, but he' ud never come in properly on to th' flure. An' this afternoon when it was full summer, an' there was no need, he came hoppin' over th' tiles I was cleanin' just as if he wanted to show me he—he—" She hesitated, but John's quick nod gave her confidence. "I was that pleased I forgot everythin'," she confessed. "An' the pretty thing seemed as if once it was in it couldn't make up its mind to go. An' then *she* came rushin' in and scared th' poor thing nigh out o' his wits. She said he'd be bringin' muck into th' hoos, an' I don't know what else. An' I up an' told her he had brought more luck nor ever she had, an' she hit me,—hit me cruel!"

The angry light in Norah's eyes died down suddenly as if it had been put out by the one that had kindled in the man's eyes above her.

"See!" he said, low in her ear, his hand closing strongly on her brown fingers. "Kneel down here! I want to show you something."

Norah set her tin box down on the lane gravel. Her breath was coming in little uneven gusts.

"What is it?" she asked. John had found his necessity. He had wanted to hear the end of her story that he might feel able to tell her his own.

"Do ye see yon flowers?" he said, searching for her expression as her gaze followed his finger's pointing. "That fool, Will Taylor, emptied a bucket of red-hot ashes out of his engine just in that spot not two months back! And I had out the shovel and cleared 'em off and watered the place a bit. And now,—see!"

Norah did see. The reverential awe in her childlike eyes satisfied even John's craving at that moment for a soul living as his own,—able by

> "the deep powers of joy
> To see into the life of things."

"Oh! but that is just wunnerfu'!" she said simply. She looked up into John's face. Under her dark lashes her blue eyes, softened by strong feeling, showed to John like two of the flowers in the charmed circle between them. He drew nearer to the girl as she knelt.

"Norah, lass," he said, falling consciously into the broad speech of their village life together. "Dost tha think tha couldst be happy in a little house o' thy own? I hadn't thought much about gettin' wed, lass. But I've a bit o' money like i' th' bank, an' if tha's willin' there's naught else as need be agen it, as I can see. There's Dowling's cottage, over at th' village end. It has been empty three months by now, an' I've often thought it wur a pity that there was noone there to see after th' garden. Th' owd man had set it out finely before he died. What dost tha say, lass? There would be no call for thee to go back yon. I've a clear fortnight's holiday from to-day, an' there's my sister i' Manchester. She 'ud be fine an' pleased to see thee, an' could tell us how to go about things,—if tha wouldst be willin' to let me take thee to her, lass."

Norah had dropped forward on her knees, her face hidden in her hands. She could not believe that she was hearing aright. There was not a girl in the village, she told herself, but would have been glad to have John Beardmore if he had only shown himself willing. Why, even those two smart girls in the new draper's shop had set their caps at him! And she, Norah Mahony, who worked at the paper-mill——! She lifted a crimson face of protest.

"Nay," she said thickly. "It 'ud not be fair to thee, lad."

John laughed softly. His fingers were

"TAKE THEM," HE SAID. "THEY ARE YOURS"

busy among the clustering flowers of his pansy-root. Carefully he chose seven of the blossoms that were fully out. Then he gathered a round leaf and held out the little bunch to Norah.

"Take them," he said in his ordinary tongue. "They are yours. I want you to have them."

For one other minute Norah hesitated. Then she stretched out her hand with a little cry.

"Dost tha know what they call yon flowers?" she asked him tremulously. "'Tis 'heartsease.' An' oh, John, but I believe that tha dost mean what tha says!"

To My Beloved

WHEN thou art glad, Beloved!
When youth has flung life's roses on thy way,
And April skies are blue, I would be near
To do thy will, surround thee day by day
With Love; I would not have thee fear
Because the rose may fade, but I would make
Each hour a little brighter for Love's sake
When thou art glad!
When thou art sad, Beloved!
When dark across thy pathway glooms the night
Of pain or sorrow, mine would be the part
To show thee all the deep, unspoken might
Of sympathy divine, until thy heart,
Love-healed, forgot its burden and its pain;
So would I bring thee gladness once again
When thou art sad!

When thou art old, Beloved!
When falls the snow of winter on thy hair
As on the woods when summer days are past,
True Love its dearest message then would dare
To whisper softly to thy heart at last,—
The years grow old, not Love,—and thou wilt be
For ever young, and sweet, and fair to me
When thou art old!

MARY FARRAH.

The Oldest Art in the World

THE CRAFT OF THE POTTER

BY FRED MILLER

WHEN primitive man sat around his camp fire, which he had kindled by the prolonged and vigorous exertion of rubbing two pieces of dry wood against each other, he noticed that the heat hardened the earth where it was of a sticky, clammy nature, and that this hardening process, if carried far enough, completely changed the clay earth, giving it permanence, so that it withstood the action of water. Some one more analytical, more inquiring than the rest, attempted to do by design what had been produced by chance, for it must have occurred to the most rudimentary intelligence that fire-hardened clay could be made a most useful addition to his few necessary possessions.

If we pause for a moment to glance at the arts of living savage races, we find that in one district the art of the potter is practised with more or less skill, even to the ornamentation of the surface with incised patterns, while a neighbouring people are wholly without such knowledge. Thus we find on a huge continent like Australia the aborigines practise none of the arts like pottery, while on a comparatively small island like New Zealand considerable skill is manifest in this, among the other arts. Why one race should have progressed so much faster than a contiguous one is not explained by environment, and one obvious supposition is that there has always been scope for Carlyle's able man, the individual more thoughtful, more reasonable, more adventurous, whose temperament urged him to experiment, thus to carry knowledge and skill a barleycorn further in the chain of progress. There have come down to us from that remote past, to pierce which is the aim of anthropologists, some drawings of a mammoth and an elk drinking scratched on bones which formed a portion of the cave deposits from the Dordogne (casts may be seen in the British Museum). These drawings are very spirited, and altogether so remarkably good that at first many looked upon these oldest extant drawings as much later than the deposits in which they were embedded in these ancient cave dwellings. They were so much in advance of any other records of those remote times which we possess, that many were inclined to argue, *à priori*, that they could *not* have been done by men then living. But just as we find in a village one individual much ahead in skill in some department of human activity which we should not perceive if we merely looked at the average intelligence of the place, so it is reasonable to assume that, through the ages, there have been individuals whose reasoning faculties are much in advance of the average man's, and hence the discoveries of new processes and consequent advance in the arts.

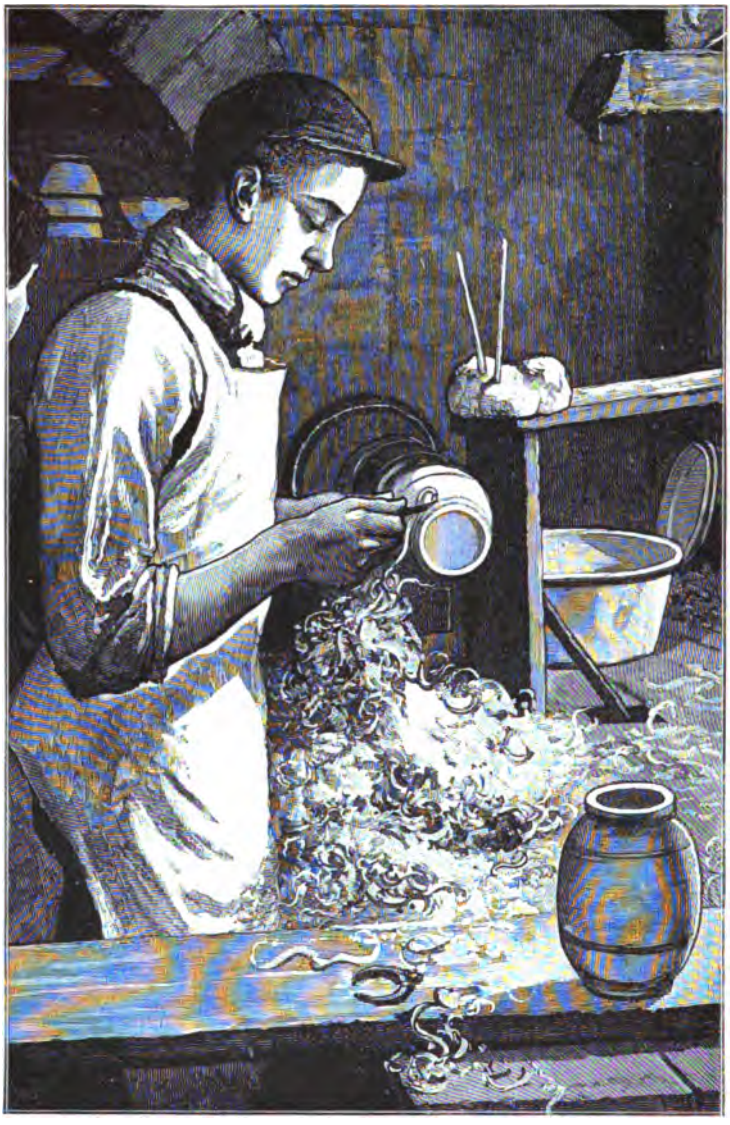
AMONG THE KILNS

The bearing of this upon our subject lies in the fact that while the examples of the potter's craft made in Great Britain which have come down to us are rudimentary and evince no particular skill up to the seventeenth century, and after that only in the work of exceptional potters, in other countries on the Continent the very finest work had been produced while we in our island drank out of leather jacks and wooden cups; and it would seem that pottery for the table was so little used, even in the great houses, that Pepys records in his diary, under date Oct. 29th, 1663: "I sat at the merchants' strangers' table (this was at the Lord Mayor's dinner), where ten good dishes to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts, but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden cups."

THE THROWER

The earliest examples of the potter's craft in this island are those rude clay vessels found in barrows all over the country. The largest were evidently used as burial urns, as many which have been unearthed contain calcined bones. The burial urn is not unlike a very large flower-pot, with its rim, consisting of a broad band, sloping towards the top inwards. The smaller vessels were probably used to hold food, while drinking cups, and what have been termed incense cups, are found. It has been conjectured that all these clay vessels were intended for sepulchral purposes only, and were never used as domestic utensils. The majority have lines around them, scratched on the surface with a pointed stick, such as could have been produced by revolving the vessel on a wheel, while between are lines something like basket-work, and on one in the Greenwell Collection in the British Museum an ornament is produced by pressing in the shaped end of a stick. Others are ornamented by having had a cord wound around the wet clay. Professor Church states in his book that all these ancient specimens of pottery were built up by hand, and not "thrown" on a wheel; but those who have seen the village potters in India throw vases on a millstone which revolves on a pivot, and is kept in motion by the feet, could well understand the potters who made these ancient British examples, producing them in much the same manner. None of this pottery is glazed, and the firing of it must have been in the open, and not in kilns.

The Roman influence in Great Britain made itself felt in this, as in other arts, and the beautiful red "Samian" ware so frequently found on the site of such ancient cities as Silchester was probably all imported. The body is close and hard, and the surface highly finished and thinly glazed. The ornamentation is generally in relief, the patterns having been pressed and stuck on while the vessel was still wet. This Samian ware is the outcome of a very advanced civilisation, as we see by comparing it with pottery of British make, though under Roman influences. Some of this has been classed under the names of Castor, New Forest, and Upchurch ware, from places where ancient kilns have been unearthed. Examples vary in colour from dark grey to brown, and many are ornamented with "slip," that is, pipeclay or light clay painted on thinly. The ware is glazed, and is thin, hard, and well potted,



TURNING

showing that the craftsmen were fairly skilled.

A great advance was at once made when a good surface was given to the ware by "turning," which not only smoothed it, but made it thin as well, while the addition of glaze showed not only a knowledge of chemistry, but considerable manipulative skill, for in glazing, apart from the difficulty of getting the glaze on evenly, there was the greater difficulty of getting a certain *kinship* between the ware and the glaze. The clay should shrink proportionately with the glaze, and in much modern glazed pottery this necessity has been unheeded, and the consequence is that eventually the glaze flakes off the ware. Glazes for pottery are, roughly speaking, a mixture of sand, lead, and soda, and the heat to melt the glaze would with many clays cause the body to run in the kiln. It is, therefore, a question of selecting earths that will stand the heat, or adding sand or other refractory substances to the natural clay. My readers will have noticed in a batch of bricks a good many which have fused together or run where the heat has been too intense. Brick earth is used much as it is dug, except that it is ground up roughly after it has been "weathered," by being exposed to the frost throughout the winter; but earth for pottery must be of a much finer texture, quite free from stones, and if it is a made body the ingredients must be thoroughly incorporated.

The finer bodies have been made by washing the earth through fine sieves, and then driving off the moisture with heat until the clay is of such a consistency as will keep its shape when thrown or pressed out thin.

Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors appear to have given little attention to the arts of peace, and with the decline of the Roman influence we find the art of the potter much neglected. It is astonishing how little has come down to us that is earlier than the seventeenth century. In the Guildhall Museum are a few examples of mediæval pottery, covered more or less with a soft, pleasant

green glaze, but these are only of interest because of their age and rarity. The encaustic tiles made in England for ecclesiastical purposes are the only examples of the potter's art worthy of regard. Many of our old cathedrals and abbeys have pavements of these old tiles. The designs, which consist of figures, heraldic devices, and ornamental *motifs*, are incised in the clay, and these lowered portions are then filled in with a light clay, so that usually we have the pattern in a yellowish-white on a deep-red ground. Most of these tiles are glazed.

Staffordshire seems early to have been the home of pottery in England, as it is now the great manufacturing centre. Its contiguity to the great coal-fields as well as the local clays had much to do with the trade gravitating around Stoke-on-Trent, but London holds a worthy record in the history of English pottery. In 1671 John Dwight took out his patent for salt-glazed stoneware, which he made at his Fulham pottery. "The mystery of transparent earthenware, commonly known by the names of porcelaine or china, and of stoneware, vulgarly called Cologne ware," was what he claimed to make. His works are such an advance over all contemporary pottery that we may dismiss the rude slip-decorated Staffordshire pottery — the puzzle jugs, candlesticks, tygs, posset pots and the like, examples of which can be seen in any good museum—of the time as worthy of small notice in such a place as this, where space is very limited. Salt-glazed ware, which Dwight appears to have been the first to practise over here, was suggested to him by the German pottery so much imported at the time from Cologne and Flanders. It is a moot point when it was first practised in Europe; probably about the fifteenth century. The glaze is due to the action of common salt, which is thrown into the kiln when the ware is fully fired. The heat decomposes the salt, and the sodium given off attacks the silica in the body, and the whole receives a thin coating of glass. This is a chemical, as opposed to a mechanical, glaze, the result of dipping the ware in a bath of liquid glaze, which is melted into glass in the kiln. Salt-glazing is therefore the most perfect method of effecting this; but as this action of salt is only brought about at a very great heat, the body itself has to be made of a very

DIPPING IN GLAZE

refractory clay, and though there are natural clays which will stand a great heat, Dwight's body was a made one, and to give it its translucence he added ground flints to the earth. His claim, however, to have made porcelain is not borne out by the examples we possess; it is a very hard stoneware. The common white earthenware of everyday use is a mixed body, though white china clay enters largely into its manufacture. Beds of this pipeclay are worked in various parts of the south of England. Salt-glazed ware is largely used for ginger-beer and ink bottles, drain-pipes and other lowly objects, as well as the beautiful Fulham and Lambeth stoneware which is still made. A few colours, such as blue, purple, and celadon, can be employed, but owing to the intense heat necessary to vitrify stoneware, the palette is necessarily very restricted.

Let us now take a peep into a modern pottery and watch the various operations. With the aid of the cuts the various processes can readily be followed. Clay is naturally plastic, and hence is absolutely essential to potting, but this plasticity can be increased by "plugging." The clay is placed on a floor, and the temperature is raised by means of hot-air pipes. This acts upon the body much as tempering does upon iron, and the thrower, who shapes the articles, requires the clay to be thoroughly homogeneous, and neither too stiff nor too moist. In such articles as are repeated an infinite number of times, like ginger-beer bottles, a girl weighs out the clay into lumps, and passes these one by one to the thrower, who throws the lump on the centre of a wheel revolving horizontally. The wheel is often worked by a boy, for the speed has to be lessened as the article is being shaped. A beginner's efforts at throwing generally end in the clay being thrown off the wheel, for it is not the simple operation it appears, and men who shape large vases require to be very experienced to prevent the clay collapsing as it is pulled out and up. As it is, vases are thrown much thicker than is required in the finished article, so that when they are "bone dry" they are put on a lathe and "turned," and the surplus clay got rid of and a fine surface given to the ware. If any ornamentation in relief is applied, this must be done before the firing. The ware is converted by this first firing into "biscuit," and is more or less porous; any painted or other decorations can now be done, and the ware dipped in a bath of liquid glaze (unless it be salt-glazed), and then placed a second time in the kiln, and if the firing is successful the ware is finished. Over-glaze colours are now put on; and the most elaborate effects can be obtained by these muffle or *petit-feu* colours. Gilding, too, has to be done over the glaze.

PRINTING TRANSFERS

A great deal of table pottery is cast or moulded, and the thrower no longer is the important man he was in the old days.

The printing on pottery was invented by Sadler, a Liverpool printer, about 1760, and is the method of decorating employed on all commercial work. The transfer is printed in pottery colours mixed with oil on thin paper, which is laid down upon the ware, the paper burning away in the kiln, leaving the colour on the pottery.

Very often the outline only is printed and the colours put in by hand. This outline may be under the glaze, and the enamel colours are then applied over the glaze.

The Critic on the Hearth

BY JOHN A. STEUART

"YOU are ambitious, my dear," the Colonel remarked, bowing with his customary gallantry to the young lady classic. "Pardon me, but have you not a special weakness for successful men?" She blushed the soft blush of confession and glanced at the Curate. He knew the ideals that nestled at her heart, the hopes that lightened the present and made the future a fairy paradise. Had she once or twice regretted, very privily, the shadowy part played by a bishop's wife? All the same she was ready to admire a bishop—so soon as the authorities should have the discernment to promote the right man.

"Is it a sin then to be ambitious?" asked Solomon, breaking a delectable pause. "Because if it is it seems to me mighty few of us shall see salvation. Appears to me, sir, that you can't very well get along without ambition. It provides the motive power, being to the mind what the boiler is to a locomotive. Abolish ambition and the machine stands still."

"By that sin fell the angels," quoth the Curate.

"O, did they?" returned Solomon in a high tone.

"The authority is Shakespeare," said the Curate quietly.

"Was the man infallible?" rejoined Solomon warmly. "I object *in toto* to this tyranny of musty apophthegms: we're all the time in the leading-strings of tradition."

"You believe with Bacon that we do too much reverence to old times," said the Curate.

"I believe we're the thralls of dead men, that's what I believe. Had the past a monopoly of wise men? As the world grows older does wisdom evaporate like a volatile essence? Or is there nothing left for us unfortunates of today but mouldy crumbs from the worm-eaten tables of dead-and-gone ages? I know all about that angel business of Shakespeare's. I have seen the play in which it occurs, and what is the real fact? A rascally Romish intriguer plays like a gambler, and when he loses, instead of showing a gambler's fortitude or philosophy, he whines about the sins of angels. Appears to me he got what he deserved. 'I charge thee fling away ambition,' says he, as if he had just discovered the true fount of piety. If he had said, 'I charge thee fling away selfishness and greed and hypocrisy, for you see what a wreck they've made of me,' then I should have said Amen. But ambition—no, sir: the moral code of Cardinal Wolsey does not convince me."

"Perhaps we should not expect too much of a butcher's son," remarked the young lady classic. "Early training will out as surely as murder."

In the discussion which followed we were all with Solomon and against Cardinal Wolsey, each of us of course making his own particular reservation. The Curate gently made the plea that holy zeal is nothing but purified ambition, and cited David and the Apostle Paul as two of the most ambitious and at the same time the best men in history. As he described the goodness of the Hebrew king I thought the young lady classic looked uncommonly demure.

"All women," said Solomon, taking up the Colonel's theme, "admire success. Some of them worship it: and I suspect that if the truth were known, they specially admire men of your own profession, sir. As the red coat dazzles the eyes of the nursery-maid, so the swagger and the gold lace have a glamour for her betters."

"Are women alone in that?" asked the young lady classic modestly. "Whom go the crowds forth into the streets to see—is it not the warrior on his war-horse?"

Quite right, madam, quite right. The savage lurks in us all somewhere. Slaughter picturesquely done fascinates the best of us, and we like to look on the man who directed it to a victorious conclusion. Woman too is an incorrigible hero worshipper. Her ideals of course vary with education and social standing. The matron of Mayfair has one notion of heroism: her sister of Whitechapel another. For example, the latter rather ardently respects and admires the barbarian who knocks her down. A black eye is at least a certificate of attention, a visible evidence that there is a man at home who is not a milksop. All women really admire a masterly vigour.

And in this connexion let me say that if you should ever happen to find yourselves in the East End, and come upon a husband in the act of asserting his mastery, you had better, unless the thing threatens to end in red murder,

allow him to finish. If you interfere you are pretty certain to have two to reckon with instead of one. For, strange as it may seem, there are women in our twentieth-century England who take a thrashing from their husbands as part of the day's routine. Indeed, one is almost tempted to believe that many of them actually enjoy it; and I dare say a few receive benefit. The social code of honour is the absolute submission and subservience of the wife. Hence the peril of interference. Once in the salad days of innocence and inexperience I myself essayed that mistaken form of philanthropy, and received a lesson which promises to last me a long, long time. To my amazement the lady resented my interference much more indignantly than the gentleman. "Ain't I 'is wife?" she screamed at me. "Ain't 'e got a right to wallop me?" and she indicated with doubled fist and truculent mien that if I did not immediately set about minding my own business I should learn what it was to molest an honest man in the exercise of his rights and privileges. As you will perceive, the situation was not favourable for argument or moral suasion. So I apologised for presuming to intrude upon what was, after all, an amiable settlement of marital differences and hastily withdrew.

"I was cheeky," I heard her explain to a neighbour as I went off, "an' Jim 'e 'it out, as a man oughter, when along comes that——" The epithet was lost in a howl of angry derision. I mention this as an instructive experience. I could see that while the woman suffered she heartily admired. Her hero was true to himself and the tradition of his class. What really counted was not her gory punishment, but the higher fact that Jim was still master, and certainly Jim looked masterful enough with his inflamed face and his uncouth brawn. Since then when I find a gentleman of his kidney correcting the woman who has promised to love and obey, I am disposed to imitate the politic priest of Scripture and pass by on the other side.

The young lady classic made some pertinent remarks concerning the modern savage as produced by our twentieth-century civilisation operating through an impeccable Board School. "It is," she declared, "as if you trained a wolf cub in domestic manners, giving a finer point to its intelligence while carefully retaining and developing all its wolfish instincts and propensities. The natural effect is to make the trained wolf more dangerous than the untrained."

Do I believe in reversion to type? With certain reservations, madam, I do. You take your heathen, for example, home-made preferably, and you polish him, and refine him, and educate him, and instil into the thick muddiness of what is miscalled his mind a train of civilised ideas: and if you supply him with provender, for a time probably all will go well. He seems to be rising in the scale, at any rate he is docile: but suddenly he is confronted by a great temptation, or passes through a great trial, and presto! all the superficial accretions are shed and the savage stands forth, raging and unashamed. Yes, madam, the old Adam survives in us all after countless ages of effort to get rid of him.

"Countless?" repeated Solomon, pricking up his ears.

Yes, sir, literally countless, because you cannot count what you don't know: and the history of the race is being pushed back in a manner which our fathers, excellent and enlightened men as they were, would have derided as impossible. Few things are really impossible. The express train, the palatial steamer, the telegraph, the telephone are commonplaces of to-day. The flying machine and wireless telegraphy will be commonplaces of to-morrow. The day after, radium may change all our conceptions of the universe and most of our theories of the sun. Science has done nobly, but in her best effort she has only succeeded in touching the hem of the illimitable garment of truth. Meanwhile Carlyle is right to the point of platitude in saying that miracles never cease if only we have eyes to perceive them.

Most of us having our minds dulled don't know what the really enterprising spirits of the world are achieving. Think, for example, what the single study of Assyriology has done for us. It has laid bare before our startled and fascinated eyes cities and civilisations which had sunk absolutely out of the knowledge of man. It has brought to light records more strange and enthralling than the most enthralling modern romance. Do you know whom I should call the most entrancing of living romance writers? You need not guess any of your Scott-Dumas-Stevenson-Weyman swashbuckling story-tellers. My romancers are named Sayce and Hilprecht, and I maintain their writings touch the high-water mark of romance in our time. You see I strike very near home; for it is not easily that the professional romancer yields precedence to outsiders who enter the lists with nothing

better than fact. If men ever gave a complete vindication of the adage that truth is stranger than fiction, these men are Professors Sayce and Hilprecht. I have never read more absorbing tales than they tell of buried cities and hidden treasures. The magic caves of Monte Cristo are commonplace in comparison with the newly-revealed wonders of Babylonia. Hilprecht, for instance, tells us that when the recently-found tablets of the Temple library of Nippur are deciphered they will show the great Babylonian civilisation "at a period prior to the time when Abraham left his ancestral home in Ur of the Chaldees." Does not that excite and expand the imagination?

"Ah!" sighed the young lady classic, "how very remote Adam is getting. If he recedes much further the higher critics will be asking if he ever really existed?"

"Yes," said Solomon briskly, "a considerable amount of water has passed under bridges since he made a mess of things in Eden. One of your two great romancers seems to have a German name," he added, looking at me.

He was once German: he is now American; and it is to the enlightened liberality of rich men in the United States that he owes the opportunity to discover ancient civilisations and unearth buried treasure. In some cases, at any rate, American wealth recognises its obligations to the community and the world.

"I wonder what is the matter with our rich men in England?" said the young lady classic. "Is it that they are ignorant or selfish? That they don't know or don't care?"

"Both, I should think," put in Solomon.

"I read the other day," pursued the young lady classic, "that Harvard University received in a single gift the splendid sum of £5,000,000. Think of that for education. And I am told that Chicago University is financed by John D. Rockfeller."

"Perhaps it's like this," remarked Solomon wisely. "Having got so much 'boodle' at the expense of the public, the American millionaire may possibly be touched in his conscience and desire to make some little restitution. That's my view."

"I wish our British millionaires were touched in their consciences," was the response. "Few of them do anything really useful or helpful—even in remorse. A shooting-box in the Highlands, a house in Park Lane, a turn-out that proclaims the *nouveau riche* in every line of its glaring vulgarity, and unlimited amounts for racing and bridge—that seems to be the ideal of the British millionaire. The gold mines of South Africa and the limited liability combinations of Britain are ruining society."

There was a general murmur of assent. Though not many of us are in the habit of rubbing shoulders with the new millionaire of foreign extraction, most of us have at one time or another been arrogantly warned to make way for his motor; and in other ways have observed his insolence to the canaille who exist merely to pay taxes and carry on the work of the empire.

For the benefit of the young lady classic I related the following incident. Some time ago I was a guest at a public dinner, and right opposite me sat one of the newest new South African millionaires — squat, broad-fronted, self-assertive. It chanced that the much-discussed subject of education cropped up and some one inadvertently spoke of the value of a classical training. The great man laughed scornfully. "Do Greek and Latin help you to make money?" he demanded, his tone implying that there is but one thing in this world worth having, and that he had it in abundance. "I observe," he added with a sneer, "that scholars are generally poor." He spoke according to his kind. I found afterwards that he had not himself been spoiled by any tincture of classical learning or general culture, having started in life in a capacity which there is no need to mention. Now his income is £250,000 a year. Why should he not scorn knowledge and refinement? He has done excellently without them. They are to him, in fact, as pearls to swine. Yet the circumstance that swine do not appreciate pearls does not in the least depreciate their value. As I looked at this king of the money market I thought nature designed him to be—exactly what he was—a hopeless vulgarian, a gratuitous pedant in ignorance. In the lowest sense he was what men call "lucky," that was all.

"Better be born lucky than born rich," quoth Solomon, with an air of infinite wisdom.

There now, I protested, our young friend who spurns tradition, calling us in his contempt the thralls of dead men, would bind us with yet faster fetters. I wish some competent person would write a book exposing the fallacies of proverbs. That proverbial conception of luck as a determining factor in life is as false as a mediæval monk's astronomy. True, people talk loosely of chance, giving it an irrational importance. A few years ago there were few men more envied or admired by a certain section

of the public than Hector Macdonald. He was the darling of the street and the newspaper. He was a man who had done a man's work in a man's way, and the people were proud of him. The shop-boy who had enlisted as a recruit at Fort George rose by dint of sheer merit, as all admitted, to be Major-General, K.C.B., and Commander of the Forces in Ceylon. I believe his career is unique in the records of the British army. Well, just before he left Ceylon for ever, he wrote a letter to the chaplain of his old battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, which was as a great sigh of weariness and disappointment. One sentence in particular remains in my memory. It ran thus: "I have had a very hard life, and it was largely by chance that it has turned out at many important points as it has done." Macdonald deliberately reviewing his own career attributed much of his success to chance. Luck, in the popular sense, enabled him to mount the ladder. But this is using words misleadingly. What Macdonald really meant by chance was opportunity, which he well knew how to turn to account. It was Macdonald who won the battle of Omdurman. A certain novel which shall be nameless here describes the crisis of that sanguinary fight. Since the book is at hand, permit me as you linger over your dessert to give you one short quotation.

"'It chanced that a particular Egyptian brigade offered a tempting point of attack, and when the battle was thought to be lost and won, suddenly, as if they sprang out of the earth, a new host descended howling upon this brigade, bent on annihilation. But watching the onset was the Highland brigadier, and to him fell the glory of furnishing the army with a new object lesson in tactics. . . . Famous tacticians have since sung his praise in superlatives; then every man under him simply marvelled as he obeyed. For in face of what seemed an overwhelming attack the front of the brigade changed thrice, magically as on a pivot. . . . Some say that the battle of Omdurman was won by the genius of the Gael inspiring and transforming Soudanese blacks.'"

That brigadier was Hector Macdonald, Macdonald Bey as he was known in the Egyptian army. An interesting circumstance not generally known lately came to my knowledge. I understand there is with the Gordon Highlanders to-day, as Scripture reader, a veteran who served, and served well, in the ranks. He rose to be sergeant-major, and it was on his recommendation that the young private, Hector Macdonald, got his first step of promotion as lance-corporal. Had the sergeant-major, think you, any premonition that he was casually promoting a youth who would one day occupy the proud position once occupied by Sir Colin Campbell at the head of the Highland Brigade? I sometimes think that two very dissimilar men must at least once in their lives have experienced similar emotions of pride: Benjamin Disraeli, when he sent the British fleet to protect Constantinople against the hereditary enemies of his race; and Hector Macdonald on the day he first took out the Highland Brigade. It was broken and depressed after Magersfontein; but the old martial spirit leaped up again at the call of "Fighting Mac," the soldier's ideal soldier. What were his thoughts as he led the brigaded Highlanders forth to victory after defeat? Did his mind revert as in a flash to the raw Highland lad's first experience of Fort George barracks, and the parade-ground far away in the northern heather? How much had come and gone since! He had outstripped not merely all his old comrades in the ranks, but every man who was then an officer of his regiment. He was the first private who ever rose to the command of a British brigade. And he merited his rise as clearly as any of the marshals of Napoleon. Yet one of his last solemn statements was that at many important points his life had turned out what it was largely by chance. It is clear that what was due to merit could not be due to chance. The simple fact is that Macdonald got his opportunity, got many opportunities and seized them all.

"You are convinced, then," said the young lady classic, "that real success is due to real talent taking advantage of opportunity."

That, madam, is the lesson of biography and experience. I am not referring of course to the little-great man whose strut and pose are for ever saying, "See what a wonderful fellow am I." He, poor fellow, has to shout to be noticed at all. I mean men of real achievement. The career of Napoleon, for example, is one long series of opportunities seized. He was fond of calling himself the man of destiny, for whom everything had been prepared. That is the sublime in egotism. But it shows that he was not of those who believe in chance or luck. Destiny, however, likes to try us all, and if you observe closely you will find that the most striking victories are snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of defeat.

"And what is the moral?" asked Solomon,

arching his eyebrows like one who puts a poser.

This, sir, that adventurous spirits take risks, and that only by taking risks can great victories be gained. You cannot win battles by dozing in arm-chairs. At the same time the hazard may be pushed too far. That way lies disaster. For as bounds have been set to the sea, so a limit, very sharp and arbitrary, has been set for the most daring of adventurers. There's a hand on the rein that pulls us all up when we get heady or reckless. We may go unchecked for a while, but we are fools if we think that because the rein is loose it is no longer held. The moment a man seriously thinks himself a demi-god his fate is sealed. Whom the gods wish to destroy they first delude—by indulgence in his own way.

"Yes," put in the Colonel with conviction. "I have observed that when a man's head is among the clouds it is very apt to go ill with his feet."

"So far as I can make out," said Solomon, his face puckered and crinkled as with thought that would not smooth itself out, "the position is this: without some sort of ambition we can do nothing, and the number of drones going round shows that ambition, I mean the genuine thing, is not precisely as universal as the air we breathe. Even good men often plod like oxen for a handful of provender in the crib. Very well! ambition is the electric current that keeps us going; but then what we do or are or come to be depends on powers outside of ourselves. Now that's a pretty puzzling sort of a doctrine for one who has been in the habit of regarding himself as a free agent. I don't pretend to be much on ancient literature, but isn't that just the old pagan notion brought up to date?"

"You might call it the old Greek fatalism if you like," said the Curate. "It is really the recognition by all thinking minds of the fact that in the ultimate issue of things man is not sovereign lord of the universe; that when, through pride or vanity, he loses his head and apes the demi-god he comes into conflict with forces that are too much for him. He was not meant to be supreme governor. Neither is he sufficient unto himself; and no clear-seeing person, Christian or heathen, ever really felt he was. Mark, I say felt, because our feelings go deeper and register more truly than our thoughts. Our thoughts jump with our desires; our feelings are intuitional. They lay hold on the finer things, things which even elude the imagination and are much too delicate for the reason, the meanest, according to De Quincey, of all the faculties of the mind."

"Harder and harder," quoth Solomon, "it seems we must strive; but that the results of our striving depend in a measure we never really suspect on extraneous elements and conditions."

"You are getting home at last," said the Colonel quietly. "Only don't imagine that merit does not count. If it didn't the best gifts of God would be wasted; but other things count also, and count tremendously. Would any one in his senses contend that our latter-day millionaires are furnished with the best brains of the age? Are they not rather the apex and acme of the commonplace? And I should like to say here that to my mind the system which makes them possible, which rears them and ministers to them, is socially and economically wrong. We are constantly hearing that so-and-so is worth twenty, thirty, or forty million sterling. As a rule it is all the man is worth. In a properly regulated community it ought to be impossible for any man to accumulate twenty, thirty, or forty millions. Put whatever face you like upon it he has plundered somebody; the chances are he has plundered multitudes. The more millionaires the more paupers. Depend upon it we shall be forced one of these days to deal with the millionaire problem, and to deal with it drastically. With the cancer of poverty at the one end of the social scale and the canker of riches at the other we are getting into an alarming condition."

"I wonder," said the young lady classic wistfully, "how the upper circles like the new accessions."

That, I responded, is a question for another time.

The "East Neuk" of Fife

BY JEANNETTE MARTIN

FIFE FISHING-BOATS

AMONG the many picturesque holiday resorts of Scotland, few can be found more quaintly attractive than the little Fifeshire seaport of Crail. The most ancient burgh on the northern shore of the Forth, it has a store of historic memories which quite uplifts it from the ordinary dead level of seaside towns. The name is supposed to be derived from one of two Celtic derivations, "Cathair-uille," the fortified place of the corner, or "Cair-uille," the rock of the corner. It has been spelt variously as Karel, Karal, Caryle, and Carel. At one end of the straggling village street stands the "Auld Kirk," a very venerable edifice, surrounded by a churchyard, in which is said to sleep the dust of over twenty thousand! After this it is not surprising to hear that an examination of a gravestone, dating from 1598, reveals the fact that its lower base, resting on a flat slab, is fifteen inches below the level of the turf at present, so that the soil in the course of centuries has been largely augmented.

There is a belief, probably due to Wyntoun's rhyming chronicle, that the church was built by David I., of whom it is recounted—

> "He illumynyd in his dayis
> His landys with kyrkes, and with abbayis."

"But it may more safely be taken as dating from the latter half of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century."

CRAIL "AULD KIRK"

Seven fragments of consecration crosses are still to be found on the walls of Crail Church, though not, of course, in their original places, and most curious relic of all is the sculptured cross on the west wall of the lobby, which is probably the one meant by Sir David Lyndsay—

> "And sum, in hope get thare haill
> Rynnis to the auld rude of Kerrail."

It is reported that in olden time this cross was much resorted to by sick folks, and believed to possess miraculous powers of healing.

The "Incorporated Trades" had each, in former days, their own pew in the gallery, and these bore quaint inscriptions, appropriate to the handicraft

"DEVIL'S THUMB," CRAIL

ANSTRUTHER

of their occupants. For instance, that of the weavers bore the following:—

The coat	weave troth	was with	with trust.	out seam
woven from		the top		throughout.

so arranged that the words formed warp and weft.

The blacksmiths' loft bore the motto—

"The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth it with hammers and worketh it with the strength of his arms."

While the tailors' went off into the following poetic strain:—

"This ancient trade since Adam was a rebel
Justly deserves the head of all the table,
For first in Paradise it did begin,
Which reminds us all of our original sin;
But since that sin, the case has altered so,
Were it not for tailors we all might naked go."

In 1517 the old kirk was erected into a Collegiate Church, with Provost, ten prebendaries, sacristan, and a chorister; numerous altars then beautified the building, together with ecclesiastical furniture. But when, in 1559, the fiery tide of John Knox's eloquence was flowing over the land, Crail came in for a full share of iconoclastic zeal, to the great detriment, from an æsthetic point of view, of the sacred edifice.

CHALMERS' BIRTHPLACE, ANSTRUTHER

At the west side of the churchyard gate is a curiously-shaped blue boulder; connected with this is a still more curious legend to account for its presence. While the church was a-building, the ire of his satanic majesty being specially roused against "church-extension," he joined the company of artificers under the guise of a mason, but each night, when the others had left off their tasks, he stayed behind, and destroyed or marred the day's work! Under these circumstances the building naturally progressed but slowly, until one lucky day the good St. Clair paid a visit to Crail, recognised the devil, and summarily banished him to the Island of May! Determined to have his revenge, in spite of all, his satanic majesty seized a huge blue rock, and flung it at the rapidly-rising church. But owing, perhaps, to saintly intervention, the missile split in halves, one falling a mile and a half away, on Balcomie sands; the other, missing its mark very narrowly, dropped at the churchyard gate! The sceptic can still see, if he care, the scooped-out hollow on which the Devil's thumb rested! One fears that the Devil's subsequent visits to the mainland have been more uniformly successful!

ST. ANDREW'S CASTLE

Many other quaint relics abound in the old town, and during the past summer an interesting

RUINS OF ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL

discovery was made in the demolition of an old house of the "seal of the ancient burgh Karale." It dates probably from the twelfth century, and is of copper, with the representation of a ship with seven men, and the stars and crescent, bearing the inscription—

"Sigillum Commune Burgi de Karale."

On the reverse side is a representation of the Madonna and Child.

The neighbouring town Anstruther has an ecclesiastical interest as the birthplace of Thomas Chalmers, first Moderator of the newly-formed Free Church in 1843; a very humble little dwelling it now appears, almost closed in by taller and more modern houses, but still pointed out by the inhabitants with great pride. Anstruther owes most of its mercantile prosperity to the herring fishery, a most important industry,

RUINS OF ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL

employing, besides men, a large number of women and girls, who salt and pack the fish for the London market. After the season here is passed, the workers go down to Great Yarmouth and other English ports, so they are able to obtain high wages for a considerable portion of the year.

A beautiful drive from Crail brings the tourist to St. Andrews, too well known to require much comment. From a far distance can be seen the old Cathedral ruins, with St. Regulus' tower at one side, dating far back to the twelfth century, while the cathedral, consecrated in presence of Robert the Bruce, bears traces of its stormy history. Partially destroyed by fire, it was restored, but on one ill-omened day in 1559, John Knox's fiery zeal took too potent a hold over his listeners, and the grand old building was partially wrecked. As the old rhyme puts it, the populace—

"Wi' John Calvin in their heads,
And hammers in their hands, and spades.
Enraged at idols, mass, and beads,
Dang the cathedral doun."

That portion, once the high altar, is in the best preservation, and on a still summer day it is at once a beautiful and pathetic sight to watch the doves busily flying in and out of the now empty windows, which formerly shed sunlight on so glorious a church.

A short distance from these ruins, right on the shore, stands the ancient Castle. Originally intended for an ecclesiastical residence, by Bishop Roger in 1200, it was afterwards used as a fortress, and is chiefly interesting now for its gruesome "bottle-dungeon," so called from its shape. Below sea-level, and hence dark, damp, and dreary, many, both of martyrs and political prisoners, were imprisoned here, such names as Patrick Hamilton and Wishart are found on the roll, and commemorated by the "Martyrs' Monument" on the "Scores." "The old grey city by the sea," so quaintly built on a projection of rock, sprang up originally round a Culdee monastery, in the early days of Christianity, and was called *Muckross*, but afterwards changed to St. Andrews, when a monk, coming across to Scotland, brought with him from Achaia some of the bones of the national saint. It was created an archiepiscopal see by Sixtus IV., the last archbishop being Dr. James Sharpe, who was foully murdered on Magus Moor in 1679.

It is to be feared, however, that the historic traditions of old St. Andrews have less interest to the casual visitor than the charms and hazards of glorious golf! While in the churchyard a path through the grass towards the grave of "Tommy," the youthful golf champion, is worn bare by the tread of hundreds of admiring athletes, the quiet resting-places of Rutherford, Hallyburton, and many old divines, remain in unbroken solitude season after season! It requires a very modern training to reckon golf proficiency among the excellences recorded on a man's tombstone!

But the "East Neuk" of Fife and its neighbourhood is undoubtedly a happy hunting-ground for any one interested in old historical traditions.

The Bard of the Seasons

HAS been remarked of James Thomson, the famous Scottish poet of Richmond-on-Thames, that his popularity lasted with much brilliance for about a century after his death, but has considerably declined during the past fifty years.

This seems strange, for Thomson's century of fame was an undoubted achievement both in England and America, while in his native country he was affectionately admired, and well-thumbed copies of the *Seasons* were constantly to be met with in the cottages of the poor. Sir Walter Scott said towards the close of his own career in romantic poetry, "Byron beat me"—but the case between these two is certainly reversed at the present day. Similarly, Wordsworth may have superseded Thomson to some extent, yet the pious enthusiasm of the older poet may prove imperishable, and his works find renewed acceptance in days to come.

James Thomson was born on September 11, 1700, at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, where his father was a respected minister of the Church of Scotland. His mother, whom in body and spirit he much resembled, was a lady by birth, of the old Border family of Hume.

An admirable portrait, which hangs in a good place of the National Portrait Gallery in London, puts us now-a-days in very complete possession of the look of the poet "in his habit as he lived." The massive countenance bears a considerable likeness to that of Robert Burns. The features are heavier, and the large, dark eye lacks the glow; but it suggests a possibility of being lit up, on occasion, as in fact the friends of Thomson used to say it was. He wrote verses from his earliest years, and like so many eminent Scotsmen was intended by his parents for the Church—in his case not unwillingly, although he sought to minimise his attendance upon college lectures, and tried to convince his parents that he "could study far better in the fields at home." Eventually in the Divinity Hall, where a Scriptural discourse was prescribed to the students, Thomson produced a paraphrase of the 104th psalm, so gorgeous in style that the learned professor, while expressing his admiration, at the same time warned the poet of the need to "clip his wings," if he would edify an ordinary congregation.

This event is said to have determined him to quit the pursuit of the sacred ministry. But it seems likely that the question of delivery had still more to do with the change; for of James Thomson it was remarked that in his reading of any noble theme, his emotions overpowered his utterance, "and you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds rising as from the bottom of his breast."

He bade the Church farewell; but the unction of a preacher remained with this great poet to his dying day. In the sweet lines of Thomas Moore—

> "You may break: you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!"

Some friends of his mother advised him to go up to London as his proper sphere,

and Thomson at the age of twenty-five set out for the Metropolis by sea, carrying his poem of "Winter" among his baggage, and a capital set of letters of introduction to eminent Scotsmen in his pocket. Arriving in the Thames, the first sight of London fairly enthralled him, and landing to walk to Hanover Square, he took three long hours to accomplish the journey—to get past St. Paul's Cathedral, then gleaming white in the freshness of its recent building, or to move under Temple Bar, with its ghastly row of mouldering heads of rebels, and when he reached the West End he found his pocket had been picked of all his precious letters.

Thomson used, in after days, to tell this incident to his friends, and laugh heartily with them at the disaster which had been invited by his own gaping simplicity. Lord Advocate Forbes and others assisted him to procure a publisher for his "Winter"; but at first it seemed like to have fallen still-born from the press. However, it only needed to be read, and one day a gentleman of culture taking up the little volume at the bookseller's counter is said to have let it fall, in the "sensation" with which the opening lines had affected him. Readers even yet might say, "No wonder," when the lines were these—

"See Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours and Clouds and Storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure:
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Looked out the joyous Spring, looked out and smil'd."

The literary world of that period had been suffering for years from a glut of the unwholesome in verse, where gross immorality alternated with affectation and "fustian," and here came the poetry of Thomson with its purity and piety like refreshing airs from heaven.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once outwitted his friends by reading a passage from the *Seasons*, evoking their admiration, and then saying, "Why, now I have left out every other line or so!"

But the merry prank proves too much, and might be practised upon many more.

A notable redundancy does certainly characterise the style of Thomson in that one great poem, while of no other of his works can the same thing be said. But with "Nature boon" for his theme, it may be safely pronounced "a fault that leans to virtue's side."

Among the multitude of gifted word-painters of all ages, he is distinguished by the constant application to Nature of terms that are expressive of the emotions of the soul. The wintry sun "scarce spreads thro' ether the *dejected* day." "Along the moorish fens, sighs the *sad* genius of the coming storm." With wondrous swiftness of touch and breadth of range the signs of an approaching tempest are marked from where "with broadened nostrils to the sky upturned, the conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale," to where the cottage-housewife at her spinning-wheel also scents it by a very different sign, and as she

"draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast."

There is no lack of episodes purely human, and with a pathos that goes straight to the heart, as that of the man lost in the snow. The "thick flakes" make the danger, till in his own "loose-revolving fields" he knows not his whereabouts—

"From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home."

The danger deepens in the terror and exhaustion of the victim—

"In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestments warm."

"On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold
Lays him along the snow, a stiffened corse
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast."

From the mournful accident of the moors the fancy's flight is to the protracted tragedy of the poor in their suffer-

ings under stress of winter, with a noble appeal for "thought" on the part of the rich, and an eloquent survey of the evil which happens for want of it.

Having preached mercy with all his heart, the poet turns to what the season best affords in opportunity of self-culture and "high converse with the mighty dead."

A procession of great names, ancient and modern, passes before us in lines of epigrammatic force, then the poet takes up the topic of the city's amusements, some of which he visits with a pure and lofty tone of censure—

"The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls, and in one gulph
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink."

In further scenes of vanity, with "Tapers and sparkling gems and radiant eyes," the censor delivers his keenest stroke where—

"The fop, light-fluttering spreads his mealy wings."

Other and purer forms of recreation are suitably eulogised. Again the energies of winter are depicted, and a charming description is given of the process of the frost.

"An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mad career
Arrests the bickering stream,"

till there is constructed

"A crystal pavement by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm."

"Loud rings the frozen earth"

under the foot of the traveller, while his eyes glance upward where

"the full ethereal round
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view
Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole."

Excursions of fancy, which look incoherent unto grotesqueness when baldly ennumerated, are made to wear a perfect grace. Now the poet is describing sports upon the ice, and now he has plunged into the horrors of the Frigid Zone, where British gallantry had invaded it, and a fearfully sublime picture is given of the fate of the expedition of Sir Hugh Willoughby—the Sir John Franklin of his day, in the age of Queen Elizabeth—

"Such was the Briton's fate
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate sealed, he with his hapless crew
Froze into statues—to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm!"

A digression is made to the career of the Czar Peter the Great, as he works to raise his land from barbarism in spite of its long yearly binding under the fetters of frost. The end of the theme is sensibly approaching, and expressions are thrown out significant of the breaking up of the reign of winter—

"Muttering the winds at eve with blunted point
Blow hollow blustering from the South. Subdued
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw."

With fine skill the poet produces a fact rarely noticed except by sailors—that a thaw on land is apt to mean a storm at sea. This is powerfully described, and notwithstanding the recent mention of a thaw, the culminating lines are given—

"'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year,
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful!"

The course of Nature is turned into a parable of human life—

"Pass some few years—
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength;
Thy sober Autumn fading into age;
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene."

Swiftly the poet assumes the task of a preacher of Life and Immortality brought to light in the Gospel—

"'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free."

A moment more, and the dark season has suggested some of the darker mysteries of Providence—distressing enigmas of this world—"neglected worth," "sufferings of the innocent," the "superstitious scourge"

over millions, the ravages of "licensed pain" to which all are liable—and this great poem ends with the apostrophe—

"Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more;
The storms of *Wintry Time* will quickly pass
And one unbounded *Spring* encircle all."

It is the general opinion of critics that Thomson has been more successful with his "Season of Winter" than with any of the other three. If so, the reader may reflect that this is characteristic of all the literature of renown. Poets, as a rule, have proved more successful with the dark than with the bright side of things, from Dante and Milton onward, and in that, it has been said, ere now, perhaps too many preachers have followed them.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

Life in Natal

BY ANNIE G. PORRITT

COLONY of Natal, in spite of its settlement by the Dutch, and of the Dutch name of its capital and of many of its smaller towns, is much more English than is Cape Colony. This characteristic is more clearly marked in Natal country life than in its cities. The English predominate in the cities of Cape Colony, especially in the Eastern Province in such cities as Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown, but the farmers of Cape Colony, who form the larger part of the white population, are overwhelmingly Dutch. In Natal, the farmers are largely of English descent, and in the country, and in the smaller towns and villages, the general manner of life is English rather than Dutch.

A stranger who has the privilege of visiting the homes of well-to-do Natal settlers—business men or farmers—will be struck at once by both the similarities and the differences in Natal and English life. The general aspect of the houses differs chiefly in that the Natal houses are usually one-storeyed. They are built of brick and stone—never, as in Canada and the United States, of wood—and are roofed with tiles or corrugated iron. On being shown in, one usually finds oneself in an exact replica of an English middle-class drawing-room, even to the patterns of the antimacassars which adorn the very English chairs and sofas. The furniture naturally enough is English in appearance, as by far the greater part of the furniture, carpets, table-ware and linen used in Natal is imported from Great Britain; and with the furniture have been imported all the English traditions of neatness, care, and scrupulous cleanliness in household management.

Much more important to the housemistress than the difference between one storey and two, three or four storeys is the difference between Natal and English servants. It often seems to me that the Englishwomen who so perpetually complain of the shortcomings of English servants should make a round of the English colonies and the United States, and come home again to their unappreciated blessings in a wiser and gentler frame of mind. The Natal housekeeper has a choice between Indian coolies and Kafirs as servants, with an occasional variation in the shape of a St. Helena coloured woman—generally a mulatto—or perhaps a white nurse-girl or mother's help.

The Indian coolies are brought to Natal under the auspices of the Colonial Government, and come under contract to serve five years. During this time they are known as indentured Indians. They are obliged to obtain passes from their masters when they leave his premises, and if they quit work without permission, they are liable to imprisonment as deserters. The Government pays their passage in the first place; but the master to whom they are assigned

has to repay the Government in yearly instalments, and he in turn makes a deduction from the monthly wages of the coolies.

Every coolie is under the care of the Protector of the Indians, who is a Government official, and whose duties are to supervise the treatment and secure the welfare of all Indians under indentures. The master to whom Indians are assigned must provide medical attendance in case of sickness, and is always liable to a visit of inspection by a deputy of the Protector. The Indians are also at liberty at any time to make a reasonable complaint of their treatment before any magistrate, and if the complaint is well founded, they cannot be punished for leaving their work to appear in court. If, however, the complaints are found to be unreasonable, the magistrate may authorise the master to make some small deduction from the wages of the coolie to compensate for the loss of time. If a coolie is unhappy with a master he can apply for a change, and in such a case he is usually assigned to another master. At the end of five years, the Indian has the choice of a free passage back to India; of reindenturing for another five years, in which case he receives a bonus (there are no further deductions from his wages for passage money, and he still has an opportunity to return free to India at the end of his term); or he may elect to remain in Natal as a free Indian, in which case he must take out an annual licence costing three pounds.

Indians were first brought to Natal in the sixties. The census of 1862 gives the number then in the country as 1184. When the census of 1891 were taken, there were about 40,000 Indians in Natal. Since then the number has been more than doubled. In the Statistical Year Book of Natal the figures for 1901 are 74,385 Indians, as against 63,821 white people, and 786,912 natives. In July 1902 it was estimated that there were at least 88,000 coolies in the Colony, and there were also over 41,000 requisitions for Indians from employers awaiting the action of the Natal Government Board of Indian Immigration.

As might be inferred from the figures I have quoted, very few Indians elect to return to India on completing the five years' indenture. By far the greater number take out the licence and remain in the country. Most of the coolies go to the sugar and tea plantations on the Natal coast. It was to develop these industries that the Natal Government took up the plan of assisting Indian immigration. The rest of the indentured coolies are farm labourers, workers on railways, and domestic servants. The free Indians are, in addition, hawkers and small traders and farmers, and some of the better educated, clerks and office boys. Some of them have prospered exceedingly. They dress as well as any Englishman, travel first-class on the railways, and except for their colour appear much like any of their white fellow-subjects.

The indentured coolies usually settle down contentedly to their five years of bondage. There are cases, of course, of restlessness, and repeated desertion, and even occasionally of suicide. But it is impossible to get good work out of an unwilling coolie—the master is absolutely forbidden to use any violence towards even the laziest or most impertinent Indian—and an indentured coolie who finds himself unhappy with his master has little difficulty in getting an exchange. The coolies are very much quicker and defter than the Kafirs, and make better servants and cooks. Coolie women as well as coolie men are sometimes employed in housework, but the men outnumber the women in Natal by 16,000, and most of the women are found in the homes of the Indians and do not engage in outside work. It is one of the peculiarities of Natal housekeeping that both kitchen and house work is done by boys or men, and even the care of the little children is often entrusted to a Kafir umfahn, or nurse-boy.

Kafir is a general term for all South African natives. It is not a name of their own choosing, but is an Arab word, meaning an "unbeliever," which was first applied by the early Arab traders and slavers, and was afterwards adopted by the Dutch and English. The Kafirs of Natal belong to the tribes that were harried and conquered by the Zulus in the days of the chiefs Chaka and Dingaan. The language generally spoken by the white people to the Kafirs is called "Kitchen Kafir," and is a degraded form of their own language with a large admixture of English words. The coolies quickly pick up this Kitchen Kafir, and it is the general medium of communication between masters and mistresses and their coloured servants.

The great drawback to the employment of Kafirs as servants is the fact that no

prolonged or continuous service can be got from them. From three to seven months is the usual time that a Kafir is willing to work. He then returns to his kraal for some months' rest, and does not go out to work again until he has exhausted all his savings and is ready for fresh scenes and occupation. This habit of the Kafirs is the despair of the Natal housekeeper. It is rarely possible to staff the household entirely with coolies. The rougher kitchen work and the nursing is usually done by Kafirs. Kafir servants command lower wages than coolies, but the mistress has to find all the clothes that they wear while in her service. House boys usually wear white duck tunics and knickerbockers trimmed with red braid. The Kafir nurse-girls wear simple little print frocks. All go barefooted, as do also the coolies.

It is a much dreaded moment when the housekeeper has to part with her Kafir nurse-girl, who with much patience has been taught the difference between cleanliness and filth, and who to her natural good humour and buoyant spirits has added some little power of observation and ability to make herself useful. But the father and mother come and take her back to the kraal, where she will at once drop her civilised frock and resume her beads and blanket; forget all about the comfort of a bath, and resign herself again to the companionship of innumerable vermin.

The first thing to be done with the newcomer is to divest her carefully of every rag of clothing which she has brought from her kraal, and to direct operations while she takes a bath. As this is probably her first experience of the process, she cannot be blamed for not knowing exactly how it should be performed. Then she must be shown how to put on her civilised clothes, and it will probably be many days before her unaccustomed fingers master the difficulties of buttons and buttonholes. Then begins the long and wearisome struggle to teach her what cleanliness in the house means, and also to instruct her in the use of household appliances. Fortunately the babies and little children take warmly to their Kafir nurses. If it were not so it is almost inconceivable that any mistress should worry herself with the work of instruction which has to be freshly undertaken every six or seven months.

Both Kafir and coolie servants usually have their rations, and the men are provided with sleeping accommodation in outbuildings. There is no need for beds in servants' rooms. A good dry floor and a blanket is all they require, and a Kafir fresh from his kraal would refuse to sleep in a bed if it was offered to him, and by preference would roll himself in his blanket and lie down on the ground. The Kafir rations consist chiefly of mealie meal, of which they make an excellent porridge, bread and sugar. The rations of the coolies consist of rice and fish, and are usually given to them once a week.

There is no rest for a mistress who wishes to keep her coolie and Kafir servants up to her own standard of cleanliness and efficiency. Everlasting vigilance and supervision are necessary, and even after a duty has been performed ninety-nine times under the eye of the mistress, if she is absent on the hundredth occasion, the work will most likely be done wrong or imperfectly. This need of constant supervision is given as one reason for the preference for houses all on the ground floor, because it is easier to keep the servants in view when all the rooms are on one level than when the house consists of two or more storeys.

Gardens in Natal are a delight winter and summer. In winter, which is the dry season in Natal, with a little care in watering, English summer flowers and vegetables can be grown to perfection, and a Natal garden in winter is sweet with mignonette and gay with pansies, petunias, stocks and geraniums. In summer, flowers of a much more tropical kind are in bloom; and all the year round the careful gardener may have abundant supply of fruit belonging both to the temperate and the subtropical zones.

The houses are all built with roomy verandahs, and people live outdoors much more than in England. There is frequently a well-sheltered verandah convenient to the kitchen, in which all the daylight meals are served; and needlework, reading and conversation are carried on out of doors much more than within. It is largely this possibility of living outdoors all the year round which gives Natal its reputation as a health resort for people whose lungs are affected; and many a man is leading a busy and useful life in inland Natal, who would have been in his grave years ago had he continued the indoor life of an English invalid.

London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

III.—Schools for the Mentally and Physically Defective

IT was not until long after the School Board had adopted the principle of special schools for the blind and deaf, that the need was recognised of special provision being made for other classes of afflicted children. Amongst half a million children there must inevitably be a considerable number, besides the blind and the deaf, who suffer from mental or physical infirmities which unfit them from profiting to the full by the instruction given in the ordinary schools.

In 1892 the Board decided to open two special schools for mentally and physically defective children, and the number has since been greatly increased, until there were in March 1903 sixty-one centres for mentally defective and eight for physically defective children, with many more in course of construction or projected. Mrs. Burgwin, a lady who had previously done good service as head-teacher of one of the Board's most difficult schools, has been organising superintendent of this special work from the beginning, and under her supervision a very extensive and efficient organisation has been built up, which, if it does not yet meet the needs of every afflicted child in London, goes a very long way in that direction.

The schools for defective children seldom have more than sixty or eighty on the roll, and the classes are limited to twenty scholars. The largest school for the mentally defective is at Shillington Street, Battersea, where there are about 120 children; and here, perhaps, better than at a smaller centre, we can examine the system of instruction in detail, and see many types of the defective child.

It is a sad and pathetic sight—this congregation of dullards; I know no sadder in the whole range of School Board work.

SCHOOL FOR CRIPPLES, TAVISTOCK PLACE: AT PLAY IN THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S GARDEN

Every child has been certified as defective by the Board's medical officer; but indeed most of them carry their deficiency so clearly expressed in their features and their demeanour that it needs no expert to discover it. Most of the children are almost as poor specimens physically as mentally; hardly a child in the school is really robust. These children mark the last stage in the gradual degeneration of a once vigorous stock. Here is a glimpse of the tragedy of London life. The school is a grim object lesson in the effects of horrible

SCHOOL FOR CRIPPLES, TAVISTOCK PLACE: EMBROIDERY CLASS

material conditions of life intensified by vicious habits. And we are not surprised when Mrs. Clark, the able and devoted head-mistress, who knows the home conditions of most of her young charges, tells us that one child's father is in a criminal lunatic asylum, that the father of another is in prison, that the mother of a third is an habitual drunkard, and that nearly all come from the poorest of homes.

Many are the problems which a school for the mentally defective suggests to the social reformer. To the teacher the main problem is how to develop such dim faculties as the children have, to brighten their lives, and to fit them to earn their own living in part, if not entirely. The work has to be largely individual, for each child is a separate study. Some, though very dull at mental work, are fairly clever with their fingers. Others are altogether slovenly and inaccurate in their handwork, and can hardly be taught to rule a straight line. Some few seem to be fairly receptive, but to lack the power of expression. And this is a weakness which is, to a greater or less degree, common to the majority of children in these schools. Many, when first they come to school, cannot speak intelligibly. They have to be taught to speak, and "articulation" forms a subject of instruction in every class. A child will sometimes learn to recite distinctly, and even to answer questions in class fairly well, but will lapse into incoherence when out of school. As a rule, imitative work—writing, drawing, etc.—is found much easier than that which involves reasoning.

The teachers in these schools must be endowed with almost miraculous patience. One might suppose the dulness of the scholars and the slowness of the progress would have a depressing effect upon the teachers. But the work has its compensations, and some of the teachers get quite fond of it. They watch eagerly for the signs of growing intelligence, and rejoice in every forward step, as a nurse might rejoice in the improving health of her patients. The poor, weak brains, of course, must not be overtaxed. Every lesson is very short, and the purely mental occupations are varied by a considerable number of handwork subjects, which, while developing manual skill, also stimulate the intelligence.

And to what purpose, it may be asked, is all this elaborate and costly work on behalf of the feeble and degenerate? There must be some in the special schools whom no amount of patient effort will ever lead beyond the merest rudiments of learning.

SCHOOL FOR CRIPPLES, TAVISTOCK PLACE: AT DINNER

and who probably will never be fit to earn their own living. Is not the time and money spent on such hopeless cases entirely wasted? By no means. Even their dull intelligence is in some degree sharpened by their life at school, a little brightness and interest are added to their lives, they become more self-respecting and acquire habits of cleanliness and order. And this is no small boon to the children themselves, to their friends, and to the community; for without such training many must have degenerated still further, becoming a nuisance and a burden to themselves and to their families.

But there are other pupils of whom much better things can be recorded. Under the gently stimulating influence of the special school, the defective child approximates more and more closely to the normal, until after a few years he is able to return to the ordinary school, to share successfully in the work of normal scholars, and obtain a good situation when he leaves school. Others for whom this is not possible may, after passing through the special school, obtain some employment of a not very exacting nature by which they will be able to earn a modest livelihood. Mrs. Clark told me of one and another of her old pupils who were earning their own living respectably and happily. They were but hewers of wood and drawers of water, yet she spoke of them with the same pride and delight with which a teacher in an ordinary school might speak of scholarships and university degrees—and who shall say with less reason? It is in the light of these results that one understands the patience, devotion, and even enthusiasm of some of the teachers in what to so many would be a most irksome and depressing task.

TENNYSON STREET SCHOOL: MAT-MAKING

Until a few years ago the physically and mentally defective children were grouped together. This was a bad arrangement for the little cripples, many of whom were of at least average intelligence. It was owing in great measure to the efforts of Mrs. Humphry Ward that the Board decided in the autumn of 1898 to open the first school for crippled children in the rooms of the Passmore Edwards Institute, in Tavistock

TENNYSON STREET SCHOOL: BASKET-WEAVING

Place. The work proved so successful, and was so much appreciated by parents and children, that the Board soon decided to extend it until all the crippled children in London should be gathered into schools specially adapted to meet their needs. The report for 1903 shows that there were at Lady-day 422 children in schools for the physically defective; but as there are more than 1500 of such children in London of the elementary school class, it will be seen that the work of providing for them is as yet far from complete.

The difficulty of getting the little cripples safely to and from school is met in a very interesting way. Every morning at about half-past eight an ambulance drawn by a horse of sturdy build and even temper sets out from the school in charge of a trained nurse. It traverses the neighbouring streets, picking up here and there a little group of scholars at the corner of a street, or more often at the home of a kindly mother who is not willing that her own or other people's crippled children should wait about the streets. Those children who cannot walk at all are fetched right from their own doors, and carefully lifted into the ambulance. The larger centres have two ambulances, and each makes two or more journeys.

By about ten o'clock all the children are safely in school. The nurse remains at school all day, superintends the preparation of dinner, and takes the children home in the afternoon. She will also, if necessary, adjust bandages and attend to slight ailments; but the work being strictly educational, very bad cases, and those requiring medical or surgical treatment during the day, are not admitted.

The school at Tavistock Place is interesting as being the pioneer institution of the kind, and also by reason of its surroundings, which are in many ways different from those of the ordinary Board School. The children here have the great advantage of being able to play in the fine old garden belonging to the Duke of Bedford, which adjoins the grounds of the Settlement, and which the Duke places at the disposal of the children during their recreation time. But it is to one of the newer schools that one should go in order to see the normal type of London School Board cripple school.

The largest centre is at Tennyson Street, Battersea, where the accommodation is for eighty children. But this is now considered a little too large, as the children have to be collected from an inconveniently large area. A central hall, which serves as a dining-room, with bright, light class-rooms leading from it, is the plan of building generally adopted. The equipment is very complete, the comfort of the children being considered in every possible way. Comfortable cane-seated chairs with table-flaps and leg-rests are provided in three different sizes; there are wheeled chairs, by means of which children who cannot walk can move from room to room with the greatest ease, and adjustable couches for those who have to maintain a recumbent position, and for others who may need occasionally to lie down and rest.

It is a pathetic little company that gathers in a cripple school. Many kinds of deformity

are represented; there are many cases of paralysis, and the few children who appear quite well suffer from very weak hearts. But, indeed, when one sees the children in school, their infirmities are by no means obtrusive, and at times one might suppose that teachers and scholars alike have forgotten all about them. For the most part the children look remarkably happy, and enter with zest into the varied occupations of the day. It is the same here as we have already noted in the case of the blind and the deaf. School seems to be the bright spot in the lives of these afflicted children. And no doubt to many that will seem the supreme merit of these schools. But of course they do a genuine educational work. The main object is education; the happiness is incidental.

Another incidental, but very important benefit, is the improvement in bodily health that often results from attendance at the cripple school. Although the school attempts no hospital work, it often proves the best possible sanatorium. The good, wholesome mid-day meal, the pleasant occupation, the companionship, the new interests and ambitions, all tell beneficially upon the physical health. And especially valuable in this direction is the exercise obtained at school. The children are taught to exert themselves and use to the utmost the bodily powers they possess, with the natural result that these powers are strengthened. Children who have been brought to the cripple school unable to walk a step have found that after a few months they could walk about the school-rooms and playgrounds without assistance, and hands and arms that seemed almost helpless with paralysis have been trained to a considerable measure of usefulness. The school lessons only last for about three hours daily, instead of five and a half as in the ordinary schools, for care must be taken not to overtax the feeble frames; the children for the most part are bright enough, but they very soon get tired.

Handwork of a light character plays an important part in the school curriculum, for it is upon their deftness of hand and finger that for most of these children the chance of earning their own living will depend. Chair-caning, the making of scrap and wool rugs, and geometrical cardboard models, basket-weaving, and (for the girls) needlework—including embroidery and lace-making—are the chief occupations at Tennyson Street. At Tavistock Place, besides several of these occupations, bent iron work and macramé work are taught. At another school I found that boys and girls were learning to knit, and the teacher was proposing to introduce dressmaking for some of the elder girls.

An important incident in the day's proceedings is the mid-day dinner, the arrangements for which are under the control of a voluntary committee. The children pay twopence each, except in a few cases of extreme poverty, when a penny or even less is paid. But small as the payments are, they suffice to cover the cost of a good, nourishing dinner of meat and vegetables, followed by pudding. Often the Hon. Maude Lawrence, the chairman of the Special Schools Committee, shares in the kindly service of waiting on the children. And after dinner the ladies will chat with the children or join them in a game, thus bringing into their lives a little refining and brightening influence from the outside world.

THE AMBULANCE LEAVING TENNYSON STREET SCHOOL

Dr. Elgar's Oratorio, *The Apostles*

BY MYLES B. FOSTER

THERE was a time when England held the chief position in music among European nations, when her motets and madrigals were superior to those of all other schools.

From the day upon which we forsook our strong British individuality and went, at the bidding of a king, to France and Italy for our models, our deterioration commenced, and a weak adaptability ensued which sapped our strength and our national idiom alike. Our last strong man in the seventeenth century, who, we know, did not favour the innovations beloved by Charles II., was the great Henry Purcell. As time went on, we fell lower and lower until we became a nation of importers and adapters of other countries' music. The candle of our artistic light was practically blown out, and, but for a few faint flickers, we were struggling in darkness.

Music, the youngest sister of the Arts, is the latest to undergo "renaissance," and in England this is most recent of all. "Ye must be born again" applies to Arts as well as to Artists.

Supremacy in music has its cycle, as, in the eternal fitness, other systems have, and having been taken from us after Elizabeth's reign, it has circled through other parts of Europe, stopping, *apparently*, an extra long time in Germany, but now it is, as that greatest of German musicians, Brahms, prophesied, coming back to Great Britain once more. We must never, amid triumphs to come, forget the strenuous labours of such pioneers as Mackenzie, Goring-Thomas, Hubert Parry and Villiers Stanford, with whom were the heat and burden of the day, and by whom the rough places were made plainer for their successors, amongst whom steps out Edward Elgar, the latest and most daring of them all, who appears to have shaken off all models and to have become a law and idiom to himself. Unknown fifteen years ago, he stands to-day in the front rank as a creative musician. The Spirit of the Lord is upon him to preach the Gospel.

The almost revolutionary methods which he adopts, not so much in colouring, although his orchestration is of the most modern, as in his harmonic progressions, strike one occasionally as being so bizarre as to appear affected and sensational, but this is largely compensated by the strength of conviction which most of his originality carries with it.

In his latest work, *The Apostles*, Parts I. and II. of which I will endeavour to describe after a first hearing, I find much evidence of this deep conviction, and of the undoubted sincerity which pervades every scene. Surely these two points, the conviction that you have a gospel to preach and illustrate, and a perfect sincerity in your method, however modern, of preaching it, are the secrets which should ensure permanent success, compelling the respect and, with time, the love of the listeners.

If you have nothing *real* to say, depend upon it your audience has nothing to respond to, and, as Sterndale Bennett wittily put it, "'twere better not to say it"—but, given a message and, as Marconi has it, a transmitter and receiver in accord, or, in other words, something to sympathise about, and that sympathy established, then a great good work is being effected and the sad, weary world is the better for it. In *The Apostles* we have a teacher and a message.

Those who have seen the reams upon reams of paper covered with notes but devoid of real music, like a series of letters which do not form words, will know how rare a true teacher bearing a real message has become!

Elgar has proved considerable knowledge of Bible passages in context, by his suggestive arrangement of the words and scenes employed.

The subject, a vast one, is the building up of Christ's Church here on earth through the medium of His simple followers, who, through the Holy Spirit, are to become His Apostles.

At present only Parts I. and II. of this great idea have been completed, taking the narrative as far as our Lord's Ascension.

I hear that Part III. will narrate the descent of the Holy Spirit and the following Acts of the Apostles.

The work begins with a Prologue, in which the chorus depict Jesus as the Anointed One, sent to earth to preach the Gospel to the poor, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

In this Prologue appear many of the *leitmotiven*, short themes connecting the music with each character or condition which it is desired to illustrate.

This system of "labelling" is new to sacred music, if we exclude Wagner's *Parsifal*, as we have been accustomed to take each number in an Oratorio by itself, without reference, excepting in the words, to that which preceded and followed it. Each number became a sketch separable from the others.

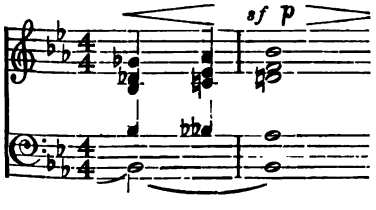
In Elgar's work, on the other hand, these *motiven* bind the whole structure into one. The subjects and the people introduced are at all points recognisable by their badge of individuality.

Many of the principal "badges" appear in this Prologue.[1]

This method undoubtedly leads to cohesion and to a broader and more perfect evolution, for instead of separation into detachable numbers, we have whole scenes, dependent upon one another.

Scene I. is upon a mountain at night. By means of our *guides* just described we realise (without words) that our Saviour is there, and in prayer.

I may be permitted to justify my statement concerning the novelty of the harmonies by quoting the three chords, the I.H.S., which always typify the Son of Man who suffered for us, even unto death



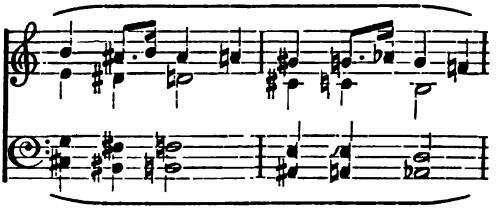
upon the Cross, chords made even more acute in Scene III. when our Saviour, absolving Mary Magdalene, says, "Go in peace," a pause occurring on the first and second chords!

[1] An elaborate list of about sixty *leitmotiven* is given in a rather fulsome analysis of the work by one of Dr. Elgar's admirers.

While Jesus is on the mountain, the Angels proclaim the Christ, "My Beloved, in whom I am well pleased"—night changes to dawn, and in the background sounds the Shofar, the Temple watchers announce the daybreak, and there follows the daily worship and activity of the service in the sacred building, in which Psalms of David are sung to a fine old Hebrew melody. But Christ, who is our Dayspring from on High, arises and calls together the Twelve Apostles.

Scene II., "By the wayside" is, perhaps, the most touching of all. Very wonderfully was it rendered at its first hearing.[2] The picture represents Jesus uttering the Beatitudes, to each of which the Apostles and the Holy Women in their individual ways add answers and comments. A really tender, affecting scene.

Scene III. brings us down to the Sea of Galilee. Christ constrains His Disciples to sail before Him across the Lake, whilst He goes to a mountain for solitary prayer. Another unusual theme represents the *loneliness* of the Saviour; startling and yet how expressive! From the tower of



Magdala the fallen Mary of that city watches. A bitter remembrance rises in a fantastic vision before her, recalling her dissolute companions of the past, while she wails in anguish and cries out for mercy and pity.

As she watches, a storm arises on the waters, and she sees the Apostles' danger, and One coming to their aid, walking upon the sea, and she notices Peter's rescue from the waves. The poor desolate one seeks His face, sure that He who stilleth the raging of the sea will calm her troubled breast and give her peace. The second part of the scene is laid farther north, and we find our Saviour and His followers at Cæsarea Philippi, where, probably amongst the famous oak-groves, in answer to Jesus'

[2] On October 14, at Birmingham Town Hall, the historic building in which Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was first produced, conducted by the composer.

question, "Whom think ye that I am?" Peter proclaims Him, is blessed, and has committed to him the power to loose and to bind.

An astounding musical climax, brought about within the limit of twelve bars, gives forth a command to proclaim this Gospel.

The power given to St. Peter is, as it were, explained just afterwards by our Saviour in His forgiveness of Mary's sins, for her faith's sake.

Part I. of this great Drama ends with a chorus, breathing strength and consolation to all the "prisoners of hope."

In Part II. the narrator foreshadows our Saviour's suffering and death. This is followed by Scene IV. in which Judas betrays the innocent blood.

One little piece of musical realism here seemed to spoil the picture for a moment, viz. the chinking of the silver pieces! and after two hearings, I cannot see the necessity for dragging it in.

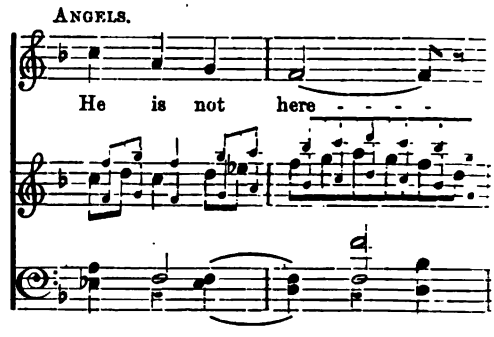
Dr. Elgar's conception of the character of Judas gives us a pity for that misguided man. The betrayal is planned by Judas to force from our Saviour a declaration of earthly sovereignty, to free Israel from the Roman domination, and to gain his own ambition under a great King. Surely this was Archbishop Whately's idea of Judas.

The vile bargain with the Chief Priests having been made, the scene changes to Gethsemane, where the Saviour is seized and carried away to the palace of the High Priest, and here we witness Peter's denial of His Master, the scene concluding with a most touching description by a Female Chorus (in four parts) of his going out and weeping bitterly. Judas, realising the failure of his plans and seeing the mischief he had wrought, goes to the Temple and flings down the money. He is repudiated by his fellow-plotters. The service goes on relentlessly, and, by a happy coincidence, the passages sung in the worship reflect Judas's bitter thoughts and seem to taunt him, and when, at last, the street mobs shout "Crucify Him!" he rushes out and is driven to suicide.

Scene V. at Golgotha is very briefly touched, commencing at the point, "Eloi, eloi, lama sabachthani?" which is simply suggested by the music, and followed by the grief of the mother, "The sword hath pierced through mine own soul."

Scene VI. leads us to the Sepulchre. A clever piece of cohesion is effected here by the watchers in the Temple, ignorant of the Light shining in the darkness, again proclaiming the dawn.

Then the Angels ask the Apostles, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here."



At this point occurs a passage in the accompaniment which it is difficult to accept seriously. The small notes are played by harps, and are so prominent as to appear more important than the fundamental notes, of which they pose as harmonics. A friend suggested to me that these heavenly beings should be called Upper Partials!

The latest scene, entitled "The Ascension," discovers the disappointed Apostles, who had partly shared Judas's dream of earthly power and the redemption of Israel, not from their sins but from the Roman tyranny, seated together, to whom the risen Lord appears, charging them with their grand mission, blessing them, and, in the act of benediction, ascending to His Father and their Father, amidst a scene of holy joy, the heavenly singers recording His work fulfilled and uniting their Alleluias with those of His messengers upon the earth below. A glorious ending to Part II.

We await with more than common interest the completion of this soul-stirring work.

The question has been asked in a daily paper, "Will Elgar's *Apostles* attain to popularity?" All really great works need time and education, thought and study, for their full appreciation. I am convinced that, if approached with the composer's own sincerity and research, the masses of our music-loving people will give a grateful sympathy and ready understanding in response to the God-given sympathy contained in this masterpiece, this musical sermon of sermons.

A Day on the Zogi là

THE Zogi là! All who have had the good fortune to visit that earthly paradise, Kashmir, have heard of the celebrated Zogi là pass, leading into Little Tibet, the highest inhabited part of the world. It is the lowest gap or depression in a great wall of mountain masses, ranging from 17,000 to 25,000 feet in height, through which men and beasts leaving the forest and alpine pastures or "Margs" of Kashmir can enter the wild treeless regions of Ladakh and Baltistan.

CROSSING AMARNATH RIVER

It was six o'clock on an August morning when I broke camp at Baltal, a veritable rock-bound prison at the end of the Sind valley. Above, the blue sky was flecked with a few light summer clouds, and the sun's rays were beginning to catch the points of the grey crags which towered overhead. I mounted my Kashmiri pony, whom I had christened "The Hero," on account of his intrepid feats when negotiating wildernesses of boulders, or nullahs resembling dry water-courses, we had met with in other districts. Small and brown-coated, with a broken ear hanging dejectedly over one eye, in sure-footedness he was unequalled, and in this respect a contrast to a pony I once rode in Italy, whom his master described as having "Molto spirito ma poco forza,"[1] and who always fell down at every oppor-

VIEW LOOKING EASTWARD TOWARDS LITTLE TIBET

[1] Plenty of spirit but no strength.

tunity. To-day the Hero had an extra weight to carry in the shape of "Jammu," my fox-terrier pup, who was of too young and tender an age to stand a whole day's march, and who rode on my saddle in front, managing to stick on in the same sort of way that Japanese babies have a knack of doing when clinging to their nurses' backs. On other occasions, when riding has been impossible, Jammu had been placed at the bottom of my "dandy,"[1] and carried in state by two coolies. In this position he would crane his head over the side, never losing sight of me if he could help it, on the march, and not daring to jump out, many hasty attempts to do so having proved quite futile, as he was only picked up again and popped back in his old quarters along with my kodak and sun-umbrella. Taking my breakfast coolie and the cook with me, I left my other men busily packing up the rest of the camp kit, and we started off up the stone-strewn ravine leading to the foot of the pass. It was a scene of wild desolation; blocks and boulders everywhere lying in jumbled confusion; but when the ascent begins, it is steepness, rather than the rugged

THE CAMP, CROSSING SUMMIT OF PASS

AMARNATH

COOK-BOAT, ALSU WALAR LAKE

[1] A kind of carrying chair used in the hills.

nature of the ground that appals. Up and up the zigzag we slowly climbed, till we at last reached the summit, and found ourselves in the midst of an oasis of long grass, studded with mauve and cream-coloured columbines, dark-violet larkspurs, and forget-me-nots of tints passing from navy to sky-blue. As I looked down the precipitous hillside, to the hollow of Baltal where our tents had been pitched the night before, I could see the remainder of my caravan, creeping up the face of the gigantic acclivity we had first scaled—a tiny thread of men and animals—so they appeared on the vast Himalayan slope. A grand view! To the left soared a green-topped mountain, to the right stretched a forbidding gorge, like some great crack in the everlasting hills, displaying stupendous walls of black rock, while to the east, a country whose barren heights already wore a look of Tibet.

KASHMIRI COOLIES

Jammu and I felt quite ready for our "burra"[1] breakfast on this glorious height, but I found that my Kashmiri headman, who never allowed me any choice in such matters, had selected a place as usual to suit his own taste and requirements, farther on. From the summit of the pass on the Ladakh side there is a very gradual descent down the nullah, which in places is blocked with accumulations of deep snow. These we successfully crossed, sliding and slithering now and then on the wet surface of the snow, which had been rendered slushy in the hot morning sunshine, and finally emerged on another turfy oasis, where I perceived my breakfast coolie engaged in setting out my picnic fare on a suitable flat low stone.

[1] Main or big breakfast.

We encountered here a number of Ladakhis, who were coming up the Zogi, with their strings of ponies and loaded Zhos and Yaks. These are quaint-looking cattle, resembling the diminutive Kerry breed, very short in the leg, and with great bushy tails. The Yaks are uncommonly strong and shaggy, the hybrid Zhos less so.

STOPPING FOR A REST—A ROUGH BIT OF GROUND

The Ladakhis appeared a contented lot, squat and ugly withal, with a Mongolian cast of countenance; most of them wore a yellow mountain flower stuck jauntily behind one ear, which contrasted effectively with their black locks, which escaped from beneath their native caps. A party of these individuals had evidently thought the headman's choice of this spot for a breakfast halt a good one, and having established themselves in a circle, were

eating hot porridge out of black earthenware bowls with curious-shaped Tibetan spoons, unlike the Kashmiri coolies, who bolt balls of cold rice all day long, whenever they get the chance.

With a half-day's march still before us, we could not linger long on this grassy ridge; Jammu and I therefore set out once more, with the Hero following, picking his steps sedately among the loose stones. Walking in the high alpine air on this sunny summer afternoon was very pleasant, and our progress was only interrupted now and then by the crossing of an impetuous river, foaming down its rocky bed. At such places we had to be careful when fording, and I usually allowed the Hero to find his own way across, without attempting to guide him; in other spots the river became clear and limpid, flowing quietly between flowery banks. The barren crags and fan-shaped screes of loose stones and detritus, which rose above the pass, were already touched with the delicate hues of late afternoon, when we descried a brown speck in the distance, coming towards us. The speck grew larger, and finally appeared to be a dust-brown figure running in a steady jog-trot, with a goat-skin bag on his back, stuffed with letters, and sealed with the Government seal. Streaming with perspiration, with a smile for us as he passed, and a little grunt—the only greeting he could manage—he did not slacken speed, and we watched him for some time, still trotting on, till at length a rock hid him from our sight.

SERVANTS' "PALS"

"Pal" is the native tent of Kashmir, as distinguished from the "shikar" tent used by English travellers.

"The post from Leh," explained my ghorawallah.[1]

"The post from Leh," I echoed dreamily, thinking of the letters in the goat-skin, the sturdy little streaming figure, the P. and O. steamer on the high seas, and the English homes so far away, all somehow mixed up together.

My day on the Zogi là was over. The pass was behind us. My tent was pitched amidst a carpet of *edelweiss*, and at the tent-door, where Jammu and I were partaking of our tea with much satisfaction, I felt inclined to break into dithyrambics in praise of the summer wanderer's life in the desert. Wild and harsh as it is, there is always the charm of irresponsible freedom, the sense of the seductive harmony of all-embracing nature.

[1] Groom.

N. E. F.

YEMSA

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Strangers in Switzerland

A PHYSICIAN in Bern named Freuler, not overburdened with patients, has set himself the task of adding up the benefits which Switzerland receives from the influx of strangers during the tourist season. Dr. Freuler states that 380,000 strangers visit his country every year for pleasure, and of these he reckons that 100,000 visit the strictly alpine regions. The average duration of a Swiss holiday is put at seventeen days, which makes between seven and eight million days altogether. The financial side of the question is exhaustively treated by Dr. Freuler. It is estimated that the Swiss hotel-keepers draw a sum equal to ninety-two million francs per annum from their guests, 20 per cent. of which comes from local Swiss tourists. In addition to this the railway companies are benefited to the extent of eighteen million francs. Opposite this must be placed the expenses incurred by hotels and railways in keeping up their establishments and plant. This is stated by Dr. Freuler to be sixty million francs. Visitors to Switzerland last year used 1536 hotels and lodging-houses containing 104,800 beds. Of these 945 are open only during the season. These hotels, etc., employ on an average 22,000 persons, or about one person to every five beds. At the height of the season the number of persons employed is 35,000, with wages amounting to ten million francs. Dr. Freuler reckons the "tips" annually paid in Switzerland at four million francs. The hotel servants with few exceptions are Swiss born.—M. A. M.

The Late Fire at the Vatican

THE fire which on the night of November 2nd burst out in the Vatican, threatening the famous library, should have the effect of raising a cry of alarm throughout the world. The library is more ancient than the Apostolic Palace itself, it having been already mentioned as a valuable collection in the fifth century, from beginnings gathered together a century before. It cannot, in fact, be maintained that the Palace of the Popes, the art treasures which it contains, and especially the library, the most famous in existence, with its nearly 30,000 precious MSS. and its 250,000 rare volumes, are the exclusive property of the Popes or even of Italy, all countries being interested in them, as an intellectual possession to which all peoples have contributed and over which all have certain rights. Is this great priceless possession, material and ideal at the same time, gathered in museums, galleries, and collections, which are the glory and pride of the world, preserved and protected as it should be? The fire, which was fortunately extinguished by those who are considered as the eternal enemies of the Church, has shown us plainly the material and moral incapacity of the Vatican to be the proper and trusted guardian of what the events which brought about the fall of the Temporal Power have put under its care.

Let us merely examine the condition in which the library is kept. At its head is a Cardinal, Archbishop Capecelatro, a learned man to be sure, but he lives in his diocese at Capua, so that his position is merely nominal; he never comes to Rome, and the whole management of the library is left to a few inferior men, both in position as well as intelligence. It is, perhaps, the only library in the world which has not a general catalogue and the least protection. Indeed close to the twenty-five rooms in which the library is housed, above its great hall, are apartments where Vatican employees live with their families, without fire-engines, or other modern appliances to extinguish fire, and having, in case of need, as was proved on the evening of November 2nd, only four men to rely upon. Can such a condition of things be allowed to go on? A movement has been started in Italy to secure that the Government shall take upon itself the custody of the treasures, as it is entitled to do by the Law of Guarantees. This sets aside every year £129,000 as an income for the Pope, which, however, he has never touched, for the keeping up of his position, including the care, preservation and repairs of the Vatican and its contents. Foreign countries should urge Italy in this direction.

S. C.

The Jews in the Catskill Mountains

IT is well known that the Jews are numerous and influential in the United States. Perhaps

it is not so generally known that the Jews have in several parts of the United States what may be called their own vacation grounds. A good example is to be found in the Catskill Mountains, a region made famous by Washington Irving's legends of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow. The Catskills, though not so high as some other mountain ranges of the eastern United States, are noted for their beautiful scenery. They are located west of the Hudson River about 100 miles north of New York City.

At the time when Hudson discovered the river which now bears his name, American Indians roamed over these mountains, and they have left traces of their occupation in many Indian names of mountains, etc. The Dutch next inhabited the Catskills when New York City was settled by that people; they too have left their stamp in local names, and in their descendants who still farm the arable land. When the American people became settled and prosperous enough to take vacations in the hot summer months, they next turned their faces toward the Catskills. But within the last twenty years a new people—the Hebrews—have come in to the Catskills so extensively during the summer that this region may be fairly claimed as a Hebrew vacation ground. Almost all the largest hotels are patronised wholly by Jews, and owing to the feeling between Gentiles and Hebrews, every boarding-house-keeper must decide at the outset whether he will admit Jews or not, for if they are once admitted the Gentiles invariably leave.

A. B. R.

Betting in Australia

SOMETHING like a sensation has been caused by the announcement of a well-informed witness, at a Sydney betting commission, that the sum of £4,000,000 passed annually through the hands of bookmakers, tote-proprietors, and the like, in the city of Sydney alone. As the witness himself handled a very large proportion of this money, and as he was in the best of positions to judge, his statement has been accepted; and now every one wants to know what is to be done. The prevalence of betting in Australia is something alarming, although probably it is no worse than it is with you in England. Here, however, the people are, in the main, so prosperous that they have more money to gamble with. A strange feature of the business is the open way in which it is conducted. Australia has stringent laws against sweeps, and yet in Tasmania—only a few hours' journey from the mainland—the hugest sweeps in the world are conducted. There, actually under patronage of the Tasmanian Government, George Adams runs sweeps on all the big races of the mainland, and at the time of writing the advertisements of his sweeps on the Melbourne Cup are in all the papers. Three sweeps of 100,000 members, at 10*s.* and 5*s.* each, are announced for the Cup, but other races are catered for all the year round. The Commonwealth Government refuses to carry his letters, but an extensive system of private agencies has sprung up, and money for his sweeps is paid in to all the Australian banks. Then, in the heart of Melbourne, there exists a huge totalisater business, known everywhere as "Wren's tote," which does business all the year round, and brings the owner in an annual profit of £20,000. This is in flat defiance of the law, but so securely barricaded and protected is the tote-building that hitherto the police have been unable to crush it. It is fenced with barbed wire, broken bottles, sliding doors, hidden exits, etc., and the employees wear masks, so that, whenever a raid is made, nothing comes of it. But, on a big race-day, hundreds of people pour in and out, and the business flourishes. Truly the suppression of betting is one of the toughest jobs the English-speaking peoples have to face.—F. S. S.

A Windy Wooden Capital

THE city of Wellington, situated on the south of the North Island of New Zealand, has two striking features that are always noticed by the visitor. All of its buildings are of wood: even the Parliament House being so constructed. New Zealanders boast that their Parliament House is, in fact, the largest wooden building in the world. The cause of this is neither poverty nor a scarcity of stone or brick; but is summed up in the one word—earthquakes. Wellington, which is the capital, is so constantly visited by earthquakes and tremors that the folly of building solid structures soon became apparent. Wooden houses, of course, stand far more shaking than do stone or brick structures. Then for windiness Wellington stands pre-eminent in the southern hemisphere. There is always a gale of some sort blowing, and very often the wind reaches hurricane force. It is probable that the position of the town, which is situated on a fine port, near where the well-known Cook Strait separates the two islands, has a lot to do with this circumstance. It is a tradition in the other New Zealand towns that

a Wellingtonian can always be identified, the world over, by the way in which he clutches at his hat when about to turn a street corner. This habit is bred in the bone of the Wellington people, and remains with them to the last. But all New Zealanders are proud of their wooden capital, and especially of their wooden Houses of Parliament, where, as they remark to visitors, New Zealand has led the way in advanced legislation of various kinds. Women Suffrage, State Life Assurance, the Compulsory Purchase of Large Estates, Compulsory Arbitration (in Labour disputes), to mention only a few, are some of the important pieces of legislation which Richard Seddon, "Digger Dick," "Kumara Dick," the "Dick-tator," has, during his ten years of power, carried through.—F. S. S.

New Zealand Hot Springs Tragedy

EVERY visitor to New Zealand visits the famous hot springs, geysers, and smoking mountains that are at one and the same time the wonder, pride, and terror of the North Island. A few years ago the famous pink-and-white terraces, which were the chief glory of the district, and which formed one of the most beautiful natural objects in the world, were completely destroyed by a huge volcanic outburst, which quite changed the face of the hot lakes country. This outburst was the cause of the death of several residents; and ever since then great care has been taken. At present one of the favourite tourist resorts is a small, boiling lake, which at irregular intervals shoots a torrent of water, mud, and stones to the height, occasionally, of 700 or 800 feet. It is the ambition of every visitor to witness one of these awesome outbursts; and, so daring —or rather foolhardy—are some of the tourists that danger-boards and other means are used to keep them at a safe distance. Even these warnings fail occasionally to prevent such a tragedy as that which happened a few days ago, when a party of three, including two young ladies, and a guide, were killed. The geyser had already shot up a small column of water, and most of the party retired to safety, but a girl with a camera was anxious to get a photo, and waited just a little bit too long; for the boiling lake shot up a tremendous discharge, and swept the whole of the venturesome four into its boiling torrent. As showing the utter recklessness of some people, it may be added that a short time previously two men crossed the boiling lake in a small boat. As the lake gives absolutely no notice of its outbursts, their utter stupidity is quite incomprehensible. New Zealand is, all over, the scene of constant volcanic activity, and earthquakes are so common as to cause little commotion. Parts of the islands are sinking rapidly, and other parts rising.—F. S. S.

In Search of a Capital

THERE is much trouble in Australia concerning the selection of a site for the Federal capital. Originally some twenty sites—all, according to the constitution, in the State of New South Wales—were inspected; and these, after being visited by members of both Houses of the Federal Parliament, were referred to an outside expert committee. This committee classified the sites, giving each marks for various points, such as climate, water-supply, accessibility, and so on. The result of this report was to place Tumut, a small town half-way between Sydney and Melbourne; Albury, on the Victoria, New South Wales border; and Bombala, a pretty mountain town near the south-east coast, in the lead. Then Parliament began to make a final choice. After a lot of finessing, the House of Representatives chose Tumut, but a tangle was created by the Senate selecting Bombala. At the time of writing it looks as if the whole question will be held over for the next Parliament—which is to be elected in December—but either place will make a good Federal capital. I notice that the English papers are all astray as to the pronunciation of our names. Tumut does not, as Mr. Labouchere thinks, rhyme with "summit." It is pronounced Too-mat, with the accent on the first syllable. Bombala is pronounced Bom-bah-la, with the accent on the middle syllable. But, as a matter of fact, if Tumut be the final choice, it will be given a new name. There will be a great fight over this name, and already suggestions have been showered on the heads of members of Parliament. Amongst others, Chamberlain, Alexandra, Barton, Wentworth, and Flinders have been suggested. Wentworth was one of the most famous of our early governors, and Flinders was the most famous of our early navigators—Cook excepted (for obvious reasons his name hasn't been suggested). But both Flinders and Wentworth are already important geographical terms out here, and Wentworth is the name of an important New South Wales town on the Murray. It is pretty certain that the new name—if Tumut be chosen —will be of Australian interest, and that is about all that is certain in the whole matter.—F. S. S.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Rainfall, Sun-spots and Magnetic Storms

In the month of October last a large group of spots came into view on the surface of the sun, and when it was carried past the centre of the disc at the end of the month, in consequence of the rotation of our great luminous globe, telegraphic communication was made impossible over lines in many parts of the world, brilliant auroras were seen, and the delicate compasses at magnetic observatories trembled violently. Though by no means unique, the phenomena gave such decided evidence of sympathy between solar and terrestrial affairs, that it seemed reasonable to hold sun-spots responsible for the exceptionally bad weather experienced last year. Even if this could be proved to be the case, little satisfaction could be obtained from the knowledge, for the discovery of the cause of a superabundance of wet days does not carry with it a means of reformation. We have to accept the weather which reaches us whether we like it or not, unless we can migrate to more sunny climates; and if sun-spots are responsible for the weather, well, there is nothing more to be said, for we can do nothing to alter them.

The influence of locality must be borne in mind in considering any relationship between solar action and terrestrial weather. Even in the British Isles the average amount of rain which falls in a year differs very greatly in different parts of the country. The wettest place is Seathwaite, in Cumberland, where the average rainfall is 130 inches, and then in order comes Killarney with 57 inches; Ashburton, Devonshire, 51 inches; Falmouth, 42 inches; and Londonderry, 40 inches. The lowest average is about 23 inches; and among the places which receive this amount in a year are Margate and Lowestoft on the east coast of England, and Apsley Guise and Hodsock in the Midlands. The average rainfall of the whole of England and Wales is about 34 inches per annum, and as an inch of rain represents about 100 tons of water to the acre, it may be said that the rain which falls upon England and Wales in a year would supply each acre with about 3400 tons of water. The variations in the amount of rainfall in different parts of our country are, however, very small in comparison with those found in other parts of the world. Thus, at the wettest place in the world, Cherrapunji, situated on the Khasi Hills, two hundred miles north of the Bay of Bengal, the average rainfall is nearly 500 inches, and as much rain will fall in a day as is received at most places in the British Isles in a year. It is well to remember this when the rainfall at home last year is being passed in review.

The rainfall statistics for the whole of the British Isles in 1903 are not yet available, but there is little doubt they will show an excess over those of any previous year. The wettest year of the nineteenth century, so far as the whole country is concerned, was 1872, when the rainfall for the country was 49 inches: and the next wettest was 1852; but the rainfall of last year must have exceeded both these records. London, with an average rainfall of 25 inches, received nearly 40 inches, and most parts of our islands have similar excesses to report.

Observations not only supply precise evidence of variations of rainfall, but also of a cycle of wet and dry seasons. Dry periods, common to all parts of the world, occurred in the years 1856—1870 and 1886—1902; and wet periods in 1841—1855 and 1871—1885. The interval between two successive dry periods and two successive wet periods is on the average about thirty-five years, so that according to this cycle of weather we are only just beginning a succession of wet seasons.

A cycle of about the same duration is exhibited by certain solar phenomena. Dark spots frequently appear on the surface of the sun, some so small as only to be visible through a good telescope, and others so large that they can be discerned with the unaided eye. These spots are but transient blemishes on the sun's luminous surface, being analogous to storms in the earth's atmosphere, and they are carried around by the sun's rotation on its axis, the complete spin taking a little less than a month, so that if a spot lasts a month it is visible for about half that time on the hemisphere of the sun turned towards us. Records of the spots on the sun have been kept for many years, and they show in an unmistakable manner that the amount of spottedness varies from year to year. In some years sun-spots are "few and far between," while in others scarcely a week passes without one or more spots being visible. It has been established beyond any doubt that there is a periodic increase and decrease in the proportion of spotted surface of the sun year by year, the complete cycle having a duration of a little more than eleven years. At the end of last century few sun-spots were seen, but since then they have been increasing, and they are likely to go on increasing for a year or so. There will then be a gradual decline until about the year 1911, when a comparatively calm epoch will again be reached.

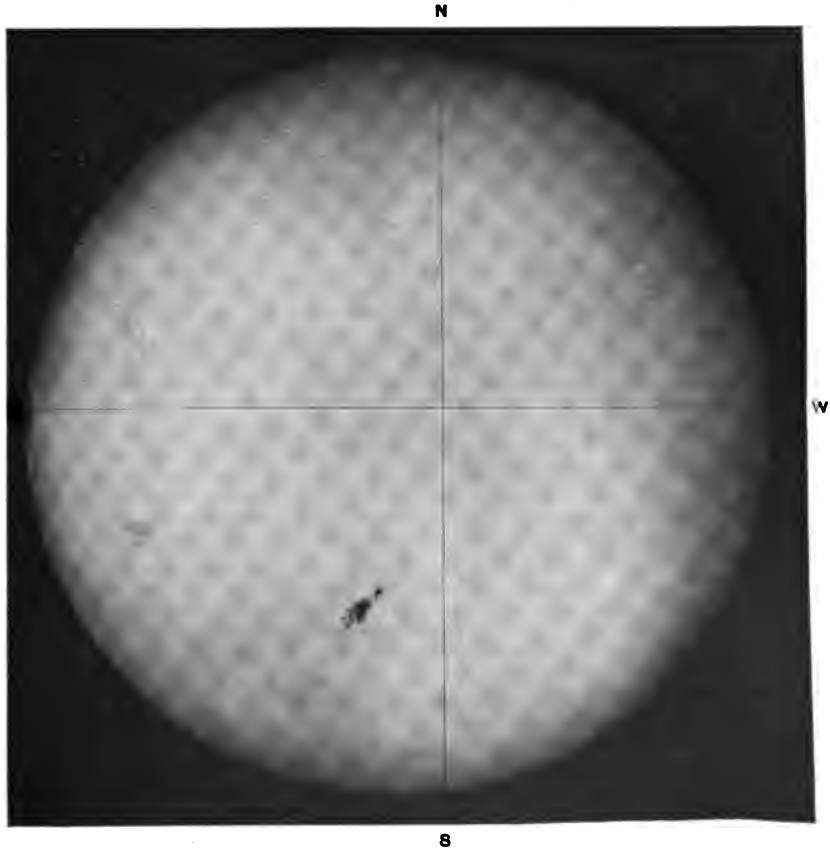
Solar activity thus waxes and wanes in a period of about eleven years, but no two of those periods are exactly alike. If, however, three successive periods are taken, representing a cycle of about thirty-three years, a repetition

of characteristics can be distinguished, that is to say, in any year the sun is roughly in the same condition as it was thirty-three years before, or the sun is now in about the same condition as it was in the early seventies of last century. As has been remarked already, the year 1872 was a very wet year, and we know that last year, that is, thirty-one years later, deserved the same reputation. We are thus provided with a definite bond of relationship between solar and terrestrial cycles; both the sun and the earth giving evidence of the existence of a cycle of change having a duration of thirty-five years, more or less.

As the sun's storms and the earth's rains seem to suggest some sympathetic connexion between the two bodies, it is not remarkable that a large group of sun-spots should be held responsible for bad weather. By the kindness of Mr. W. H. M. Christie, the Astronomer Royal, a photograph of the large cluster of spots which was brought into view on the sun in the middle of October last is here reproduced. The weather was no worse when this group was visible than it was in other parts of the year, yet some of the daily papers seemed to find consolation in the belief that the cause of the wet of 1903 had at last been found. There is really no evidence of our weather being influenced by the appearance of individual sun-spots; and if any connexion could be traced we should expect the meteorological conditions to be affected over the whole world and not only over our own islands.

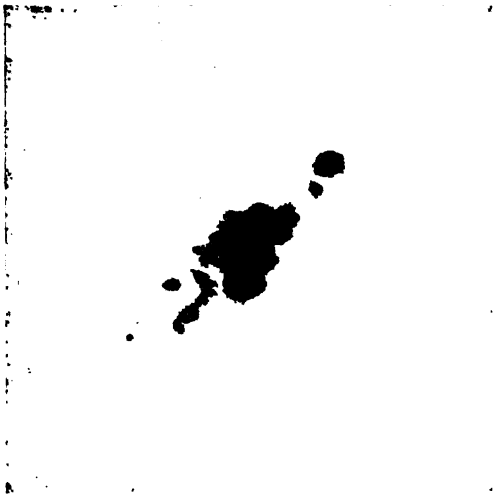
The connexion between solar activity and terrestrial magnetism is much more definite than between it and meteorological phenomena. At the Greenwich and Kew Observatories, and elsewhere, sensitive magnets have their positions automatically recorded throughout the day and year. An examination of these records shows that the magnets are continually swinging slightly to the east or west of the north and south line; and when successive years are compared the deviation is found to become more pronounced as sun-spots become more frequent, to be at its greatest when the sun is in the most active part of the cycle, and then to diminish as the sun settles down to a calmer condition. There is perfect sympathy between the throbbing of the magnets and the spottedness of the sun, and the two effects keep in unison step by step throughout the complete cycle of eleven years.

As variations of the earth's magnetism and the sun's spots are thus so intimately connected, it is to be expected that violent changes on the sun should be accompanied by decided disturbances of compass needles. In a few cases the expectation has been realised, the large group of spots of October last being one of the most noteworthy of these instances. When the group was passing across the central meridian of the sun at the end of October, magnetic needles experienced



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN OBTAINED AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, ON OCT. 26, 1903

Reproduced by kind permission of the Astronomer Royal.



ENLARGEMENT OF A GROUP OF SUN-SPOTS

From a photograph taken at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, on Oct. 26, 1903. Reproduced by kind permission of the Astronomer Royal.

exceptionally strong movements, the range of the swing of compasses from one side to the other of a north and south direction being nearly three degrees.

These irregular disturbances of terrestrial magnetism are termed "magnetic storms," so that apparently the sun was "caught in the act" of causing commotion last October. A similar case occurred eleven years earlier, in 1892, and a few others have been recorded. But many large sun-spots have appeared without causing the magnets to flutter, while on the other hand violent magnetic storms have been recorded when only a few spots have been visible on the side of the sun facing the earth. It cannot therefore be said that sun-spots cause magnetic storms merely because a great group of spots happens to be visible when the needles are disturbed. Great commotions can and do occur upon the sun without giving rise to any dark spots, and if we had an intimate knowledge of these occurrences we should probably find that they are more closely related to the disturbance of our magnets than the visible sun-spots. By a fortunate coincidence, Professors Callendar and Fowler observed a violent storm on the sun at the end of October, when the magnetic storm on the earth and this outburst was probably more closely connected with the disturbances of our magnets than the group of dark spots.

Auroral displays seem to be connected with the sun in much the same way as magnetic disturbances. The number of auroras seen from year to year varies with the frequency and extent of sun-spots, being greatest when the sun is most active and least when it is in the calm part of its eleven-year cycle. Moreover, brilliant auroras are usually seen when magnetic storms occur, as was the case in October last. This connexion is to be expected if it is remembered that auroras are due to discharges of electricity in the upper regions of the earth's atmosphere. Whatever influence disturbs the earth's electrical condition must also affect its magnetic state, and auroras give us evidence of the former, while the shivering of magnets enables the latter to be detected.

With the auroras and magnetic storms of October there were remarkable disturbances of telegraph wires and cables all over the world. This was only a natural consequence of the disturbance of the earth's electrical and magnetic condition.

During the prevalence of brilliant auroras the telegraph lines generally become unmanageable. The electrical action which produces the aurora develops electric currents in the wires, and hence causes a motion of the telegraph instruments similar to that which is employed in telegraphing. This movement, being frequent and irregular, renders it impossible to transmit intelligible signals while it occurs. During severe thunder-storms the electricity of the atmosphere affects the wires in a similar manner, and often renders communication by telegraph quite impracticable. The only difference between the two effects is that during a thunder-storm there is a sudden and strong disturbance when a lightning discharge occurs, but during auroras a steady flow of electricity occurs which may last half-an-hour, and even be employed as a substitute for the voltaic battery in transmitting telegraph messages.

Though commotions on the sun may be associated with auroras and magnetic storms, and though sun-spots, magnetic tremors, and auroras keep time in the same cycle of eleven years, rising and falling together in almost perfect unison, we are not justified in stating that the sun-spots cause the electrical and magnetic disturbances on the earth, any more than we are in concluding that the tremors of our magnets cause sun-spots to appear. Possibly both the sun and the earth are under some outside influence and respond to its action in different ways, but here we enter the region of speculation, and we can only say that if the sun is not actually the cause of variations of the earth's electricity and magnetism, nothing is as yet known of the nature of the influence responsible for them.

Varieties

His Early Training

"A TWO-CENT stamp, please," said the lady at the stamp window of the post-office. "Yes, madam," replied the new clerk, who had just graduated from a department store; "will you take it with you or have it sent?"—*Chicago News.*

Free Trade and Protection

"FISCUS" writes to us in reply to G. P.'s query on Free Trade and Protection in our November number:—"The point G. P. misses is one that our Free Trade politicians mostly miss in their arguments. It is simply the fact that even if, as in the problem suggested, the *consumer* pays the duty, that by no means implies that the *country* has paid any more. The *country* has not paid anything but *what goes to the other country concerned.* Thus, in our problem:—Under Free Trade England makes goods and delivers in America at a cost of £100. She sells the goods to America for £110, making £10 clear profit, *which is paid by America.* Under the tariff she makes goods and delivers at same cost, but before she is allowed to sell them she *pays to America* £50 in duties, and collects it again through the consumer together with the £100 cost and only £1 profit, so that all that America has actually paid to England is £101, leaving her £9 the richer and England £9 poorer."

Commander Peary and the North Pole

COMMANDER PEARY'S thrilling story, told before the Royal Geographical Society last November, will never be forgotten by those who heard it. For four and a half years, as Sir Clements Markham said, he had been pegging away at the terrible ice. In his first winter, 1898–1899, he had to have eight of his toes amputated after frost-bite. The photograph of the scene at the erection of the cairn erected by him on the most northerly point of Greenland, first discoverd by him, was most striking. There were representatives of three races—Peary himself the Caucasian, his faithful negro servant the African, and the Eskimo the Mongolian. Then the United States flag, worked by an American woman's hand, was attached to an oar belonging to the British ship *Windward.*

He is quite confident of being able to reach the Pole. Making Grant Land his base, he says that the distance from its northern shore to the Pole is less than the average air line of his four journeys already made. He proposes to start next July, and to have his ship on the northern shore of Grant Land by September 1. He would winter there, and then start with the first of returning daylight in February 1905, to cross the Polar ice-pack to the Pole and back again.

Astronomical Notes for January

WITH this month we again begin a new year. It is the first leap year for eight years, or since 1896, and there will be no other break in their regular succession for two hundred years. By the old Julian reckoning of the calendar every year subsequent to the Christian year which was divisible by 4 without remainder was considered a leap year and had 29, instead of 28, days in February. But as this assumed that the year contained 365¼ days, whereas it really falls short of that amount by about eleven minutes, Pope Gregory XIII. in the year 1582 decreed that at the end of three centuries out of four a leap year should be dropped; if the year is divisible by 100 without remainder, it is *not* a leap year unless it is also divisible by 400. This rule was adopted in England in 1752, a sufficient number of days being omitted to make the dates correspond with the Gregorian usage on the Continent. The years 1800 and 1900 therefore were not leap years, but 2000 will be, so that there will not again be an exception to each fourth year being a leap year until A.D. 2100.

And now for our notes on January 1904. The Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises on the 1st day of this month at 8h. 8m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 58m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 8h. 5m., and sets at 4h. 10m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 57m., and sets at 4h. 26m. He will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd. The Moon will be Full at 5h. 47m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 3rd; in her Last Quarter at 9h. 10m. on the evening of the 9th; New at 3h. 47m. on the afternoon of the 17th; and in her First Quarter at 8h. 41m. on the evening of the 25th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, half-an-hour after noon on the 4th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, at an hour before midnight on the 19th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the morning of the 1st, and will be visible in the evening during the first week of the month, situated in the constellation Capricornus; but he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 17th, and become visible in the morning towards the end of the month in the constellation Sagittarius. Venus is a morning star, moving during the month from the constellation Scorpio into Sagittarius; she will pass due north of the red star Antares on the 11th, and very near Mu Sagittarii (a star of the fourth magnitude) on the 31st. Mars is in Capricornus, and is not conspicuous, setting about two hours after sunset. Jupiter is in Pisces, passing from due south of the star Kappa in that constellation to very near Iota, which is of nearly the fourth magnitude; by the end of the month he sets a little before 9 o'clock in the evening. Saturn is in Aquarius, and will cease this month to be visible, being in conjunction with the Sun early in February.

W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

Unorthodox Characters in Popular Fiction

"A BOOK is either worth nothing or it is worth much." As this is a quotation from a high authority, it is unnecessary to defend its premisses. The value of a book, like the beauty of an individual, is in great measure a matter of the eye of the beholder. That is good which helps our advance, that is beautiful which gives us joy. The books which we remember and discuss with ourselves or others long after they have been perused and laid aside, are those which have been strong enough and true enough throughout, or here and there, to add something to the population of the reader's mental world.

The intellectual young Russian peasant who writes under the name of Maxim Gorky, in one of his short stories challenges himself, denounces his own art as he practises it, and says, "When will you stop depicting the shells and simulacra of things? when will you treat of what matters? when will you speak of the fretting soul and of the necessity of regenerating the spirit?"

As a rule that is left to theologians, the writer of fiction seldom touches on mental problems. But a few have done so, and in thinking over the very limited list of the works of these, one thing strikes the reader as curious. In four outstanding works of fiction which deal with problems older than the days of Job, problems which at some time have pressed on every human being who is higher in the scale of life than the ox in the stall, the writer in each case crushes the unhappy character who ventures to diverge from general opinion under overwhelming disaster, even where obviously the writer's sympathies are with the burdened seeker after truth.

Robert Elsmere dies after becoming a Unitarian, having been a Trinitarian; John Ward, not unorthodox himself, but only the possessor of an unorthodox wife, dies too, if I remember aright; the heroine in *The Story of an African Farm* goes to the bad and dies; Waldo, who had shared all her childish doubts and aspirations, dies too in desolation; and most striking of all curious forms of development, Markham Sutherland, in *The Nemesis of Faith*, not only dies, but dies under such circumstances, though he had broken no law human or divine as far as the reader can see, that his historian says, "No living being was left behind him upon earth who would not mourn over the day which brought life to Markham Sutherland."

Beyond doubt the unorthodox in matters of creed suffered crushings and killings twenty or more years ago, from which happily the person who to-day wants to feel for himself the stepping-stones to which he is about to entrust his safety is exempt. There were martyrs a quarter of a century ago, though they did not suffer at the stake; it is not to the death of the sceptic—who in the cases under consideration was always profoundly and anxiously sincere—that exception must be taken, it is the condition of mental, physical, and moral weakness into which writers so able as James Anthony Froude and Olive Schreiner permit their characters to fall, because apparently they cannot assent to certain details in century-old creeds, which they regard as untrue to life and experience. People do not go to the bad or die young because they have been obliged to say, "I cannot endorse all my fathers held in matters of faith," or have cried with Zophar, "Canst thou by searching find out God?"

Between *The Nemesis of Faith* and *The Story of an African Farm* there is a curious resemblance, though unquestionably the second was written without knowledge on its author's part of the first. The introductory half of each book is obviously autobiographical, each writer depicts what has certainly been an agonising personal experience, the quest of an audible word to break the eternity of silence between the seen and the unseen. Silence had been all that was vouchsafed until the record was made. Then arose the necessity to invent a termination to a history as yet but half lived; starting from the same mental standpoint, both writers traversed the same ground and arrived at an exactly similar conclusion. Both Lyndall and Markham succumb to a foolish and unnecessary affection which never for a moment convinces the reader, and both die ultimately as the easiest way out of an impossible position.

Experience can only be handled as fiction when it is so remote as to have become impersonal. One may paint a wound that still bleeds, but it must be left in the raw state, it cannot be attached to a robust creature that moves and progresses, unconscious of it. The inoculated are proof against certain dangers. In reality the prototypes of Markham and Lyndall neither wrecked themselves against the obstacles of the connubial life nor died young.

Probably every soul that lives remembers its conflict with the great darkness, remembers when it cried, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" and no answer came from the dark heavens, but such have made their sacrament of pain, and their subsequent hunger is not for flesh-pots or Dead Sea apples. Most of us know some who sought truth and found it by a way not we had indicated, and we recognise them by the scars of the wounds that have had time to heal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

Madre.—You had better advertise in a French paper. The charge is a franc and a half per line, and the letters will be taken in for you at the office of the paper. Then you had better go over and see the various establishments from which replies come. There are many nice French families in which a boy would be both happy and safe, and have excellent opportunities of learning French, but one cannot decide on these points by correspondence. If you cannot go or cannot speak French, perhaps you know some one in Paris who would investigate for you. The charges in a middle-class family are from 120 francs per month per boarder, that is the lowest, and you will find many who will ask 300. A great deal depends on the bedroom, indeed in the same house there may be a difference of 70 or 80 francs, owing altogether to the difference in the size and outlook of the sleeping-room. You can place a boy or youth very comfortably for £6 per month with an extra charge probably for lessons. The terms for these vary according to the financial ideas of the teacher. I have been asked to give six francs, five francs, and a franc and a half per hour for exactly the same amount and quality of instruction. If you cannot hear of a suitable teacher you have only to advertise again, you will have scores of replies from students of the Sorbonne and others. Here again personal investigation will be necessary. To become a student of the Sorbonne or University of Paris your son would require to have passed a public examination at home, and to have a certificate from some examining body. Without this he could not be enrolled, although he would be at liberty to attend the classes. There are no fees except the registration fee. If you cannot go to Paris and cannot advertise, you might hear of a suitable family through *The Queen* newspaper, which keeps a Travel Editor to answer questions and give information regarding places of sojourn or of education in foreign lands. Again, through *The Review of Reviews* you might be able to effect an exchange of boys for a longer or shorter period, taking a French boy into your house and sending your boy to his parents, in which case there would be little direct cost to either household beyond the travelling expenses.

EMPLOYMENTS.

Plain Betty.—Unless you have had home experience in aring poultry for the market it would be quite useless to egin in an extensive way without serving an apprenticeship n a fowl farm. But there are many of these on which you ould be taken, I feel sure, for a very moderate fee. I should ink it would require at least a year to give you practical iucation in the requirements of fowls during the different easons. The cost of incubators is easily learned. I will iquire for you if you wish. They may often be obtained econd-hand, from which the conclusion may be drawn that he first purchasers did not find them a remunerative investent. I have been told by practical people that each English owl brought to the table has cost its producer 3s., and unless ore than that can be obtained for it, it is being sold at a loss. t is hotels that are the best customers for birds at this price; oultry farmers in the neighbourhood of a fashionable watering-lace often do very well, while a large hydro proves an excellent ustomer.

Weary One.—It would be necessary to watch the morning apers for advertisements for occasional cooks which sometimes ppear, and also to advertise. Cooks by the day are usually ent out by the various cookery schools, which find engagements for their pupils. Advertisements in domestic papers would serve you. Once you had established a connexion in a ocial neighbourhood, you would probably have as many engagements as you could meet. In the first instance you might apply at hotels or restaurants for temporary work. There you would not have to cater, merely to cook, and some portion of the strain would be taken off. A good temporary cook who would ask less than the usual guinea for her services for an evening would be sure to get on well, provided she is in every way trustworthy. You might write to the Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9, Southampton Street, Holborn, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, and ask if they have such work available as you require.

Artist.—You should submit specimens of your drawings in pen and ink to the several editors of publications that issue black and white pictures. If your work strikes them as very good, you may get some commissions to supply illustrations. The smaller women's papers, those at 1*d.*, have an extensive demand for small sketches to decorate the margins of pages. These offer the readiest opening. I cannot say what the remuneration would be in these cases, but I should think not much. For high prices you would have to submit better work to the illustrated large weeklies. Unluckily for artists, photographs are now extensively used for purposes of reproduction. Your coloured pictures you might submit to the Christmas card firms, such as Raphael Tuck's. By the bye, some of these firms offer prizes for competition to the best artists in that particular genre. I hardly think Christmas card designing is what it was some years ago; the "private" card, which has no artistry about it, spoiled in some measure the market for the higher-priced picture card, and now illustrated post-cards are also used to bear the Christmas message. I believe the selection of designs begins soon after the New Year, and most cards for the following Christmas are printed about midsummer.

LITERARY.

Bridge of Don.—As there is no signature to your letter I hope you will recognise the answer by the name of your post town. Your sketch is sympathetic and nicely written, and would, I think, be likely to find a publisher among magazine editors. But you have not put an end to your narrative, and the reader is left in doubt whether or not the old woman earned her reward, or if the farmer afforded her a second experience in rogues. There are no rules regarding MSS. submitted to this section of *The Leisure Hour*, except one—that they shall be reasonably short. It is, however, assumed that people writing to the literary department are among our regular subscribers. It is frank of you to state that you got the address off a number at the railway bookstall, but such informal introductions have been known ere this to result in prolonged intimacies. *The Leisure Hour* circulates extensively on the Continent. I recently saw it and *The Girls' Own Paper* at several bookstalls in Paris, and in Rome on the occasion of an earlier visit.

Marna.—Your story is such rubbish that it is not possible even to point out its defects. It is all defects.

E. O. C.—You have probably written fiction and submitted it to me as fact, to see if it will impress me with its life-likeness. If you have told me facts I beg your pardon; it will be easier for both of us, and more natural, if I treat them as fiction. The writing has an emotional quality that is rather noteworthy, an effect which is increased by the narration being made in the first person. But your heroine commits an abominable action in marrying a man that his money may relieve the pecuniary necessities of her family. A generation ago cheap fiction taught the opposite: it was considered praiseworthy to accept a man's heart because he could pay for Johnnie's education and clear off that debt that pressed so heavily on poor mamma, and the brave creature that married with this filial and fraternal intention could thenceforward act a tragic part until death enabled her to marry some one younger and handsomer. But since imprisonment for debt has been abolished the urgency of such barter is over; poor mamma would not now be sent to jail, no matter how much she owed, and the heroic daughter's sacrifice ceases to be urgent. To marry a man for the purpose of annexing his possessions is to deprive him of the possibility of being married for love; she who does it is a thief and a perjurer besides. From this point of view the wife deserves no sympathy, even when the husband becomes what she politely calls a heartless brute. Would there have been any use for his affections had he possessed such? Few people are wholly bad, but most people are more sensitive to the atmosphere of approval or disapproval surrounding them than the dullard would be likely to imagine; and a multitude of people have the curious habit of answering to opinion, and becoming for the time being what those about them think they are. I do not believe even Galahad could have maintained the knightly mien with a wife who spoke of him to herself and others as a heartless brute. Again, this is not the language of decent women, and those who want sympathy either for themselves or their creations must endeavour to speak otherwise. As to the sympathetic soul that may sometimes be found in the person of another man, especially when he is another woman's husband, there is no suggestion in literature more abhorrent. There are conceivable cases where some excuse might be possible, but in the main such intimacies are furtive, disintegrating, degrading, they gnaw at the root of the tree of life. You cannot make a good story out of the like of that. If you must write on such lines, please, please do not drag Providence into the narrative, or imply that He will interfere to remove an objectionable husband and an inconvenient wife, so that Lilith and Percy may wed. Percy, who seems to be only a noodle, poor man, would get a very bad bargain, so I hope in all politeness that the story is mere invention.

Eva, Bristol.—An amiable and pious spirit infuses your verses, but they are not very striking, nor are they characterised by anything novel in thought or diction. The best set of verses are those beginning "Thou'rt tired"; these have some vitality. That entitled "O Death, where is thy sting?" has also merit, though your view of the Peace Messenger is quite different from mine. I cannot recall having ever thought Death anything but beautiful, the stateliest of all the angels.

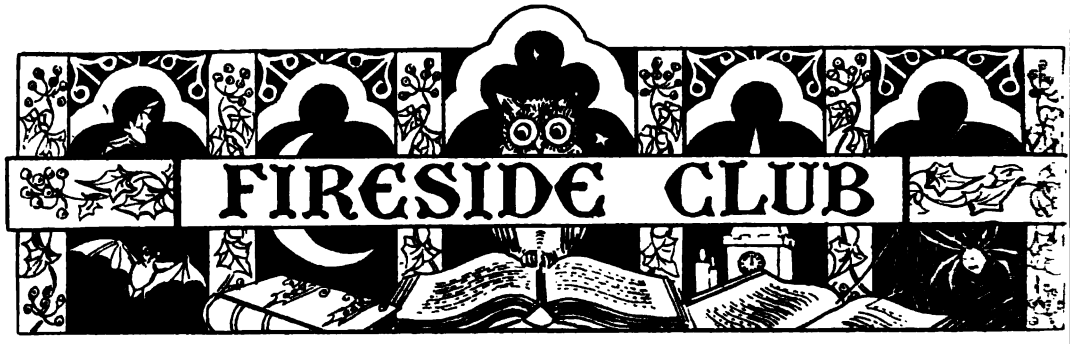
PERSONAL.

A. B. C.—What you are paid is not sufficient to live on, and in view of your training you are qualified to earn more. There is a great advantage in being with an employer whom one likes and believes in, and if you lived on the premises I should hesitate to advise you to leave, but living by yourself it is indispensable that you be able to meet your current expenses. If the lady cannot increase your salary, and if it is so very inadequate, delay will not improve matters. If a neighbour's children joined with hers in taking lessons of you, that would meet the case for both of you. I fear business life is not any better paid, while the teacher's life is certainly safer and more dignified.

Careful.—Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons, 26, King Street, Covent Garden, London, are a well-known firm of wardrobe auctioneers. Where left-off clothing is sent to be sold in this way, it is well to make it up into various parcels, according to the kind of the garments and their quality, otherwise they may be lumped in one lot, and disposed of at a good deal less than their value. I have heard it said that flimsy things, such as summer or evening dresses, realise much more in view of their original cost than substantial warm garments. The latter can be usefully disposed of (if given gratis) by the Salvation Army, which anticipates a severe winter and many appeals from the poor. *A propos de bottes*, I wonder how it is that England's workless people are steadily on the increase. Perhaps you know; I think I do.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.



SEARCH QUESTIONS

Certain Cities

1. "Shall Athens sink, drop into dust, and die?"
2. "The very night is clinging
   Closer to Venice' streets."
3. "I know Assisi, this is holy ground."
4. "Grave Madrid, all fire and shine."
5. "Yonder sober, pleasant Fiesolé."
6. "Make Paradise of London if you can,
   You're welcome, nay, you're wise."

In which of Robert Browning's Poems *are these cities so described? A Prize of* Five Shillings *offered for first correct answer.*

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Third of Nine

"*I* can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,—
By telling truth."

1. "Well read in poetry,
   And other books,—good ones, *I* warrant ye."
2. "Little shall *I* grace my cause,
   In speaking for myself."
3. "A discontented gentleman,
   Whose humble means match not *his* haughty spirit."
4. "Were *my* worth, as in my conscience, firm,
   You should find better dealing."
5. "*I* speak of Africa, and golden joys."
6. "Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
   I doubt not —— of our victory."
7. "A milksop, one that never in *his* life
   Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow."

Find the initial of the omitted word in Light 6, *and of all the names referred to in the other quotations. Give Act and Scene for each reference.*

Five Guineas' worth of prizes for correct answers to the series of Acrostics. Competitors only joining now may send in answers to First and Second, along with Third. Each answer must be signed by a short "nom-de-plume." Scores will be printed from time to time—one mark being awarded for each light. All answers must be received by the 15*th inst.*

ON THE BOOK TABLE

(Books received: MR. MACINTYRE'S *Giordano Bruno*, Macmillan, 10*s*. J. BRIERLEY'S *Problems of Living*, Clarke, 6*s*. DR. MACKENZIE'S *Getting one's Bearings*, Revell & Co., 3*s*. 6*d*. A. LANG'S *Crimson Fairy Book*, 6*s*. A. S. WINSTON'S *Memoirs of a Child*, 2*s*. 6*d*.—both from Longmans. F. C. SPARHAWK'S *Honor Dalton*, 6*s*. G. LORIMER'S *Master of Millions*, 6*s*.—both from Revell & Co. HESBA STRETTON and H. L. SYNNOT'S *Good Words from the Apocrypha*, Skeffingtons, 2*s*. 6*d*. P. Gibbs' *Knowledge is Power*, Arnold, 3*s*. 6*d*. J. OXENHAM'S *Barbe of Grand Bayou*, Hodder & Stoughton, 6*s*. CUTLIFFE HYNE'S *McTodd*, Macmillan, 6*s*. H MACGREGOR'S *Souter's Lamp*, Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 6*s*.)

Mr. MacIntyre's book consists of two portions: life of *Giordano Bruno*, with special reference to those years spent in England, and a study of the philosophy for which he died a martyr on the *Campo di Fiori* at Rome in February 1600, at the age of fifty-two. In his fifteenth year he had taken the habit of St. Dominic, but as his mind grew with his stature, his vows became as fetters, and fourteen years later, when charges of heresy threatened to take shape against him, he abandoned his monkish dress, resumed his baptismal name, and began those itinerant teachings of his philosophy through Europe which were only to end with his freedom. There was no security in the sixteenth century for any one bold enough to call in question views accepted by the majority, and sanctioned by the Church. In an evil day Bruno was drawn to Venice, by the specious invitation of a would-be pupil, who was, as it proved, but a decoy of the Inquisition. Arraigned before the Holy Office, says his biographer, "he proceeded to give an admirable statement of his philosophical creed which might well have fired the hearts of his judges." These judges, however, had already settled his fate—Rome demanded him, and accordingly, like the great apostle, to Rome he was sent as a prisoner. After seven years' inexplicable delay and imprisonment there, his trial was concluded, and he was handed over to the secular Governor of Rome with the usual recommendation that he be punished "with as great clemency as possible, and without effusion of blood"—the formula for being burned at the stake. "Greater perhaps is your fear in pronouncing my sentence than mine in hearing it," he said to a former pupil who was amongst his judges, and went calmly to death. "That for which he died was not any special cult or any special interpretation of Scripture or history, but a broad freedom of thought with the right of free interpretation of history and of nature, which in his own case was founded upon a philosophy, one of the noblest that has been thought out by man." Modern Italy, tardily reversing the verdict of the mediæval Church, has erected a statue to his memory on the place where he suffered.

Mr. MacIntyre's book will take its place as the standard authority upon Bruno and his teaching—and to it we would refer students of philosophy.

Mr. Brierley (better known as J. B.) writes to the point on many *Problems of Living*. Those who study the questions he deals with, whether for

their own learning only, or because they must go further and teach, will recognise with thankfulness that he is no *cliché* monger, he has done more than handle the already well-pawed outer husk of his problems—he has got at the heart of them. "Much of what is written here," he says, "is an effort at re-statement." He is like a teacher who takes the slate covered with symbols half effaced by corrections and tears, and cleans it. How he works out, after re-stating such problems as *Life's Refusals*, *Our Wilderness Side*, *Religion's Silences*, and *The Moral Impossibles* (to name a few among many wise chapters), those interested are advised to read for themselves.

In *Getting One's Bearings* we have a volume of popular ethics—so axiomatic, trite and commonplace in style as scarcely to justify publication. Truisms may be usefully reiterated from the pulpit to illiterate hearers; but there ought to be a limit to the reprinting of them in book form.

Mr. Henry Ford's pictures in the *Crimson Fairy Book* are the loveliest things of their kind we have seen. The very end papers, delicate outline drawings of *Morning* and *Night*, call for repeated study, and one is proud, in admiring such of the colour plates as *Ilonka*, *She came smiling*, or *Sigurd and Helga by the Lake*, to think that these fine harmonies of colour were not made in Germany, but engraved and printed by English skill, at Bushey. To say that the fairy tales Mr. Lang has gathered and edited for this latest volume of his popular series are well worthy of these illustrations, is high praise.

Alice Winston's *Memoirs of a Child* is a delicate study of a child's first impressions of people and things in nursery days. There is much of a wild-flower grace about these memories, with a careful avoidance of exaggerated or heightened effects which makes them worthy of a place on the shelf beside the books of Mrs. Ewing and Kenneth Graham. Choosing at random, this passage from the chapter on Playthings has a musing charm. "In the mere outshining of light from within there was . . . something as it were vitalising to an object. This, and the added delight of colour, made Japanese lanterns, or still more perhaps candle-lit pasteboard boxes, fantastically cut out and lined with brilliant-hued tissue paper, seem to the child wonderfully beautiful. There was joy too in the thought that, as one carried them around after dusk in one's hand, one was in that deliciously careless way carrying fire in paper, which was thrilling to think of . . . also a vague feeling that fire itself had grown tame and friendly; and this was very pleasant."

Honor Dalton is a soundly-written and interesting story, whose characters develop during its course—and have sufficient life and variety to sustain the interest they attract from the first.

In the *Master of Millions* Mr. Lorimer describes the return of a public-spirited millionaire, disguised in a shabby appearance of poverty, to the friends and country of his youth. The story is melodramatic to an unwonted degree—one subsidiary character, to take an instance, being described as "of gigantic build, nearly seven feet in height, whose form at once suggested the Farnesian Hercules and the Apollo Belvedere, and whose head might have served as a model for an ideal Plato." Through some six hundred pages in language as lavish, a host of oddly-named people and unusual incidents are portrayed, confusing the reader's attention by their superabundance. Mr. Lorimer suffers from the rare fault of having too much to say—both his style and matter could be greatly improved by slashing excisions.

The compilers of *Good Words from the Apocrypha* have brought together some spiritual and more worldly wisdom, together with sentences of nature-poetry from the fourteen books of the Apocrypha; such as: "*Blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words when thou givest anything.*" "*A man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower.*" "*Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God and could not out of the good things that are seen know Him that is. For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures, proportionably the Maker of them is seen.*" The fine description of snow *as birds flying*, etc., is too well known to quote, as also the companion picture of the rainbow which ends with "*and the hands of the Most High have bended it.*" These and other sayings of great beauty are included in this little book, which should be in the hands of all who do not possess the Apocrypha itself.

Mr. Gibbs has gathered into a volume his essays from the pages of *Self Help* and other weekly papers. The scope of the volume, called *Knowledge is Power*, may be gathered from some of his opening sentences. "I propose, as far as my own experience will extend, to act as a guide along the Pilgrim's Way to Culture. . . . I want to gather round me all those young men and women who start as I started, as ignorant as an ordinary school education generally leaves one. . . . I shall show them how to avoid the snares and pitfalls on the way . . . My guidance, such as it is, will be a practical one." How the idea of this personally-conducted pilgrimage would have captivated Jim Pinkerton, that worshipper of culture! Such a "monster olio of attractions" would have taken his sympathies by storm. To speak seriously, Mr. Gibbs' book does appeal to enthusiasts of the Pinkerton type. His unhesitating opinions colloquially expressed exactly fit the measure of their need. Other readers will attach greater weight to the interspersed fruits of his experience of life, an experience as shrewdly observed as it is wide in range.

Barbe of Grand Bayou is a picturesque tale of the life of a French lighthouse-keeper's daughter, a modern daughter of Sestos, whose happier Leander, for love, successfully braves many thrilling adventures. A capital story.

In *McTodd* Mr. Cutliffe Hyne tells his stories from the skilly Scotch engineer's point of view. McTodd is not so attractive a narrator as Captain Kettle—he is an unsavoury creature, to be listened to at arm's length—but most of the tales he tells are new, of lively interest, and in particular the story of how he made the ice-bound barque *Gleaner*, 500 tons, dive from a sixty-foot ice-cliff back into the sea, is breathless reading.

The *Souter's Lamp* is the first in a volume of stories in Scottish dialect by Hector MacGregor. They are homely in theme and pathetic in treatment—revealing unsuspected wells of sentiment under that ungracious hardness of manner which is supposed to be typically Scotch. The characters strike us as being carefully drawn from life.

Our Chess Page

New Problem Tourney. Six Guineas in Prizes

Gold and Silver Medals to be won

PROBLEM TOURNEY

British Section.—Four prizes: **Two Guineas** and **One Guinea** are offered for the best three-movers, and **Fifteen Shillings** and **Livesey's New Collapsible Chessboard and Men** for the best two-movers.

Colonial and Foreign Section.—Three prizes: **Thirty-five Shillings** and **Ten Shillings** respectively are offered for the best three-movers, and **Livesey's Collapsible Chessboard and Men** for the best two-mover.

Conditions.—Problems sent in for competition must be the unaided work of the senders, and must not previously have been published, must be in diagram form, and accompanied by a *complete solution, giving all the leading variations*, clearly written in any recognised notation.

Both diagram and solution must be on one piece of paper, which must be headed by a *nom de plume*.

The name and address of each competitor must be sent in a sealed envelope with the *nom de plume* written outside.

No composer will be allowed to take more than one prize.

The last day for sending in the problems will be April 15, 1904, for all competitors.

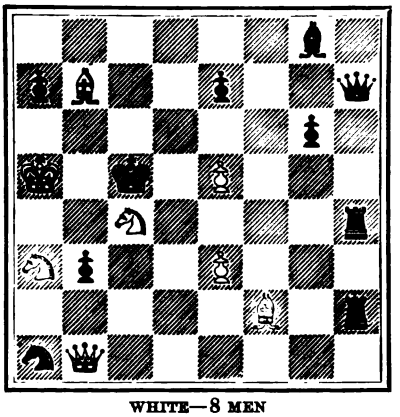
Livesey's Collapsible Chessboard, which we are offering as prizes, can hardly be too highly commended for its ingenuity and for its usefulness, especially for travellers and invalids. It folds up like a portfolio, measuring when closed 9 by 6 inches; the weight is about 9 ozs. On its being opened the men assume an upright position, as on an ordinary board, and they are so firmly fixed that no movement, however severe, can disarrange them. It is published by Messrs. Jaques and Son, at the price of 7*s.* 6*d.*

Gold and Silver Medals

We are offering two medals, one Gold and one Silver, to the two of our readers who are most successful in solving all the problems, whether given in special competitions or not, to be published during the year, November 1903 to October 1904.

No. 7.—By Percy Healey.

BLACK—10 MEN

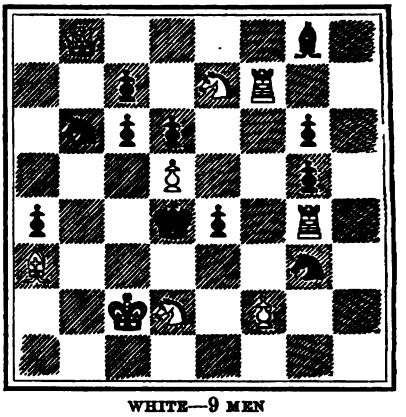


WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 8.—By Percy Healey.

BLACK—11 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

For conditions see *The Leisure Hour* for November or December.

For the Medals Competition solutions to the above problems (Nos. 7 and 8) must be sent in before February 15, 1904.

An amusing game played at the City of London Chess Club :—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. S. J. Stevens.	Mr. X——.	Mr. S. J. Stevens.	Mr. X——.
P—K 4.	P—K 4.	Kt—B 8.	P—B 5.
Kt—K B 3.	Kt—Q B 3.	B—B 2.	P—Q Kt 3
B—B 4.	Kt—B 3.	Kt—Q 5.	B—Kt 2.
Castles.	B—B 4.	R—K 1.	P—B 6.
P—Q B 3.	Castles.	Kt—K 7 ch.	K—R 1.
P—Q 4.	P×P.	P×P.	B×P.
P—K 5.	Kt—K 1.	Q—Q 3.	P—B 4.
P×P.	B—K 2.	Q × B.	R—B 3.
P—Q 5.	Kt—R 4.	Kt—Kt 5.	Q—K 1.
B—Q 3.	P—Q B 4.	B—Kt 2.	Q—B 1.
P—Q 6.	Kt×P.	Q—K R 3.	R—K R 3.
P×Kt.	B—B 3.	Kt—Kt 6 ch.	Mate in 4 moves.

SOLVING TOURNEY (1903)

Foreign Award.

Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**:—

Arthur Charlick, Rose Park, South Australia.

Highly Commended, in order of merit:—

Mirza Kawasji Edalji (Bombay) and E. W. Damant (Montreal).

Several chess columns are calling attention to the fact that Mr. R. G. Thomson's prize two-mover, *Liliputian*, contains the same theme as a problem by Mrs. Baird which was published by us in 1901, and was also a prize-winner under the judgeship of the late Mr. E. B. Schwann. Needless to say, the coincidence is purely accidental, and, after all, there is a wide difference between the two styles of treatment.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

FAVOURITE CATS

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod

Photos by—

MRS. E. C. COPEMAN

R. J. ELDRIDGE

M. A. C. HEAD

ETHEL A. WOOD

J. CHAPMAN

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Postcard Competition: Result

MY FAVOURITE NEW BOOK.

First Prize: A Five Shilling Book:

MISS F. BURY, *c/o* 77 St. Mary's Road, Mannington, Bradford.

Two Second Prizes: A 3*s*. 6*d*. Book each:

WILLIAM COGAR, 43 Bedford Road, St. Ives; MISS G. JOHNSTON, Northlands, Winchester.

Very Highly Commended:

EDITH M. GALLAWAY, Leamington Spa; MARY C. HARWOOD, Colchester; H. BRIGGS, Andover; J. H. CRILLY, Highgate, N.; MISS PETERS, West Kensington.

Highly Commended:

MRS. H. SIMPSON, MISS WALKER, MISS F. WALKER, I. K. CAMPBELL, MRS. CATTERMOLE, FLORRIE BIRD.

The new books which were supported by the ablest statement of reasons for the choice were:

MORLEY'S *Life of Gladstone.*
Mankind in the Making. By H. G. WELLS.
Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. MERRIMAN.
Three Girls on a Ranch. By BESSIE MARCHANT.
The Roadmender. By MICHAEL FAIRLESS.
The Five Nations. By RUDYARD KIPLING.
The Life of Sir James Paget.
Under the She-Oaks. By E. BOYD BAYLY.
Gripped. By SILAS HOCKING.
Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son.

Vanity Fair and even *The Sky Pilot* could hardly be called "new books."

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A Second Prize of **Half-a-Guinea,** and
Four Third Prizes of **Half-a-Crown** each

are offered for

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

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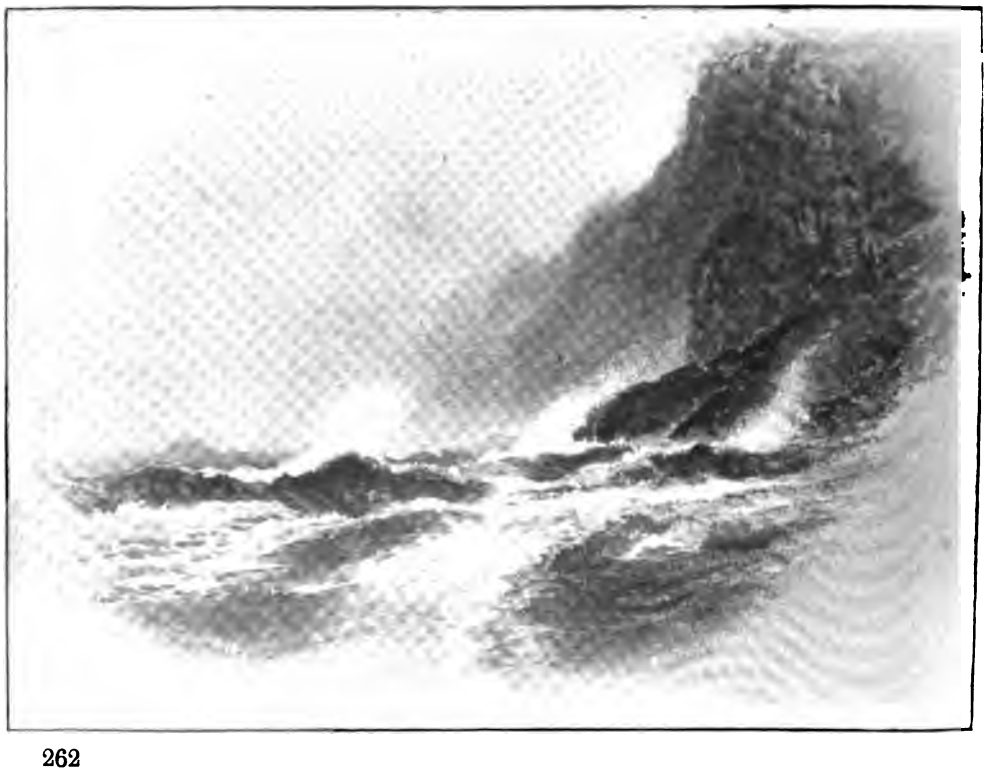
1. The postcard must be sent to a friend who does not at present purchase *The Leisure Hour.*

2. It must bear postmark, as evidence that it has actually been sent.

3. It may be sent to us either by the sender or the receiver, and must bear (in address and in signature) the names of both.

4. The postcard should give the reasons why the writer of it recommends *The Leisure Hour.*

5. It is to be enclosed in an envelope, marked on the outside *Eisteddfod*, and to be sent to the Editor, *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouverie St., London, E.C., not later than January 12, 1904.



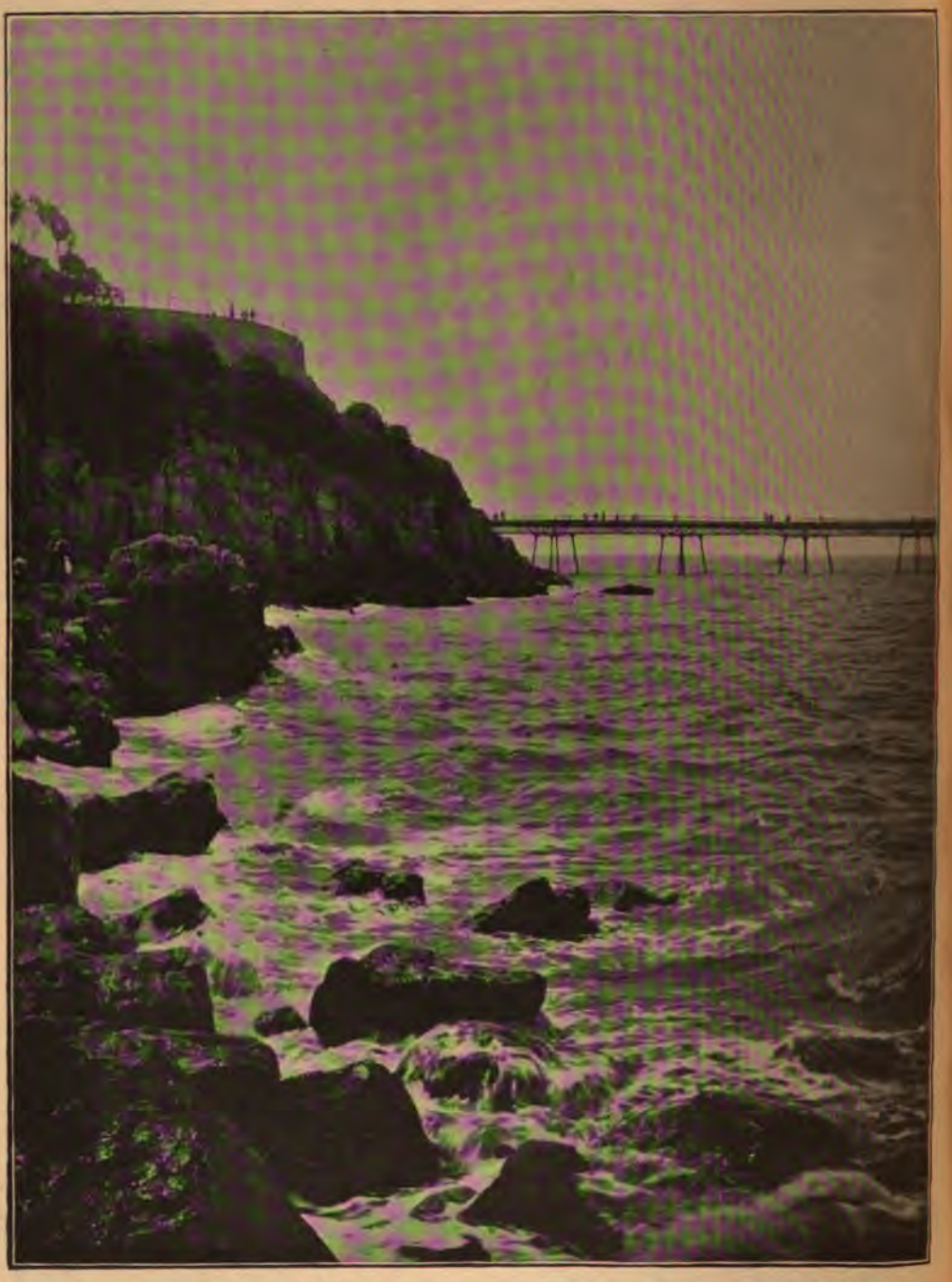
FAVOURITE DOGS

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod

"MY DOGGIE." BY R. W. COPEMAN "WAITING." BY F. GETTY

"OLIVE." BY CARRIE PERCIVAL WISEMAN

"DARBY AND JOAN." BY JOHN PALMER "DEAR OLD ROVER." BY L. M. LE MESURIER



Photo, "The Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod, by *Mrs. E. C. Copeman*

RESTLESS WAVES, WESTON-SUPER-MARE

U

Photo by E. Blair Leighton *Berlin Photographic Co.*

DIVIDED

Deep-Sea Chimæras

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," ETC.

IN the following paper it becomes necessary for me to depart almost entirely from my usual practice of drawing upon personal experience, for very obvious reasons. The extraordinary creatures of which I am about to write I have called chimæras, since their aspect is quite *outré* and startling, even horrible, enough to justify the epithet fully. And fortunately for the peace of mind of sailors the latter very rarely come in contact with them. They have their abode in varying depths of the dim and silent sea, and only of comparatively late years has any study of them been possible. The epoch-making voyage of the *Challenger* furnished the bulk of the material for Dr. Günther's magnificent work on deep-sea fishes, and since that time other nations, notably and principally the Americans, have been carrying on the same deeply interesting work. One striking result of oceanic investigation has been the establishing as a certainty that fish, highly developed and normally organised fish, can and do exist at great depths, but what those depths are cannot in the nature of things be determined with any accuracy. For the net in which these fish are caught is open all the time both descending and ascending, and consequently fish which are well known to be surface dwellers have been drawn up, much distorted, from a depth of 2000 fathoms or more. Also it follows from the method necessarily employed in their capture that great and extraordinary as are the varieties of deep-sea fish now known, there must be a very great number more who by reason of their agility or their size have never been, and can hardly be expected to be, caught. Still, of shell-fish or slow-moving species of shell-less fish a goodly harvest has been gathered from all depths even to the greatest, so that it is now known that in the most profound abysses of ocean, such as that vast chasm in the South-Pacific on the north and east of New Zealand, where a measured depth of nearly 31,000 feet has been plumbed, there is abundant life at the bottom, although it is, as far as is known, of a low order.

In these days of amazing strides in science it is extremely risky to prophesy of anything that it can never be fully investigated, but if there be one thing of which it seems safe to predict that our knowledge has almost reached its limit, it is that of life at great sea depths. For one thing, and that an exceedingly important one, such investigation can promise no great commercial or even scientific gain. Its pursuit can at the best be only rewarded by the acquisition of much curious out-of-the-way knowledge of a side of life at present involved in deepest mystery. But just because it is so mysterious, because the conditions of living at those vast depths under those amazing, almost unthinkable pressures is almost as difficult for our sense-perceptions to apprehend as those of life in Jupiter or Saturn or the Sun, so ardent seekers after new truth will undoubtedly be irresistibly attracted by what I should like to call Oceanology, the term Oceanic ichthyology being to my mind far too cumbrous for ordinary use.

It has several times been my privilege (not at all appreciated at the time) to see some very queer fish upon the sea-surface in remote parts of the ocean during long complete calms. At such times the apparent stagnation of the sea (I say apparent, because it is impossible for the sea ever to be really stagnant) has the strange effect of inducing the denizens of the lower strata to come to the surface, although how they accommodate themselves to the great changes of pressure they must experience is a matter quite beyond my comprehension. The more so as when I have been fishing at a depth of from four to six hundred feet, my victims have invariably come to the surface with everted viscera, due, without

doubt, to the sudden change of pressure upon them. But these extraordinary visitors to an upper sphere, where they stared glassily at the unfamiliar sunlight and moved sluggishly and aimlessly about as if bewildered, were in no way hampered apparently by the loss of any important internal furniture. They were never large, and many of them were of a very low order of animal, notably one, the only part of which that looked complete being its head; the body, about four feet long, ribbon-like and about four inches wide, being perfectly transparent, almost impalpably so. Through that phantom-like covering one could see every detail of the slender vertebræ, watch all the alimentary processes; indeed, it was as if by some curious process of radiography the flesh had disappeared, leaving only the scanty internal details visible. Yet the head, as I have hinted, was solid enough, and perfect in every detail, having two brilliant eyes and a well-furnished mouth of teeth. Another strange beast that I managed to capture in a drawbucket, so sluggish was he, has ever been present since to my mental vision. Many queer fish have I seen since then, both in reality and in their counterfeit presentments, but none with such a wealth of quaint decoration as this. He was about eighteen inches long, with an angular head like a gurnard and a body shaped like a haddock. So that in his general contour there was nothing particularly strange. But his colour was bright green, at least that was the ground, so to speak, of his scheme of decoration. Scattered about his body were brilliant crimson spots, mostly circular and about half-an-inch in diameter. From each of these spots there sprouted a tassel of bright blue upon a yellow stalk about one inch in length. All his fins were also extensively fringed with blue filaments, which kept up a perpetual fluttering, however still the body might be. His tail was, for his body, enormous, being quite as wide as his body was long and also fringed profusely with blue. His eyes had no speculation in them or decided colour; in fact, they had the appearance of being boiled. And over each of them protruded a yellow horn about three inches long, with a pendant tassel of blue on the end of it which dangled down at the angle of a conspicuously large mouth. And on the back of the creature rose a brilliant crimson dorsal fin running the whole length of the creature, about two inches high and terminating in a long spike running forward over his nose. This also had a blue tassel larger than any of the others dangling from it. The whole made up a *tout ensemble* that I think warrants me in giving so full a description of him.

Yet in spite of the extraordinary development both in shape and colour, the fish as a fish was not queer. Prepared for cooking he would have excited no comment. But that cannot be said of the extraordinary creatures captured and described by the members of the various expeditions that have been exploring the deep sea during this last quarter of a century. The salient note of these chimæras strikes me as being paradox. You shall find one fish of normal shape with enormous eyes, which will strike one as being indicated as necessary at those dim depths. But the next one, apparently of the same species as far as outline goes and depth of habitat, has but the rudiments of eyes, mere pin-points of black on each side of the head. Again, two fish are brought up from apparently the same depths. One has an enormous body, with corresponding stomach, and a mouth which will barely admit the little finger; the other has a body like a whipthong, or, say, a small eel, tapering to a vanishing point, and a mouth like a pelican's exactly. One fish will have a stomach large enough to contain a fish as big as himself (the stomach expanding, of course) in the usual situation for that organ; another has a maw equally large, but it is on the back! for all the world like the hump of a deformed camel. Other fish have immense tail fins, while close relatives have absolutely none, their bodies tapering off to nothing, without the vestige of a fin.

Now I am fully aware that all this sounds like the rioting of a luxuriant imagination, but the illustrations are taken from life, and I do not think they will lead any one to believe that I have exaggerated at all. And it should also be remembered that those specimens that we have, picked up as they have been in widely separated areas of ocean and at various times, are not likely to be even representative of the strange sub-oceanic life. They only afford a glimpse, as it were, into this secret realm of Nature where she has outdone herself in the fashioning of strange monsters. One other remark must be made before

proceeding to particularise some individuals; it is concerning light. Most of us know well how in the marvellous economy of nature the sea is illuminated, and that brilliantly too, by the presence of myriads of infusoria emitting phosphorescence. The slightest agitation in the sea causes these marine glow-worms or fire-flies to shed all the light they are capable of, and thus the passage of one fish is made exceedingly obvious to another, who may be pursuing him or desirous of avoiding him. But this illumination varies in degree from differing causes, and sometimes the sea is almost totally devoid of any light. It may be, too, that as this natural light is affected in degree by certain causes operating near the surface or horizontally, so it is affected by vertical position. We do not know. What we do know is that many deep-sea fish have, as it were, their own electric light installation, row upon row or group after group of tiny incandescent lamps glowing and fading at the will of their owner, rendering him invisible at will or lighting up the surrounding sea so that none of his intended victims may be hidden. These tiny glow-lamps are arranged along the sides and head of the fish in strangely regular rows or groups, each differing species that possess this system of self-illumination having them different. One thing more. In dealing with these fearsome denizens of the vasty deep I must perforce use the no-less appalling nomenclature given them by naturalists, since other names they have none. For this I hope, under the circumstances, I shall be forgiven.

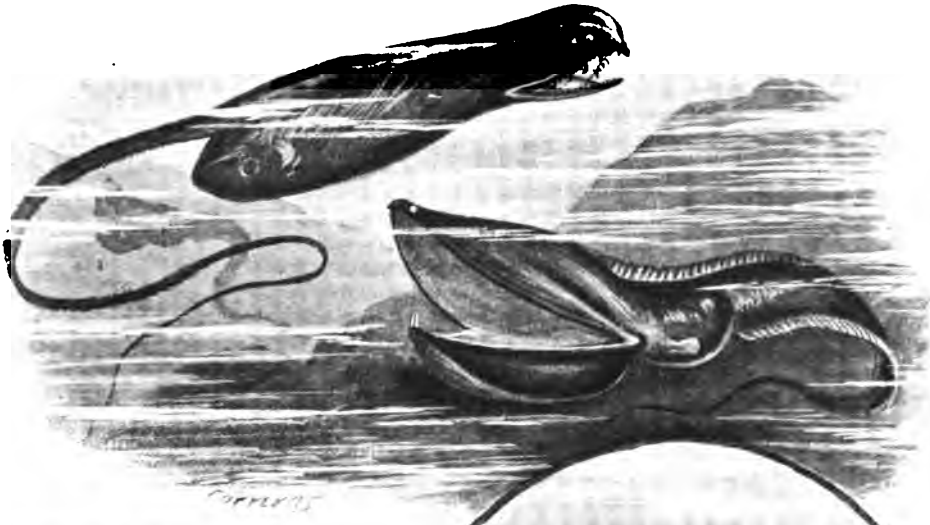
It is a commonplace with naturalists in dealing with deep-sea fish that several of their most interesting species have come fortuitously to hand. No amount of care or scientific appliances could have secured them, and but for the accident of their coming to the surface occasionally under the stress of some compulsory circumstance of which we know nothing, we should never have known of their existence. Of such is the Regalecus or Oar-fish, so called from the fact that it has the two ventral fins, which spring from the throat, if you please, just beneath the pectorals, enormously elongated, slender and with paddle-shaped terminals, as if, indeed, it had developed two oars to assist its progress through the water. But its chief claim to our notice lies in the fact that it has undoubtedly furnished forth the materials for many a sea-serpent story, as will be seen in the paper on sea-serpents later. It has been found stranded in many places round the world, in places as widely separated as England, India, and New Zealand. Dr. Günther records nearly fifty instances of its being found and carefully examined, so that its existence admits of no doubt. It has been found twenty feet in length, by about eighteen inches in depth, but very narrow in proportion. And it is more than probable that it grows very much longer than this in its mysterious haunts in the deep sea. It has a large dorsal fin extending the whole length of its body, developing at the front end into nine spines, from twelve to eighteen inches in length, which branch out diagonally forward over the creature's nose but curve backward towards the tips. Its head is insignificant compared with its body, and its curiously small mouth, not at all unlike a sturgeon's, is destitute of teeth, showing its absolute harmlessness. For some reason difficult to understand it has been called by fishermen the king of the herrings. Perhaps they connect its appearance with large catches of that useful fish, but one would have thought that the title must belong of right to the tarpon, which is a *bonâ fide* herring and sometimes scales in the vicinity of two hundred pounds. It will, I think, be readily understood that a great serpentine fish like this, totally unlike any other fish with which the ordinary fisherman or sailor is acquainted, appearing with sinuous, stealthy gliding along the sea-surface, say in the early twilight of morning, might very easily give rise, with a little quite excusable exaggeration, to a story of a sea-serpent. It will be remembered, too, that in many sea-serpent yarns the monster is represented as having a mane and oar-like fins. Here in Regalecus the conditions are favourable to such a description—the extraordinary dorsal development and the oar-shaped ventrals undoubtedly lending themselves to such a conclusion. As with the rest of the deep-sea chimæras, nothing is or can be known of the habits of the Regalecus. We can only say that it has an enormous range of habitat, lives in deep water upon small organisms, and is sometimes constrained to come to the surface, when, if near shore, its feeble powers of locomotion (I had omitted to state the tail fin is entirely absent) are not sufficient to enable it to

keep off the land. In colour the Regalecus is a silvery grey, with a few darker spots near the tail. Deep-sea fishes do not run to elaborate colourings.

The next monster down for notice is a very good specimen of the deep-sea chimæra, Chiasmodon niger. It is a veritable nightmare in appearance, being entirely black in colour, with a mouth that cleaves the head asunder laterally for its whole length, so that, vulgarly speaking, when its mouth is wide open it has no profile. This immense mouth is furnished with equally effective teeth, which are not only found in the jaws but on the palate also. Its front teeth are hooked and movable, so that while they may be pushed inward to admit of the entrance of prey, they effectually prevent it from coming out. This peculiarity is explained by a slight examination of the creature's feeding habits. It can and does swallow entire fish actually larger than itself—which sounds impossible, but it is not. For the belly of this atrocious glutton is like an india-rubber bladder which may be expanded amazingly. And consequently by dint of perseverance Chiasmodon can and does draw himself on to the body of another fish, as it were, until the visitor is snugly coiled away in that expanding bag, which, being transparent, shows plainly from the outside the position of its occupant. In other respects Chiasmodon is rather an elegant fish, quite normally fish-like, which one would hardly expect considering the great depths from which it has been brought. The *Challenger's* trawl brought up one in mid-Atlantic from a depth of 1500 fathoms, or 9000 feet. Another specimen was brought up from a depth of 312 fathoms, near Madeira. But several have been found floating upon the sea-surface, having succumbed to a very natural disaster considering their habit of gorging, namely, they have burst! And the tissues becoming inflated with gas have rapidly raised the dead mass from the immense depths in which it has lived to the revealing glare of day, to become the wonder and awe of us beings of the surface. This extraordinary creature is one of the best known and most fully described of all the abyssal fish, as it is certainly one of the most wonderful.

Two very peculiar little fish next demand notice from the fact that, although very similar in size, in outline, and in depth of habitat, they have in certain respects the most widely-marked differences imaginable. They are black, chubby creatures, with enormous mouths compared with their length, which in the specimens given is from four to five inches. And they are called Rondeletia and Cetomimus. Now Rondeletia has an eye of which the diameter is one-sixth the length of the head, or about twice as large in proportion to its size as is the human eye. Cetomimus has an eye which is but a point like a pin's head, its diameter being one twenty-third the length of the head, or less than the sixteenth of an inch. Rondeletia has no trace of a lateral line, that general characteristic of fishes, but Cetomimus has double lateral lines, the two parallels being joined here and there by bands much like the ladder tape of a venetian blind. The depths from which these strange little fish have been taken vary from 1000 to 1500 fathoms.

As an instance of the diversity obtaining between deep-sea fish, scarcely any specimens could be found more appropriate than Simenchelys and Eurypharynx, whose amazing names are really justified by the queerness of the fish. Simenchelys abides anywhere from one to five hundred fathoms down. He is black, a dirty black, as are most of the deep-dwelling fish, and has a comfortably stout body, much like that of a stalwart eel. But his mouth gives great occasion for wonder as to how he can possibly obtain food through such a tiny opening. It is the most insignificant orifice imaginable, comparable only (and proportionately) to a hole made in the end of a sausage with a flat skewer. But presently it is found that this queer fish is really a sort of gigantic leech. He attaches himself to the bodies of the larger fleshier fish, such as the halibut, and by sheer force of suction and boring withal works his ravenous way right into their bodies, at what misery to his involuntary hosts can only be imagined. It is curious and instructive to compare him with Eurypharynx, well surnamed Pelicanoides, who, with a body like the thong of a stock-whip, has a head about thrice its body's bulk, and jaws opening exactly like the mandibles of a pelican. This amazing mouth splits the big head right in two lengthways, and the eyes are situated right at the end of the upper jaw, looking indeed like tiny nostrils, for they are mere points. Yet for all its fearsome appearance this is evidently one of the



SACCOPHARYNX FLAGELLUM
EURYPHARYNX PELICANOIDES
CHIASMODON NIGER

most harmless of fish. It appears to live upon the tiniest marine organisms, which in some unexplainable way it collects in its chasm of a mouth from the surrounding sea. It has no teeth, a tail tapering off like the lash of a whip, and for all sign of fins a series of spines protruding from its back and belly without any membranes between them.

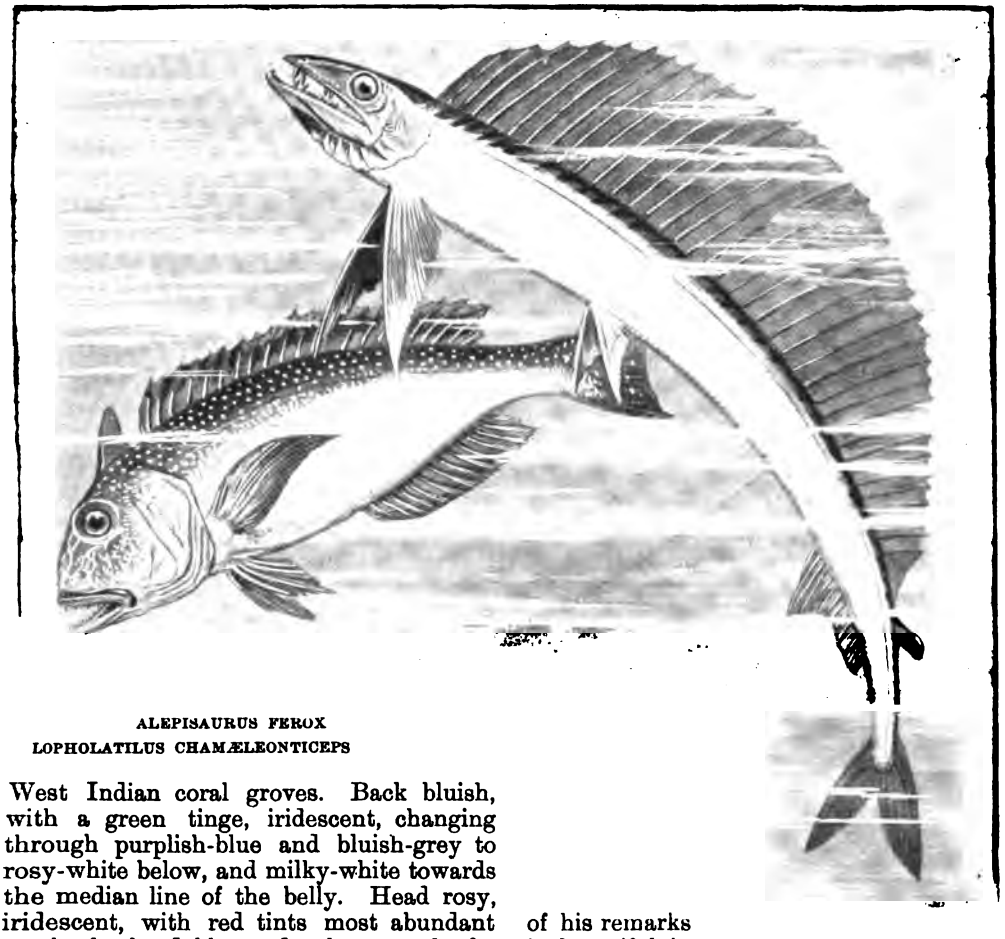
A deep-water fish akin to Chiasmodon, and found at a depth of 900 fathoms, has an even wider mouth, but no teeth in the lower jaw. Its only fins are a pair of rudimentary pectorals with the gill-slits behind them. About fourteen inches of its body is mainly stomach, through the walls of which transparent organ may be seen calmly reposing the body of a large fish which has been induced to take up its permanent abode there. But the rest of the body, four feet or so, is like a whip-lash. In the specimen before me there appears to be one fish going ahead and another going astern, two heads on the same body, for the head of the swallowed fish seems about to emerge from the rear of the stomach and swim away. It is a very quaint beast indeed, and rejoices or suffers under the euphonious epithet of Saccopharynx flagellum.

Alepisaurus ferox is the name given to a fish that at first sight is not at all unlike the *gigantic mackerel* called the Sword-fish. Its body is certainly somewhat slenderer, and it has no sword protruding from its upper jaw, but in contour of body, arrangement of fins, and especially the huge sail-like dorsal, it is very similar. This last extraordinary member is like the upper third of a circle, cut off horizontally. In the centre it is twice as high as the body is wide, and its limits fore and aft are from the neck to a few inches forward of the tail. Its head is ferocious-looking enough to justify its Latin title, even if its fierce voracity were not known by the contents of its stomach, one having been found with

twenty-seven specimens of the spiny lump-fish within its maw. It has not many teeth, but they are large and fang-like, also they point backwards into the mouth, obviously to prevent the wriggling outwards of living prey. Like several other predatory fish whose attacks are characterised by swift directness, this creature has the lower jaw longer than the upper, reminding one strongly of the pike. Altogether A. ferox is an elegant warlike-looking fish, whose appearance is not at all *outré*, even though it does frequent great depths. Its range is very great, specimens having been found in the North-Western Atlantic, in Australian seas, and in the Northern Pacific. But this may safely be predicated of nearly all deep-sea fishes, the temperature below a thousand feet being everywhere the same, except where submarine geysers send their boiling waters up into the superincumbent ocean. And as the composition of the ocean waters is practically the same everywhere, it may be reasonably inferred that denizens of waters below the fixed temperature line will be found all the watery world over wherever the ocean is deep enough, which, indeed, has so far proved to be the fact wherever the number of individuals caught admits of distinction of habitat.

The chief wonder about this fish, however, is its extreme fragility. It is so brittle that handling it is almost an impossibility without breaking it. It is quite impossible to preserve an entire specimen without some portion of its fins being damaged, and should it be let fall it would shiver like glass. Dr. Günther says that "this is a condition consequent upon their withdrawal from the pressure of the water to which they are exposed in the depths where they dwell. When within the limits of their natural haunts the osseous, muscular, and fibrous parts of the body will have that solidity which is required for the rapid and powerful movements of a predatory fish." This is indeed a curious state of things, that a creature too fragile to endure handling at the surface can indulge in fierce, relentless warfare in those awful depths where pressures are so great as to force water through the pores of cast steel. But there is no doubt about the fact, for some of the lightest shells known, a species of Janthina, more like a soap-bubble than anything stronger, have been dredged up from enormous depths, and lying upon the laboratory table, an incautious breath has shattered them. I judge from this peculiarity on the part of deep-sea fish that a curious fish often found after very cold weather lying upon the beaches in various parts of New Zealand must be a deep-sea fish. It is locally called a frost-fish. It is very long, five feet or so, and narrow, only about four inches wide by two inches thick. It has a very large mouth and quite insignificant fins, tail included, but dorsal fins running the whole length of its body. Lying upon the beach in the moonlight, it looks like a riband of silver, and running incautiously up to one once, I found to my astonishment that as I lifted it by the middle it broke into four pieces as if it had been a bar of lightly-frozen snow. It is a fish much prized by New Zealand folk for the table, but it is never caught except when it gets stranded as I have described. It is almost if not quite identical with Benthodesmus Atlanticus, found in the stomach of a halibut caught on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, also in the West Indian Seas, South Pacific, and coast of Japan.

A fish of only quasi deep-sea habits whose name, bestowed by naturalists, boasts of eleven syllables, Lopholatilus Chamæleonticeps, was a quarter of a century ago an object of deepest interest and discussion among that hardy and most enterprising class, the American deep-water fishermen. In 1879 it is recorded that the *Wm. V. Hutchings*, while setting trawl-lines for cod on Nantucket shoals, caught several hundred specimens. It was entirely unlike anything ever known in American waters, and as it was large, averaging three feet long by ten inches high and four inches through, it was thought and hoped that a discovery of great commercial value had been made. And the first thing done was to give it a handy name, without regard to any fitness of application. So it was called the "Tile-fish," from the fourth syllable of its hybrid Græco-Latin name, Lopholatilus. Most unusually, Dr. Goode, who describes it, goes into something very like a rapture over it, even to the length of using superlatives. In addition to the usual notes upon structure, etc., he says:—"The colours are very beautiful, and in general appearance when taken from the water it is one of the loveliest fish we have ever seen, no exception being made in favour of the brilliant parrot-fish or angel-fish of the



ALEPISAURUS FEROX
LOPHOLATILUS CHAMÆLEONTICEPS

West Indian coral groves. Back bluish, with a green tinge, iridescent, changing through purplish-blue and bluish-grey to rosy-white below, and milky-white towards the median line of the belly. Head rosy, iridescent, with red tints most abundant on the forehead, blue under the eyes, cheeks fawn-coloured. Throat and under-side of the head pearly-white, with an occasional tint of lemon-yellow, this most pronounced in front of the ventrals and on the anterior portion of ventral fins. Back with numerous maculations of bright lemon or golden. Anal fin purplish, with blue and rose tints, iridescent. Margin of anal fin rich purplish-blue, iridescent like the most beautiful mother-of-pearl; this colour pervading more or less the whole fin, which has large yellow maculations. The lower border is rose-coloured like the belly, and the base of the fin also partakes of this general hue. Dashes of milk-white on the base of the anal fin between the rays. Pectorals sepia-coloured with rosy and purplish iridescence."

There is not really much wonder that the learned doctor should go in for word-painting like this, especially as the subject of his remarks is beautiful in form as well as colour, and nearly all the fishes he had hitherto been describing are black-leaden grey or livid toad-belly white. But apart from the splendour of this fish, its brief history as one of the American food fishes is a marvellous object-lesson in the climatic influences affecting fish. In 1879 the first catch of a large number was reported as noted above, and throughout the years 1880–82 the governmental fishery vessels were busy examining the sea for the limits of the new (?) fishes' feeding-ground and experimenting on the best way of catching them. But early in 1882 vessels arriving at the North-Eastern American ports reported passing large numbers of dead or dying fish floating over an area of many

miles, of which the majority were "Tile-fish." It very soon became apparent that an awful destruction of fish had taken place, for vessels reported having sailed through floating fish for forty, fifty, and sixty miles. And in one case the schooner *Navarino* reported having sailed for 150 miles through waters covered from horizon to horizon with dead and dying fish. There were no signs of disease on the victims or deadly parasites, and conjecture was busy as to the cause of this wholesale destruction of a newly-discovered and valuable food-fish; whether submarine volcanoes, with their concomitants of heat and poisonous gases, or a sudden fall in temperature, was responsible. Finally, through the researches of Professor Verrill, it was decided that owing to the prevalence of heavy northerly gales and the presence of much coast ice in the north, the normally high temperature of the Gulf Stream and its vicinity had been suddenly lowered, bringing death to countless millions of its sensitive inhabitants. And this theory pressed for acceptance, as there had been no indications of any submarine volcanic disturbances.

So complete did the destruction of the tile-fish appear to be, that a chapter was devoted to it by Mr. Lucas in the Report of the National Museum (Washington) for 1889, on "Animals Recently Extinct." For all attempts made by the Fishery Commission vessels to obtain even a single specimen were fruitless. But in 1892 several specimens were obtained in its old haunts, from a depth of between 70 and 80 fathoms of water, thus restoring the tile-fish to its place on the list of existing fish of the American coasts, and it is hoped that in due time it may once more attain to its former abundance. In concluding this notice of the tile-fish, I feel that an apology is due to him for classing him at all under the heading of chimæras, from which category his beauty both of form and colour should certainly keep him distinct. The same feeling prevents me from going into details concerning the halibut, various sorts of flounders and soles, and gurnards also, all of whom are found in very deep waters, but are none of them chimæras in any sense. It seems a pity that now the narrow seas have been so well fished for soles and flat-fish generally that the price of them is becoming prohibitive, there could not be devised some means for fishing those greater depths, in which it seems fairly certain huge supplies of them are to be found, apparently awaiting the coming of usefulness to mankind.

From the foregoing pages many very queer fish have been excluded because of their trivial size. For in tiny creatures both of land and sea we are accustomed to see strange developments of form and colour, and they excite no wonder. If, however, we could find a creature as large as a horse developed into the similitude of, say, an ant, or a bull into a beetle, our wonder would be almost beyond bounds. For this reason I have not mentioned the marvellous genus of fishes in the profundities of ocean who carry their own installations of electric light as it were. They are truly amazing, yet not more so than the fire-fly or the glow-worm, and they are all of insignificant size, say from four to six inches long. There is just this difficulty though about dealing with them; it may very well be that the larger ones are too swift and too wary to be taken in the trawls of the fish-commission vessels. They may grow in those unknown depths to a very great size for all we know, but we never see them, nor does it appear that we are ever likely to. Unless indeed it were found possible to use a large form of fish-trap, a wicker or wire contrivance, into which fish of quite large size can squeeze their way after the bait it contains but cannot get back again. The entrance is set round with long, flexible, sharp-pointed wires directed inwards and converging to a very small space. The fish, however sluggish, can easily squeeze through, but if he attempt to withdraw, the points of the wires effectually prevent him.

One small species of fish I feel must not be neglected, for several reasons. I say "one species" although the funny creatures have amazingly differing titles. But they all look very much alike, are all a kind of angler fish, having their mouths apparently cut downward into the head from the top at the front, and possessing a long spine protruding from the back of the neck, with a tassel or a bulb depending from the end of it, which is either a lure for prey or a sensitive organ to warn the owner when buried in the mud, its favourite place, of the approach of a victim. The type is quite familiar to readers of good Natural Histories. The special characteristics of this fish, however, are well worth noting.

First, the enormous depths at which it lives, a specimen having been brought up in the *Challenger* trawl from a depth of nearly 15,000 feet. And in this case, as Mancalias Uranoscopus is essentially bottom fish, there could have been no possibility of

MELANOCETUS JOHNSONII

MANCALIAS URANOSCOPUS

(Top and side views)

it having entered the trawl on its way down. It was three and a quarter inches long. A larger specimen of a similar fish, though branded with the epithet Coryno-lophus Reinhardtii, comes from the deeps off the Greenland coast, but is a more respectable-looking fish, fourteen inches long. But Melanocetus Johnsonii is really an object of terror, although only four inches in length. When closed its lower jaw is vertical like the others, but when open it droops below a right angle—the whole front of the fish is, as it were, opened out. And it looks exactly as if the back of its head had expanded into a belly. But that useful organ, having to contain very often a fish much larger than its owner, is a loose sac attached by a cord, which floats about and apparently allows its contents to escape into the body as they are needed for its up-keep. Of course its colour is a uniform black.

Liocetus Murrayi is extremely similar to the foregoing, or would be if the body, apart from the mouth, had not apparently been turned round. Briefly, it looks as if Melanocetus had its belly on its back and Liocetus in its usual position.

These few selections may briefly serve to indicate what manner of monsters abide in that mysterious world beneath the waves, a world of darkness and uniform cold, but, we also know, a world teeming with strange life. It gives only just a subject picked here and there from the enormous mass of matter available, but it must be remembered that it really is to that matter what the latter is to the creatures still roaming in their sea-solitudes unknown and, save for one another, unmolested.

In All Time of Our Wealth

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER X

"Round our restlessness, His Rest."

"*Verner Street, London.*

"DEAR MR. HELLARD,

"It does not seem a long while since you left here, but there's lots of things has happened in a month which I take the liberty of writing to inform you, seeing that you gave me your address at the Bank. Mrs. Holland and Master Gay was surprised to find you had gone, but they did not say much, though the child fretted after you till he was took ill with a cold a few days back, and the doctor called it something of the lungs. Maybe if you come right away now, you'd see him alive, and maybe not—anyway, if you want to see him you had better come.

"Yours truly,

"MRS. PETTIGREW."

Hellard lifted his face, white and pain-stricken, from the letter. What he had feared had come to pass, and he was working out his own punishment—the sin that he had committed bringing in its train sorrow that made all his former so-called enjoyment meaningless.

Gabriel—little Gabriel was dying—the light of his mother's life going out into silence—nay, with quivering lips he told himself that the child must be dead already, seeing that the letter was dated a month back.

He had been drifting aimlessly on summer seas, while the baby that he loved had been struggling for life with every painful breath that he drew. Mary must think now that he cared nothing what became of them both, for she would know that Mrs. Pettigrew had written, and she would think that he had purposely ignored the letter, purposely intimating that his lines were now cast in more pleasant places and that the past must be forgotten. Then, too, she would receive the letter about her brother's sad condition just at the moment when her heart was fullest of its own troubles, and it would be another proof of his unworthiness.

He had not been many hours in Malta, but long enough to receive his letters, which Beddows had fetched from the post-office. None of the others appeared to signify now, as he pushed them aside, for they were merely notes of invitation from people who were beginning to remember him again—or applications for money from that class of society to which millionaires are always a ready prey.

He rose and paced the room for a few moments restlessly, striving to calm himself and to regard the matter in the light of a man of common-sense. Look at it as he would, it presented but one possibility to him—the necessity of freeing himself from an intolerable position. He weighed everything in the balance carefully, and calculated his loss and his gain. This fortune had not made him happy, in spite of all the high hopes raised by his accession to it. He had imagined that the possession of more money than he could spend would be enough to satisfy his wildest dreams, but beyond those first few days, he could not now recall any hour absolutely unclouded by misgivings in the six weeks of his possession of Jabez Hutton's million. He hated the thought of Lady Cicely Dare and her relations. He had seen them at their worst, at a moment of peril when earthly help was of no avail. He had seen then that those who pin their faith upon the interest of the world have no support in the time of danger, and he turned to the thought of Dorothy Curtis, and from her to Mary Holland.

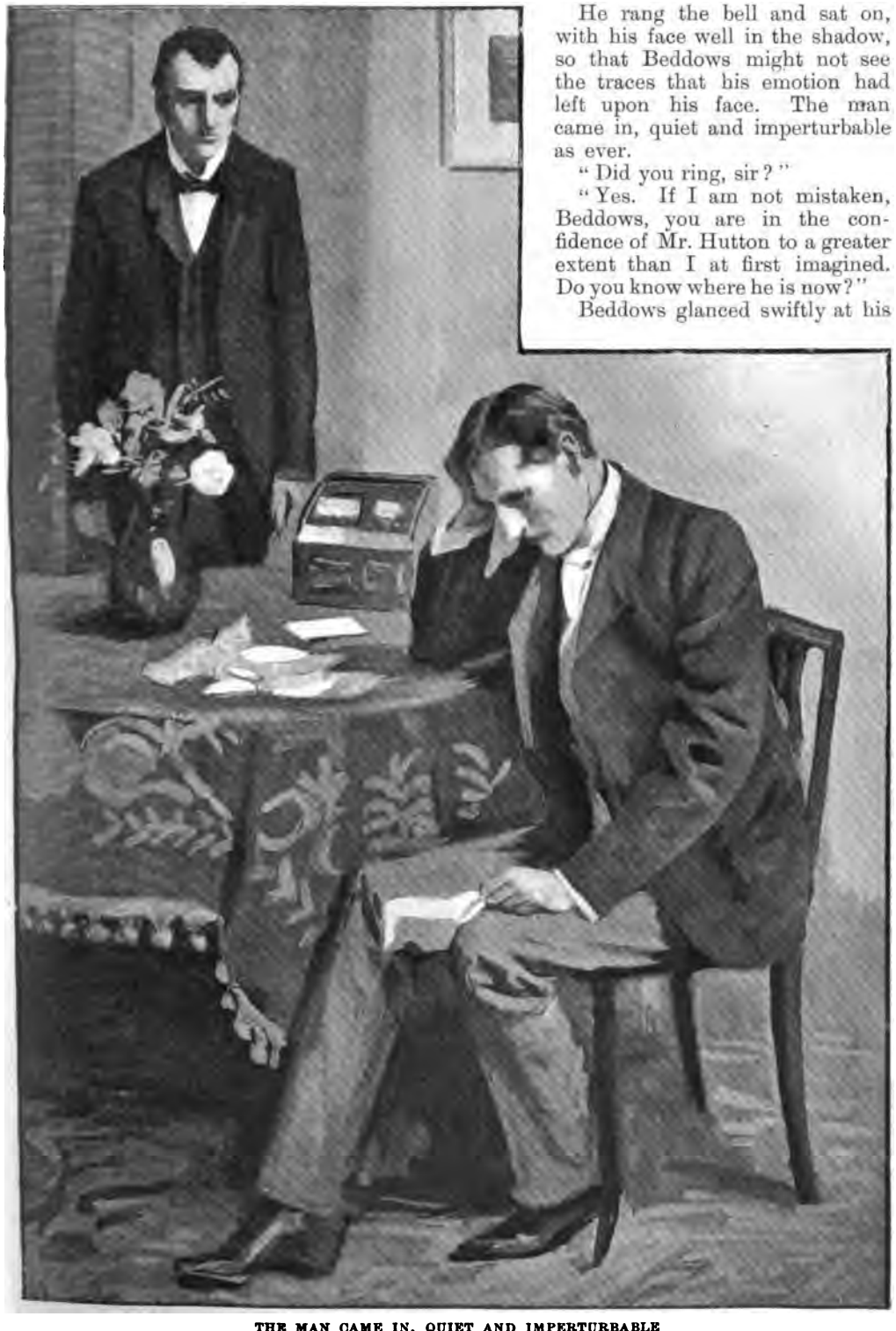
He was going back to her and to little Gabriel. He was going to take up the life of poverty again, only this time it would be a life of high hope and struggle for success that would so surely come if he sought it with such a goal in view. He would tell her that he loved her, confess everything to her, and out of the depths of her tenderness she would forgive him. Some day he might hope to make her his wife, if she would take him with all the knowledge of his imperfections fresh upon her, and by the help of her strong courage he would be able to rise to higher things and to make his life a noble one of work and high endeavour.

He rang the bell and sat on, with his face well in the shadow, so that Beddows might not see the traces that his emotion had left upon his face. The man came in, quiet and imperturbable as ever.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes. If I am not mistaken, Beddows, you are in the confidence of Mr. Hutton to a greater extent than I at first imagined. Do you know where he is now?"

Beddows glanced swiftly at his



THE MAN CAME IN, QUIET AND IMPERTURBABLE

master's face, then away through the open window into the sunbright street, up which a regiment was just marching with tramp of regular feet.

"Mr. Hutton has been very good to me, sir; his confidence is a very flattering thing to me, and to the best of my belief he is still in Messina—I believe a letter there would find him."

"Will you tell me, since we are in a confidential mood, the exact history of your connexion with Mr. Hutton? I might perhaps understand things better."

Then, seeing the man hesitate: "I may as well tell you that I have determined to return Mr. Hutton's fortune to him—I cannot even wait the stipulated six months—it has been a mistake from beginning to end, my taking it."

"Have you considered it well, sir? Have you thought what it would be to leave your comforts, and to know that for the future it will be your lot to consider where the next shilling is to come from? Is there no one you will regret with whom you have been friendly?"

There was so much earnestness in the man's voice that Hellard forgot to be annoyed with the freedom of his address.

"I regret nothing. I have considered it all well: there was no blessing with the money, or perhaps I took it in a way that could lead to no good results."

"Mr. Hutton will say 'Thank God,'" said Beddows suddenly, with an energy totally unexpected.

"Mr. Hutton? He will be disappointed—it is his *rôle* in life to tempt men like me to discontent—I fancy it is a part he has played before, but this time the result will be different."

"You are wrong, sir—quite wrong. I have known Mr. Hutton for nearly thirty years. He made my acquaintance in a strange way, little to my credit, but I will tell it to you. When I was a young man I was in his uncle's office, and I got with bad companions and was tempted as boys may be. I took to taking small sums which gradually got bigger, for the men I was betting with incited me to take more and more, and as it was not found out I got bolder. But one day your Mr. Hutton came to me—he had been looking through the books, and I shall never forget what he said or how he looked, for my father had been a servant of the firm before me. We used to call him mad Mr. Joseph, for it was certain that he had a crotchet in his brain that made him different from other men, and that craze began about the money, and some people said it was a part of the curse. Well, he told me what I had done and that he had found it out, and for the sake of my family he was going to keep me only on condition that I became his servant, and did what he wished; and so I promised, and from that day to this he has always had work for me of some sort. Sometimes I have fancied it was the devil's work when I helped to show them what money could do, and they were too weak to say no; and sometimes I have known that it was God's work, when I have seen others helped and strengthened and made men again when he had put heart and courage into them."

"Then am I not the first man who has undergone the experiment?"

Beddows shook his head. "Not by a long way, sir, but each one has been tried in a different fashion. You will, however, be the last one, for Mr. Hutton has vowed that the first one who did right for right's sake would lift the spell off the money, and it should go to found a hospital for incurables in the East End of London."

"Have I to sign any deed renouncing the money?"

"No, for it never was yours; but if you will write a letter to Mr. Kent, his lawyer, I will see that it reaches him—and you were to give me your bank book: that was all, I think."

Stephen held out his keys. "Take everything back to Mr. Hutton, pray, Beddows. He meant well, I know, but it has nearly caused me to make shipwreck of my life."

He hastily wrote a short line to the lawyer acquainting him with his resolution, and handed it to the valet. "If I may keep a sum sufficient to take me back to England, I will repay Mr. Hutton as soon as it is in my power."

"Those were my orders, sir," returned Beddows calmly. "Your expenses to London, all your clothes and jewellery and such things as had become personal possessions. Oh! and this one thing more, sir, to be given you at this moment, but not to be opened till you are in your own lodgings in Verner Street again, sir."

He handed Stephen a letter directed in Hutton's crabbed handwriting, and sealed with a big splash of wax.

"I was to beg you not to lose it, sir; it is very important."

"I shall not lose it," said Hellard impatiently, as he placed the letter in his pocket-book. "Of course you will now make your way back to Mr. Hutton, and I beg you to tell him that I consider his terms most generous, and thank him for his good intentions, though not for his temptation."

"I will give him your message, sir."

With quick, deft hands Beddows was making a parcel of such things as were to be returned to Mr. Hutton, and before an hour was over, Stephen found that all his own possessions were carefully packed and arranged, and his funds calculated to the utmost penny, while his late valet stood respectfully in the corridor outside his room to take leave of him.

"I understand there is a boat leaving for Sicily to-night, and for England to-morrow morning, sir. Mr. Hutton will be glad to see me as soon as possible, and I understand that you will not be in need of my further services?"

"Very well, Beddows, your arrangements are excellent. I shall certainly not need a valet in the life to which I am returning —in fact, there will be hardly means to support my own life upon, setting aside yours altogether."

"Very good, sir."

Beddows neither smiled nor commented on the remark, and it seemed to Stephen that he was quite ready to return to his employer, and to take up life again with another master without the break of an instant.

"Beddows, pray take this letter to Mr. Hutton," said Hellard earnestly. "It contains among other matters the history of some friends of mine in Taormina who are in great trouble. I am sure that with his usual generosity he will help them."

"Mr. and Mrs. Vesey will be well looked after," returned the valet. "Their history is already known to Mr. Hutton."

Hellard felt that it was impossible to express the curiosity that assailed him as to how the history of the Veseys had become public property, but his mind was so exhausted by the tumult of events through which he had recently passed, that he made no comment upon the matter.

"I am unable to go to them," he said after a pause. "I must return to London at once. Some one to whom I am much attached—a little child—is very ill;" and with a brief farewell the two men parted, having been brought together in such an extraordinary fashion, and being thus parted after perils by the sea that might have ended disastrously for both of them had the yacht been a smaller vessel.

Beddows went off in the little mail steamer, bearing with him Stephen's letters and the knowledge of the joy he was about to give his master, whom he would lay down his life to serve; while Hellard turned back to the last few hours of life as a millionaire, and to the farewells that he was compelled to get through before he quitted his party.

He came down to the dining-room an hour later and found every one at dinner, dining with the window wide open, for June in Malta is a hot month. Miss Hadow was bitterly complaining of the want of a punkah, and Lady Cicely that the tables were so sparsely filled with guests; but she seemed to be enjoying the looks of interest cast at their party as it gradually became known that they were the sufferers from the collision off the coast of Greece. One or two yachting men had come up to sympathise with Bobby Vandaleur and to inquire eagerly as to the exact extent of damage, amazed that the damage should have been above the water-line, surprised at a seamanship that had succeeded in navigating the crippled vessel to harbour.

"You got off uncommonly well, sir," said Colonel Rix, who was dining at the next table. "Let me tell you that in my opinion you are one of the seven wonders of the world."

"The secret of the whole thing is that both vessels were going dead slow," said Vandaleur delightedly; "and I can assure you that there was not an instant of panic —crew and passengers behaved magnificently."

He glanced round the table as if to challenge his assertion, and Lady Cicely, looking up, saw that Hellard had entered the room, and their eyes met. If there was shame in her own she would not confess it, but began to talk eagerly to Beaumont, her next neighbour, as to the possibility of their remaining in Malta for a few weeks to enjoy its society.

Stephen ate his dinner in silence, speaking only when compelled to answer questions. He was like a man in a dream, who

SHE LOOKED AT HIM WITH CUTTING CONTEMPT

sees everything round him unreal, and begins to fear lest he, too, is but the shadowy substance of a vision. But when dinner was over, he followed the others up-stairs and found the opportunity he wished for of speaking to Lady Cicely alone. He had paid her some attention, encouraged by herself, it was true, but he wished to be absolutely certain that he had done her no wrong in winning what small vestige of a heart she might possess. He was not a vain man, but she had pointedly shown her preference for him, and his task was a difficult one.

"I have something to tell you, Lady Cicely," he said, as he followed her into the embrasure of the long window where he found her leaning out, watching the light and movement of the street below. His voice was agitated and she looked up with a becoming blush, for she told herself that she knew what he was about to say.

"Oh, please, please, Mr. Hellard, don't scorn me for being frightened when we were shipwrecked," she said, putting up her hands in a pretty gesture of supplication.

"I should not think of presuming to do so," he said gravely. "I want to tell you that I am leaving for England to-morrow."

"For England!" Her voice was hardly above a whisper. "But why? We are all going to have such fun here. You have had no bad news—oh, surely you are not in trouble—Stephen?"

"The worst trouble, to your thinking. I have lost every penny of my fortune, and stand here now before you—a man with exactly one pound a week to call his own."

"You are jesting with me?"

"I am not jesting: it is the truth—and you have a right, through our old friendship, to know the truth."

She did not speak while he explained to her in quiet, measured accents the whole history of his accession to fortune, and the chain of events that had led to his renouncing it that very afternoon; only, of Mary Holland's name he made no mention. When he had ended his story she raised her hand and brushed a stray curl of her hair aside, then said deliberately:

"Mr. Hellard, you are either a madman or a very foolish man, if what you tell me is true; but I am glad to say that I think still you are trying to make me the victim of some joke."

"It is all perfectly true," he repeated. "I am a poor man, save for my honour, and my brain and strong hands to work for me."

She looked at him with cutting contempt. "Then good-bye, Mr. Hellard, for we shall never meet again."

"There is no room for poor men in your world, Lady Cicely? I was taught that very lesson by you in London not so very long ago."

"Yes, and you will be taught it again," she replied. "For to have a colossal fortune in your possession and to throw it away is the act of a lunatic."

"I had rather be considered that, and know in my own heart that I had nothing to be ashamed of."

"And I tell you that every moment of your life you will regret it. I tell you that friendship is a myth, and honour a——"

"Stop, Lady Cicely," he said sternly: "you have no right to use those words. Has your life been a happy one in its search after the pleasures of the world?"

"I am perfectly happy, Mr. Hellard, thank you. Good-bye—for it will be a long good-bye, and do you mind telling Walter Beaumont that I want to speak to him?"

She turned with an air of complete indifference to the window, and Hellard, smarting under a sense of mortification, delivered her message, bade farewell to the rest of his party, and retired to his room, for he was making an early start next day.

When he was alone, he knelt down by the window, and looked out at the quiet night.

"O God," he said, "teach me the way to live, for life is very difficult;" and if it was a simple prayer, yet it contained the germ of all that is necessary for our daily life.

The deep blue of the star-spangled sky above him, the distant sound of a military band beating tattoo in the square, all chimed in with the quiet of his thoughts; and when he rose at last, a tear had fallen upon his hand, and lay there glittering like a star of hope that had dropped down from heaven.

CHAPTER XI

"The end crowns all."

"MUVVER dear, I am really better to-night," said Gabriel Holland, as he laid his shadowy little fingers on his mother's hand.

"Of course you are better, darling. Why,

there is quite a delicious colour in your cheeks, and you look like my old Gay again, not like the poor little boy who could not breathe or move without pain only a short time ago."

Mary Holland was sitting close to Gay's bed, which was drawn up under the window. He was convalescent now, but the doctor said that it would be a long time before he regained his strength again completely, and he had ordered change of air and very nourishing food. Mary Holland had received the doctor's orders with a quiet face, knowing not at all where the funds were coming from to pay for the beef-tea and jellies that were to be administered so many times in the day. But she had a few things still left to her that were valuable, and those articles of jewellery and rare scraps of china she sold and converted into strengthening food for her child. She was rewarded by seeing the colour gradually creep back into his face and the light into his eyes, and when he smiled at her, she was rewarded for all her sacrifice as mothers only can be.

She moved now and sat under the window with the light upon her face. She loved to feel the fresh evening breeze creep up from across the sea of chimney-pots, a country breeze from the fields that she would have given a great deal to be wandering in with Gabriel. The day had been hot and oppressive, as a June day can sometimes be, and she was dispirited. Her voice had suffered with all her exertion, and she had missed an engagement and had failed to secure another, so that her future looked black, although she had not given way to despair, as she might well have been tempted to do.

When Mrs. Pettigrew had brought up their tea that very day, she had lingered a little with the excuse of arranging the cloth and seeing that the tea-cake was to Gabriel's liking. Then she had said with a blunt kindness that had come with refreshing unexpectedness to Mrs. Holland—

"I'm thinking, ma'am, that maybe it will be more convenient to you to pay me at the end of the quarter, and I can assure you, ma'am, that I should prefer it; and if there's any way I can help you, you have but to name it, my dear, if you'll excuse the freedom, for I love the child as if he was my own."

Mary Holland recognised the kindness that had prompted the words, and she rose with tears in her eyes.

"Thank you, Mrs. Pettigrew," she said. "Believe me, I shall never forget what you say, and if I need help, I will ask you for it."

She took Mrs. Pettigrew's hard hand in her own, and looked at her with tears in her pretty eyes.

"See, Gay," she said when they were alone, "what a lot of kindness there is in the world, and especially among people who are not rich. You must never forget, my dear, how good our friends have been to us."

"Except Mr. Hellard," said Gay, with a movement of petulance. "He wented away without saying good-bye, and he never will tell me any more of the poem; and though he gave me the horse, yet I'd rather have Mr. Hellard, wouldn't you, mummy?"

Mary bent over her work to hide the pain in her eyes, but she was loyal to the core where her friends were concerned.

"We shall see Mr. Hellard again some time, Gay, and—and I expect he will finish your poem again then."

She sat thinking about Stephen in the waning daylight. She had had his letter from Taormina about her brother, and she had spent a few hours in grief at her powerlessness to help Grant. She had written to him with some attempt at cheerfulness, trying to instil courage into him. Help would come some day, she told him, and when Gay was better, she would strive to find some way of rescuing him from his difficulties: and this was the problem with which she was struggling to-night. She had had so many sorrows in her young life that the distant memory of Grant was not so acute a sorrow as it would otherwise have been. But "no distance breaks the tie of blood—brothers are brothers evermore," and she could recall him as a very loving protector who had seemed so much older than she was as a child, and who had been invariably kind and gentle. She suffered so much in her suffering that she imagined things to be almost worse than they really were, and her eyes filled with tears now as she remembered that there was a little child to suffer too, with her parents.

Presently Gay moved restlessly, and it seemed to his mother that his thoughts were taking the same course as her own that night.

"When Mr. Hellard wrote that letter, mummy, was he stopping with Uncle Grant and little Molly?"

"No, dear; oh no: he had only seen them."

Mary had the pain of understanding to the full that Stephen had seen the trouble of his old friends and had passed by on the other side. She could read that thought underlying every word in his letter, and she knew that he had the fullest sense of his own unworthiness and was smarting under the realisation of it. Gay turned the conversation now with the sudden delightful inconsequence of childhood.

"Why, some one is coming into Mr. Hellard's room, mummy. I can hear the scraping of boxes coming up-stairs. Do look out and see who it is."

Mary shook her head.

"That would be rude, Gay."

She heard the sound of the new arrival with a sinking heart. No one had taken Stephen's room up to now. She did not even think that any one had applied for it, and although she was sorry for Mrs. Pettigrew, yet she was thankful that no one occupied a place that had tender memories for her.

She had only his presents to remember him by, and the bracelet was locked away in her box, and the cloak still in its wrappings lay in her wardrobe. She would never part with these, but she could never use them, since they were an outward sign of the servitude that bound Stephen Hellard to the man she feared and dreaded. They had been bought with Joseph Hutton's money, and she would only treasure them for the thought that had prompted Stephen to buy them for her.

She could not endure now to hear the cab stop at the door, and the sound of the carrying up of trunks to the room above. She would have to get used to the presence of strangers in the days to come, and gradually become accustomed to the thought that Stephen had forgotten her and Gay, and adopted fresh friends and fresh interests. The idea must be a pain for some time, but it would not always remain so acute as it was to-night, she hoped.

"One—two—three boxes, mummy. Why, the gentleman must have lots of clothes," said Gay, with revived interest.

"Look at the sunlight up the wall," cried Mary desperately; "it is like a golden butterfly;" and she moved round so that Gay could not see her face. "Shall I tell you a story about a butterfly, dear? There was once one who got very tired of being a brown, common, working caterpillar, and so he tried and he tried very hard till he got rolled up into a chrysalis, and by and by, after he had been asleep a long time——"

"After he had been asleep a long time—quite a number of weeks," said a new voice behind her—"the chrysalis woke up and found that he was not going to be a butterfly after all—only an ordinary working caterpillar again. That is a new animal poem, Gay—the latest and the last."

It was Stephen Hellard's voice, and in its thrilling gravity there was a new note that Mary had never heard before. Gabriel gave a cry and sprang up in bed.

"Oh! dear Mr. Hellard!" he cried, "I shall be quite well now again, 'cause you have come back—we wanted you so much, mother and me."

He gripped Stephen round the neck with thin, nervous little hands, kissing him impetuously, till Hellard put him down with gentle force.

"There, there, little Master Invalid, we must see what mother says, and if she is glad to see me."

He took Mary Holland's hands in his, for she was trembling so greatly that she seemed to be in danger of falling, and for the moment there was no one in the room save those two.

"Can you forgive, Mary?" he said. "Can you ever forgive the defections of a few weeks? Will a whole lifetime of love and service ever blot them out?"

"I have nothing to forgive, Stephen," she said very low.

"I have come back to you and Gabriel, Mary, certain of myself now. I could have won and kept the Hutton million for ever if I had wished it, but I found out that love is the best thing in all the world, because God is love."

"Yes, Stephen."

"Mary, you have the power to keep me in the right path on earth. Will you trust yourself with me? Will you be my wife, Mary, and let me work for you?"

"Yes," she said again, and this time her lips were so near his own that he kissed them, sealing their betrothal thus.

There was so much to talk over, so much that was of interest to all three of them, that it was late before Stephen Hellard

rose to leave the two people he loved best on earth.

"I shall be in my old room for a short time, Mary," he said cheerfully, "but I am going to search the whole of London through for work, and I shall not rest till I have found it."

He looked so brave and strong standing there, that Mary laid her head on his shoulder and clung to him, crying a little for sheer joy of all that had come to her.

"Oh! Stephen, my dear, my dear," she said; "I have prayed for this, and God has answered my prayer."

He was wondering how to comfort her and to bring a smile to Gay's anxious face, who was sore distressed to see his brave mother in trouble.

"Mummy dear, it wouldn't matter crying when Mr. Hellard wasn't coming back—but now everything is right again."

MARY LAID HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER, CRYING A LITTLE FOR SHEER JOY

"Spoken like a philosopher Gay: and that reminds me I have a letter that may contain something interesting for us three. Mary, this letter was handed me by Beddows before we parted. It was written by Mr. Hutton, and was not to be opened till I was in my old rooms again, but here I am in Verner Street, and here goes the seal!"

He opened the envelope. "Don't let us hope too much, dear," he said. "It will probably only be a jeer at my giving up the money so soon."

There was a short letter inside the envelope, and a sheaf of bank-notes folded very small. Stephen turned white, and Mary caught them from his hand, counting them.

"Stephen," she cried sharply, "there are ten of them, and each is for a thousand pounds! What does it mean?"

He held the letter towards her,

striving to steady his sight to see the words clearly—

"Dear Stephen Hellard,

"As I believe that you will be true to yourself and your own heart, I write this letter for Beddows to give you when you come to your right mind. You may use this money—there is nothing but a blessing on it, for it was earned honestly by me, and is the surplus amount of my yearly income that I do not require. Take it with my blessing. It is my wedding present to you when you marry the woman who will make you a perfect wife—I mean good Mary Holland.

"When you read this letter, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have restored my faith in human nature. The Hospital for Incurables will bless you, and Hutton's million will become a blessing instead of a curse to mankind.

"Yours affectly,
"J. D. Hutton."

"Mary!" cried Stephen, his voice broken with emotion. "Mary, is it all true?"

He looked into her shining, happy eyes and read the truth there, and read there also the assurance that she loved him and thought him worthy of her trust in spite of everything that had passed.

* * * * *

There was a quiet wedding in a neighbouring church before many weeks were over, and those who were present at it declared that never had a couple looked more thoroughly happy than did Stephen Hellard and his wife as they walked arm in arm down the nave and out through the west door, with Gay clinging to his mother's hand. Grant Vesey and his wife were there, for Stephen had made a hurried journey to Taormina directly after his engagement to Mary, and had brought them back to England with the help of Mr. Hutton, who knew the best way of dealing with the prejudices of the country. There was present also an Artillery Sergeant-Major in smart blue uniform, whom Gay called Uncle Bill, and there was much planning and conversation as to some arrangement that was to be entered into when his time in his Majesty's Service should have expired and Ditcham Barracks should know him no more, by which he and Stephen could lay out their united fortunes to the best account. And there was present also Mr. Kent, the lawyer, apparently almost indifferent to the happiness of his friends, but in reality struggling with an emotion that threatened now and again to overwhelm him. Mr. Hutton was not there, and Beddows was absent also, for Mr. Hutton had laid himself down on his last bed of sickness, and the man whom he had befriended had refused to leave him even for a few hours.

"Jabez Hutton's million has done a good deal, Beddows," said the invalid, with the ghost of a smile, as the day drew on, "but it never made a wedding before, nor made two souls perfectly happy."

"No, sir," said Beddows gravely.

"And—Beddows—when I am gone, there will be a nice little sum for you, and the rest of the money for Mr. Hellard. He will be a well-to-do man after all. He will always remember in the Litany every Sunday the suffrage—'In all time of our wealth, good Lord, deliver us,' and he will thank God who did deliver him."

"Yes, sir," said Beddows in a softer tone.

* * * * *

There was another wedding later in the year that did not attract so much attention, for it was the wedding of Lady Cicely Dare and her cousin, Captain Walter Beaumont. Miss Hadow was much annoyed with her niece for making so poor a marriage when she might have done so well for herself.

"My dear Cicely," she moaned, "there is Stephen Hellard a rich man, or at least more than comfortably off now that that old miser is dead, and you failed in marrying him. And then there was Bobby Vandaleur. What a chance you had there, and only fancy, he is going to marry that stupid little Dorothy Curtis after all!"

But every heart knows its own secret, and possibly Lady Cicely Dare had only ended as so many people do, in marrying the man she had always really loved.

But Stephen Hellard and his wife are happy, for through the furnace of trial they have come out purified and ennobled, to walk together up the valley of the world that leads to the Eternal Life beyond.

THE END

Do Jesuits Encourage Sin?

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN FATHER GERARD, S.J., AND THE EDITOR

IN our November number, 1903, p. 39, appeared a short article on "Jesuit Morality." In that article we stated that an offer of 2000 gulden had been made by Chaplain Dasbach in Germany to any one who would prove that the maxim "The end justifies the means" is found in Jesuit writings; that this challenge had been taken up by Count Hoensbroech, an ex-Jesuit, who in his review, the *Deutschland*, had given long quotations from official Jesuit writings, proving that the maxim is taught, and was therefore claiming in the law courts the payment of the money by the challenger.

We gave some of these quotations, though not by any means the worst. They prove, to our mind conclusively, that the authoritative Jesuit teaching is that "the end justifies the means." Or, to quote Count Hoensbroech's paraphrase, that "*Every action, morally objectionable in itself, is morally permissible if it is performed in order to serve as means to the attainment of a good end.*"

And then, after giving these quotations, and mentioning that there were others too vile to be reproduced in our pages, we quoted Count Hoensbroech's words:—

"The same teaching, with the same arguments for its moral lawfulness, and with the same 'cases' for its practical application, with constant appeal to his predecessors and companions of the same Order, Laymann, Castropalao, Tamburini, is found in the writings of the still living 'German' Jesuit, Augustin Lehmkuhl, whose *Moral Theology*, in nine editions and many thousands of copies, is the foundation of instruction in moral theology in almost all the seminaries for the priesthood in the Catholic world." (See Lehmkuhl, S.J., *Theologia moralis*, Vol. I., p. 381 *et seq.* Friburg, 1898, ed. 9.)

Early in November we received the following letter:—

31, *Farm Street,*
Berkeley Square,
London, W.
2. xi. 03.

MY DEAR SIR,

It must I am sure be an unwelcome surprise to all who know the high character of the journal you conduct, to meet with such an article as that which appears in the current number under the title "Jesuit Morality," and to find it fathered by the Editor himself. That the idea upon which it is based should be entertained by any one who has given any attention to the question, I should have deemed impossible, and if you care to glance at the little pamphlet which I herewith enclose you will see my reason for saying so. I can only add that I have been a Jesuit for nearly fifty years, and neither I myself nor any other I ever knew would remain in the order for five minutes, if its principles bore the most remote resemblance to those with which it is so falsely credited.

As to the particular line taken by Count Hoensbroech, which I know only from your account, it does not appear to have any connexion with the principle of the ends justifying the means. The question treated in the extracts cited are common to all casuists, not by any means peculiar to Jesuits. I do not find it possible to verify the references as they stand in your pages, but in the case of Lehmkuhl, whom I have at hand, it is quite clear that the opinion he expresses is just the opposite of what readers would gather from the manner in which his name is introduced.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
JOHN GERARD, S.J.

P.S.—I have marked this letter "Private," as I do not write for publication, but I have no wish to prevent its use by you in any way you may wish

To that letter we replied as follows:—

"*The Leisure Hour,*"
4, *Bouverie Street,*
London, E.C.
Nov. 16, 1903.

MY DEAR SIR,

Please forgive my delay in answering your letter of the 2nd inst. A pressure of other work made it impossible for me to look into the matter afresh until the end of last week.

I have verified, personally, all the quotations given by Count Hoensbroech which I quoted in *The Leisure Hour*, with the exception of the short one from Escobar (of whose works I have only been able to consult another edition). I find them all correct, and I can only adhere to my opinion that they warrant the conclusion that in the view of leading Jesuit writers, "the end justifies the means."

The only statement which you specifically challenge is that regarding Lehmkuhl. If you refer to Lehmkuhl, *Theologia moralis*, Lib. II., Div. I., Cap. III., Art. II., § I., Punctum II., you will find that he says—

"Consulere peccatum quodcunque, si absolute consulitur, nunquam licet; verum aliquando licebit ei, qui ad majus peccatum determinatus est, consulere seu suadere peccatum minus. Igitur licebit . . . ei qui vult adulterium committere, id

proponere quod fornicationem perpetrare via sit gravius peccatum declinandi."[1]

If this does not plainly teach that the end justifies the means, language has no meaning, as I think you will admit.

May I add that I do not quite understand your postscript. You say that you have no wish to prevent the use of your letter by me in any way I may wish, and yet you mark it "Private" and say that you do not write for publication.

Allow me to thank you for your pamphlet, which I read with much interest, though it does not seem to answer the quotations I have given. I am glad to note your own personal repudiation of the doctrine in question.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
THE EDITOR.

We received the following reply:—

31, *Farm Street,*
Berkeley Square,
London, W.
17. xi. 03.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, to which I have given my best consideration, but I hope you will forgive me if I say that I altogether fail to see how its arguments can justify the conclusion to which, as you tell me, you are resolved to adhere.

(1) How can it possibly be said that the point treated by Lehmkuhl and others has anything to do with a good end justifying an evil means? Their doctrine is based wholly on the assumption that in the cases which they discuss the lesser sin is included in the greater, and that, by inducing the intending offender to forego the latter and restrict himself to the former, they are merely subtracting from, not adding anything to, the criminality of his deed. As to the application of their principle to particular cases, they may be wrong, and inasmuch as there are differences between their solutions, some of them must be so; but that the principle itself is a sound one you will not find it easy to deny. When, for example, Judah persuaded his brethren to sell Joseph into slavery, instead of killing him, are we to say that he acted on the principle that the end justified the means? If so we must alter the meaning of our terms. And if an intending burglar could be induced to promise that he would not shoot his victim in case of resistance in a vital part, but only cripple him by firing at his legs, what should be said? This is precisely the sort of case which moralists contemplate. It must be remembered that they write for the instruction of priests in the confessional, who have no other means of interfering to prevent a crime, except such persuasion, being bound to absolute secrecy, and precluded from saying anything to any one but the penitent who mentions his intention.

(2) As to Lehmkuhl. You quote his words "Consulere peccatum quodcunque, si absolute consulitur, nunquam licet; verum aliquando licebit ei, qui ad majus peccatum determinatus est, consulere seu suadere peccatum minus," etc. Why, may I ask, if you desire fully to exhibit his meaning, do you not add his words immediately following—"Quod ut rite intelligatur, animadvertendum est, eum qui sic agat *nullatenus optare nec consulere* ut peccetur, *sed* id intendere, ipsum consulere ut *peccatum diminuatur*, seu ut alter *sub illa conditione quod absolute nolit a peccando desistere* saltem peccatum *diminuat*"?

(3) All this, it is clear, is quite wide of the mark, being something quite different from what is understood when we speak of the doctrine that the end justifies the means. The allegation is that Jesuits hold and teach, as a principle peculiarly their own, that in order to secure a good end, it is lawful to commit a wicked action. *Here*, the whole question is of diminishing the wickedness of an action which it is impossible altogether to prevent.

(4) Upon what principle is it considered legitimate to attribute distinctively to Jesuits a doctrine which is common to all Moral Theologians? There are no doctrines in Theology peculiar to Jesuit writers, and there are none regarding which they do not differ amongst themselves, except those upon which all Theologians are agreed. This is sufficiently plain in the present connexion from the very passage of Lehmkuhl which you quote.

(5) Finally you must forgive me if I express my wonder at the calm manner in which you set aside all the evidence put before you in my pamphlet which you have read. There you have the results of a full examination of what Jesuit authors teach, showing that they all without exception lay it down as a just principle that the goodness of the end can never justify the employment of bad means. This you quietly ignore, and declare that you intend to go on holding that in the view of such writers "The end justifies the means."

I am sorry that my letter should have proved hard to understand in the portion to which you refer. My meaning was that I did not ask you to publish it, but that if you wished to do so, or to refer to its contents, you were to consider yourself quite at liberty.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
JOHN GERARD, S.J.

Our reply was as follows:—

"*The Leisure Hour,*"
4, *Bouverie Street,*
London, E.C.
Nov. 23, 1903.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for your letter of the 17th inst. and for making it clear that you have no objection to my publishing your letter of the 2nd inst. It will perhaps be desirable to publish the whole correspondence.

Before dealing with the principal subject of your last letter, may I say that I am sorry you should think I was treating your own pamphlet with indifference. What I simply meant was that if the particular quotations I gave from Jesuit

[1] "To advise any sin whatever, if the advice is absolutely given, is never lawful, but it will sometimes be lawful to advise or to persuade him who is determined on the greater sin, to commit the lesser sin." [Then follows the statement that it will therefore be lawful, in the case of one who wishes to commit a particular sin (which is mentioned), to propose to him that to commit another sin (which is mentioned) "may be a way of avoiding the graver sin."]

writers distinctly teach that "the end justifies the means," the production of statements to the opposite effect, such as those contained in your pamphlet, does not alter my opinion as to the meaning of such quotations.

As to my quotation from Lehmkuhl, I notice that you defend the recommendation by a confessor of "* * *" instead of "* * *" on two grounds.

(1) That "* * *" is a lesser sin; that the lesser is included in the greater, and that therefore to advise the lesser is "subtracting from, not adding to, the criminality of his deed."

On this I have only to say that I do not accept the principle. That the lesser is included in the greater is no reason for counselling a man to commit any sin whatever. Thus, to attain a good end, *i.e.* the avoidance of "* * *," the confessor is (according to Lehmkuhl) to recommend "* * *." This is surely to recommend a means bad in itself. What does this mean if not that "the end justifies the means"?

(2) You defend the recommendation to commit "* * *" on the ground of the determination of the intending offender. You say it is the question of "diminishing the wickedness of an action which it is impossible altogether to prevent," and again that it is "inducing the intending offender to forego the latter" (the greater sin, * * *) "and restrict himself to the former" (the lesser sin, * * *).

I absolutely deny the right of a Christian moralist or teacher to recommend "* * *" under any circumstances whatever. If a man is determined to gratify evil passions, the responsibility must rest upon himself. But surely the Christian teacher should point out to him the sufficiency of Divine grace, or, in the words of St. Paul on this very sin, that "there hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear; but God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it." (1 Cor. x. 13: Revised Version.)

I do not enter upon the other points in your letter, as they do not appear to me to affect the issue. You challenged my reference to Lehmkuhl in *The Leisure Hour*. I have given you his own words, not only on the general principle but on the particular application of it. And I lay stress upon the application, because it shows the practical working of the principle in life and conduct. Just as in the Indian Codes of Law the specific decisions are given along with the general enactments, and "the illustrations, being of equal authority with the text, serve as a commentary on its meaning and as a guide in its practical application" (Pollock: *Digest of the Law of Partnership*. Third Ed. 1884, Introd. p. viii), so here. To counsel "the lesser sin" may seem plausible in the abstract; but when we know that it may mean to counsel "* * *," then we receive an important light on the moral possibilities of the confessional and of Jesuit teaching.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
THE EDITOR.

To this letter Father Gerard replied as follows:—

31, *Farm Street,*
Berkeley Square,
London, W.
24. xi. 03.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for your letter, from which I think I begin to see how you have read into the passages you quote from Catholic moralists a meaning which I must confess had never occurred to me as possible.

You assume that what Lehmkuhl and others, non-Jesuits equally with Jesuits, consider lawful is to "recommend" or "counsel" a man to commit a lesser sin (as * * *) in lieu of a greater (as * * *). That is to say, you appear to take for granted that it is held lawful to urge or move the intending sinner to commit a certain offence in order that he may not commit another, as one might urge a young spendthrift to spend his money on pictures, or diamonds, in order that he might not spend it on wine and women. But no one having any practical acquaintance with the teachings of Catholic theology could for a moment imagine any such meaning, against which, moreover, Lehmkuhl expressly guards, in the passage to which I called your attention in my last. To "recommend" or "counsel" sin of any kind, great or little, would be impious and abominable, and no moralist ever thought of such a course. They deal only with cases in which the offender can be nowise hindered from committing an offence of a certain character, but may be induced to refrain from its worst excess; and to make restriction or diminution alone—subtraction, as I have termed it—can any efforts be directed. In the passages quoted from Lehmkuhl, *suadere* cannot rightly be taken as meaning to "recommend" or "counsel" anything more than such abstention.

You seem to suppose that the advice would take some such form as this: "Don't commit the greater sin, but instead go and commit the lesser." According to the teaching which you condemn it could amount to no more than this—"Well, if you are resolved to give yourself to Satan and indulge your evil passions, at least, for Heaven's sake don't sacrifice the honour and happiness of others—there are unhappily abundant opportunities of indulging your lusts without *that*."

You rehearse various admirable motives which should be laid before the sinner to induce him to desist. But, in such treatises as are under discussion, it is taken for granted as a matter of course that all these have been tried in vain. If you reply that there is no mention of them in the passages you cite, you must pardon me for observing that this vividly illustrates the evil that must attend the practice of dipping into treatises of the kind, and confining one's attention to isolated paragraphs. These are technical works, intended not for the general reader, but for theological students, who go steadily and carefully through them from beginning to end. The principle that evil may not be done that good may come of it, that sin of every kind is the one great evil always and everywhere to be combated, and that the object to be kept ever in view is God's honour and the salvation of souls—lies on the very threshold of such studies, and is assumed as an axiom throughout. To repeat it formally at every turn would be useless and meaningless, for take this away and the whole science of Moral Theology must cease to exist.

I must add a word as to the connexion you wish to establish between the doctrine of which you speak and the supposed principle that "the end justifies the means." That principle has always hitherto been supposed to mean that for such an end as the personal advantage of the actor, or of the body, especially of the Church, to which he belongs, it is lawful to employ a means plainly sinful in itself. But in the instances before us, the only end in question is the avoidance of *sin*. No personal or ecclesiastical benefit is ever hinted at. Nor is there the shadow of a suggestion that one man may commit a lesser sin in order to prevent another from committing a greater. The one question is whether that may be minimised which cannot be hindered.

You seem to imply that what is worst about this doctrine is its practical application in life and conduct. May I ask whether you here speak from knowledge or from inference? Having been a priest for more than thirty years, I have never come across any trace of such application in connexion with the guidance of souls. I have, however, recently heard of an example elsewhere, as to which I should like to know your verdict. Some years ago, on occasion of an "Orange and Green" tumult at Liverpool, the ship-carpenters turned out in force armed with their adzes. The police being in insufficient force to keep the peace, their chief harangued this body, pointed out that if they went into the fray so armed, there would be murders and subsequent hangings, and advised them to exchange their adzes for cudgels, and be satisfied with breaking their opponents' heads. As they did.

Finally, I must ask you once more on what score you feel justified in describing, as you persistently do, this teaching as peculiar to Jesuits, which they share with all others who treat the same question?

I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

To which we replied in the following letter:[1]

"*The Leisure Hour*,"
4, *Bouverie Street*,
London, E.C.
Nov. 25, 1903.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date. You will, I hope, forgive me if I do not enter into all the questions raised in it. But I may remark—

(1) On the last sentence of your second paragraph, that "abstention" is precisely what the passages from Lehmkuhl do not recommend. "Restriction," "diminution," "subtraction," to use your own words in the previous sentence, are not "*abstention*."

(2) On your fourth paragraph, that if "the principle that evil may not be done that good may come of it . . . lies on the very threshold of such studies," then the quotations from Lehmkuhl and the other writers whom I quoted are in absolute contradiction to that principle.

(3) I answer the question in your fifth paragraph by saying that by the practical application I mean the recommendation of * * * to avoid * * *

(4) On your last paragraph, I am not aware of any Protestant theologian who recommends theft from a rich man to avoid theft from a poor man; or * * * to avoid * * * —(even in the case of persons determined on these sins)—the actual advice given by Jesuit writers in at least two of the cases I quoted.

Yours very faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

Father Gerard replied as follows:—

31, *Farm Street*,
Berkeley Square,
London, W.
26. xi. 03.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I commenced the correspondence which, as far as I am concerned, shall now close, I did not doubt that you would be ready to reconsider the grave charges which you have publicly advanced against a well-known body of men, and which I felt assured were prompted, not by any desire to injure those whom you assailed, but rather by a misapprehension of certain teachings of a highly technical character, to which it may I think be presumed without offence that you have devoted no special attention.

I sincerely regret to find that such expectations are far from being justified, and that you are content to reiterate your statements, setting aside as requiring no answer all arguments and observations to which one might not easily be found. You have never taken any notice of the question which I have repeatedly asked, as to how you feel justified in attributing specifically to Jesuit authors a doctrine neither devised nor monopolised by them. That for purposes of public controversy the prejudices excited by the name of Jesuits is a formidable weapon, I am well aware —but beyond this point I can imagine no excuse for your employment of it. You likewise persist in speaking of authors as "recommending," or teaching others to "recommend," what they declare in the plainest terms may never be recommended, and support your contention by verbal arguments which I should style quibbles, were I not assured that you have wholly failed to apprehend the sense and drift of the authors you impugn. In the very instance on which you chiefly insist, it is only in so far as it is "abstention" (from *adulterium*) that Lehmkuhl or other moralists hold it lawful positively to influence a man towards another course.

What is more. You appear to assume that you must understand the meaning of these authors better than they do themselves. On the strength of the interpretation thus put upon their words, you assume as a matter of course that they flagrantly contradict themselves, though Catholics are too blind to notice the contradiction. According to this supposition, after solemnly laying it down that a good end can never justify a wicked means, Catholic moralists unanimously proceed to teach that it can. Such a supposition can be entertained only on the common assumption that Catholics in general and Jesuits in particular are at once preternaturally clever and incomparably stupid.

[1] For obvious reasons, we have omitted, *for publication*, the words describing particular sins. For the two sins mentioned in the quotation from Lehmkuhl, we have substituted throughout the correspondence asterisks [* * *]. The context will show in each case whether the greater sin or the lesser is alluded to.

It should certainly appear obvious that if it is really desired to ascertain how teaching such as that in question should be understood, information should be sought from those who have professionally studied the science of Moral Theology, with a view to its practical application. I can only say that having shown your article and subsequent letters to various priests, I have been met in every instance with indignant and incredulous astonishment that any one should so transform and pervert the meaning of what seems so plain and obvious.

In conclusion, I cannot but ask myself, were we to make a case in like manner against opponents, what a splendid opportunity should we not afford to those who wished to declaim against Jesuit methods of controversy.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
JOHN GERARD, S.J.

From this correspondence and our previous article the following points are, we think, clearly established.

1. That the statement which we made about Lehmkuhl, and which was challenged by Father Gerard, is borne out by Lehmkuhl's own words. For

2. Lehmkuhl, an authoritative modern German Jesuit, teaches that a confessor may advise a man to commit a lesser sin in order to avoid the greater. He regards this as *diminishing* the offence. In this Father Gerard agrees with him.

3. Lehmkuhl, applying his general principle, teaches specifically that a man who is bent on committing * * * may be advised and even *persuaded* (*suadere*) to commit * * *. And Father Gerard defends him.

4. Thus, to achieve a good end—viz. the avoidance of * * * — Lehmkuhl and Father Gerard defend the recommendation of * * *, which is absolutely sinful in itself. Is not this to teach that "the end justifies the means"? Is not this to encourage sin?

5. We showed in our previous article that *theft* was also encouraged under certain circumstances (see quotation from Escobar, *Leisure Hour*, November, p. 39 at foot).

6. It will be observed that Father Gerard speaks in his second letter of "an action which it is impossible to prevent"; and in his third letter of "cases in which the offender can be nowise hindered from committing an offence of a certain character." This supposed necessity is really Father Gerard's whole case. But it is an assumption not justified by the teaching of the New Testament.

7. Father Gerard's letters bring out one of the greatest evils of the Confessional. It is surely contrary to national well-being and public safety that men should be allowed to be privy to crimes beforehand who have no possibility of giving warning to those likely to be injured.

If any of our readers are still in doubt as to the practical working of Jesuit teaching, let them consider the following quotation from Güry, which we mentioned in our previous article, but did not venture then to quote. The challenge of Father Gerard seems to us to make its quotation necessary now. It is on the question of lying (*mendacium*).

"Anna, cum adulterium commisisset, viro de hoc suspicanti et sciscitanti respondit prima vice, se matrimonium non fregisse; secunda vice, cum jam a peccato fuisset absoluta, respondit: innocens sum a tali crimine. Tandem tertia vice, adhuc instante viro, adulterium persus negavit dixitque: non commisi, intelligendo adulterium tale quod tenear revelare; seu non commisi adulterium tibi revelandum."

"An damnanda Anna? In triplici memorata memorato casu Anna a mendacio excusari potest. Etenim: in primo casu dicere potuit se matrimonium non fregisse, siquidem adhuc subsistit. In secundo casu potuit dicere, se innocentem esse ab adulterii crimine, siquidem peracta confessione et recepta absolutione, ejus conscientia ab illo non amplius gravabatur, cum certitudinem moralem haberet, illud sibi remissum fuisse. Imo potuit hoc asserere etiam cum juramento. In tertio casu potuit etiam probabiliter negare, se adulterium commisisse, intelligendo its, ut peccatum marito revelare deberet."

(Güry. *Casus conscientiæ*. Tom I., pp. 280, 281. Paris. 1864. Brit. Museum press mark 4061 c 26. Hoensbroech quotes from the Paris edition of 1891.)

[The substance of this is that a woman who has been unfaithful is justified in denying to her husband her unfaithfulness. One of the reasons given is that "her confession having been made and absolution received, her conscience was no longer burdened with it, since she had a moral certainty that it had been forgiven her." Therefore, according to Güry she could assert, even with an oath, that she was innocent.]

Was it any wonder that we said that there is in such teaching nothing Christian or evangelical? It is all unchristian, immoral.

And what a light is thrown not only upon the teaching of the Jesuits, but upon the teaching given in Roman Catholic seminaries generally, where Jesuit textbooks such as Liguori and Lehmkuhl are used. Is it any wonder that, with such encouragement of lying, theft, fornication, the confessional is looked upon as full of moral danger?

If the people of this country were alive to the dangers which threaten the sanctity of the home, the purity of manhood and womanhood, through such teaching and teachers, something would assuredly be done, and that promptly, to resist the growth of Jesuit influence in England to-day.

Miss Prissie

BY GRACE PETTMAN

I

"ONE—two—three—four. One—two—" There was a sudden stumble, and a jarring discord. One of the child's fingers went down heavily upon a wrong key, setting the teacher's nerves quivering painfully, and her monotonous counting came to an abrupt end for a moment. The child at the piano had no ear whatever for music, and to her the right note or the wrong were all the same.

"One—two—three—four—" once more the weary voice began counting patiently; and slowly, stumblingly, the small pupil laboured through the first exercise from "Czerny's 101": the first five major scales, and a simple—exceedingly simple—arrangement of "Belle Mahone."

At last the lesson was over for the day, and it was a question whether teacher or pupil was the most relieved, as the tattered yellow music, which looked as if it had already done its duty for more than one generation, was put away.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Prissie!" and in a moment the child was racing down the frosty road, in the twilight of a winter's afternoon; the door she had banged behind her echoing noisily through the half-empty house.

Miss Prissie closed the piano—worn out, old, and out of tune; the very keys faded to a deep dingy yellow.

The high front, with its panel of needle-work colourless with age, spoke of by-gone days, and as Miss Prissie for a moment clasped her hands and stood gazing at it, a vision of the past swept over her, bringing back the far-off days when life had looked bright and full of hope. The piano had been a birthday gift to her forty years ago—when she was a blooming maiden of seventeen. Ah, that time seemed very far away now—back in the long, long ago, when roses had clustered thick and fair round Miss Prissie's life; as bright and plentiful, it seemed, as the twining flowers themselves which smothered the walls and windows of the great farmhouse which was her home.

The memory of it all seemed more like a dream sometimes, rather than part of a real live past; the contrast of those bright days with the dreary present was so great that it did not seem as if that past could ever have belonged to her life at all.

Love had made merry music in Miss Prissie's rose-covered home in those days—father and mother, brother and sister; now all were gone. In the old village churchyard, the dying leaves dropped in a shower of crimson and russet-brown upon the graves of three out of the four; only one still lived—existed, rather, for in the old, deep sense of love and joy and home, she too was gone!

Miss Prissie's mother was still alive—if indeed it could be called living,—she was withered and old and feeble-minded, as simple as the children in her daughter's school; the small folks with whom she loved to play, and anon even tried to teach, though little remained in her own memory now beyond "twice two are four." Oh, it was pitiful, so pitiful; sometimes Miss Prissie clasped her hands in anguish as she remembered the lithe bright mistress of the old farmhouse in years gone by, and the thought would come, though the daughter crushed it back as disloyal and even wicked, that it had been better, aye, far better, that her mother also had slept beneath the sobbing willows, rather than have lived to be the wreck she was—a woman worn and decrepit, with a few stray curls that were grizzled and thin and grey, and the mind of a harmless, simple child.

Trouble had done it, sorrows that had come to her in years gone by; the failure of the crops, bad debts, and a time of depression. The farmer had sunk beneath the load first of all, then an epidemic which raged in the low, marsh country one wet season had carried off the son and daughter.

Miss Prissie, the eldest of the three, was left alone, to face the world with a mother dazed and enfeebled by the shock, only to grow worse instead of better as the days went by.

Like many a lone woman of middle age left suddenly to fight life's battles, Miss Prissie knew not which way to turn.

Everything was sold at the farm, then, with a pitiful little wreck of their belongings—scarce enough to furnish a four-roomed cottage—Miss Prissie betook herself and her mother to a dreary market town. There in a dull by-street of tiny houses, all painfully alike, they took up their abode.

Here the younger woman tried to open a little school. She had received a fair education for those days—a smattering of French and music, a superficial knowledge of the usual English subjects. She could write an angular hand, play "The Maiden's Prayer" and "The Battle of Prague," and work samplers and wool screens to perfection. Happily for Miss Prissie, there were still to be found in Middlestown a few parents of the unenlightened type, who eschewed school boards, and preferred what they deemed to be the "gentility" of a "private" school, although they were far from wishing to pay the fees of a high-class establishment worthy of that name.

So to Miss Prissie's school they came; by ones and twos at first, till after twelve months' bitter struggle, the numbers increased, while in her most palmy days she had counted her pupils as many as twenty-four.

So for nineteen years the struggle had gone on; the children's school pence had kept a roof over their heads and supplied them with the bare necessaries of life, while the seven-and-six a quarter which two or three paid for music-lessons, was laid carefully aside for clothes, or any items that the weekly pence did not cover.

This was Friday afternoon; Miss Prissie was fifty-nine now, and no longer felt blithe and young. When once her little music pupil had departed, she sat down by the tiny parlour fire, too utterly exhausted just then to set about preparing tea.

The Christmas holidays would begin in another week; but Miss Prissie almost dreaded vacations in spite of the welcome rest, for Mondays in holiday-time brought no weekly school pence, so it was a financial relief when the children came back again.

How long could the struggle go on? she wondered. For a long time she had been pitifully, painfully fighting against circumstances and ill-health. Sometimes she felt very worn-out and incapable of teaching, for Miss Prissie was painfully conscious that her best efforts fell far short of the education and training the children received at the board school, where the head-mistress was reputed to be one of the cleverest teachers of the day.

One or two of her pupils had left the little school recently; only fourteen remained. Her music-pupils were only two, but even these seemed beyond Miss Prissie's strength to teach after school hours were over. And, as if in strange contradiction to all else, her aged mother seemed to be more hale and hearty than she had been for years. With that wonderful vitality that very old people often show, her strength of body seemed greater as her power of mind grew less; for she became more childish every day.

Possibly she might linger for years, ever outliving Miss Prissie herself. And how were these two lone, helpless women to be provided for when the dread time came at last when the younger could work no longer? There had been no margin of income left with which to make provision; no old age pension scheme had come Miss Prissie's way.

Alone by the fireside this December afternoon, she just dropped on her knees and her lips moved voicelessly for a moment: then she must rise and take up her duties once again, until——

A sudden peal at the rusty door-bell echoed through the empty hall. Miss Prissie started; visitors were rare, especially so late on a winter's afternoon. Her heart began to beat with hope. Was it some mother, come to arrange about her children coming to the school? Miss Prissie's breath came and went quickly, as she opened the door. Two ladies stood upon the threshold; one was a stranger, the other a well-dressed, well-to-do builder's wife, who had a governess at home for her large family of boys and girls, and was reputed to be interested in the education question, in fact, was a prominent member of the local school board. She had always treated Miss Prissie with such marked coldness, that her coming as a visitor took the little school-mistress by surprise, and quite threw her off her guard.

"Good-evening," said Mrs. Ward, the builder's wife, a trifle abruptly; "this is my friend Miss Westhaugh—Miss Priscilla Gray. I suppose you often have visitors to your school," she said, speaking hurriedly, "it is so old-established that you of course have no objection. Miss Westhaugh knows Mrs. Beeching, whose little girl is one of your pupils. She naturally wishes to see

the little child at school, as she is—is interested in education. We will come to-morrow at ten? Thank you, I felt sure you would not object; good-afternoon," and almost before Miss Prissie could recover herself to speak, the ladies were gone.

She had been too utterly taken by surprise to refuse, or, in fact, collect her thoughts sufficiently to answer, even if Mrs. Ward had given her a chance of replying. But now, as she stood upon the doorstep, and watched the retreating figures in half-dazed fashion, a sudden awakening came to her.

What had she done? What had Mrs. Ward asked, and taken her consent for granted? Visitors coming to her school, and such visitors? Mrs. Ward was a woman to be dreaded, if she took it in her head to oppose anything, and there was something in Miss Westhaugh's keen eyes and intellectual face that made Miss Prissie shrink at the remembrance of her own attempts at teaching. What would these two think of the handful of children seated round an old deal table, in the up-stairs back room of a four-roomed cottage, with bare floor, and bare walls, save for a few prints from illustrated papers, and an antiquated map—so old as to be positively misleading?

A sudden impulse seized Miss Prissie. Why should she not stay up all night, and prepare the parlour for lessons on the morrow, just for once, and so show off her school to the best advantage? But no—she put the thought resolutely away; Miss Prissie had her limitations, but she was too transparent and honest to transform things in the slightest degree for her own benefit, and alter her school routine to show off to better advantage. She would let things stay as they were, cost what it might. She had done her best, that was all. She had striven to train the hearts of her pupils; to teach them to live for truth and righteousness, and in early life to seek the love of God. If in imparting head knowledge she was woefully behind the times, none was more painfully aware of it than Miss Prissie herself.

Tea was a mere pretence that night; the poor little school-mistress's mind was in a whirl.

It had been a great gain to her school when wee Mabel Beeching had been entered as a pupil. Her father was only a clerk, it is true, but they lived in a superior part of Middlestown, and it was rumoured that his wife's connexions were very much higher than his own.

And Miss Westhaugh was a friend of hers! Poor Miss Prissie's heart sank for fear lest the visit might result in the loss of her little pupil.

Not a wink of sleep came to Miss Prissie's tired eyelids that night. She tossed to and fro wearily, and her brain seemed on fire. With a gnawing feeling of dismay in her heart, she remembered blotted copies, weakness in mental arithmetic, and individual failings on the part of her pupils; for, as might be expected, several of the children had been sent to her because their lack of brightness, and inability to hold their own, had unfitted them to mix with numbers in a public school.

Poor Miss Prissie! Her head ached, and her eyes seemed dim, as she rose in the grey semi-darkness of that December morning, hoping against hope that her old mother would sleep on for a time—even until the visitors had gone.

Silently she went about her household duties, and then at nine o'clock gathered the children round her to commence the work of school.

The scripture lesson should not be put off till the visitors came; to Miss Prissie this was the best part of all the day, too sacred for strange eyes and ears. For half-an-hour Miss Prissie held the small people spellbound, as verse by verse she made an old Bible-story live before them, and then drew simple, searching lessons from it, to fit into children's hearts and lives.

Any one who had seen her face then—glowing, eager, almost young again in her deep, earnestness, would have formed a different estimate of Miss Prissie's teaching. The keen interest of the boys and girls during that half-hour, showed that the lesson was taking deep root in fertile soil; she was doing a work in some young hearts that would stand the test of Eternity.

But when the Bibles were put away, Miss Prissie's tremors came back again. There was only time to hear a couple of recitations and let the children sing one piece, then, fully ten minutes before the time appointed, there came a sharp clang at the bell, and turning hot and cold all over, Miss Prissie went to let the visitors in.

Miss Westhaugh looked more dignified than ever, and her keen eye took in every detail as she entered the little cottage. The passage-floor was bare, and plentifully

marked with muddy tracks after the morning's thaw; here and there patches had been torn off the wall-paper and the plaster was only too evident underneath. The landlord would do nothing, and Miss Prissie had not a penny to spend for repairs. She was painfully conscious of the ladies' critical glances, as she followed them into the parlour.

"I thought you would like to see the prizes they have won," she ventured timidly.

"Prizes, what prizes?" said Miss Westhaugh sharply, glancing at a pile of strongly-bound Bibles on the table; "*these*"?

"Yes, given by a Scripture Society for learning verses and answering questions."

"Oh!"

The monosyllable meant volumes, and Miss Westhaugh turned away as if such prizes counted for very little in her estimation.

"Miss Westhaugh is used to University exams. and prizes; and they need earning!" said Mrs. Ward, rather quenchingly. "Where is the school-room?"

"Up-stairs," said Miss Prissie, leading the way with a sinking heart, conscious of a distinct grunt of disapproval behind her.

The children rose as the visitors entered, but the two ladies only gave a careless nod, and glanced round the room; then Miss Westhaugh sniffed significantly.

A tall, delicate-looking boy sat at the head of the table; Mrs. Ward went up to him at once.

"Philip Wilson!" she said in surprise, "you here? His father is my husband's foreman," she explained to her friend. "What are you doing? Large-hand copies and long division? Why, you ought to be in decimals, and write a vertical hand at your age. You would have been in the seventh standard at the board school by now."

The boy's dark eyes filled with tears, and his face grew a shade paler than before.

"He was too delicate—he came from the board school here," explained Miss Prissie. But Mrs. Ward took no notice; Miss Westhaugh was calling her attention to little Mabel Beeching's slate and copy-book, and the look that passed between the ladies said more than any words would have done.

As if to make matters worse, Miss Prissie's old mother entered the room at that moment, and somehow her childish brain seemed to grasp the situation. Her faded eyes beamed with delight at the sight of the children on whom she doted, especially pleased that her little favourite, golden-haired Mabel, was the object of the visitors' interest. Anxious to show off the little one's prowess, the poor old soul beckoned Mabel from her seat, and before Miss Prissie could prevent her, she commenced in monotonous tone—

"Twice one?"

"Two."

"Twice two?"

"Four."

"Good girl! Twice three?"

"Eight."

"No, no, dear."

"Seven."

The visitors were watching in eloquent silence; Miss Prissie felt like crying. Struggling to regain her self-command she called—

"Stand!"

The children rose obediently, then she started a simple childish ballad, afterwards the words of a hymn.

But the children's voices failed sadly to blend in harmony. Miss Prissie's own ear was defective, and she had no instrument up-stairs. Instead of singing the air, two or three of the elder children carried on the words on a sort of monotonous under-note the object of which was hard to tell, although the discord was painful sometimes.

"Some one will enter the pearly gate,
By and by."

Miss Prissie's pupils struggled through the first verse somehow; then, as if put suddenly on her mettle, the little teacher called, "Next verse: a little stronger, you altos there!" at the same time indicating with her cane the four elder children.

Mrs. Ward, who was really musical, evidently had some difficulty to keep from laughing: Miss Westhaugh simply gave a horrified stare, which deepened into amazement when the small pupils followed the hymn-tune with

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

accompanying the words with queer little gestures and pointings of the fore-finger that were quite original, and not to be found in connexion with any ordinary action song.

Somehow Miss Prissie seemed to feel her visitors' thoughts at that moment; never had

THE VISITORS WERE WATCHING IN ELOQUENT SILENCE

it struck the well-meaning little spinster herself until that identical moment, but it really did seem incongruous, for fair-sized boys and girls to be singing anything so utterly babyish.

So Miss Prissie stopped "Twinkle, twinkle," and called Philip Wilson out to recite. He started immediately—

> "The boy stood on the burning deck
> Whence all but he had fled."

After enduring a couple of verses in sing-song style, relating to Casabianca's precocity and vain heroism, the ladies turned to go.

"Thank you, Miss Prissie, we will not trouble you any further: we have heard quite enough. Good-morning," and they passed down the stairs and out into the street without turning their heads.

Miss Prissie followed them to the door, watching them wistfully, as they went down the street. When once they were out of ear-shot, she noticed they commenced talking in rapid, decided tones. Oh, what would she not have given to have known what they were saying! If only they had been honest enough to express their opinions to her openly. As she watched them, a faint sound reached her ears; both Mrs. Ward and Miss Westhaugh were too careful to express their emotions very audibly in the streets, nevertheless, the unmistakable echo of a little derisive laugh fell upon the troubled ears of the school-mistress in the doorway.

Then suddenly, with an awful stinging conviction that Miss Prissie would feel in her heart to her dying day, the truth seemed crushed ruthlessly into her very soul—*they were laughing at her!*

Yes, at her, and at her little school, which had been the one object of her life, the one thing for which she had lived and toiled and striven, until it had become the very essential part of her existence.

Well, she had done her best, her very best, to keep her feeble-minded mother and herself from the dreaded alternatives of starvation and the workhouse, and to train her children to live God-fearing, useful lives. Her brain had well-nigh reeled sometimes, as she heard of the wonderful attainments of children the same age in other schools, and how some, when they left, had climbed step by step in higher education, winning positions and fame, that seemed to her marvellous indeed.

Not one of her boys had ever won a scholarship; none of her girls had ever possessed a solitary certificate. Still, upstairs, Miss Prissie had something she valued more—just a bundle of letters, read and re-read by her tired eyes in spite of failing sight, but never exhibited in vainglory to anybody else. Letters from her old boys and girls, now men and women, living humble, useful lives. Yes, as far as she knew, only one of Miss Prissie's old scholars had ever turned out absolutely worthless—in such fashion as to make her ashamed, and that one had been her worst boy twelve years ago—David Dyall. After several attempts to learn a trade, he had finally run away from home and enlisted as a soldier. His parents were dead now, and his name never heard; when the memory of that one failure crossed Miss Prissie's mind, she always sighed and prayed.

Slowly she turned away from the doorstep when Mrs. Ward and her friend disappeared, but it seemed as if that little mocking laugh were still freezing her very heart with its cruel scorn, after all her patient trying, poor as she knew her efforts had been in the light of modern wisdom.

Why was it she felt so strange and queer, as if all heart and hope had died within her there and then? Heedless of the mingled sounds from the school-room above, where discipline was at a standstill, for a moment Miss Prissie turned into the dingy parlour and dropped upon her knees.

"I've just done my best, Lord, Thou dost know that—though my best is very poor. I'm not clever, I was not taught and trained as teachers are to-day. If I ought to give up because I'm too unworthy, and can't keep up with the times, O Lord, look after my poor old mother, it doesn't matter about me."

There was peace in Miss Prissie's sorrowful soul, but a strange tightening at her heart, a queer feeling that she did not understand, as she made her way back to the school-room, that had never looked so forlorn and out of date as it did just now, when her eyes had been opened.

She resumed the morning lessons, but her teaching seemed vague and strange, as if she were compelled to fulfil a task, rather than a service she loved.

She herself did not know or realise it: but that morning Miss Prissie's heart was broken; that was all!

II

"DID you ever witness anything so utterly absurd in your life?"

Mrs. Ward only waited until they were out of Miss Prissie's hearing, then her indignation could no longer be suppressed.

"It is preposterous—perfectly shocking," said Miss Westhaugh in more dignified but equally strident tones, "to think of poor children being dragged up in such a place, called by the name of school. Why ever does not the law step in and put a stop to such things? Places like that ought to be crushed out of existence."

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Ward, who was a bit of a faddist on education. "I have no doubt Miss Prissie is well-meaning, and does her best; she is so simple that she seems almost proud of her pupils' performances. She might have passed as a teacher fifty years ago—folks were easily satisfied then—but now——" Mrs. Ward's sentence was left unfinished, as if she could find no words to express the infinite superiority of the present generation.

"It is a sheer imposition, to think of people paying money for their children to be taught in that fashion," said Miss Westhaugh hotly. "Fancy including Sankey's hymns and 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' in the education code for a great boy like that Philip Wilson!" and a low mocking laugh echoed derisively from her lips—echoed faintly, ever so faintly, until it reached the lone woman who stood upon the doorstep, gazing wistfully after them.

"It is quite evident you are needed in Middlestown," said Mrs. Ward impressively. "Think of it, we parents of the middle and upper classes have absolutely no choice between a board school and Miss Prissie's little 'dame' school, unless it is the Ladies' College out at the Manor, which is frightfully expensive and very exclusive."

Mrs. Ward's tone was half vexed, half plaintive. It was a very sore point with her that her own eldest daughter was excluded from that same Ladies' College, because her father ranked as a tradesman. But this fact she did not mention: it was not her way.

"In my own case," she continued loftily, "it is not so bad. I secured a good governess, who is only leaving to be married. But now that we have really seen this school for ourselves, we can act accordingly. Suppose I ask Mrs. Beeching in to afternoon tea, and drop a few other invitations on the way home, to come and meet you? I think I know one or two who will put a little capital into your venture, and I am willing to do the same myself—our plan ought to succeed."

That same afternoon, the winter shadows were fast closing in with the promise of another wild, cold night; but in Mrs. Ward's cosy drawing-room, the crimson curtains shut out all that was wintry and cheerless, and the soft light of a shaded lamp shed a warm glow upon the dainty table, and tray of afternoon tea.

The gentle clatter of cups, and rattle of silver spoons, was subdued at last, and the dozen or so of ladies present, some of whom had wondered very much why Mrs. Ward had extended an invitation to tea to them for the first time, had their curiosity satisfied at last.

Mrs. Ward laid down her dainty cup, and glanced round to see if that of any of her guests needed refilling. Then she said:

"I am sure you know how deeply interested I am in education, in common with all other ladies here who have children of their own to train. We mothers of Middlestown have found great difficulty over schools for our children, but happily a solution seems at hand. My friend, Miss Westhaugh, who holds honour certificates from Cambridge University, is willing to face the difficulty, and open a first-rate school for our girls and younger boys. We have already a large house in view, and prospectuses are being printed. Besides this, we have given up our time this morning to find out just how sorely such a school is needed." Forthwith Mrs. Ward detailed the story of their visit to Miss Prissie.

Without once overstepping the bounds of actual good breeding Mrs. Ward said enough, in her cool, conclusive style, to render the mothers who had children under Miss Prissie's care very uncomfortable indeed. This was just exactly what she intended, and she was quite prepared for the result. Several pupils were promised to Miss Westhaugh on the spot, for the opening day of the new school next January, some of the ladies declaring this was just what they had been longing for for many a day. Others promised to think over

the matter favourably, and consult their husbands at home.

When the last visitor had departed, Mrs. Ward turned to Miss Westhaugh in triumph.

"My dear, we shall succeed beyond our hopes. Mark my word, in a little while that wretched apology for a school will be crushed out of existence, and the sooner the better!"

* * * * *

It was New Year's Eve.

Outside the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the short winter afternoon was throwing a veil of twilight over a world wrapped in white.

Miss Prissie's little cottage seemed very silent; the last ten days had been holiday time. But the joyous season of Christmas-tide had brought no gladness to the toil-worn teacher, in fact the last fortnight had been the hardest of all Miss Prissie's life.

The very day of the breaking-up, she had received a letter from Mrs. Beeching, withdrawing little Mabel from the school. A week's payment was enclosed in lieu of notice, and Miss Prissie could demand no more, for hers was a weekly school.

Worse had followed. Two visitors called during Christmas week, the mothers of her two best-paying pupils—those who had music-lessons. They had "made other arrangements" for next term, and Miss Prissie was too heart-sick to summon courage enough to ask what those arrangements were. So the two additional sums of seven and sixpence, which had meant so much extra comfort, were gone now for ever: and how much privation that would mean, she hardly dared to think. Another notice followed, and yet another: she began to feel sure some insidious evil was at work, but,—poor faithful Miss Prissie!—with the charity that thinketh no evil, she tried not to fasten home the blame where she felt pretty well sure the mischief had been made.

Now New Year's Eve had come, and with it fresh trouble. Her mother was ill. Aged and childish at the best of times, she was a difficult one to manage when anything was the matter. Miss Prissie was quite worn out before she succeeded in prevailing upon the old lady to go to bed. She lit a fire in her mother's room, so the tiny one down-stairs was allowed to dwindle out. Such extravagance as two fires, even on a snowy winter's night, was not to be thought of for a moment.

An hour passed. Miss Prissie sat by the little fire in her mother's room lost in sorrowful thought. Then it became quite evident that Mrs. Gray was growing rapidly worse: there was only one thing to be done.

She was dozing fitfully just now, so Miss Prissie slipped on her old cloak, pulling the thick hood over her head, and went out into the darkness of that December night.

Splash, squelch: the wet snow penetrated her shoes in a moment, they were old and worn, but the best that she possessed. Miss Prissie's feet were sopping, but she struggled bravely on.

The doctor lived in the main road, only a few doors from the end of Miss Prissie's street; she must manage to get there somehow, it was a question of life and death. But at the corner of the road she stood still, startled beyond measure.

A large, roomy house stood alone on the opposite side of the main road; for years it had been empty, so long, indeed, that folks were used to seeing the uncurtained windows and the great notice-board. But to-night, lights were gleaming from the bare windows, a big furniture van stood in the road, and figures were moving to and fro.

The light of the gas-lamp shone full on the bare space where the notice-board had been; glittering, too, upon something very bright and shining upon the gate.

Miss Prissie was just crossing the road to see what was written on that brand-new brass plate, when voices that somehow seemed familiar fell upon her ear.

Two ladies were coming down the drive, and instinctively the little faded dame school-mistress drew back into the shadow as they passed.

"Well, everything is succeeding admirably. You are to be hugely congratulated: how many promised pupils have you now?"

"Eighteen; three of them boarders. Possibly several others before we begin. I am sure a great deal is owing to you."

Mrs. Ward's soft purring disclaimer hardly sounded like herself. But Miss Prissie knew only too well the sound of the other lady's little laugh which followed: she had heard that laugh before.

They passed on down the street. Miss Prissie's legs were trembling under her; her head swam and it seemed as if the

INSTINCTIVELY MISS PRISSIE DREW BACK

white snow were whirling round her—she was left out in the cold, alone.

But with a strong effort she steadied herself against the railings and crept up to the gate, close enough to lay her cold hand upon the brass plate. And as the yellow gaslight gleamed over the snow, this was what she read:

MIDDLESTOWN MODERN SCHOOL
PRINCIPAL—
MISS WESTHAUGH.

So that was the meaning of it all! That visit to spy out the nakedness of the land, the half-veiled contempt at the performances of her pupils, the subsequent "week's notice" that she had learned to dread. She was old-fashioned, out of date; they had come to witness her failure and make the most of it. The old-fashioned must be shelved, even if it meant starvation and the workhouse; the modern must come in, to rule and reign and hold full sway.

Well, they had succeeded; that was all.

It was night; the dark silent night of New Year's Eve.

Miss Prissie sat beside the little fire, keeping watch over her mother. The doctor had come and gone; his verdict just what Miss Prissie had expected. Her mother would need great care and the best of nourishment; then her wonderful vitality of body, perhaps sustained so long because the weak brain had given way, would most likely reassert itself, and she might recover to an even longer second childhood and old age.

Outside, the bells were ringing, ringing for the watch-night service, clashing and clanging out a solemn welcome for the coming year.

But to Miss Prissie the chimes seemed a knell of despair, bells whose mournful music smote her to the heart.

What would the future bring? Only a few shillings remained in her purse; the coal in the cellar was getting low; her mother needed ample warmth and the best of nourishment. A whole week more before the few remaining children would assemble, and their welcome pence be brought again; and in the meantime, more of the terrible notices might come in, and Miss Prissie's school drift off bodily to the "modern" establishment round the corner.

Even as this possibility crossed her mind, there came the sound of a sudden sharp ring at the door. The poor little schoolmistress shivered; she was learning to dread this sound now-a-days.

Her heart sank as she crept down-stairs and opened the door. Yes, another note; a boy thrust an envelope into Miss Prissie's hand, and disappeared into the murky darkness of the street.

It was heavy; some coins slipped into the corner of the letter with a chink that told its own tale.

As she closed the door, the light of her candle fell upon a letter lying in the hall; the postman must have brought it while she went to fetch the doctor, and she had not noticed it when she came in again. Surely, surely, this was not another of the terrible missives that were becoming the terror of her life?

No, this bore a foreign postmark, but Miss Prissie was too sad-hearted and despairing to feel anything like curiosity or expectation. She thrust it into her pocket, crept up-stairs again, and opened with trembling fingers the note brought by the boy. It was from Philip Wilson's mother, withdrawing both him and his two small sisters from the school.

This was the last drop in Miss Prissie's already overflowing cup; she fell on her knees beside the little fire and sobbed:

"O Lord, how long, how long? my school is going; I can no longer make a home for my mother; I can face the workhouse for myself; but, for her—for her! O Lord, spare me the sorrow of seeing her taken there! It seems terrible to pray it, but I would rather, far rather, know she was safe for ever in the glory land of heaven with Thee; at Home, O Lord, at rest, where the old and lonely are not cast aside for the modern and the brilliant—where there is room even for my mother and for me!"

Half-an-hour passed and Miss Prissie did not move. When at last her bowed head was lifted, a look of peace rested upon her weary face. Then for the first time she remembered the foreign letter. Still kneeling beside the old armchair close to the fire, she wonderingly tore the envelope open. One glance at the signature, and a little cry broke from her white lips.

"David Dyall! my worst boy; the one great failure of my school! aye, the only one who turned out worthless and bad. Can it be he has written? what does it mean? Why, he was a veritable prodigal but—but even the prodigal came to himself in the far country, and was restored, forgiven, welcomed. Can it be?"

Wonder deepened as she read his story. He had enlisted in a thoughtless moment: had been on the eve of desertion when the war broke out; but the memory of something Miss Prissie had taught him, kept him back.

Fired with hope of adventure, he had put thoughts of desertion away, and had gone to South Africa with his regiment. Sent straight to the front, in the very first skirmish he was wounded, and when night came he lay out on the veldt for hours unnoticed, face to face with death.

"Miss Prissie, that night was the turning-point in my prodigal's life, and I owe all I am to you! As I lay there alone under the South African sky, I was back in Middlestown, back at your school. I heard your voice again, warning of sin, pleading with me to yield my heart to God, and live for Him; ay, I heard you praying once more for me. When dawnlight came, I managed to pull out the little Testament you gave me when I left—I never deserved a prize like the other—and as I read the verses you marked for me, I saw myself, and I saw that God could save me, even me. Three days later in hospital, I found full peace in Him; since then I have tried to let God have me altogether. I was soon well, and sent to the front again; I dare-say you have seen in the papers all about me since."

He did not know—how should he?—that a halfpenny newspaper, even during the stirring days of war, was a luxury poor Miss Prissie dared not buy.

"Well, somehow I got a stripe, then another, and another; promotion has come quickly to some of us in this long war. Then the other day, over the saving of the guns, I helped a little, and there's been

a lot of fuss made. I'm made a sergeant-major, and they say they're going to recommend me for a commission. Above all, I'm to have the V.C.; but it's you that deserve it, Miss Prissie, not me. Under God, I owe my all to you, and the memory of your teaching and your prayers. A fellow in Middlestown says there's to be a fuss made when I come home; they've forgiven me all the past, now I'm famous, I suppose; it's the way of the world. But there's only one person I want to see; a little grey-haired school-mistress in a back street; perhaps you know her? She holds a higher commission than mine, even from the King of kings; and she will wear a greater honour than the coveted V.C.—even the Crown of glory that fadeth not away. They that be teachers shall shine . . . and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever!"

A great sob of deep, unutterable joy broke from Miss Prissie as she finished reading the letter. She was still upon her knees, now her head fell forward on the close-written page; cold, hunger, and misfortune were all forgotten now, as she murmured:

"Father, it is enough; I can bear the loss of all things now. I thank Thee, oh, I thank Thee!"

Then, how was it? was she dreaming? She seemed to hear voices of welcome, like the noise of many waters; and the words echoing—echoing in the midst of light, and glory, and joy.

"To shine as the stars for ever. She hath done what she could. Well done, good and faithful servant."

And then, and then——

They found her there, next morning, kneeling motionless beside the chair, the light of a radiant glory illumining the face that was bowed over that precious open letter; but the fingers that held those pages were stiff and cold and still. She had never

"I CAME BACK TO DO HER HONOUR"

shone on earth; she was behind the times, and knew it. Yet now Miss Prissie had gone to shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Three days later, her aged mother joined her in heaven, and they were laid together beneath the winter snow. They were no longer homeless, though the little school was gone. God had found for them a home in heaven.

Six months later, flags were flying everywhere, and all Middlestown was *en fête* for the home-coming of its heroes from the war. The "City Fathers" met them and did them honour, escorting them to luncheon in the old Town Hall. Mrs. Ward and Miss Westhaugh were there, thinking themselves honoured in securing invitations, for one of the heroes towered head and shoulders in fame above the rest, and had received his commission from the King. Middlestown was proud of him to-day; had he not saved the guns, and retrieved his country's honour in a fateful moment? Modestly, humbly, he bore his honours, and when he rose to speak, he cast convention aside, and told them his story. Some of them had known him in his wild boyish days; now he told them how Miss Prissie's faithful teaching, and the memory of her prayers, had formed a great golden bridge, and brought him there in honour to-day.

"I came back to do her honour, to care for her old age, and see she needed nothing. But she is gone where she needs no care of yours or mine, to be held in high honour in heaven for ever, while in yon churchyard not even a stone marks her untended grave! But she has won God's well done; that is enough!"

When Lieutenant Dyall, V.C., resumed his seat there was silence for a moment; the burst of applause that followed covered the little commotion caused by two ladies, who with pale, stricken faces, slipped away.

One glorious summer evening three weeks later Miss Westhaugh was strolling slowly through the churchyard. Her school was prospering beyond all expectations: had not Miss Prissie's timely death torn away the last shred of opposition, and brought her pupils in a body to the newly-opened school? But in spite of all, there was a gnawing of remorse in Miss Westhaugh's heart that would not be quenched or stilled.

Suddenly she stopped. Beneath the spreading branches of a glorious copper beech there stood a lovely marble headstone; dazzling in its pristine purity in the light of the evening sunset.

A queer lump rose in Miss Westhaugh's throat, and her eyes were dim as she read—

MISS PRISSIE

Age 59.

"They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the Firmament, and they that turn many to Righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii. 3.

Erected by Lieutenant David F. M. Dyall, —th Lancers, an old pupil, who owes all he is to his teacher.

"*She taught for Eternity.*"

For the first time in many a year, a sob broke from Miss Westhaugh as she turned away.

She could record scores of her pupils' success in exams., honours gained, and prizes won; Miss Prissie had none of these.

But just then Miss Westhaugh would have given all she possessed to have changed honours with the little despised school-mistress, to whom at least one of the world's Christian heroes could point and say—

"I owe my all to her. She taught for Eternity."

And over Miss Prissie's grave, Miss Westhaugh prayed that from henceforth her own teaching might be the same.

BY F. A. McKENZIE

II.—Is there a Solution?

WHILE the housing problem is one of the most serious in modern British city life, it by no means stands alone. Accompanying it is another, with a great host of evils in its train, the curse of the irregular employment of the unskilled. The man with a regular wage, however small, has emerged from the lowest ranks of labour. The poorest, the most despairing, the most suffering people in England to-day are those who never know from one week end to another their probable income. The tendency of much modern employment is spasmodic. The docks of our great ports want thousands of men one half-day, and only a few score the next. One week almost every man who comes is taken on and worked to the last extreme. A month may follow when the same men can get nothing to do at all. The jam factory wants a hundred girls this week, none next.

The man who earns 35*s*. one week, and 10*s*. the next, is, I scarce need emphasise, far worse off than the man whose regular income is only £1 a week. As a matter of fact, the irregular labourers in the dock-side districts of East London, Liverpool, and other great ports do not on the whole average 15*s*. a week. I have known many cases where men with families have in three months, during the winter season, averaged less than 5*s*. a week. No one is to blame for this. It cannot be expected that the dock authorities will keep on numbers of men who are only very occasionally wanted. If employment is dull at the docks, it is dull everywhere else, for our shipping is a barometer of our trade. The men themselves are in many cases good characters, sober, and at first eager and willing to work.

At first. Not for ever. There is no doubt but that irregular employment and scarcity of labour finally destroy the self-respect, the initiative, the self-reliance of those affected. Desperate poverty, carried often to the verge of destitution, produces degeneration in the vast majority of instances. Here I speak not merely from close personal observation, but from comparing my own experiences with those of many others. Long-continued extreme poverty destroys the love of mother for child, the care of child for parent; it fosters drunkenness, places a premium on vice, and hands us down a new generation of weakened physique, of lowered morals, often untruthful, usually careless of all that is good.

This is no mere rhetorical description. I might appeal for support to the experience of those at the head of the municipal milk supplies for infants in Lancashire. In some boroughs, notably St. Helens, the local authorities, impressed by the terrible ravages insufficient feeding inflicts on the young, have established institutions for supplying properly-prepared milk in the most convenient form at an almost nominal

price to mothers for their babies. Conditions have been arranged to enable the mothers to purchase this milk supply with the least possible personal trouble. It has been found in innumerable cases that the mothers are too indifferent to the well-being of their own babies to take the trouble to go along a street or two away to fetch milk. They would sooner see them die from malnutrition.

No worker in poor districts fails soon to find that the greatest difficulty ever before him or before her is the character of the people with whom he or she has to deal. While a small proportion of the poorest retain their self-respect, the overwhelming majority do not. Those who undertake schemes for the uplifting of slum children find constantly that the slum parents are the greatest obstacle to their own children's well-doing. In the winter of 1902–3 I had one personal experience which illustrated this. I was entrusted with the distribution of a certain amount of money for the benefit of the children in one of the most destitute parts of London. Every worker there told me what I already knew, that to provide shoes for the shoeless, and clothes for the half-naked, would be simply indirectly to provide a number of mothers with extra gin. The mothers in many cases would sell the shoes or the decent clothes within twenty-four hours. Of course the difficulty was not insurmountable. The children did get their clothes and boots, for by taking elaborate precautions it was rendered impossible for the mothers to sell them. But my associates and myself had to bring all our brains to bear to counteract the tendency of the parents of the little ones we desired to benefit. Here the greatest enemies of the children are their mothers themselves.

I wish to make it quite clear that I am not here referring to the average unskilled working man, who would no more think of descending to such depths than would those in a much better position. I refer solely to the vast and growing number of the irregularly employed in our slum districts. And when one considers their surroundings, their training, their temptations, the wonder would be if it were not so.

To state the fact bluntly, a proportion of our poor are being brought up to-day from childhood in a condition of semi-starvation. In the London School Board District alone it is found necessary to feed by charitable means over 20,000 children during an average winter. In some districts immediately outside of London, notably in West Ham, the numbers are even higher. In the region covered by the old London School Board, under-feeding and insanitary surroundings produce a condition of things in the highest degree alarming. In the summer of 1903 the Medical Officer for London school children presented an annual report which should have roused the community to its depths. The Medical Officer showed that out of the children examined by him and his assistants, ten per cent. had bad eyesight, fifteen per cent. suffered more or less from deafness, about one per cent. presented discharging ears, a highly dangerous symptom which if neglected leads quite commonly to fatal results before school days are past. At least one per cent and probably nearer two per cent. of the school population is, the Medical Officer declared, so defective as to be unfit to benefit properly by instructions in an ordinary school. Of the many cases of blindness the doctor reported that it is reasonable to estimate that about half of them are due to causes resulting from ignorance.

The child brought up thus has little chance. Our city slum life to-day gives us a constant and growing succession of children brought up, and badly brought up taught to look to charity for their pleasures, for their holidays, and often for their food, rarely instructed in trades, sent at the earliest possible age to earn their living at unskilled work, marrying and having families before they have finished their growth, increasing in numbers by natural means as well as by the constant accession to their ranks of those who have fallen through illness, misfortune, or crime.

How can we save these people? In a thousand ways society is working among them. If it were not for the orphanages and homes, which rescue many of the children of the very poor, the army of individual workers who persevere with their thankless mission unceasingly, the State efforts which form a very appreciable aid, things would be intolerable. But great as all these are they are not enough even to cope with the normal increase. Extreme poverty is growing, and growing rapidly, especially in East London.

The first step for any general solution of this problem must be the restriction of the inflow of destitute foreign labour into England. Here we have an already con-

gested population. People in the slums of Eastern Europe, seeking to escape religious persecution or social injustice there, do well to leave their own lands, but England is not the place for them to come to. Other lands need population. Those parts of England to which the destitute aliens come do not. The presence of the poor foreigner sends rent up, makes work in the poorest trades more scarce, and lowers the rate of wages. The few trades which destitute foreign labour has brought into England, such as notably a branch of mantle manufacture, by no means compensate for the employment the aliens have filched from our poor. Let the destitute foreigner go to those lands where labour is scarce. It will be better for him, better for his sons, and better for us. Here is a point where I for one say we must look to the well-being of our own people rather than that of the stranger outside our gates.

Next, the community has the right and the power to deal stringently with slum dwellings, to put down overcrowding with a stern hand, and to arrange matters so that the owner of slum property shall not financially benefit by his own offence against society. Here we want not so much new laws as stricter enforcement of old. The false charity which leads the community to condone overcrowding because of the poverty of those who overcrowd, reacts fatally on the interests of the poor themselves. The stricter and the harder the enforcement of the law here, the kinder it is for the slum dwellers themselves.

Very little, I believe, can be done for those adults who have grown up amidst slum surroundings. The man and woman in our poor districts who have reached the thirties without learning a trade, and who have accustomed themselves to their surroundings, present an almost hopeless problem. Here and there, individual cases may be saved. But society will do more if in place of devoting itself to the adults it looks to the children. The young people in our city slums present good material for the making of a new nation.

How are they to be dealt with? Education is our first weapon, and here very much has already been accomplished. No man who knows the London poor intimately can hesitate in praising the work of the old London School Board. But it yet remains to be seen if an education which places far more emphasis on physical training, on manual skill, and on domestic instruction, would not meet the needs of the poor of our cities better than the curriculum of the past, where more emphasis was placed on mere book learning. The State, whether working through localities or as a whole, has a right to see that the children shall not be launched out into life until they are prepared. It is a shame for the community that so large a proportion of the youth of London should be started in life without a trade.

Much can be done to relieve the congestion of our city, and to benefit our empire as a whole, by wise schemes of emigration of young people. It has been my lot recently to travel widely over some of the newer parts of the empire. As I have gone through vast areas of fertile land, uncultivated, unpopulated, waiting to give prosperity to millions, I have contrasted these spots with London rookeries, and my heart has grown heavy within me. It is absurd to suppose that our young people cannot be equipped for life in these new lands. Doubtless to train them, to bring them out, to start them in their new life, could not be done without expense, but money spent thus would be ten thousand times better laid out than when doled out in charitable relief involving no permanent help.

Finally, the condition of our poorer quarters must ultimately depend on our place as a trading community in the markets of the world. That in turn depends not only on our actual resources, but on our industrial skill, the encouragement given to inventive genius, and the organisation of our trades. The problem of poverty is ultimately the problem of national existence.

Life in a Floating Engine-room

"DID you ever hear of 'rubber-necks'?" said the chief engineer of the *Stentorian*, pulling up suddenly in the middle of a sentence as we chatted on the hurricane-deck.

"No," said I; "I never did."

"That was one," he said with emphasis, jerking his thumb after a lanky passenger who had stopped for a minute to catch our conversation. "A sort of chap that can't see two other men talking but he must stretch his neck in between them to hear what they're saying. And that's another," as he shunted off a second prying passenger with a polite but emphatically final answer

A ROUGH DAY, SEEN FROM THE BRIDGE

to some foolish question. "I can't come on deck for a breath of air but I must be bothered with all sorts of ridiculous inquisitiveness."

"Well, you see," said I, "these folk have been brought up to 'ask a policeman' whenever they want to know anything on shore, and as there are no policemen at sea they ask the engineer."

"Yes," said he bitterly, "and a policeman's lot is not a happy one, as I have read somewhere; no more's an engineer's. Do you know why the insurance companies charge us a half per cent. extra on our premiums?"

"Because you occasionally get drowned, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it," said he; "it's because of the wear and tear. I suppose you wouldn't think I was a bundle of nerves to look at me, would you now?"

"No, that I would not," said I; for he was the picture of health, standing six feet in his stockings, broad in proportion, ruddy of face, and sound in wind and limb.

"No," he went on, "I didn't know what nerves were till I became chief. We have it pretty warm sometimes, especially in winter; and even last trip we had such a spell of dirty weather I didn't have my clothes off for a week; but that's nothing to the strain on the nerves. Look at that chap there," pointing to the sixth engineer, who was poking his head out of the companion-way for a whiff of the briny. "I was as cool as he is once; but if he does as well as he is doing and gets to be chief, he won't go about whistling all day. The chief engineer is responsible for the whole ship, live stock and dead stock."

"I thought the captain——"

"The captain!" said he scornfully. "The captain has a jolly easy time of it, I tell you. He thinks he's responsible, no doubt—and so he is—responsible for more things than he'd like to tell you. If we make a quick passage, he gets the credit; if we make a slow one, I get the blame. Here, for instance, he's put down to-day's run at 245 knots, just the same as yesterday's, though my engines have made one-and-a-half more revolutions per minute than yesterday, when we made 250 knots. He couldn't get an observation yesterday, but he finds to-day he has gone 490 miles in two days, so he just halves it. If he happens to make a mistake in his course and goes twenty miles out, do you think he is responsible? Oh, no, nobody on the bridge is to blame! 'What's the matter with the engines?' says the captain, coming round to me, when he should be asking *himself* 'Where have I been?' It's rather amusing to us fellows sometimes. And look at the men he has got to manage—a mere handful to swab down the decks, and haul up the flags, and launch a boat once in a *blue* moon if they can."

"And maybe steer the ship," I suggested.

"Oh, yes," said he, "one or two little things like that; but look at the crowd I have got to handle!"

"Stokers?" said I.

"Coal-wasters is what I call them," said he, fiercer than ever, "the brutes—that's the only word for them—and you have got to treat them like men. Last trip we came out of port at eleven at night, and not one of them was sober. I had to put my whole staff of engineers on to the firing till we got out of Channel. But you don't like to seem harsh to them, or they get together and work against you, pretending to tear their insides out to get the ship along, but working against you all the time. Besides, you get a bad name with the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade is always down on the engineers, but it pets the stokers like a parcel of babies. Ah, but I scored one, trip before last! I refused to take a fireman on board because he was drunk, and the Board of Trade man compelled me. I got the Board of Trade man jolly well reprimanded afterwards, though that didn't help us get up steam at the time. Mr. Macpherson's the one to tackle them brutes. Mac's the second engineer. There was one of them came on board with a drop too much in him, and would *not* go forward and turn to. He defied the captain, and he defied me. I sent Macpherson to him, and Mac looked him in the eye and said 'Go forward!' And he went like a lamb. 'What's come over you?' said one of his mates a minute after. 'Oh,' said he, 'Mac give me such a hiding once, I've never forgotten it.' But Mac will be a little more sensitive to the Board of Trade when he gets to be chief.

"It is not only the drink," Mr. Forbes went on, "it's downright, thoroughgoing incapacity that's the matter with them. Some lines pay extra and get an extra good lot, but here—my!" And he whistled. "Do you know why we didn't get over the bar last night instead of this morning? Nothing but bad stoking, that got us down just too late for the tide. Would you believe it, at this blessed moment I have got my engine-room greasers in the stokehold helping them shovel coal? And that means my engineers are doing greasers' work—labourers' work! Our English system is a bad one. For one thing, all the stokers are discharged at the end of every voyage, so they get another ship or a job on shore, and when we start we have to get a brand-new lot. They may be sober—though that is none too common—and they may sweat at it, but they have not got the knack, and yet your owners expect you to make as much steam and as much speed as if you'd got a crowd that knew their business."

"I suppose you are a Scotsman, like the rest of the engineers?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Well," said he, "my name is Scotch, and my father was Scotch, but I was born in Liverpool."

"Ah," said I, "I thought you had a bit of Lancashire mixed up with your Glasgow accent."

"Yes," said he, "the engineers begin by being Scotch, but they settle down and marry in Liverpool and all the towns round, so that they won't have to spend half their shore time in railway trains. On some lines every man Jack of them is a Scotsman, but that is because the owners are Scotch themselves."

"Ah, they are a clannish lot," said I.

"More or less," said he, "but they're not a patch on the Welshmen for clannishness. There's one line they call the Welsh fleet, and when you get into the engineers' mess you'd think you were at an Eisteddfod in Carnarvon."

At this point the chief engineer looked up. A black cloud was pouring from the top of the funnels. "Excuse me a minute," he said, and vanished into the bowels of the ship. When he came up again he was a good deal grimier than he had been, and certainly in no better temper. I judged that his language down below had been vigorous—to put it mildly.

"The stokers?" said I.

"Ah, you've got it," said he. "But it's not only the stokers; it's the coal. Did you ever hear of 'coal fever'?"

"No," said I, with a smile; "not before."

"Oh, it's genuine enough," said he. "When you have got four days to make port in, and only just four days' supply of coal in the bunkers, and you don't know whether you won't use the last shovelful before you sight the Fastnet, I tell you you get into a regular fever. You lie awake worrying over it at night, or else you wake up saying to yourself, 'Will it last or won't it?' And when you go down to the engine-room, the engines seem to thump aloud, 'Will it last? Will it last? Will it last or won't it?' Our bunkers are supposed to hold 860 tons, but we never really get that much into them. You have got to take bad trimming into account."

"Have you ever run right out of coal before you got to port?" said I.

"I've come pretty near it," said he. "I have got into port with only an ounce or two in the bunkers, about half a day's supply, and a single day's fog coming up the Channel would have done for us. But then, you see, I have had luck. I've known ships where they had to put the ashes back again into the bunkers and burn them over again instead of dumping them into the sea, and I have known plenty where they've had to pull down the cattle-pens to feed the furnaces—yes, and burn the cargo too, butter and cheese, for instance, by the ton. Why, there was a friend of mine burned thousands and thousands of pounds of coffee one trip. Things begin to look serious when it comes to that. Macpherson, there, was in a ship a few months ago that got to New York with her bunkers cleared right out—just a ton or two of dust in the corners. He had had fifty tons of Scotch left over from the voyage before, and he was trusting to that, in case his Welsh ran short. There was a lot of head-winds in the Atlantic, and fog on the Banks, and at last he had to fall back on the Scotch. Bless you, that fifty tons was gone in less than no time."

"That is running it pretty close," I remarked.

"You have to do it," said he. "It's the cargo the owners get paid for, and every extra inch you give to coal is taken from cargo. But I tell you, it tears the engineer's nerves to rags."

"I suppose if the worst comes to the worst," said I, "you fall back on sails."

"Sails!" said he, with unutterable contempt. "What is the good of sails on a big boat like this? The captain of the last ship I was in was a great one for sails. He'd been brought up on them. Whenever he saw the ghost of a chance, or when he thought he saw one, he'd give the word to hoist the trysails—and of course they don't keep a crew to do that out-of-date sort of business by hand, so we had to lay on steam to the winches every time to do the hoisting. 'Oh,' he used to say, 'she'll do half-a-knot better now, Mr. Forbes, and relieve your engines.' 'Relieve my engines with a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs like that!' said I: 'it's wasting steam and keeping the ship back.' As luck would have it, we got disabled half-way across the Atlantic that trip. 'Now you'll see the good of sails,' said the captain, chuckling. And up they went. Bless you, they didn't even keep steerage way on her! It was my turn to chuckle then. The captain never mentioned the word 'sails' after that. But now I must go down below to see how my baby is getting on, and if you like I'll show you round. Put on an old coat, and I'll give you a handful of cotton waste by way of gloves, for the footing's not over good, and you've got to hold on to the ladder rail."

I followed him down into the engine-room. Down, down, down, ladder after ladder—what a depth it is! And what a new world it is that you find yourself in. A world of whirling cranks and leaping pistons; a labyrinth of machinery tearing and roaring so that you have to shout to make yourself heard—though the noise, to be sure, is not so absolutely deafening as that of a newspaper printing-room. A clean world too, though oily.

Mr. Forbes calls the engine his baby. It is a whole nursery of babies, to tell the truth. How many engines there are in that engine-room I cannot tell. Statistics are not exactly what I am in search of. There are the two great main engines, port and starboard—the Siamese twins—each with its high-pressure, its intermediate, and its low-pressure cylinder, and each driving an enormous steel shaft; for this is a twin-screw boat. Then there is the reversing engine, a little fellow, like a parasite on his big brothers, but they obey him as promptly as an elephant wheels to the right-about at the word of his puny driver. Then there is an engine to drive the winches when an anchor has to be dropped or weighed or when cargo has to be loaded or discharged. At sea, this little fellow is employed to send steam heat into the cabins. Another engine drives the dynamo that lights the whole ship by electricity; another works the steering gear; and yet another works the auxiliary pumps. There is the ballast pump, to keep down the water in the bilges, or to fill and empty the tanks; a pump to supply water to the cattle; another for the cooks' galley; an auxiliary feed pump, to fill the boilers when the main feeder is out of gear; and a brine pump for the refrigerator, a vastly important affair, of which we shall hear later on.

Then there are the hydro-kineters, by which the water in the boilers is warmed before the fires are lit, to prevent the unequal expansion of the boiler plates when

you are raising steam, and thus to prolong the boiler's life. There is the great heater, too, clinging high up on the wall of the engine-room, and hereby hangs an awkward tale or two. One evening the chief was suddenly sent for while he was chatting after dinner in the saloon. I followed him in a few minutes, and met him climbing out of the engine-room and looking rather hot. "They were having a pretty time down below," he said. "The pump stopped—a bit of grit or something got in—and instantly the hot water from the heater was spraying all over the engine-room. When that sort of thing happens you have to know just what you're going to do before you make a dash in to turn the cock. It's no fun going through a shower of water at a temperature of 205 degrees, I can tell you! That scamp, the sixth, was laughing at me and the fourth when he saw us rushing through it a day or two ago. He had to do it himself this time, and he won't laugh about it any more, I warrant!"

As for valves, there is a bewildering assortment of them. Most important of all, of course, is the safety-valve on every boiler—set to a certain pressure and sealed by the Board of Trade before the ship leaves port, and warranted to blow off steam when the pressure reaches 180 lbs. per square inch. Here, too, is the check-valve, to keep the water from being blown out of the boilers if the pumps stop.

On the bottom of every boiler is the "blow-down" valve, for blowing steam out into the sea after the fires are drawn. Then there is the auxiliary starting-valve, or "kicker," by which you divert at will the high-pressure steam into the intermediate or the low-pressure cylinder; for each cylinder has its crank, and when the engines stop, some of the cranks are left in a position from which they can hardly start afresh without assistance—without being "kicked over." Then there are the water-gauge cocks, for testing the level of the water in the boilers. You have to test the gauges themselves, by the bye, every now and then, to see if they are telling the truth. Woe betide you if they lie! Then it is a case of the blind leading the blind; and the ditch you fall into has no bottom! The salinometer cocks, too, are useful little creatures for testing the density or saltness of the water. You fill your salinometer and drop it into a tall copper graded beaker, where it floats high or low according to the percentage of salt that the water contains. Perhaps the title of "the engine's heart" should be given to the eccentrics; for these work the slide-valves that distribute the steam to the various channels where it must go. But to describe all the organs of the mighty infant's physique would be unintelligible to an unprofessional reader and superfluous for an engineer.

THE HEATER

My companion feels the pulse of each of his iron infants as a doctor feels the pulse of a human being. One engine is vibrating as if in a passion; another quivers as though its nerves were unstrung. You know—if you are an engineer—exactly what the "feel" ought to be—a gentle and dignified motion—and you regulate the pressure accordingly.

The chief pauses half-way down the ladder and slaps his hand on the piston-rod to make sure it is not too hot. With a big paint-brush he daubs oil on the little jerky piston-rod of a small pump engine close by, that works in connexion with the refrigerator. With his wrench he tightens the nuts holding down the cover of the intermediate cylinder on each side of the ship, for some of these nuts have a trick of working loose. It seems a wonder that everything does not work loose, with that mischief-box of cranks and pistons flinging themselves up and down under pressure of the imprisoned steam giant's constant and desperate attempts to escape.

After patting the monstrous cranks and dabbing a little vaseline on the dynamo, my friend leads the way into the port tunnel, through which the *Stentorian's* left-hand shaft runs back into the sea. I had been in the shaft tunnel before, in a smaller boat—a cockleshell of 1200 tons or so—but then I had to creep. Here we could stand upright.

The great shaft running along by our side was revolving at the rate of sixty-six times a minute, but so steadily that you could hardly tell it was moving. They make you think of a team of silent, steady mules with a shouting driver, those shafts and those engines.

The shaft is held in place by massive bearings at intervals, and every bearing has its double lubricator, one filled with oil, the other with a brick of vaseline. Presently the tunnel widens out into a little iron room. This is the last section of the ship; the last at any rate which we can visit, for the shaft, before getting out into the sea, passes through a little compartment which is never opened. The engineer lays his hand for a moment on the last great bearing that sustains the weight not only of the stern section of the shaft, but of the monstrous screw in which the shaft terminates outside. All being found right, we go back into the engine-room, but then we turn to the right-about at once and enter the starboard tunnel, where the right-hand shaft revolves—only in the reverse direction to that of the port shaft. Returning again to the engine-room, my friend sticks a thermometer on the cylinder of the feed pump which delivers water into the boilers, and then opens an iron door opposite the entrance to the tunnels and leading into the forward part of the ship's depths.

We are now in the first stoke-hold. Cleanliness is left behind: everything here is black with coal-dust. Half-a-dozen grimy figures are shovelling coal into enormous furnaces. It is terrifically hot—except in a few spots. If you stand under one of the ventilating shafts, you are almost chilled with the column of cold air rushing down from the bell-mouthed ventilators on deck. The air would be necessary for the men to breathe, but it is necessary for the furnaces to breathe also. The fires roar as they suck in the air—which is discharged with the smoke from the top of the great funnels towering above the decks. Bowing low we pass underneath and between two of the great boilers, and come to another stoke-hold further forward still, where another grimy gang shovel coal into another set of roaring fires under the continuous blast of more rushing columns of the upper air.

AT THE END OF THE SHAFT TUNNEL

THE ENGINE THAT KEEPS THE CARGO COOL

"You don't want to stay long in this department?" says Mr. Forbes, with a smile.

"No," I agree; "a little of the infernal regions goes a long way." I pay my footing to the stokers with an easy conscience, for I know they can get nothing alcoholic on board ship, and emerge with relief into the more noisy but more cleanly and airy apartment where the engines toil and roar.

Climbing half-way up to the daylight, we enter the refrigerator-room, taking care to shut the door behind us. Down below, the tune the engines played was "Thump-thump-thump." Here it is "Clack-clack-clack." We have got on board several thousand tons of butter, cheese, turkeys, apples and other foodstuffs, which have to be kept at an even temperature slightly above the freezing-point all the way from the port of shipment

in America to the port of discharge in England. On this little engine it depends whether that enormous quantity of food is delivered in a state fit for the use of man or is altogether spoiled and destroyed. Small as it is, this engine needs more constant attention than the giants that drive the ship. Running all through the sealed chambers where the perishable cargo is stored are pipes through which a stream of brine is constantly circulating. The brine itself, before being pumped through these interminable pipes, has to be cooled down to a temperature of 15 degrees by means of ammonia. To effect this reduction in the first instance takes two or three days, which means that the process has to be started that length of time before the ship leaves port fully loaded. As long as the holds are open for the reception of cargo, the refrigerating engine has to be kept ceaselessly going. When the chambers are closed, the engine is still kept running for ten or twelve hours; but when the proper degree of frigidity is once established, it can be maintained if the engine only does two or three hours' work a day during the voyage. Two or three hours, that is, in winter; but in summer the day's work varies from twelve to sixteen hours.

"We should be able to keep the temperature down to about 30 degrees," says my guide, "but there is a good deal of latent heat in the butter and other things, and that brings it up a few degrees. And of course there are small leakages to be reckoned with. I tell you, it's no joke for the engineer when the ammonia begins to leak! It will chase you all round the engine-room. If the leak is a big one, you simply have to fly for your life. One young engineer that I knew was killed by it—the ammonia simply stopped the action of his heart—and it has made me as sick as a dog before now. It is hard to keep the joints tight enough, there are so many of them. There's one thing about ammonia—it can't leak without letting you know about it through your nose; but it is not so easy to find out just where the leak is. Fortunately the stuff is lighter than air, so if there is a lot of it in the room you may be able to go in safely if you drop on your hands and knees, and wear a wet silk handkerchief tied tight over your mouth and nose. Even then, unless the leak is very small, you have to just rush in, do a little work, and rush out again to get a breath of air."

I remarked, as we came up on deck, that it was rather a complicated business, that of an engineer at sea.

"Oh, yes," said he, "and it is always getting worse, with new inventions coming out all the time. Whatever it is—electricity, or refrigerating apparatus, or anything else—a marine engineer is expected to become an expert in two or three weeks. Besides, every ship has its own character, and when you get into a new ship you have a pretty warm time before you get to know all its ways and get everything into order."

An engineer's watch on board ship lasts

A GROUP OF ENGINEERS AT SEA

four hours. From eight o'clock till noon, and again from eight P.M. till midnight, the chief and the fourth engineer are on duty; from twelve till four, the third and the sixth take their turn; and from four till eight the second engineer is on duty with the fifth for his colleague. At regular intervals the senior of the two engineers on the watch has to chalk up on a slate the figures indicating the steam pressure, the vacuum, the feed temperature, the temperature of the sea-water coming into the condenser, the temperature of the engine-room, the amount of oil used, and the number of sacks of ashes thrown overboard. The temperature of the sea-water is an important point; because the colder it is, the better vacuum you get in your condenser, and the less steam you have to use—and therefore the less coal to burn. That little matter of the oil is

important too. An enormous quantity has to be used, and it is bad for an engineer when he is suspected of wasting it—worse still when another engineer suspects him of using his oil, for each has his own locked tank of it. Every day at noon the record under all these heads for the previous twenty-four hours is brought up on a large double slate to the chief engineer, who works out his totals and his averages, and enters them in the log to be inspected by critical owners when the boat reaches port.

While Mr. Forbes is engaged in these abstruse calculations, I wander out into the engineers' mess-room, and fortunately catch three of them dining together.

"Come in and make yourself at home," cries No. 6, the irrepressible.

"Well," say I, as he takes his last mouthful of pudding, "I want a little entertainment. I wish you would just tell me in your own words the story of a watch."

"Delighted, I'm sure," says No. 6; "here goes! At a quarter to twelve, a hideous black greasy face pokes itself in at the door and shouts 'Time to get up,' and the worst of it is, he turns on the electric light so that I can't get to sleep again. The words that I say I won't repeat. I lie there blinking, and saying to myself, 'There's half-a-minute yet,' and all of a sudden I hear eight bells go. I jump up, fling on my 'browns,' rush out into the mess-room, pick up a tin of coffee—and who should I meet as I go out at the door but the chief! 'What the mischief are you doing up here at this time?' says he. I apologise as gracefully as I can, slip down the ladder, or get chucked over the rail and break my neck, if the old tub gives an extra lurch—put the tin of coffee on the top of the low-pressure cylinder as I pass to get it hot—make a journey of exploration into the tunnels, patting the bearings and the cranks by way of encouragement—go round the engine-room, feeling the baby's pulse and making him put out his tongue, looking at the gauges, and so on—only you've been round there often enough yourself, so there's no good my telling you anything. However, if you must have it; I run up two flights of steps to get my coffee, and meet the third engineer just coming down to steal it."

"'You scamp,' interjects the serious-minded third.

"Then I feel round a bit more," the irrepressible continues, "to see if baby has got the rickets or defective circulation anywhere—force my hand in one of his mouths, so to speak, and let him snip off a finger or two, the little wretch; and then look at the clock to see how time is going. First thing I know, the navigating officer comes diving down to get a drop of hot coffee. Poor fellow! it's not his fault that he's not an engineer, so we treat him kindly—we are very hospitable down there."

"That you are," say I.

"Then I go forward into the stoke-hold and use a little language to the firemen—come back, look at the clock again—eight bells—run up-stairs, dive into bed—fast asleep!"

By this time the chief engineer is through with his calculations, and ready for another chat: but he has hardly had time to light his pipe when he hears a warning bell ringing down in the engine-room.

"Fog, I guess," says he.

And so it is, though the sun was shining brightly five minutes ago.

"Well, this is the last straw. I was thinking we'd get in with one day's coal this trip, but if we have much of this it will be touch and go whether we get in with *any*."

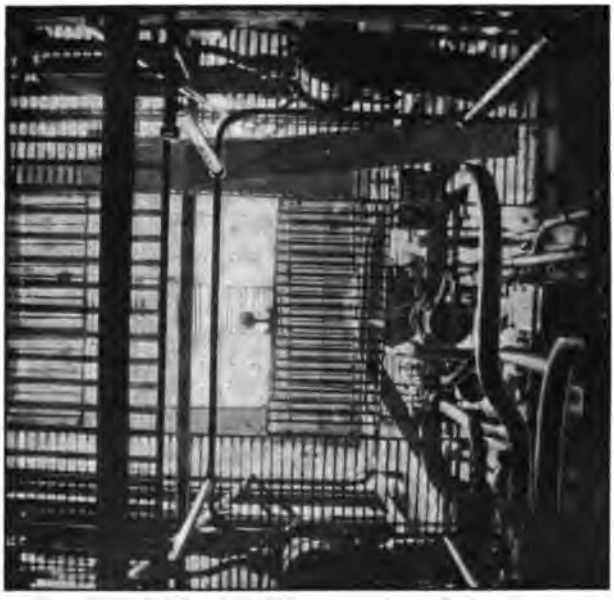
Then he dives down the ladder, and I follow him.

It is not a heavy fog, or it would not concern the engine much; the engines would simply be kept at the "dead slow." No, it is one of those shifty fogs that clear up and fall upon you again at irregular intervals in the most distracting fashion.

Clang! clang! clang! A young engineer who has just vanished into the stoke-hold rushes back and turns the steam full on, while the chief gives the answering signal to the bridge. "It is clearing again," say I, hopefully: but even as I speak another ring comes—"Stand by!" The engineer stands by, with his hand on the lever. In five minutes the bell rings again, for "slow"; in another five minutes—"half-speed." We plod along at "half-speed" for half-an-hour, when suddenly the bell rings "full-speed," and we know that the sun is shining again, up above: the sun never shines down here. Forty minutes go by, and it is "half-speed" again; ten minutes more, and we drop to "slow"; twenty-three minutes after that, we are allowed to come up to the "half," and in a quarter of

n hour more we are again pounding along t full speed.

Though the direct rays of the sun never nd their way down the submarine depths where the engineers reign, the engine-room s not a dark place. Except when you re in the tunnel or the stoke-hold, you an look up and see the sky—through a naze of iron gratings and stairs and rods, o be sure, but still the sky, far above—and et there is a curious feeling of isolation, f distance from the world, from the upper world where the captain and the passengers ive. There is even a curious feeling of calm in the engine-room atmosphere. On deck, the wind is blowing; the sea is perpetually changing and in motion, even if it is not what a sailor would call rough; there are many people going to and fro, and the passengers are playing shuffle-board or deck quoits, or taking their "constitutional" arm-in-arm along the deck. Down below, where there is "no admission except on business," two or three figures in brown holland walk calmly about with oil-cans in their hands, giving a pat here and a touch there; that is all. There is no wind, only the steady draught of air pouring straight down each ventilator. There is no sea in sight, though the truth is you are much nearer the sea here than when you were on deck. You are *in* the sea, in fact. And even in a storm, with great waves breaking over the bows, and tumbling the ship about like a nutshell—or so it seems to you when you are on deck—down below you are in a calm. The ship is one rigid, indivisible whole, you know for a scientific fact, yet there is much less motion down below than there is up above. For one thing, there is no horizon to fling itself wildly up and down and impress the instability of things upon your senses. Up above, you can diminish and perhaps almost destroy the sense of motion by shutting your eyes and refusing to see how the ocean heaves and the ship staggers; but in the engine-room you get the same effect with your eyes open; and the very noise of the engines, with its perfect regularity, contrasts with the many-keyed howling and whistling and raving of the winds and the waves without. Only when the storm becomes a full-fledged gale, you find yourself compelled, without apparent cause, to catch hold of something to keep from being thrown upon one of the engines and smashed. At such a time, if the ship is naturally an unsteady one, or if she is loaded light, her stern swings so high when her bow dips low that the screw is, I was going to say, out of the water; and then your confidence in the stability of this part of the world is rudely shaken out of you. If any large part of the screw does come up into the air, there is a danger that the sudden release from the resistance of the water will cause the whole propeller to snap off short. Even if only the tips of the revolving blades come to the surface when the ship's stern goes up, the screw begins to race and the ship to shudder. Various "governors" have been invented to shut off steam automatically before the stern begins to go up, but some of the engineers "think mighty little of them," for the propeller has only begun to slacken its pace when the stern goes down again. Such an engineer relies more on his own human quickness than on any machinery at such a time. He "stands by," and before the stern begins to go up he shuts



LOOKING UP IN THE ENGINE-ROOM

the steam off by hand, so that the screw may at least have slackened a little before it reaches the air.

While I meditate on these things, while (in a suit of borrowed "browns") I take my hundredth stroll through the roaring labyrinth below, and allow the big iron babies to bang and thump and hammer these submarine impressions ineffaceably into my mind—Clang! clang! clang! The harbour mouth is reached; the steam is shut off, the piston-rods pause, one up and another down; the din dies away into a silence like that of a churchyard vault; and the babies, for the first time in a ten-day week, have gone to sleep.—O. N. E.

The Lichen Season

ALTHOUGH winter is called the season of Nature's sleep, the saying is not strictly true. Nature never sleeps. Influences which are favourable to the repose of one family of vegetable beings stimulate another family to their highest manifestations of vigorous life. The oak, the elm, the beech—all the forest trees of Northern Europe, and with a few hardy exceptions all the perennial and biennial herbs, really sleep in winter. But to those lower forms of vegetable life called lichens winter is the season of perfection. Their spring is the autumn and their autumn is the spring. They are one of the chief beauties of the woods in winter. They are intimately related to the poetry of Nature as it is felt by the English and other northern races. Their colours of grey and green, infinitely varied, often rich and full of tone, but always subdued by the spirit of moderation which seems to be the ruling tendency of our climate, lead to that mood of pleasurable melancholy without which an Englishman's sympathy with Nature is not of native growth, but is either the result of reading southern literature, or of living under foreign skies.

If any one will go into the woods in late autumn, he will perceive that the trunks and branches of the trees have put on colours very different from those which they wear in summer. The prevailing hue of brown has been exchanged for one of green. It is a peculiar green that is repeated in no leaf nor blade of grass; it belongs to lichen only. Sometimes it has a tint of old gold, at others it is almost grey. It fascinates the eye with the sober splendour of its colour, and gives life to the silent forest in winter. It is not only upon trees that lichen casts the subtle charm of beauty. To old palings and roofs of tile and grey stone it lends the hue that is needed to complete the sentiment of the picturesque. Landscape painters know its value well, although they sometimes speak of it as moss. Artists study the general aspects of Nature, but rarely concern themselves with minute distinctions.

Lichens are the hardiest and most self-sustaining of all plants. They grow on mountain peaks, which but for them would be absolutely naked, and they flourish on the border-line of everlasting ice. The so-called Iceland moss is really lichen. In the economy of Nature they perform an office of the highest importance, for they mark the beginning of the conquest by vegetable life of the bare and barren places which Nature is ever striving to cover. The grey or green patch of lichen on the cottage roof, which draws its whole sustenance from the air, will by the decay of its successive generations form in the course of time a soil capable of nourishing the stonecrop or the pellitory. The profuse and varied vegetation that now clothes many a ruin and rock had for its pioneer the humble lichen. In summer the lichens dry up and almost disappear, but they do not die. As soon as moisture returns they spring again into active life and flush with green. Their mood of reproduction, like that of the mosses, fungi and algæ, is still involved in considerable obscurity. A damp winter is extremely favourable to their growth, and those who wish to see them in all their beauty must seek them in the leafless woods.

E. HARRISON BARKER.

My Love Song

I HAVE no heart for singing
When thou art far away,
Thine eyes no love-light bringing
To bless me day by day;
Mute as the linnets grieving
For summers vanished long,
No spell of music's weaving
Can tune my heart to song.

Thy smile alone can cheer me,
To life and hope restore,
Thy presence only near me
Bring summer skies once more;
Oh! come, to charm my sadness
Like sunshine after rain,
For thee my heart in gladness
Shall wake to song again!

MARY FARRALL.

After Twenty Years

THE ROMANCE OF A TROUSER-MAKER

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING

CHAPTER I.—HOW IT ALL BEGAN

"Short of sense, and long of hair,
Strange enough the maidens are."
(*Old German Poem.*)

HE was a garret-master, who liked to be called a chamber-master. As a matter of fact, he was called by a name which the men of his craft had newly introduced into England—the name of sweater. He had started life as a tailor, and, on the plan of turning first gains into second advantages, had, when the said gains had swelled to the sum of one pound, invested this capital in securing for his own use a garret, two sewing-machines and a presser's table. He did with his wife, who had been a machinist in the employ of a coat-maker, and her sister, late a presser in the same business, all the skilled work that was needful, and employed what in another picturesque term of their country's trade is called "green" labour[1] for such work as did not demand skill. He was reputed to be on the high-road to Eldorado; meanwhile he was very bitterly poor, and, hard as he worked others, worked himself far harder. Among the "greeners"—three in number—working under him there was a young girl, who, while neither pretty

"WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT, M' CAT?"

[1] Is it needful to explain that "green" labour is the labour of learners?

nor plain, had a curiously interesting face, marking her of that type seen more often in old paintings than in actual existence, the type of girl in which it has been said the soul is quite alive, the body scarcely so.

She was tall and slight, and was dressed in black, which long wear had turned to a greenish shade. She wore round her neck a wisp of black tulle fastened at one side with a brooch of what she called jet—it was really india-rubber. This style of dress was more in vogue twenty years ago than it is now. The girl's eyes were very large and black, and her hair was black. She wore her hair rather elaborately dressed. Of the other two girls one had some prettiness of the wax-doll order, set off by a smile, which was pleasant, but rather too frequent: the other was very unlovely, after the manner of the famous Madame Swetchine. The famous Madame Swetchine is said to have had ill-matched eyes and a Kalmuck nose.

It was usual for the three friends to work, if not under the supervision of the tailor, under that of his wife or sister. It was so unusual for them to work under no supervision whatever, as to call a look of deep surprise, followed by one of deep delight, to the face of a young man who had expended some time and thought on inventing an excuse to enter the garret in which they worked. Having advanced one step under the doorway with a markedly diffident manner, he changed his gait to one of great jauntiness, and asked to what good hap the absence of "Mr." Johnston—he, for some reason, marked strongly the quotation marks which he put about the title—his wife and sister, was to be ascribed. He learnt without emotion that a distressing accident to the last-named was the cause of the circumstance that the three girls were left to their own devices. He appeared to have another subject in his thoughts, and, as a matter of fact, he had. He wore a new coat. It was made of shoddy cloth, coaxed into taking a temporary form by means of canvas inserted between the material and the lining. He said, proudly, as, having spun round for inspection, he paused, and addressed himself more particularly to the smiling beauty—

"What d'ye think of that, m' cat?"

The form of address used had little reason, but had rhyme. The smiling beauty was not piqued. She smiled more brilliantly, and was about to answer, when her plain-faced companion anticipated her, saying in the style described in confectionery as short and crisp—

"Soap."

To those unacquainted with the mysteries of tailoring it must be explained that in the lowest branch of the tailoring trade, that branch technically called "slop," soap largely replaces the needle, the garments which result being good for a day's wear when we have that rare thing which we call an "Italian" sky, but becoming limp as an ostrich feather after less than one hour when worn, as this person was wearing his new coat, in a London fog. The girl who with one word had dashed the pride which the young man had felt smiled almost as brilliantly as her pretty fellow-worker. The face of the other girl caught no light, but all three faces wore the look which is supposed to denote the measure of sapiency of him who knows what he knows; and the young man, it was evident, felt as near collapse as it was possible for one of his buoyant nature to feel. A moment passed in which he was painfully conscious of being regarded as one who had paid dear, very dear, for his whistle: then he said, plucking up heart, that the gentleman has still to be born whose dress shall satisfy ladies engaged in tailoring. To this statement he added another to the effect that he bore no ill-will to any of the ladies, but kissed his hand to all. Suiting the action to the word he left them.

It then became evident that he was the cause of all of the division which then existed among these friends. Incredible as it may sound, the fact is that all of these girls saw in Robert Woods the ideal of youthful manhood. Perhaps this is the moment at which to describe him more nearly. Nobody had ever called him quite a gentleman, but opinion was almost unanimous that he was quite-the-gentleman. He had the marks of this person, foremost among them what can only be designated by the paradoxical phrase, a refined vulgarity. It gave its character to his every word. Thus he said "shaw" for *sure*, "invite" for *invitation*, "ancient" for *old*, and "party" for *person*. This he did from a desire to avoid the common, being under the mistaken impression that the common is the vulgar. A similar lack of discernment led him to confound buffoonery with

fun, and those who have fullest knowledge of him set him down as among the first in the long list of young men who have changed the familiar railway carriage inscriptions—

Wait until the train stops
To seat five persons
Five seats

into "wait until the rain stops," "to eat five persons," and—grand climacteric of wit! "Live cats."

With reference to his personal appearance, Robert Woods had a huge body with a very small birdlike head atop of it, which made him bear a curious resemblance to the pictures of the Egyptian idol, Thot. It was oddly in character with this circumstance that he was the son of a bird-fancier, and that the all of knowledge which was stowed away in his small brain-pan was a knowledge of animals, chiefly birds, under the heading of "fancy." Regarded from this standpoint, animals fall into three divisions: birds, beasts, and fishes—the birds being, primarily, pigeons, canaries, and parrots; the beasts, primarily, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and white mice; and the fishes, primarily, gold-fishes. Robert Woods had traded in these animals and in the appurtenances needful to their keeping, and all that he knew of them was comprised in their money value and the money value of the said appurtenances. For the moment he was not occupied with them or with anything else, being out of employment, the result of having quarrelled with his father, and having, very unwisely, formed the resolution of waiting until that person should take the first step towards a reconciliation.

This, then, was the realisation of the ideal as it presented itself to the three girls working in Mr. Johnston's garret, and what may strike others as his familiarity, and may breed in them contempt, was so far from striking them in that light that it bred in two of them a burning jealousy. Louie, no longer smiling, was angry that to Bertha had been given a share in the kiss-hand, and Bertha wore a look of deeper gravity induced by her disapproval of Louie's being included in the salutation. Alice alone wore an undisturbed expression, and felt no quickening at her heart. It is not that she less than her friends saw in Robert Woods the top of admiration; it is that she long before this had become resigned to the notion that, much as she might admire him, he could not possibly admire her. In this she was wholly right. The face of a clock is considered the least important part of it by watchmakers, who form their opinion of a time-keeper only after a close examination as to what is behind its face. There are some very profound thinkers, to the number of whom Robert Woods did not belong, who follow an analogous course in the case of a woman, deeming her face as of little or no importance as compared with what they discover behind it. With such persons—and she fell in with a certain number of such—Alice scored; for what was behind her poor, blurred face was excellent and most precious.

Alice, who had been first to speak after the departure of their visitor, spoke again. Her thoughts, it was evident, were still with Robert Woods' coat. She expressed a wonder as to how this young man, whose almost chronic state was one of impecuniosity, had amassed money sufficient to procure it. Her remark was received in silence by Bertha, but Louie said, with feigned jocularity—

"Tallyman."

To procure a coat through a tallyman is to procure it on a species of hire-system. Such a coat is paid for in instalments, and when, as in the case of Robert Woods' coat, it has more of soap than of sewing in it, it presents usually the appearance of an old coat, when in reality it is so new that the second instalment for it is not yet due.

Alice received the explanation offered by her friend with as much interest as it is possible to feel in an explanation which throws no new light on a subject. Then she said, gazing studiously at her work—

"'E wants some un to look arter 'im, 'e does; but 'e don't want two."

Events showed that Alice was wholly in the right in her proposition. Robert Woods, a week after this, decided that he wanted a wife to be an helpmeet to him. After some casting in his thoughts he fixed on Louie. Alice had not cherished the wild dream that he would fix on her, but Bertha had at times believed that she stood an equal chance with Louie; howbeit she congratulated the couple with as composed a face as Alice, so far is that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere from being the sole monopoly of that noble house.

CHAPTER II.—HOW IT ALL ENDED

"Eloquence in three languages is good, but it is not the best. To us the Lord Abbot's eloquence is less admirable than his IN-eloquence, his great invaluable talent of 'silence.'"—CARLYLE.

"As for me, I honour in these loud babbling days, all the silent."—*Ibid.*

"Why should the blessed silence be broken into noises?"—*Ibid.*

HOW did old maids look in the world before the Flood, when life was almost millenary? Now-a-days a lady on the hither side of fifty is, says one, "an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden." One likes to think that, in those days of the generations of Adam, the daughters who are not named by the chronicler may, one and another of them, have lived to as green an old age as their brothers. How did they look, the unwed ones, at eight hundred and odd years old? Miss Alice Watson and Miss Bertha Timbs, whose joint ages were not one hundred years at the time here under view—being twenty and odd years after the marriage of their friend Louie—would, I tell myself, have seemed to the patriarchs quite young girls.

"SHAKE, PUNCH!"

Miss Alice Watson and Miss Bertha Timbs lived within recent years in a small street off the Edgeware Road, when the houses there were small, houses that have since been pulled down to make room for what are termed residential flats. The one occupied by them was only different from the others in having inscribed on its brass plate the word "Modes," a word in the local pronunciation made to rhyme with "codes."

The dressmaker was their landlady, and if your imagination have eyes to see through stone walls, you will now see her sitting in the small room, which is the all that she has retained for herself, in what she proudly terms "my house." For a person following the calling of a *modiste*, she will strike you as looking wonderfully unmodish. A short, stout woman this, with a weak mouth and a prominent tooth. It is thought by some that Miss Deacon has only this one tooth, which, in the language of the children of her acquaintance, "she can never shut in." It always rests on her nether lip, pressing it, and at first it strikes you as ugly, but afterwards you come to like it, as you come to like everything about Miss Deacon, even her little dog. This is a round, black bundle that moves about the floor of her sewing-room, presumably on legs, though they are no more visible than those of a caterpillar, and that, as it goes, collects bits of cotton and thread, and ravellings, and ends of tape, and shreds of stuff, and hooks and eyes, and buttons and scraps of paper; in a word, whatever must fall about a room where, through the daylong hours, there's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash. Once in a while, Miss Deacon gets up and takes the dog, that acts thus as a broom, and carries it down to her court-yard, and says—

"Shake, Punch!"

Punch then gyrates violently for a moment or so, shedding such haberdashery as hooks and eyes and buttons and pins and needles on all sides of him. These Miss Deacon picks up. The needles and pins she sticks in her bodice, which is always agleam with needles and pins; the hooks and eyes and buttons she puts in her apron pocket, and then she kneels down in the court-yard, and says—

"Quiet, Punch!"

She then picks from Punch's coat the lighter, adhesive things, putting into her pocket longish threads, and longish bits of tape, and biggish scraps of stuff, and making a heap of the rest, which she puts into the ash-bin. This done, Miss Deacon picks up Punch, kisses him on one soft ear, and sets him down, with always the same little laugh, and with always the same speech—

"Clever Punch!"

Do you care now to steal a peep at Miss Alice Watson and Miss Bertha Timbs? Changed as they are in much after twenty and odd years, they are in much the same. Miss Bertha, aged forty-five, is slight as she was at twenty, and still is dressed in black, turning to green, with lace wound round her neck and fastened at one side with a jet, *alias* india-rubber, brooch. Her eyes are still very large and very black, and her hair is still black. Miss Alice is less aged than her friend by the flight of time, and carries her nine-and-forty years more lightly than she had carried years of half that number. She is still not lovely, but she is not at all so unlovely at nine-and-forty as she was at four-and-twenty. In the year mentioned the man in whom Miss Bertha would have hailed a suitor twenty and odd years before, and whose path had not crossed hers in all that time—a thing this, perhaps, only possible in London, city of millions—appeared again before her. It happened one night in winter.

It was eight o'clock. She was alone at home, and was momentarily expecting the return of Miss Alice, who was taking an "order" back to the giver of it; for these women had not risen from being greeners to be employers of greeners, but worked alone in their home for shops.

Having fallen into reverie, and thus not having heard the tapping at her door, Miss Bertha started as a voice at the threshold said—

"A gent, miss, come to see you."

These words were followed by a speech addressed to the person thus announced.

"Step in, sir, and I'll fetch a light."

The child—for she was only a child, this handmaiden of Miss Deacon—went off and returned with a lamp, which she placed on Miss Bertha's table, but did not light. Meanwhile the two in the room had stood, and still stood, facing one another in the semi-darkness.

The gent—he was rightly named a gent—spoke first. He was singularly unembarrassed.

"I'm a late caller, Bertha," he said, "but better late than never."

Miss Bertha had taken a lucifer from a round tower made of shells. She struck it, and, lifting the chimney of the lamp, lighted it, keeping the wick very low. The momentary flare of the lamp had shown up her pale face, making a Rembrandt of it. As she stood in the dim light of the lamp, she looked like a silhouette, not only the strong lines of her face standing out, but also the hard lines of her dress.

To a person less socially valiant and perhaps more imaginative than the gent the terrors of the dark room and its dark possessor might have proven too much. But though his implied apology had not been accepted, and though he had not been offered a seat, he showed no intention of withdrawing, but sat down, and said genially—

"I'm going to say at once what I've come about. It's rather dark, Bertha—don't you think you might turn up that wick a bit?" (Miss Bertha increased the flame very slightly.) "What I've come to say is, supposin'——"

Here he paused, physically disabled. The air was thickening with that noxious thing, lamp-smell, and the dim light grew more and more depressing. "You'll excuse me, Bertha" (his hand was on the screw of the lamp), "if I turn up your wick a little more? It's a real pleasure to see your pretty room" (this was said with an admiring smile), "and—and——" Even the gent with all his brave geniality hesitated to add that it was a pleasure also to see Miss Bertha, and so another breakdown took place, and the flare from the lamp, which in his excess of zeal he had turned up too high, fell on two speechless persons. He was the first to speak again.

"What I've come to say is this," he went on valorously; "I've kep' up an interest in you, Bertha, though it mayn't ha' seemed like it to you, an' now that Louie's dead, why, if you're willin', I'm willin'."

The gent, having thus gracefully proposed marriage, fell to looking at a glass lustre, probably because the play of colour in it, the trembling and laughing of it, made it seem less dead and dumb than the rigid, silent woman who was the possessor of it.

The trembling and laughing was explained next minute, when the door opened on Miss Alice, whose step along the passage, perhaps not unintentionally, had not been of the softest. Miss Alice remained at the door, holding it open. The gent took his hat and went. It was only six paces from the room door to the house door. He walked into the night, taking small, dainty steps, perhaps because of the dimly-lit wet ground, perhaps because of a trait in his character which gave a certain smallness to everything that he did.

Meanwhile Miss Bertha and Miss Alice stood face to face. Miss Alice was first to speak.

"He's gone," she said in a whisper. "What did you say to him, dear?"

"Nothing." The colour came back to Miss Bertha's thin cheeks. "I could think of nothing to say," she added simply.

The Bard of the Seasons

II

WHEN a poet leaps into fame, as James Thomson did with his noble poem of "Winter," the world awaits "his next" with interest, and he is tasked to hold his own. But in this instance, as there must also be a "third" and a "fourth" work, produced within a reasonable time, it may be granted that seldom has a poet been subjected to a severer trial than he, who proceeded, as with a task expected of him, to "sing the glories of the circling year." This, however, is what Thomson achieved, with a success that astonished his contemporary world, too few of whom were capable of appreciating the sources of his inspiration in the well-spring of a pious soul and the glory of his theme.

His next effort was his admirable poem of "Summer," published within a few months of the former, in the year 1727. The influence upon the writer's mind of the recent sublime discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton is apparent from the first. The motions of Nature are described as

"Minutely faithful—such the *All-perfect Hand*
That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole."

The bard is soon in the midst of his theme in lines replete with beauty—

"The meek-eyed Morn appears: Mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east."

A grand apostrophe to the sun merges into a still nobler song of "Him who in Himself is Light," and the process of the radiant power is followed over land and sea, and traced into the bosom of the earth with its gems of the mine. Richly varied pictures are given of the "all-fostering" power of the sunlight in the world of plants and animals, the poet by his eloquence winning the ear for his never-failing exhortations to piety, as he calls for

"hymns of holy wonder to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds
As on our smiling eyes, His servant sun."

The summer is then unfolded through scenes of rural and pastoral life; the episode of "sheep-shearing" is full of kindly feeling for the frightened animals whose "incessant bleatings run around the hills." The fun of their seizure is indulged a little as "the sturdy boy holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram;" but the scene of sympathetic terror is dissolved with—

"Fear not, ye gentle tribes! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved:
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears
Who, having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again!"

The day mounts to the meridian as the poet cries—

"All-conquering heat! oh, intermit thy wrath,
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beat not so fierce."

Yet when he seeks the shade with its delicious amenities of wood and waterfall, his fancy is invoked "to spread a bolder wing and sing the wonders of the torrid zone." This is done in a succession of scenes and incidents, both grand and terrible, from the Nile to the Ganges; but it is at home, evidently in Richmond Park, that Thomson produces his unrivalled picture of the "thunderstorm"—

"Behold, low settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods, and growing gains
The full possession of the sky,"

till man and beast are aware of what is coming.

"'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the clouds,
And, following slower in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice."

. . . . . .

"Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail
Or prone descended rain. Wide-rent the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet its flame unquenched,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through."

. . . . . .

Intense and awful pathos attends the death by lightning of a girl by her lover's side. The pity of the event is reflected in the fact of the monument, in after days, reared to the lovers at the public cost, and the two statues are vividly realised to the reader where—

"on the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad."

The storm is followed by a serene afternoon that inspires the poet with fresh thoughts of the beauty of rural England, on which he expatiates aptly from the top of Richmond Hill. At the same time, a safe and wholesome transition is made from one people's greatness to the dignity of man and the praise of science and philosophy, till at length the famous line of the noblest poet of our generation is anticipated, and "that far-off, Divine event, to which the whole creation moves," is fairly recognisable in Thomson's earlier version of the same—

"The final issue of the works of God
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom formed,
And ever rising with the rising mind."

The poet's next effort was his "Spring," the opening line of which is often ironically quoted in modern press-articles alluding to the east wind—"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come!" But the bard has not been found wanting, and has already come forth with words of comfort—

"Be patient, gentle swains!
Those cruel-seeming winds blow not in vain."

Soon he is engaged in singing the spring-virtue of life and warmth re-entering the breast of the earth, whatever be the temporary chillness of the air—

"While through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks
With measured steps, and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground,
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene."

The season is pourtrayed both richly and minutely, and by fine selections from the "vast," the poem gives impression of sweeping the whole realm of Nature from the little to the great. The animating influence of Spring, as of the spirit and power of youth, is traced through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, culminating in the toil and care of the creatures for their offspring, as where—

"The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray."

Ere this

"Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves their modulation mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole:
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love."

Passing upward to the family of man, the poem is enriched with a twofold picture of "love wild and irregular," and of "love pure and happy." This is unsurpassed in literature for the fulness and power of the contrast in the instance of misguided youth—

"Whom love deludes into her thorny wilds
Of fevered rapture or of cruel care."

. . . . . .

"His lively moments running down to waste,
But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite."

Thereafter follows an enchanting picture of pure and blessed love.

Poets, as a rule, are more successful with the unfortunate, the perturbed and tragical; but this poet's sympathetic ardour revels in that which is beautiful and sweet and good, in mindfulness of the Divine, Almighty Giver.

It is in Thomson's picture of family life there occurs the line often quoted with reference to School, and that sarcastically enough at times—

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought:
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

After many a vein of thought pursued under the one touch of the tranquil beauty of the season, the poet brings his theme to an end in an enthusiasm which may be exposed to cavil from the "outside," and which some of God's children may be too apt to miss in a world of care and bereavement, and yet they will say "it is true" when it is put to them—

"Progressive virtue and approving heaven,
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love."

And thus onward and upward—

"Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamoured more as more remembrance swells,
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

In Thomson's "Autumn" his masterly art of digression is seen at its best, the nature of his subject giving opportunity of moral reflections on the industry of man and the consequences of conduct—the fruits of the earth being typical of those of the mind and soul. Soon, from his wonted copious treatment of things in the rural sphere, the poet plunges into city life and scenes of traffic—

"Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant: the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort."

Returning to the fields of Autumn, the sight of the gleaners gives suggestion for what must be called a paraphrase of the Old Testament story of Ruth. Thomson's lines follow the original with a closeness that cannot be mistaken, yet the tale of "the lovely young Lavinia" is of an exquisite freshness, and may well be taken as a tribute to the literary beauty of Holy Writ.

In a very different light, autumnal field-sports are taken up, and the poet's tender-hearted humanity, so like to that of Burns in after days, bleeds over the fate of the hunted creatures. It is evidently in a mood of retributive wrath that, after a county ball, the huntsmen themselves are hunted down to a scene of "serious drinking"—a phrase probably originated by James Thomson.

It is a Teniers-picture of his times, unstinted in the least or worst particular. The respectable roysterers have almost all sunk to the floor:—

"Confused above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene, and wide below
Is heaped the social slaughter."

. . . . . .

"Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all, and, from his bury'd stock,
Laments the weakness of these later times."

From this repulsive scene the poet turns in a graceful apostrophe to the gentler sex, with glowing praise of woman for her purity as naturally superior to such grossness, appealing to her to cultivate kindlier pursuits and wield a holier influence.

With further scenes of the garden and the field—the rich colours of the autumnal woods and the beauty of the harvest moon, with the crops gathered in and the hearts of men "filled with food and gladness"—the "Poet of the Seasons" brings his task to a close. Yet not until he had sanctified the work with a hymn, which reaches the sublime, in the fervour of piety and adoring praise.

The "poetic pantheism" of the opening line—

"These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God"—

is completely safe-guarded in the spirit of a filial reverence that breathes from every line that follows, rising to the close in a strain of lofty and personal devotion.

"When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future world,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From *seeming evil* still deducing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in *Him*, in *Light Ineffable!*
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

Such are a few passages selected for our purpose of the moment from a work that is suffused with beauty from verse to verse.

During the rest of his life the "Poet of the Seasons" largely occupied himself with the composition of dramas, in which he attained only a moderate success. But he is known to have prized, above all his works, his elaborate and powerful poem of "Liberty"—produced after a lengthened tour in Continental Europe, in the patriotic pride of a comparison between other nations and his own. In the same mood also he wrote his world-renowned "Rule, Britannia," on the authorship of which a very needless doubt began to be cast some twelve years after his death, and remained for long, owing to the disingenuous conduct of his coadjutor in the "Masque of Alfred," where the famous song first appeared. Since an accomplished French translator and biographer of Thomson recently urged that his "Rule, Britannia," is a palpable digest of his "Liberty," it begins to be remembered that the stirring ode to the British Empire was produced for a second time during the poet's lifetime, bearing his name in full.

After "The Seasons" must undoubtedly be ranked his admirable poem, "The Castle of Indolence," which, with all its wizard features, was produced in a spirit of self-examination, as well as of rejoinder to the good-natured banter inflicted upon the poet by his friends on account of his habit of lying in bed till long past noon; because, as he used to say in his characteristic, broad Scots accent, he "had nae motive to rise!" It is only fair to observe that Thomson almost invariably chose the dead of night as his favourite season for composition. But the sound morality of his beautiful poem is happily befitted to linger in the mind by the music of such lines as these—

"Oh, who can speak the joys of vigorous health!
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind."

. . . . . .

Or the grand abjuration and avowal—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

James Thomson died at Richmond in the year 1748, amid the poignant grief of many; for never was man more beloved by his personal friends. His remains were laid in the Parish Church, "near the font," where a brass tablet in the wall above his grave marks the spot to-day.

"The old order changes," and even genuine poetry, in part, may fade out of fashion. But "The Seasons" must surely abide in all coming time, revealing the perennial well-spring of joy which subsists in Nature—above all to the heart that is in possession of "Peace with God."

J. CUNNINGHAM.

Faded Flowers

BY W. A. STEVENS

THE very leaves of the overhanging beech trees on the hill crest seemed to feel the soft restfulness of the evening hour, as with a rustling murmur of relief they strove to free themselves from that white covering which had so thickly powdered them during the noonday heat, when brake after brake, each with its freight of noisy, happy little ones, rolling along the white forest road which wound beneath them, had ground its surface into ever-deepening ruts, and passed on, hidden by a trailing wake of white, choking dust.

From the foot of the hill below came the fast-receding rumble of wheels; and shrill cries from apparently tireless little lungs, keeping doubtful tune to the attenuated melancholy of a cornet, were the only sounds that broke upon the gathering stillness, and gave reminder of the happiness of a fading day.

Parting the undergrowth, a timid deer took the road at a bound, and crashed away into the yonder bracken. At little space came yet others, who, seeing no evil befall their leader, took heart of boldness, and followed with a greater deliberation, even pausing a moment to glance sidelong up the deserted road, ere they hurried away to the forest pool to lave their slender throats with deep, delicious draughts of the clear, peaty water, that, mirroring the dense masses of foliage outlined against the crimson sky, was yet broken into a hundred golden circlets, as the swallows dipped and rose, and with each dip terminated the existence of some small denizen of the insect world. A ghostly shape swept silently across the open, causing the peering fieldmouse to crouch the closer, as he noted, trembling, the hungry gleam in the owl's round eyes, as she sought her nightly prey.

Silence growing still more silent, coolness yet more cool, greyness more grey, too grey for sight, too grey for waking—so Nature fell asleep.

* * * * *

Roll! Roll! Roll! Dust, clamour, and heat! Heat, clamour, and dust!

Even the cornet-player on the box seemed to have reached the end of what till now had appeared an inexhaustible repertoire. Roll! Roll! Roll! The country far behind, every fresh stopping-place serving only to make the fact more unmistakable.

Gone were those old signs, swaying in their quaint iron framings, with their portrayals of impossible "Dun Cows," "White Harts," "Red Lions," and the like!

Gone were the long, four-legged horse-troughs, where the tired beasts steamed and snorted during their momentary respite, the while jovial hosts and sunbrowned rustics laughed deep laughter, as they chaffed with the little wayfarers! Gone were those bright red curtains, shielding the snug sanctums of village cronies from prying eyes!

Gone the trees! Gone the thatched cottages and the cool green fields! The even rumble of the wheels had long since given place to a deafening rattle, as they jarred over the cobbles, or lurched sickeningly along a tram line.

Here seemed houses, houses, only houses, and at each street corner, the garish plate-glass front of some gin-palace, whose swing-doors—as they swung ever to and fro, to allow of the ingress or egress of a ceaseless stream of coarsened, drink-soddened men or slatternly women—belched forth the sickening odour of stale drink and hot humanity.

Here seemed only blatant vulgarity,

flaring naphtha lamps, hoarse, ribald shouting, stench, squalor, and heat—heat which, though seemingly unbearable during the hours of daylight, yet now became doubly so, under the oppressive pall of night—night in slum-land!

* * * * *

The fœtid reek of "Paradise Court" drifted in through the garret window, and mingled with the smoke of a cheap paraffin lamp, that stood on the bare mantel, smoking and flickering—flickering, as was the little life that lay gasping itself away on the low truckle-bed, where a man leaned over a child, and, with toil-roughened hand, lovingly smoothed the dark tresses that strayed so thickly across the pillow.

A deep sob shuddered through him; since the "Missis" went, two years ago, little lame "Liz," child though she was, had kept the home together, had "mothered" the little ones, had always a bright smile, a cheery welcome, and a "bit o' summat" ready for "faver," at the day's end, and so well and so bravely had her own painful suffering been concealed, that until a few short days ago he had never known, never noticed it—and now? Ah, now it was too late! Too late!

The sound of a violent assault on the rickety stairway called a brave smile to the weary face, as, with the impetuous forgetfulness of children, the two little ones burst in, casting their burden of faded though yet fragrant wild-flowers into the arms of the little sufferer on the bed.

* * * * *

Even the relation of a day of such wonderful delights must needs come to an end, and presently, when the "dustman's" attentions had become too pressing to be longer ignored, and the children were playing in the dreamland meadows, sleep came to the little "mother" also.

Still the lonely watcher sat on and on, nor dared to move, till with the paling of the eastern sky heralding another day, the blue eyes opened, and travelled anxiously from the heap of flowers to the sleeping little ones, and back again. "Faver," she said painfully, as the man bent lower and yet lower, "good-bye, dear, an' kiss me—an', faver, take 'em, oh take 'em out o' this; take 'em where these comes from!"

And with the wasted hands clasping the scented meadow-sweet closely to her, in one last effort, the little tired soul passed out into that great Garden where the flowers never fade, and the Gardener is the Children's Friend.

London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

IV.—The *Shaftesbury* Training-Ship

WHEN a boy will not be induced to attend school, he is committed by a magistrate, at the instance of the School Board, to one of the Board's truant schools, in the hope that the regular life and strict discipline will in a few months cure him of his truancy. But if a boy's home surroundings are so wretchedly bad that it seems almost impossible that he can grow up to be a decent citizen, if he frequents the company of thieves and immoral persons, if he begs in the streets or sleeps out at nights, it is of little use to drive him to school. It is a home even more than a school that he needs, and so the School Board steps in, and, acting under the authority conferred upon it by Parliament, takes the boy right away from his evil surroundings and assumes towards him for the rest of his school life, and for some little time afterwards, parental as well as educational responsibilities. The boy may be sent to one of the industrial schools under other authorities with which the Board has agreements, or he may be sent to the Board's own industrial school, the *Shaftesbury* training-ship, which lies in the Thames off Grays.

Photo by Lyndon Rhodes *Grays*

A LESSON IN NAVIGATION

The radical difference between the truant schools and the *Shaftesbury* shows itself in the demeanour of the boys and the whole life of the ship. A boy at a truant school is there for a short time only, and the sooner he leaves the better he will be pleased. He feels that he is a prisoner, and the Governor, good friend though he often proves to be, is regarded more or less as a gaoler. But the boy on the *Shaftesbury* is at home, and Captain Scriven, the Captain-Superintendent, is his foster-father.

On the occasion of my last visit to the ship, I had a good example of the spirit that animates the *Shaftesbury* boys. The whole ship's company was camping out for a few weeks, and I had to ask the way to the camp. Fortunately I fell in with a *Shaftesbury* boy who was returning to the camp from an errand to the ship, and he acted as my guide. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy with a happy, smiling face; he spoke with a pronounced Cockney twang, but was as bright and well-mannered a lad as one could wish to meet. He was bubbling over with pride in his ship, and was only too pleased to discourse about life on board and in camp. He knew the ordinary Board School—had attended one for years, when he was not playing truant—and might therefore be regarded as a credible witness when he deposed that the *Shaftesbury* was a jolly sight better. "And no one could have a better Captain than we have, sir," was his entirely spontaneous tribute to Captain Scriven, whom he had good reason to know, being, as he explained, one of the "Captain's steerage boys," whose special duty it is to wait on the Captain.

The impression left on the visitor by the appearance of the boys at work and at play is, that such a happy and contented spirit is typical rather than exceptional on the *Shaftesbury*. The boys have a large measure of freedom, and when a few days'

leave of absence is allowed to visit friends, they always return punctually to the ship. Although all the boys of the *Shaftesbury* have been sent to the ship by magistrates' order, the word "detention" seems singularly inappropriate to their free, happy life. An institution less suggestive of a penitentiary it would be difficult to find.

Life on board is a round of cheerful activity from morning till night. The half-time system of work and schooling obtains here, as in other industrial schools, each boy having a day's schooling and a day's work alternately. The work is specially designed to fit the boys for a seafaring life, which naturally many of them choose when the time for leaving comes. A full course of instruction in seamanship is given, and the lessons on the *Shaftesbury* are supplemented by practical work on the tender *Themis*, a schooner of 145 tons, which, during the summer months, with a crew of three officers and thirty boys, cruises about the mouth of the Thames, occasionally prolonging the voyage down the English Channel as far as Plymouth. Of late years the more scientific work of Navigation has been taught to the boys in the upper standards, and with the grounding thus given an industrious and intelligent boy, who goes to sea before the mast, may reasonably hope to pass his mate's examination and in time command a ship of his own. The Captain offers a sextant to any old boy who obtains his first mate's certificate, as two have already done.

Here is a vivacious description by a *Shaftesbury* boy of the ordinary life on board: "Work and play on board the *Shaftesbury* are intermingled with each other, so that each boy gets a fair amount of one and plenty of the other. The work consists principally in scrubbing decks, cleaning bright work, painting ship and boats, and many different occupations—viz. shoemaking, sailmaking, tailoring, sailoring, gunnery, rowing, and last, but not least, the band. At play we have called all shoregoing games into requisition, besides many of our own. On the upper deck football and cricket may be seen in full swing, whilst ping-pong (under difficulties), chess, draughts, and dominoes are played between decks. When summer comes on,

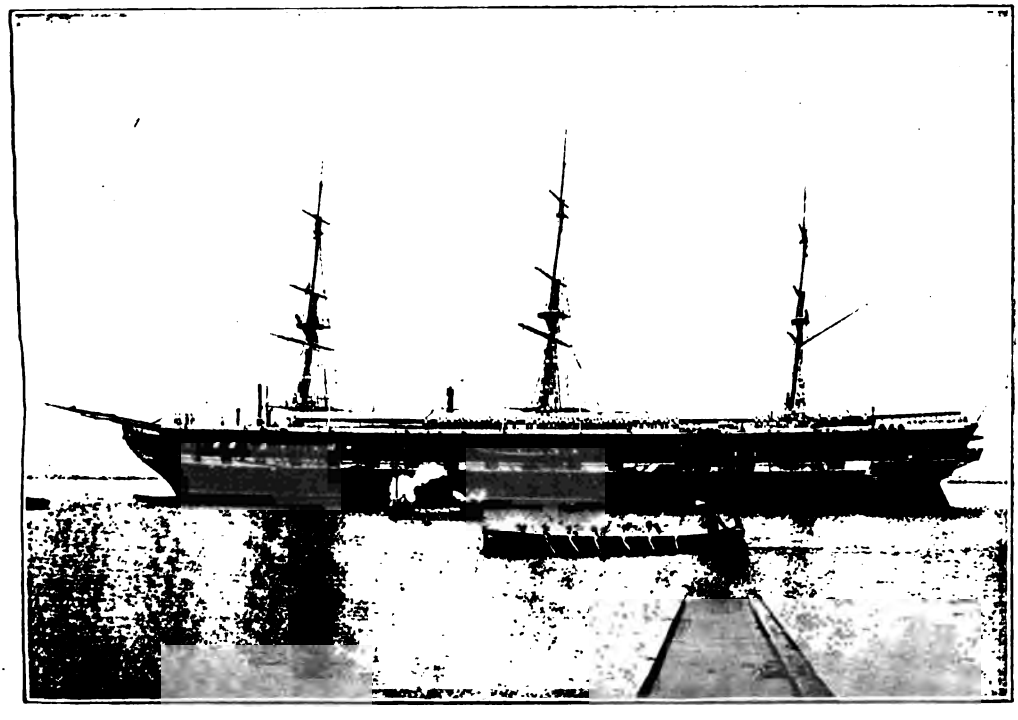


Photo by H. P. Harman *Bromley, Kent*

THE *SHAFTESBURY*

Photo by H. P. Harman *Bromley, Kent*

SAILMAKING CLASS ON THE *SHAFTESBURY*

bathing and long excursions in boats are the order of the day, while 'sling the monkey' is played in the evening."

Drill and physical exercises play an important part in the training of the boys. Some of the drill is of a particularly picturesque character; the boys are taught to handle rifle and cutlass with vigour and smartness. But perhaps the most exciting piece of work they do in this direction is the drill with the field-gun, which they manipulate with lightning rapidity. They have taken the gun by train, dragged it through London streets, and been highly complimented on their smartness by military and naval officers. Besides these special exercises there are the more ordinary methods of physical training—gymnastics and exercises with dumb-bells, wands and Indian clubs; and the result of this work, coupled with the good food and generally healthy life, is seen in the vigorous, sturdy figures of the great majority of the boys.

The *Shaftesbury* has the great advantage of a fine playing-field on shore, in which cricket and football can be indulged in. Here also is a large covered swimming-bath which on a hot summer afternoon is a source of much healthful pleasure to the boys. Most of them can swim, many very well, and the simple expedient of throwing pennies into the water reveals the fact that many of them are very expert divers.

In another part of the field is the hospital, a very pleasant and convenient building, which, happily, is not often largely tenanted.

For five or six weeks in the summer now and again the whole ship's company encamps in the playing-field, and the boys enjoy a pleasant and healthful change from the usual routine of their lives. The camp is organised on military lines, with youthful sentries guarding it by day and night. It is chiefly a time of holiday, ordinary lessons being dispensed with. A good deal of drill is done in the mornings, the band practises, and there are, of course, tent and messroom duties to be attended to, but the afternoons and evenings are free for cricket, swimming, and other diversions.

There is no difficulty about the religious question on board the *Shaftesbury*. The ordinary undenominational Bible teaching, common to all London Board Schools, is given daily, and on Sunday services are conducted by Captain Scriven or Mr. W. T. Litton, the head school-master. A shortened form of the Church of England service is used, the bulk of the boys being certified as belonging to the Church of England; but no objection is ever raised to the presence of the few Nonconformist boys at this simple service. The fact that the Captain himself is the parson is the best guarantee against the teaching of anything approaching controversial theology. The Roman Catholic boys attend their church on shore, and receive visits on board from the Roman Catholic priest. The hearty singing of the boys is an inspiring feature of the Sunday services on board. Those boys who show special musical talent have a chance of developing it in the school band, and often of turning it to practical

account in after life, as the majority of the young bandsmen eventually join army or navy bands.

Shaftesbury boys are great as entertainers. They have figured more than once in the Lord Mayor's Show, and have taken part in many entertainments for charitable objects. Their bright ways and smart appearance, helped by a picturesque costume, make them great popular favourites wherever they go.

No boy has a chance to be dull or lazy on board the *Shaftesbury*. He is not overburdened with work, but he is kept constantly occupied; he is not allowed to loaf. Even in winter time and wet weather, when outdoor sports are impossible, he is not without resources. A good library and a fair assortment of suitable periodicals are available for his use. A certain amount of evening school work is done, but the lessons chosen are of the more recreative kind. Entertainments are given once a week, and the Captain knows how to keep the attention of the boys with a "yarn" which will not be without helpful suggestions. The orthodox indoor games—dominoes, ping-pong, and so on—are indulged in; and with these varied occupations and certain indescribable diversions of their own invention, which can only be summarised under the generic name "sky-larking," the boys find it no difficult matter to drive dull care away during the long winter evenings.

When a boy turns the age of fifteen, the important question of his career in life has to be decided. Although the Board's legal control extends till he reaches the age of eighteen, it is recognised that unless the boy's own choice determines his occupation, he is not likely to be successful in it nor to remain in it long. The Captain's duty, therefore, at this juncture is limited to advising; but fortunately there are not many *Shaftesbury* boys who, by the time they leave the ship, have not learned to look upon Captain Scriven as their best friend, and his advice is seldom disregarded. The Board's legal position at this time in the boy's career is chiefly valuable if he himself wishes to avail himself of it. It may supply him with a means of escape from bad parents, who, after neglecting or even ill-treating him during his childhood, may be anxious now to avail themselves of his earning capacity; and it may be valuable as giving him the right to return to the ship while seeking a new situation, should the first turn out unsatisfactory.

The Captain's object is to get as many boys as possible into the army, navy, or merchant service, because, lacking, as nearly all of them do, the restraining influence of a good home, they are far more likely, it is thought, to turn out well if subjected to a continuance, more or less, of the disciplined life to which they have been accustomed, than if left to their own devices and to the influence of doubtful friends. Of 169 boys who left the ship during the year ended July 1903, 10 joined the Royal Navy, 33 entered army or navy bands, 67 went to sea in merchant ships, 7 obtained situations on shore, 11 emigrated to Canada, 38 were

Photo by H. P. Harman *Bromley, Kent*

BAYONET DRILL

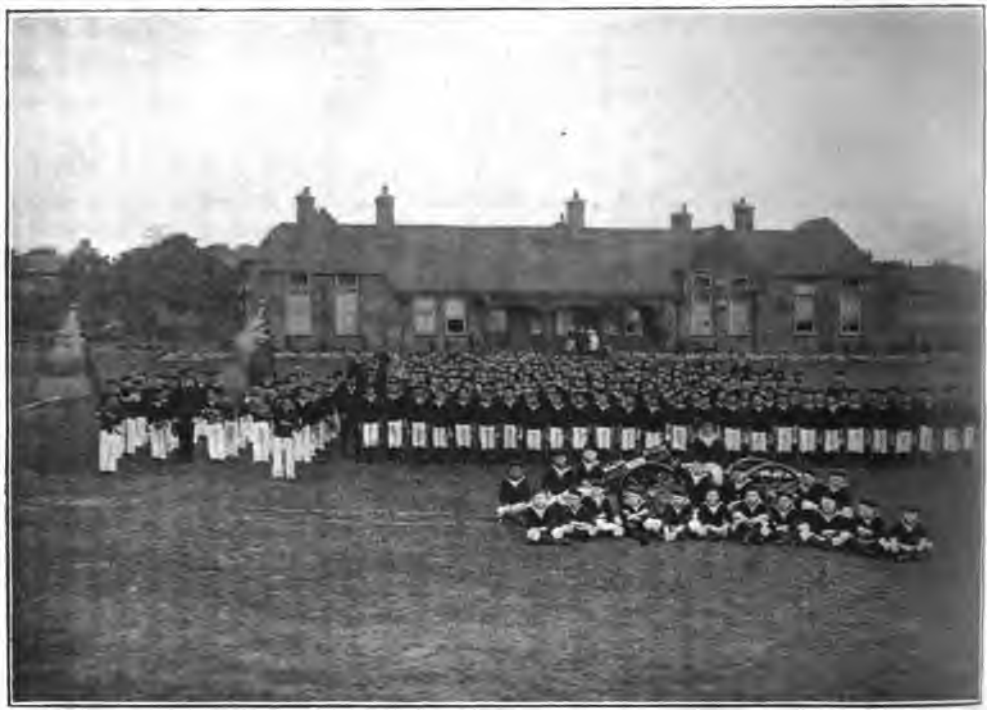


Photo by H. P. Harman *Bromley, Ke*

A PARADE, THE FULL SHIP'S COMPANY

allowed to return to live with their friends, two were transferred to other institutions, and one died.

Of the after careers of *Shaftesbury* boys many interesting records are to be gleaned from the letters which continually reach the Captain from old boys in all parts of the world, as well as from the personal visits which many of them from time to time pay to the ship. Sitting by the Captain at his desk, as he turns over a bundle of letters and photographs, one gets a kaleidoscopic glimpse of the lives of typical old *Shaftesbury* boys, and learns something of the affection with which the old ship and the old teachers and companions are remembered.

Here is a letter from a blue-jacket in the Channel Squadron who asks that a certificate may be sent to him, as he would like to have it to remind him of the old ship. He is coming to visit the ship, when he gets home, and asks permission to bring a friend, so that he may show *her* (significant pronoun) the ship on which he was trained. Here is a letter from a quartermaster-sergeant in a crack regiment, who has been through the whole of the South African campaign. It is accompanied by a number of photographs illustrating life in South Africa, and by some verses—by no means devoid of merit—in which the sergeant records some incidents in a scout's life under "Fighting Mac." The next letter deals with the less romantic life of a salesman in the New Kent Road; the writer is getting on well, and has pleasant recollections of jolly times spent on board and of kindness shown to him when he left the ship. From a soldier in India come friendly greetings and news about other *Shaftesbury* boys. From a settler in Canada comes a photograph of the log-house in which he lives and which his own hands have built. A letter from a young bandsman in a Worcestershire regiment is full of expressions of affectionate gratitude. Enclosed is a photograph of the writer in his regimentals, and on the back of this the Captain has written, "One of the best boys ever received on board the *Shaftesbury*." It seems that this young fellow, in his last year on the ship, took the highest prize for school-work and also the prize awarded by

Photo by H. P. Harman *Bromley, Ken*

CUTLASS DRILL

the votes of his school-fellows to "the most popular boy."

A photograph one is a little surprised to see among this collection is one of a handsome, refined-looking man in evening dress. This is an old boy who has developed in a somewhat unusual direction; he is engaged in business in a northern town, and devotes his evenings to teaching elocution, of which he is a past master. The programmes of his recitals point to his being a man of refinement and literary taste, and the long and interesting letter accompanying the photograph confirms this idea. The letter is of so self-revealing a character, and moreover gives so vivid a glimpse of life on the *Shaftesbury*, and the influence of that life on a receptive mind, that I must quote part of it.

"The impression you made on me," says the writer, "while I was on board is very real and true to me at this moment. I fancy as I write I hear you reading the morning prayers, standing at the reading-desk on the school-deck. Now the prayers are over and you are looking very sadly at us all, and telling us how grieved you are that there are so many boys reported for bad conduct. Better than that I can see another morning. It is New Year's morning. You have spoken earnestly and tenderly to us, and urged us to keep a better record for the year just begun. Then you raise your cap and turn to the officers grouped round you and say, 'I wish you all, officers and boys, a most happy and prosperous New Year.' I see every officer bare his head, and I hear that clear, hearty shout from three hundred odd young throats, 'Same to you, sir.' Now the scene changes: it is night, the hammocks are slung, and you are going the rounds. I hear you and Mr. M—— come up the ladder to the school-deck where I lie listening. You pass by my hammock. Once you slightly catch your shoulder against my hammock as you pass. Then all is still for a moment, and 'Good-night, boys,' rings through the ship, and 'Good-night, sir,' sounds out clearly in reply. How I should enjoy to spend a whole day on board, and take my part again! I always disliked washing mornings; my soap never would last out. But I'd wake up happily and spring out eagerly if it were washing-day on board to-morrow, and I were there."

Such letters as these, whether couched in the graceful and happy language of the one quoted or in the rougher phraseology of warm-hearted lads whose strong point was never book-learning, are more eloquent evidence than any statistics could be of the real influence for good which the *Shaftesbury* has exerted on those who have been on board. For many a ragged and neglected little urchin the day when he stood trembling before a London magistrate, charged perhaps with the heinous offence of being "without visible means of subsistence," or with being beyond the control of parents who had never exercised the elementary duties of parenthood, has proved a red-letter day indeed, the beginning of a new life of order and care and discipline, leading to a happy, self-respecting, and useful manhood.

The Critic on the Hearth[1]

BY JOHN A. STEUART

THERE appear, I remarked one evening, to be many people in the United States with an unappeasable grudge against the two democratic framers of the Declaration of Independence. As I expected, the whole table looked up inquiringly. Yes, I went on, there must be a great many simple Republican minds smarting to-day because of the egregious narrowness of Uncle Sam's political constitution. The Bird of Freedom may screech, but the theory of universal equality and the abolition of class distinctions have not produced the promised elysium beyond the Atlantic. Effete old Europe has its compensations, and in nothing apparently is it more to be envied from the Republican point of view than in its Free Trade in titles. The good men who signed the Declaration of Independence forged curbs for posterity when they fancied themselves legislating for freedom.

Take one consequence as illustrated to-day by our cousins in the West. The founders of the Republic despised and prohibited titles, but their descendants have developed an almost frantic admiration for the rank they cannot enjoy. Were ever the revenges of time more cruelly exemplified? "Shirt sleeves, broadcloth, shirt sleeves," says the old proverb pithily describing the rise and fall of family fortunes. Reversion or atavism seems to be as much a law of nature as progress. But the unfortunate Americans have reverted in taste without ability of enjoyment. There's the rub.

The Englishman is luckier. You ask what I mean? My meaning is perfectly plain, to wit, that any Englishman so minded and properly equipped with the wherewithal may at any time provide himself and his wife with a title, a coat of arms, and a gallery of ancestors at rates which certainly cannot be considered exorbitant in view of the glory attached. A friend who understands these things tells me that the tendency of the market price is downward, and that the honour which a quarter of a century ago would have cost not a fraction under £25,000 may now be had for £5000 less. To men of modest means and soaring ambitions this is an advantage on which there is no need to enlarge. Now an American, if he were to form a trillion-billion trust, could not have himself thus ennobled by law. Yearn he never so much for the magic charter, all his millions cannot buy it, at any rate in his own name and for his own behoof. His ambition must be gratified, if gratified at all, by slipping into the peerage or baronetage on the female side, as lawyers say, and thus obliterating at once his name and individuality. By a lucky chance his daughter may reach the status and splendour of a duchess, but he, poor man! remains plain Jonathan without ornament or trimmings of Heralds' College, the victim of ancestral foibles and absurd ideals.

This is a poignant grievance, particularly to his women-folk, who cannot all mate with lords, because in their own expressive phrase there aren't enough to go round. Moreover, not every princeling or lordling goes to America prospecting for a wife. Sometimes these high matrimonial connoisseurs are content to "contract alliances" at home. (How is it that in the "hupper suckles," the "aristoxy" so feelingly described by that great writer and lucky speculator, C. Jeames De La Pluche, people never by any chance fall in love, but only "contract alliances" and "arrange marriages"? Is the blue blood in high regions too thin for the rapture of common humanity, or is it vulgar to have feelings even in matrimony?)

The number of coroneted heads being infinitesimal in proportion to the total population of Europe and America, the interest they excite in a Republican land is rampantly keen. Hence it comes that when one of them goes to New York or Chicago, is captivated, captured and brought to the altar, there is more excitement than over ninety and nine home-grown multi-millionaires airing their Republican magnificence between Fifth Avenue and Central Park.

"That is because people always set a fictitious value on things they don't happen to possess themselves," said the Curate. "It's a weakness that probably came in with Eve. The Americans have the almighty dollar, evidently in burdensome superfluity, and are proving that it isn't as almighty as they thought. It cannot buy and set up a House of Lords, for example. Therefore, when a member of our gilded chamber alights in an American city, leaders of fashion strain and scramble to see him."

[1] Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

"Fight, you mean," corrected Solomon bluntly. "The papers have lately been very entertaining in regard to American manners. Of course you have read of that exhibition which women of fashion made of themselves in New York the other day."

Yes, we had all read of that singular outburst of interest in a British peer getting married which made Society ladies in the greatest city of America claw each other like Kilkenny cats in order to set eyes on the ducal bridegroom and his fortunate bride. You will remember that according to the reports they overpowered the police and took rude liberties with each other's elegant persons. Perhaps they fancied the British Lion went round with the family crown under his arm to be exhibited to the curious as an heirloom or an interesting piece of vertu.

"I thought the Society women of America were ladies," said the young lady classic in a flash of scorn.

"Recent facts seem against them, don't they?" said Solomon. "Must have been good for business, though, to have French millinery flying round wholesale in a scrimmage like that. The Americans don't mind spending money so long as they get the fun. Was it at the same wedding that the presents were valued at £250,000? Think of it, a quarter of a million sterling, more than many a man of business who considers himself successful makes in a lifetime. I tell you generosity of that sort makes it worth while getting married."

"Do you know what occurs to me?" said the Colonel gravely. "That if things go much further it will presently be quite impossible for people of moderate means to make wedding presents at all. There was a time, not so very long ago, when a wedding gift was a real token of affection or esteem; now, at any rate in the rich and fashionable sets, it is merely a means of displaying the donor's ability to disregard expense, to be lavish, to be extravagant. A system of giving presents has sprung up which is just as much social rivalry as the wearing of Paris gowns or tiny moleskin jackets, decked and inlaid with stuffs that are valueless save for their cost. In hats, in gowns, in horses, in motors, in plate, in flunkeys, in wedding presents, it's all an ostentatious rivalry of wealth. Where is it to stop? We seem to be smitten with a kind of madness for social jealousy and display."

"And yet," said Solomon, "England is really thrifty and economical in comparison with the United States. Did you see about that Society dame living hundreds of miles from New York who wished to give an entertainment of two or three hours, and actually hired the belongings of a metropolitan theatre—actors, orchestra, scenery—everything, in fact, except the bare building and fixtures; and not only so, but spent in addition ten thousand dollars on the single item of flowers? Talk of extravagance, if you like, after that."

"And I read at the same time," put in the Curate, "of people actually dying of starvation in New York, and of multitudes more who can scarcely obtain the hard, unbuttered crust that suffices for mere life. These are the things that make socialists and anarchists: at one end of the scale ill-used wealth rioting in superfluity, at the other the sunken, prematurely old faces of women and children sinking into their graves for lack of bread. You said the other evening, Colonel, that we should be forced to deal with the millionaire problem. I think the sooner that inevitable task is undertaken the better. When one woman spends £2000 on flowers for a single entertainment, while ten thousand of her sisters have not so much among them for all the purposes of life, there is something seriously wrong. Ruskin declared that the amount spent on frivolity in one night in London would feed the peasants of a Swiss valley for a year. Yet by all accounts London is but a novice, an amateur in extravagance compared with New York. There's a reckoning ahead as surely as justice is justice."

Solomon was on the point of asking in his bland, paradoxical way whether justice really is justice, but he gave way to the young lady classic, who remarked that the ostentatious extravagance of wealth is becoming outrageous.

"Not more outrageous than its insolence," said the Colonel. "Napoleon used to ask when a stranger was presented to him, 'What has he done?' Now the formula is, 'How much is he worth in cash?' The gold standard in social morality is demoralising."

"It seems to affect the women most," said Solomon, adjusting his *pince-nez* with an Aristotelian air of having discovered a new truth.

"Ah," protested the Colonel, with a sly look at the young lady classic, "we know that if an angel falls from the angelic state she falls very far indeed. Goodness gone astray is the most amazing of all votaries of folly. But don't run away with the notion that the gilded mob who

fought at a duke's wedding, or the vulgarian who hired theatrical appurtenances for the purpose you have named, represent the true womanhood of America, any more than our own horsey, slangy, cigarette-smoking, bridge-playing Lady FitzFriskys and Miss Mævia Mannishes represent the true womanhood of England. I know several charming American ladies; and a friend of mine who knows them well in their own country says there isn't a pin's point to choose between the right sort of English woman and the right sort of American woman. And I know that's high praise for the Americans, because if I were five-and-thirty years younger and bent on such an enterprise, I could still find in England the loveliness that enchants because it is womanly, and the womanliness that makes and holds captive because it is lovely."

The young lady classic blushed, as it were vicariously, for the whole sex; but though her eyes were eloquent her tongue was silent.

"Upon my word, sir, that's very pretty," cried Solomon. "I had no idea you were addicted to poetry."

The Colonel smiled. "Extremes meet," he returned quietly. "When we are very young or very old we are usually poets, only, as a rule, in the mute, inglorious way. You remember what was said in ancient days: 'Your young men shall see visions and your old men dream dreams.' Things have not changed in that respect. Middle age has no time for such fantasies; then men are busy making money, winning fame, fighting battles. But there comes a day when there is no more money-making, no more winning of fame, no more fighting of real battles. The merchant leaves the mart, the fighter lays aside his harness; and then, having nothing to do, the old man walks for a little while in amaranthine fields."

This brought us to a general discussion of age and youth; and Solomon ventured to observe that in a certain case he could name old age seemed to be neither sad nor sorrowful.

"Why should it be?" the Colonel returned, smiling amiably at the veiled reference. "Are not age and youth in the same keeping? Is He who sustains the one unable to uphold the other? Both are as natural as sleeping and waking. You say the morning is brighter. What if it is? The subdued light of evening is not a disadvantage to eyes grown weary of the glare. The time comes when, as a delightful poet has it, the nurse appears beckoning on the stair. Well, thank God, it is a nurse, and not a jailor or executioner. The child must leave the feast some time and be put to bed."

"Then you would not wish to live indefinitely?" said the Curate in a curious tone.

"I certainly don't pine for the immortality of the Wandering Jew," answered the Colonel. "I am glad to have lived. Life is at once a great gift and a great experience. I am more grateful for it than I can tell. For the rest, I am a man long accustomed to obey. Never once that I can remember did an order reach me from a superior officer which I did not execute with a ready heart; and when the last call comes I should like to obey promptly and decently."

For a few minutes after this little speech we were silent, most of us with bent heads. There was a dewy gleam in the eye of the young lady classic when presently she looked up, and the Curate confided to me afterwards that some exceedingly sage and apposite reflections occurred to him on the advantages of a life devoted to duty, but that somehow they would not embody themselves in words. Solomon was the first to break silence.

"You make nothing, sir, of that fear of death which afflicts so many people," he said.

The Colonel looked at him benignantly. "You are right," he replied thoughtfully. "I have looked into the eyes of death too often to quail when the Supreme Commander gives the order to march. Twice at least the surgeons told me I was dying. I learned then that a man may die without being afraid. I have a manner of doubt that that is because He who prescribes the ordeal gives the courage to bear it. If life has taught me one lesson more clearly than another, it is this: that in every crisis, in every trial, we are most mercifully and mysteriously aided. Do you think that when the dying Sidney passed the cup of cold water to the wounded soldier beside him he was not acting through a power greater than himself? I think I understand something of these things. I have lain wounded under the stars without hope of recovery. And I was ready to go. Shall I tell you what my thought was the first time that the surgeon asked me if I had any instructions to leave? It was his way of saying I was beyond his skill. I was young then. What I said was simply this—'How horribly upset my people will be over this; I'm sorry to disappoint them.' I would have sent apologies if I could."

We talked of the universal love of life, and the Curate mentioned a French man of science who has just discovered that the normal span of

human life is not the Psalmist's three-score and ten, but a good round five-score.

"A hundred," cried Solomon, "that's news. But if he's right, why do people die so young? Does he explain that?"

"Oh, yes," the Curate answered, "he has all his scientific reasons pat. Old age, it appears, is due to white corpuscles or 'phagocyte.' These are minute organisms which might be described as the scavengers and sanitary officers of the body, since their function is to destroy, in fact to devour the malignant microbes which cause disease. But mark what happens when the defenders fall out of legitimate work. The old copybook maxim has it that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' Idle 'phagocytes' certainly take to mischief: for they turn their devastating energies on the organs they are meant to protect, thus by a perverted activity bringing about death. The problem, therefore, is to regulate the supply of prey for these insatiable 'phagocytes.' That done, a full generation will be added to the span of human life, and, what is more, the disabilities of old age will disappear."

The Colonel remarked that of course the world will welcome the aid of science either in prolonging life or in making it easier. But he ventured to doubt whether the new elixirs would be found to result in an added fund of happiness.

"If the question were merely to live long and not to live well," he said; "to exist in the present state without aim except the aim of existing, then the new discovery were certainly a boon. By the way," he broke off, "do you recollect that famous interview between Marcus Tullius Cicero and his brother Quintus in Landor's *Imaginary Conversations?* I was reading the book the other day, and having it by me will take the liberty of presenting a passage on this very point. Marcus is speaking: he says—'If life is a present which any one foreknowing its contents would have willingly declined, does it not follow that any one would as willingly give it up having well tried what they are? I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous, not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding. Were it certain that the longer we live the wiser we become and the happier, then indeed a long life would be desirable.' I think that puts the case fairly. The speaker adds that things being what they are, the wish 'to go away unshaken by years, undepressed by grief and undespoiled of our better faculties' is surely the rational one. As to the end, that comes fitly when the task is done."

"By the way," said Solomon eagerly, as though a bottled idea were in danger of exploding if not instantly expressed, "I saw a curious thing the other day. It was a statement by a medical specialist that athletes are a short-lived race."

"Common experience confirms the specialist," said the Colonel. "The reason for the athlete's brief career is that Nature abhors excess. She will not tolerate it, and usually her way of intimating her intolerance is sudden and peremptory. I have no hesitation in saying that the present craze for athletics is sending thousands of promising youths to untimely graves. They think that muscle is life, whereas in fact too much muscle is death."

The Curate, speaking in confirmation, mentioned grave consequences short of death. "The army," he said, "are rejecting overtrained youths because their hearts are damaged. And harder than that," he went on, "I know the case of a man who passed high for an appointment in the Civil service, but was ultimately declined because he had the *football heart.* That is what the craze for athletics at public schools and elsewhere is leading to. One has only to watch the evils of the centre reflected on the surface. A few years ago the medical profession was talking of the 'cycling face.' Now we have the 'motoring face,' both phrases being expressive of the nervous strain which kills. I had lately an opportunity of seeing the competitors in a motor race at the end of their ordeal, and it was pitiable to look at them. Have you noticed, by the way, that motorists grow old very quickly?"

"Is that so?" cried Solomon, who had himself thoughts of investing.

"Ah," said the Colonel, "the ancient rule of the golden mean, everything in reason and reason in everything. There is no other law even for motorists who would be happy at the end of the day."

MOUNT ELDON, TASMANIA

Drawn by M. P. Boulop

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Retrogression at the Propaganda

TERROR reigns at the Propaganda! Cardinal Gotti is the Prefect of that Congregation, and was spoken of as one of the most probable candidates to the Papacy when Leo XIII. died. After having spent almost all his life in a monastery—he is a Carmelite monk—he has decided to rule with the same system the institution entrusted to his care, which is the most important in the Roman Catholic Church, as it controls at least three-fifths of the hierarchy, nominally subject to the Holy See. Indeed, so great is the power of the Prefect of Propaganda, that, while the Pontiff is called the "white Pope" from his robes, he is known as the "red Pope" from his Cardinal's scarlet, and the General of the Jesuits is the "black Pope," as his robe is that colour. Cardinal Gotti has decided that all the work which is centred at the Propaganda, and the discussions which take place there among the Cardinals composing the congregation, shall be maintained in the strictest secrecy, to avoid as much as possible any influence from heterogeneous outside elements, and any criticism and judgment of their work. Thus they will have a freer hand in continuing to direct the force and influence of the Roman Catholic organisation against progress and an open mind.

With this fixed idea, which lately has assumed the character of almost a mania, Cardinal Gotti has not only warned and reproved the clerks working under him, but has even raised his voice in the presence of his fellow Cardinals, especially condemning the divulging of the name of a new Bishop when chosen, as though, the appointment once decided, there was some interest in not announcing it at once. But Cardinal Gotti hates the Press as much as Cardinal Antonelli did, who said journalists should be employed to reclaim the marshes about Rome. What he wants to avoid is that the appointment of new Bishops should be telegraphed, for instance, to the United States or Australia, instead of having the news go there by the official channels of the Roman Catholic Church, for which the telegraph is as yet non-existent, thus employing weeks and sometimes months before arriving at its destination. He has even made a *casus belli* of the fact that certain news was known by telegraph in America a few hours before it had been decided upon at the Propaganda, which is a surprising statement from a man who, before being known as a leading figure in the Sacred College, had the reputation of a great mathematician. A Cardinal less clever than the Prefect, but more conversant with the modern system of journalism, informed him that what seemed impossible was due to the fact that time in Rome being six hours in advance of that of New York, and the news of the decision of the Propaganda being cabled immediately after the meeting, of course it arrived there at an hour earlier than that in which it was sent from Rome.—I. C.

A Unique Strike

IN the Chinese quarter of Melbourne a very extensive business in the manufacture of furniture is carried on, and has from time to time attracted public attention from its competition with European labour. In spite of the law requiring Chinese furniture to be stamped before being put out for sale, in order that the public may differentiate between the European and the Oriental workman, the latter is such an expert and patient toiler that the white man finds himself much handicapped in this particular trade.

The Chinaman has also proved himself equal in resource of late to his European brother by adopting Western methods of settling trade differences, and has gone "on strike," and for some weeks past more than 300 workmen have been "out," holding solidly together, receiving strike pay and generally paralysing the masters' trade. The Chinese labour leaders have now formulated their terms, which deal with rates of pay, the payment of all expenses of the strike *by the employers*, the non-employment of any European, and cash guarantees that the masters will commit no breach of the rules of the workmen's union. The employers have agreed to some of the simpler conditions, but they refuse the rest, and so the strike will continue, presumably till the manufacturers by

their greater strength tire the men out; but it is interesting to notice the wiliness of the Heathen Chinee in his last demands, number nine of the series, the most remarkable condition surely that ever entered into a strike settlement:—

"The employers' union to provide two roast pigs, each weighing at least 80 lbs., to be used in the worship of the Joss."

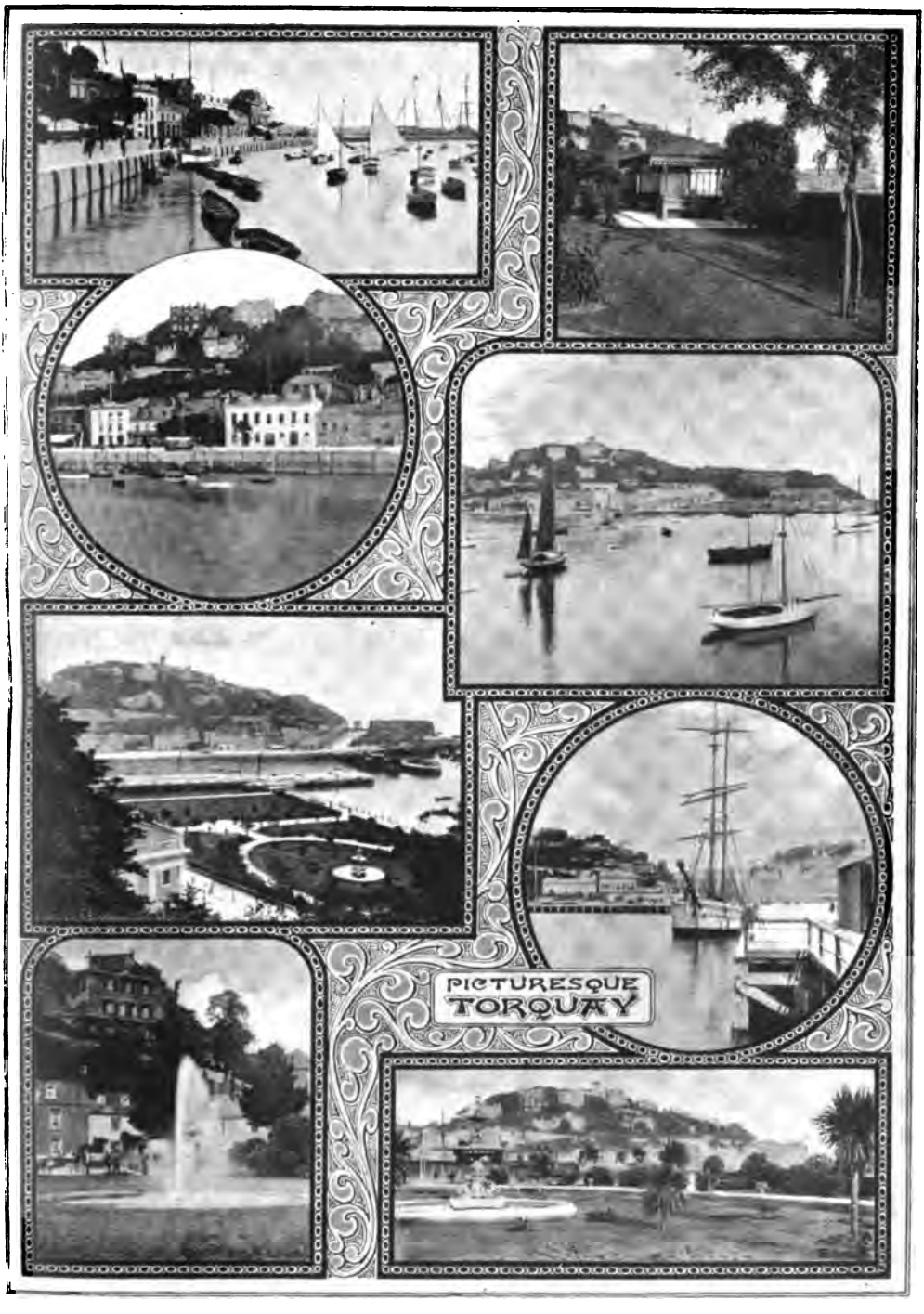
Two roast pigs would not go far in the worship of the Joss amongst several hundred workmen; but the point is that almost all the employers are Chinese who have become Christians, and the crowning triumph of the strikers would come if the masters were compelled "to bow the knee to Baal" to the extent of providing pigs for idol worship. It is fortunate for European masters and men that subtle questions of this kind do not emerge in their strikes, else the problem of settlement might be made still more difficult.—A. J. W.

World's Deepest Gold Mine

WHAT is believed to be the deepest gold mine in the whole world is being worked at Bendigo, a large, flourishing, gold-mining town in the centre of the State of Victoria, Australia. The mine in question, which is called the New Chum Railway Mine, has sunk its main shaft to the great depth of 3900 feet, or only 60 feet short of three-quarters of a mile. It would be thought that the haulage of men and ore up and down such a tremendous depth of shaft would be a toilsome and costly process; but the Bendigo mine managers are famous all over Australia both for their ability and economy, and the New Chum Railway Mine has machinery capable of hauling fully 800 feet deeper should the shaft be continued. The chief problem is how to keep the tunnels and general workings cool enough for the miners to work in at such a depth. If the heat of the earth's crust increased a degree for every 60 feet, as it is supposed to do, the temperature would be practically unbearable. Fortunately the actual increase is something less; but still the heat is very great, as well as terribly enervating. It is usually about 108 degrees, and, to enable the men to work at all, a spray of cold water let down from above has to be kept continually playing on the bodies—naked from the waist upward—of the miners. Even then they cannot work hard, or they would faint from exhaustion. Away from the spray it is impossible to even stand still, so oppressive is the heat. Of course the difficulty of ventilation adds to the discomfort, but in Victoria everything is done to help the ventilation, by cross shafts and other means. This company paid £95,000 in dividends with the gold got at the 3000 feet level, so that there is every encouragement to deep-level mining.—F. S. S.

Australian Artesian Bores

THE great want-of-water trouble that afflicts western New South Wales and Queensland has been largely overcome, in the latter State, by a fine system of artesian bores. It was discovered some few years ago, that although there was little water on the surface of western Queensland, there were great rivers flowing beneath, at depths varying between 2000 and 5000 feet, and occasionally near the surface. To tap these, bores are sunk with drills, working inside pipes, which gradually decrease in size; and it requires, as may be imagined, great skill and care to carry them down the tremendous depths which are sometimes necessary to tap the subterranean stream. They are thus very costly, and take a long time to construct; but the establishment of a good supply of water is such a priceless boon that neither time nor money is spared. Usually the water gushes out of the top of the pipe, often spouting high in the air, and sometimes it is quite hot. The water is usually mineralised more or less, but it is almost always drinkable. One bore, at Bimerah, which had to be sunk 5045 feet to the water, is the deepest in Queensland, and it furnishes 70,000 gallons a day. This is, however, a small supply, as at Charleville there is a famous bore which pours forth a torrent continually, at the rate of about 3,000,000 gallons a day. There are about 60 bores in Queensland over 3000 feet deep, and of these 15 are over 4000 feet deep. One bore, which is 4523 feet in depth, furnishes water at 202 degrees, or nearly boiling point. The water from these bores is carried scores of miles in drains, and as the flow never fails, the bores are the salvation of their districts in dry seasons. Curiously enough, although bores have been successfully put down in the northern part of N.S.W., the artesian streams seem to disappear about the centre of the State; and although large sums of money are being, and have been, spent in boring, no artesian water has been found south of the Darling river.—F. S. S.



From photos by E. W. Jackson

Varieties

Tips

"WHY is it," asked the curious guest, "that the poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?" "Well, suh," said the waiter, "de po' man don't want nobody to fin' out he's po', and de rich man don't want nobody to fin' out he's rich, suh."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Some Wise Sayings

IT is better living on a little than out-living a great deal.

The Devil tempts others; an idle man tempts the Devil.

Tell me with whom thou goest, and I'll tell thee what thou doest.—*New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, vol. ii.

E. A. Freeman and the Tractarian Movement

FREEMAN said that his revulsion against Tractarianism began from a conversation with one of his fellow-scholars [Trinity College, Oxford, 1843], who had remarked that it was a pity there had been a flaw in the consecration of some Swedish bishops in the sixteenth century, for this had imperilled the salvation of all Swedes since that time. He was startled, and began to reconsider his position.—BRYCE: *Studies in Contemporary Biography.*

How the Habeas Corpus Act was passed

BEFORE proroguing Parliament [May 1679] the king gave his assent to the Habeas Corpus Act, its solitary record on the statute book. How near that sheet was to being blank may be told by the fact that this measure, of weighty importance in the history of England, only passed its third reading in the House of Lords because the Whig teller in joke counted one very fat lord as ten.—*The Popish Plot.* By JOHN POLLOCK (Duckworth).

James II. and the Jesuits

HOWEVER much devotion he expressed to the wishes of the Holy Father, his heart was more at one with the Society of Jesus than with the court of Rome. He chose Jesuits for his confessors, begged emoluments for them, took their policy for his guide. While his course drew from the Jesuits inexhaustible and still unexhausted praise, it was met by a series of remonstrances waxing in indignation from the Pontiff. In the year 1687 fifty candidates for orders in the Society were being prepared for work in the English province. King James, it is said, informed Father John Keynes, the provincial, that double or treble that number would be necessary to accomplish what he designed for Jesuit hands.—*The Popish Plot.* By JOHN POLLOCK.

Excessive devotion to Games

THE playing of games may have, and indeed ought to have, the excellent results Bowen claimed for it, and yet it may be doubted whether the experience of life shows that boys so brought up do in fact turn out substantially more good-humoured, unselfish, and fit for the commerce of the world than others who had lacked this training. And the further question remains whether the games are worth their costly candle. That they occupy a good deal of time at school and at college is not necessarily an evil, seeing that the time left for lessons or study is sufficient if well spent. The real drawback incident to the excessive devotion games inspire in our days is that they leave little room in the boy's or collegian's mind either for interest in his studies or for the love of nature. They fill his thoughts, they divert his ambition into channels of no permanent value to his mind or life; they continue to absorb his interest and form a large part of his reading long after he has left school or college.—*Studies in Contemporary Biography.* By JAMES BRYCE.

Astronomical Notes for February

THE Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, on the 1st day of this month, at 7h. 42m. in the morning and sets at 4h. 46m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 26m. and sets at 5h. 4m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 7m. and sets at 5h. 22m. The Moon will be Full at 4h. 33m. on the afternoon of the 1st; in her Last Quarter at 9h. 56m. on the morning of the 8th; New at 11h. 5m. on that of the 16th; and in her First Quarter at 11h. 9m. on that of the 24th. She will be in perigee, or nearest to Earth, a few minutes after midnight on the 1st, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about half-past 12 o'clock on the night of the 15th. Exceptionally high tides may be expected on the 1st and 2nd. No eclipses are due this month. The Moon will occult the bright star Aldebaran on the 24th; disappearance at the dark limb at 5h. 57m. in the evening, and reappearance at the bright limb at 7h. 15m., after a nearly central occultation lasting 1h. 18m. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 10th, and visible in the morning, situated at first in the constellation Sagittarius and moving into Capricornus. Venus is also a morning star moving through the same constellation more slowly than Mercury and nearly to the west of him; she will be in conjunction with the Moon before rising on the 13th. Mars is very near the star Lambda Aquarii (of the fourth magnitude) on the 1st; he will afterwards pass into Pisces, but by the end of the month will set soon after sunset and scarcely be visible; he will be in conjunction with the small crescent Moon on the 18th. Jupiter is in Pisces throughout the month, in the last week of which he will be near Mars. Saturn is in conjunction with the Sun on the 1st.—W. T. LYNN.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

A WEDNESBURY PIT-MOUND BEFORE IT WAS PLANTED WITH TREES

Pit-mounds transformed into Plantations

If the men who make two blades of grass to grow where one grew before are benefactors of the human race, what shall be said of those who transform dismal wastes into flourishing plantations? This has been done in some parts of the Black Country, and an association has been formed with the object of planting and protecting trees over an area of about thirty thousand acres, that is, roughly, equal to a square seven miles each way. That trees will grow on pit-mounds has been made clear already by the Parks planted at Wednesbury, Walsall, Oldbury and elsewhere in the Black Country. The improvement thus effected is illustrated by the accompanying pictures reproduced from photographs of a Wednesbury pit-mound with and without trees.

In the Black Country there are fourteen thousand acres ready for immediate transformation from spoil and ash heaps into profitable as well as pleasant woods. This area is now lying idle, spoil having ceased to be tipped upon it, and Nature is busy clothing it with grass and other humble forms of plant life. What is required now is to assist Nature by scattering broadcast the seeds of suitable trees in the spot where the trees are to mature, or to plant trees two years old or less and protect them while they are young. If arrangements

A WEDNESBURY PIT-MOUND CONVERTED INTO A PLANTATION

cannot be made with the different proprietors for the afforestation of the area, the adjoining municipalities should acquire the land or the State should take it up for planting.

It is desirable for many reasons that the present ugly waste should be converted into a place of sylvan beauty; but even if our æsthetic, hygienic, and moral responsibilities are left out of consideration, perhaps the fact that trees can be grown over the area with financial profit will lead to some action being taken. Once the Black Country was forest, and it can again become covered with trees if support is given to the efforts being taken to achieve that object. In France and Belgium, Germany and Austria, and also in parts of Great Britain, trees are growing and thriving upon pit-waste, furnace-slag, and even upon the ash of burnt-out shale. Fast-growing conifers planted in the district would soon produce large quantities of pit-timber; and the poplar, willow, ash, and sycamore can be relied upon to grow freely in many places. The president of the Midland Reafforesting Association, formed with the object of advancing this transformation, is Sir Oliver Lodge, and the general honorary secretary, Mr. Herbert Stone, Bracebridge St., Birmingham, will be glad to give any particulars concerning it.

The Storage of Electricity

THE most important practical problem of electricity at the present time is the invention of a convenient and compact means of storing electrical energy. The storage batteries in common use are heavy, occupy a large amount of room, require careful treatment, and leave much to be desired in other respects. Mr. Edison has, however, been at work for several years perfecting a storage cell entirely new in principle; and some tests of it with automobiles, recently reported to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, show that the cell has decided advantages over those hitherto available. The one great difficulty in the construction of good electrical motor-cars, or in the establishment of a satisfactory system of tramway in which each tram carries the battery which drives it, is the want of a suitable storage cell. When this is provided, there will be no need for underground or overhead wires, and every car, whether running on rails or not, will carry its own power, which can be replenished when necessary at fixed stations.

In the Edison cell now being perfected, iron and nickel oxide are used instead of the lead and lead peroxide of the accumulators in general use, and a solution of caustic potash is the liquid employed instead of diluted oil of vitriol. The cell promises to be most valuable for motor-car work. Its electrical capacity has been tested in the laboratory and on the road, and found to be much superior to ordinary lead cells under the same conditions, especially as regards the output given when discharged at heavy discharge rates. The trials on the road were made in a runabout with a battery of thirty-eight cells, weighing almost six cwt.; the total load, with two persons, being about eighteen cwt. The battery stands excessive discharges on the road, takes a rapid charge which can be utilised, and will recover itself after lying discharged for some time. The car was run over a distance of five hundred miles in a month, but the shaking did not cause any appreciable deterioration of the capacity of the cells. All the attention the battery required was to be replenished with distilled water after it had received five or six charges. The cell has thus been proved to possess some very serviceable characteristics, and will doubtless lead to important developments in connexion with the use of stored electrical energy.

Sleeping Sickness and a Tsetse Fly

INSECTS are becoming notorious as carriers of disease germs. Malaria has been proved to be caused by parasites which are carried from sick persons to healthy ones by certain mosquitoes. Yellow fever is also transmitted by means of the bite of a mosquito that has previously fed on the blood of those sick with the disease. Sleeping sickness, or negro lethargy, which is common on the West Coast of Africa and along the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, has now been shown to be caused by the introduction of germs into the blood by means of a species of tsetse fly. Persons infected with the disease have an increasing tendency to sleepiness and eventually lapse into a comatose condition, which almost invariably terminates in death. Investigations recently concluded by an expedition sent to Uganda by the Royal Society have conclusively shown that the parasites of the disease are conveyed from the sick to the healthy by a tsetse fly (*Glossina palpalis*), and by it alone. The distribution of the insect and the disease correspond absolutely; and in regions where the insect does not occur there is no sleeping sickness. Now that this connexion has been established, the measures which will be taken to prevent the ravages of the disease will depend upon the destruction of the insect which carries it. As an illustration of the success of sanitary measures based on knowledge of this kind, the work of American surgeons in Havana is remarkable. In 1901 a systematic effort was taken to free Havana from yellow fever by protecting people sick with the disease from the bites of mosquitoes, and destroying mosquitoes in the neighbourhood. The result was that Havana was free from yellow fever within fifty days, and not a single case occurred from May 7 to July 1. When it is remembered that between 1853 and 1900 nearly forty thousand deaths occurred there from yellow fever, the value of the work accomplished by the American Army Commission will be clearly understood. There is little doubt that the scientific investigations of sleeping sickness will lead to similar beneficial results.

Kites as Flying Machines

It is natural to suppose that if a small kite will lift a weight of say fourteen pounds in a breeze of a certain velocity, a kite of the same shape but double the size would lift twenty-eight pounds in the same wind. Professor Simon Newcomb showed some time ago that this is a fallacy. As the size of a kite is increased, the weight is increased in a greater proportion; so that the structure may be made so large that it will be too heavy to fly. This has been proved in the case of the box kite, which is becoming a familiar form of kite in this country. A kite of this pattern was made with two cells, each about the size of a small room, but it was found that a hurricane would be required to raise even itself into the air, though smaller kites of the same model flew perfectly well. The same principle applies, of course, to flying machines: a small model may be constructed capable of sustaining itself in the air, but this does not give any ground for the assumption that a larger structure of the same form would be capable of flight. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has, however, shown that it is possible to overcome this difficulty in the construction of large kites by building them up with numerous small structures. The weight relatively to the supporting surface thus remains the same however large the compound kite may be. Each of the simple cells with which Dr. Bell builds up his compound kite has the shape of a regular tetrahedron, which is a form having four equal triangles as its faces. If you know how to make four triangles with six matches you are familiar with the shape of each cell in the compound kite produced by connecting a number of them together. The illustrations here reproduced from Dr. Bell's paper in the *United States National Geographic Magazine* show a few of the kites with which he has made experiments. Kites built up in this way have great lifting power and are very steady in the air. The tetrahedral frames can be combined in different ways to produce kites or aërodromes of various shapes, and Dr. Bell is experimenting with the object of determining the most effective form for flight. The guiding thought in his investigations is the applicability of kite experiments to the flying-machine problem.

COMPOUND KITES

The Origin of Jewelry

It has usually been held that men and women were led by purely æsthetic considerations to adorn themselves with precious metals, gems, and other objects, but Prof. W. Ridgeway has recently shown that the history of such ornaments leads to a different conclusion. It appears that mankind has been led to wear such objects by magic rather than by æsthetic considerations. The jewelry of primitive peoples consists of small stones with natural perforations, which are still called "lucky stones," or of substances easily perforated, such as amber, the seeds of plants, shells, the teeth and claws of animals, bones or pieces of bone, and pieces of wood. Later on they learn to bore hard stones, such as rock crystal, agate, garnet, etc., and obtain the metals from ores. Prof. Ridgeway points out that all people value for magical purposes small stones of peculiar form or colour long before they wear them for ornaments. For instance, Australian aborigines and tribes of New Zealand use crystal for rain-making. Prof. Ridgeway therefore concludes that the use of objects still employed in modern jewelry has primarily arisen from the magical powers attributed to them, by which they were thought to protect the wearer.

Women's Interests

Our Ways with our Neighbours

RECENTLY a lady said to another, when speaking of friends in whose welfare she had a sincere interest—

"I am so glad they have left that house they occupied, it is most insanitary, I expected daily to hear that one of them was down with typhoid."

"And did you never tell them of its condition?" was the obvious question.

"No; I thought they might take it amiss."

"Might take it amiss to be told they were in danger of their lives?" was asked, with an accent of incredulity.

"Yes; you see, they could have found out about it for themselves if they had tried, and people are sometimes angry at being warned, and they might have pooh-poohed my fears if I had spoken, and—— No, I always think it better to let people go their own way."

Then I fell to thinking (for I was the second speaker) of that curious trait in human nature which certainly grows stronger with increase of years, the tendency to say "Let be, let us see what will happen," till the inevitable has happened, the smouldering ember has set the house on fire, and the unconscious inmates, who had not noticed that menacing red eye, have either been rescued from the incandescent pile, or have left their bodies within the ruin.

What does it come from, that tendency to watch the progress of a still remediable evil, to take note of the canker gnawing at the future happiness of those we call our friends, whom we visit, correspond with, entertain in return for entertainment, and never once say to them "Look there"?

There was a case commented on in the newspapers some years ago of a man who was drowned in a narrow river in a country place, while a group of people watched his struggles from the bank. By various means he might have been rescued, but his rescue was nobody's personal business, and so his neighbours watched him die.

It was argued at the time that this could not have happened in a town, that if one fell into the Thames or the Mersey or the Liffey, the quicker brains of the spectators would at once have suggested how to draw the drowning one out, that one active mind at least in the crowd would have been observant of the danger and intent on averting it. Doubtless that is so, and yet one cannot get rid of the appalling thought that in every company there are some spectators anxious to see the incident out to its tragic finish, and disgusted with the busybody who introduces his own commonplace personality between the victim and the unnamed figure of fear. For quite a considerable section of the human race, the pleasure derived from watching a neighbour's progress is accentuated by the knowledge that he is unconscious that his bridge is broken just a little way down the road. A woman's pleasure in her drawing-room becomes quite amusing when we know that a drain is breathing mephitic gases into her larder. A father's pride in his family has something in it on which we muse tenderly when we know, and he does not, that at least two of his household are taking the path that leads to destruction. We see the dangers and we say nothing. Then when the evil has happened, and the end that can never be altered is reached, we visit the bereaved, sit with them in darkened rooms, and admit in sorrow that is not altogether insincere, that there was a time when the calamity might have been averted.

It is not histrionic villains that do this, it is respectable everyday people, multitudes of them.

Why do they do it? It would be difficult to indicate all the reasons that affect the complex human mind. It is more or less intelligible—according to the seriousness of the issues involved—that people do not want to indicate risks in which a third person is involved, the tale-bearer is conscious of some loss of personal dignity, and the tolerant person has learned from experience that detached instances when placed in due perspective are seen justly, though out of focus they might have been deemed monstrous. Nevertheless, there are circumstances which the simplest mind recognises as wrong and indefensible, and it is not a matter of choice but of obligation to indicate to those able to control and alter them. There are conditions wherewith the stronger intermeddleth not, but the friend—the touch of the true friend is bound to bring some measure of healing.

Concerning inanimate evils there can be no question. In all that affects his well-being amid dangers known to us, each of us is his brother's keeper. We may not be able to prop the house with our own shoulder, indeed it is questionable individual obligation should ever go so far; but where we see the beams bend it is our duty to say, with some measure of insistence, that there is danger there. The information may not always be civilly received, but what of that? We have done as we should be done by; if, being warned, another perishes we are guiltless of his blood.

Our abundant little opportunities pave the way for the great opportunities which are less frequent, though they may extend no further than to tell one who inquires of us the very best shop, the very best dressmaker, the very best servants' registry we know of. There are people to whom these little kindnesses seem to offer insuperable difficulties. They are apparently unable to inform even their closest intimates where that pretty piece of furniture may be had at a reasonable price, and who can be got to put a fashionable dress within reach of the modest purse. A faulty memory is always called in to aid in the preservation of these minor secrets.

Again, there is the kindly information that one volunteers as that some unconscious person's gown is trailing in the mud, or that her bonnet has slipped to the angle of comedy. It does not always follow that an appreciative smile will reward the informant, indeed I have known the latter to receive a look that was like a blow. But again, what of that? The good intent remains a conscious happy possession.

There are admonitions that are not always received kindly because, however useful, they are not always given of free will. One of these is indissolubly connected with the memory of a certain winter day. A girl of character, one of the kind that go far because little obstacles do not deter them, entered a public conveyance. Owing to the cold she was wrapped up till only her eyes and nose were visible. A middle-aged woman sitting opposite found something indicrous in the girl's aspect, and she smiled in a frankly amused way that the younger considered offensive. The latter slowly turned up her collar, pushed her hat back, smoothed her woollen gloves from her hands, and then, leaning towards her opposite neighbour, said in a voice that was perfectly audible to everyone within the vehicle, "Your wig is crooked."

Outside the atmosphere was below zero, but within for the space of five minutes it felt absolutely tropical.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LITERARY.

Quille Penne.—The immaturity of your story suggests that you are very young. If so you will improve, but if you are not very young—thirteen or so—I should not encourage you to go on writing. Your spelling is correct save for one blunder—address with a single d—and there is only one grammatical error, but your knowledge of life and of human character is elementary. A story all about love, just think of it! the maunderings of two girls about one man, who even the most meagre life can have thoughts and interests and aspirations wide as the universe. And then the ease with which both console themselves when he is killed! And the appalling remark from one that his death was the best thing that could happen, because, forsooth, they could not both have him! It reminds one of the false mother in the story of King Solomon's judgment. That a strong young man with a stain on his honour should die is, both in fancy and in fact, the very worst thing that could happen. Then that a mother should on her deathbed compel her son to promise to marry

her companion—no mother living or dead ever thought of such a thing. Story-writers have, from time immemorial, made capital out of these filial deathbed promises, which, were they possible, would be very abhorrent, but are fortunately not possible. On the edge of the spirit-world the mating of the living is the very last thing that would trouble a departing soul. To create imaginary characters and lead them through probable and interesting events to a desired and convincing conclusion is to have done a decidedly clever thing, educative to the producer, and therefore of importance even if it never attained the dignity of print. Our thoughts make us, and each of us helps, more or less, to make the world. Fiction in the main deals far too much with the affections. If you will study the work of that magnificent artist George Eliot, you will see the affections in due perspective as they are in life, a terrible incentive to heroic or faulty action once in individual history, but never making more than a section of that history. I know of no able writer in this country, except Rhoda Broughton, who produced love stories, pure and simple, dealing solely with the mating of a young goose and a young gander or the missing of that mating, but she sowed her exuberant wild oats in some three volumes, and so fell out of favour with the upper-form schoolgirl. Subsequently she depicted life, wrote more grammatically, and got a pension from a grateful nation.

Your verses have poetic feeling, but the metre halts. The "Lullaby" is better than "Hearts of the Brave." In the latter you use one very usual expression in a way I never saw it employed before. Faithful to death means faithful till death; true to cause or promise till death supervenes, but you say, "Faithful to the death which was appointed you," an inversion of thought that is really quite curious. MSS. sent for discussion should be accompanied by a stamped addressed wrapper if their return is desired.

Madge.—Your story is very pretty, and your ideas are on the right line, that of doing what is honest and fair in spite of the fully realised pain that course involves. But I hope you will not mind if I say that it is better suited to one of the lighter papers, the weeklies for women, than to the larger monthlies. I think it clever, and I should be very glad to see it in print.

EMPLOYMENTS.

Brave Heart.—In your place, twenty-eight years old, with literary tastes and £200, I should venture on a daring enterprise. I should rent an inexpensive house in a provincial town, one that has certain literary connexions, as an adjacent university or good public schools, and I should start a lending library, asking from readers not an annual subscription, but an entrance fee, say 10*s.* 6*d.*, to make them permanent members; all books borrowed subsequently to be paid for at the rate of 2*d.* each, or by tickets costing perhaps a little less by the dozen or score. You would have to fit up your two ground-floor rooms attractively, with open oak book-cases, artistic oak settees, pretty carpets, and wide windows with window-seats. Do not have periodicals, they would only keep the members on the premises to read these; have only books, but let the room be an attractive place for readers to linger in while they are looking through these. Then you might send out pretty little circulars to every householder, stating your intention of keeping only desirable literature in attractive guise. You would have to be ready to supply any book required, even if it should be as costly as one of the new biographies. It is to cover this margin of choice that the entrance fee is paid. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his very suggestive book, *Mankind in the Making*, indicates the advantage it would be to the community if books were classified and kept apart, so that volumes fit for intelligent readers would not mingle at all with the froth of the circulating library. I cannot assume that my suggestion is entirely out of my own head, like the Yorkshire man's fiddle; it is due in a measure to the existence of the Tabard Library, which has branches in many towns and in various parts of London, and also to a suggestion in that useful little fortnightly paper, *Women's Employments*. There a local library scheme is indicated by which books could be borrowed from one of the large emporiums for an annual sum, the lady keeping the library to have all the profit beyond this. For the latter scheme it is implied that a capital of £10 would suffice. For further particulars apply, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to Mr. Nye, 35 Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, London, W., for the pamphlet, *How to Successfully start a Local Circulating Library*. Of course the borrowing scheme involves little provincial risk, but there would be a special joy in having a library of one's own. The books in that case would have to be sold off annually to members at half-price; if these did not buy them all, then the more ephemeral would need to be cleared off to second-hand dealers. The attraction of the library would depend on the condition of the books and their up-to-dateness. Care would have to be exercised at the start, and indeed always in the purchase of books, and there would certainly not be a fortune in the result, but I should be disposed to say there would be a livelihood under conditions at once dignified and pleasant. I should advise against the sale of stationery and Christmas cards, unless needs must, for an increase of profit. Only a woman with literary taste and education could establish a library to the best advantage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Forging Ahead.—It is very clever of you to have started a debating society among your friends, and I hope it will prove a great success. Humourists will see something very amusing in the idea that women should need to practise talking, but it is always the educated woman that forbears to talk too much. The gabble of the uneducated is inconceivable to those who are not familiar with it. I shall never forget a few experiences of this kind within my personal knowledge. In one case a woman called on business of her own, and then in the words of one of the MSS. recently criticised in the literary department, said, "I will tell you the story of my life." The story ran on like a foaming torrent for an hour and three-quarters, and I could no more get away than could the wedding guest from the grasp of the Ancient Mariner. And there was absolutely not a definite idea in all she narrated. Finally I had to resort to the cowardly measure of writing a note, and sending it to the kitchen, that the cook might come and tell me I was wanted. That woman had never belonged to a debating society. With regard to your paper, you might write in a very interesting way on Education, either in its larger or lighter aspects. You might read in preparation therefor Herbert Spencer's *Education Intellectual, Moral and Physical* (Watts and Co. 6*d.*), H. G. Wells' *Mankind in the Making* (Chapman and Hall. 6*s.*), and Honnor Morten's *Consider the Children* (Brimley Johnson. 1*s.*). In making up a subject for a lecture it is well to read as many books bearing on it as are available, take notes of the outstanding features of these, then put them aside for a couple of weeks. At the end of that time the whole will have formed a certain digest in your mind, from which you will be able to evolve suggestions in some measure your own. Quotations are apt to be dull; where you quote from prose do not do it verbatim, and never read your quotations. Indeed, the speaker aiming at popularity should use the MS. as little as possible, though it should always be kept within reach by reason of the confidence this entails. People will listen civilly to a paper that is read, when they will really enjoy one that is spoken. A very capital periodical for the intelligent, for would-be orators and others interested in self-culture, is, or was, *The Parents' Review*, to which I subscribed for many years. But I have been unable to get it for several years past, and I fear it has suffered the fate of many publications too good for the bulk of the community.

Happy Home.—Economise in furniture and go in for fires. I have seen very bare and carpetless rooms look quite home-like and cosy because of the light and warmth from a clean hearth. Catesby's people sell their cork lines on the instalment system, and these make a very good floor-covering. Get one without pattern, though in a comparatively empty room patterns are rather desirable than otherwise. Have a plain green paper on the walls, or a yellow-colour wash, make the paint white, and let the chairs be of oak with rush seats, the dwarf bookcases oak, and the table of the gate design which folds into small compass. In furnishing seek comfort and durability first; think of the inmates, and then of the aspect of the portable property.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London E.C.

CORRECTION.

In Lieut. Shackleton's article on "The Polar Quest" (January *Leisure Hour*, p. 184), the name of Lieut. Royds is put by mistake under the portrait of Mr. Skelton, and *vice versâ*.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Fourth of Nine

WHOLE.

"Pray *thee*, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty,
Thy skipping spirit."

1. "Why, I pray you, is not pig ——?"
2. "Here did she fall a tear, here in this place,
I'll set a bank of ——, sour herb of grace."
3. "All things that ——
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed."
4. "What seest thou
In the dark backward and abysm of ——?"
5. "and, ——, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow."
6. "Who builds his hope in —— of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast."
7. "When thou hast leisure say thy prayers,
When thou hast ——, remember thy friends."
8. "A third man thinks, without expense at all.
By guileful words fair peace may be ——."

Find the omitted words, giving Act and Scene for each reference, and for the description of the character whose name is the whole.

Five Guineas' worth of prizes for correct answers in this series. Each answer must be signed by a short "nom-de-plume." Scores will be printed next month, one mark for each light. All answers must be received by 14th inst.

N.B.—By accident the second last light was omitted from the Second Acrostic of this series. This will not, however, affect the scores; the full number of points possible for the Acrostic as it was printed being seven, these will be credited to each competitor who traced the seven quotations given.

Sayings of Doctor Johnson.

(Page 170.)

1, to Mr. Langton. 4, to Wilkes. 2, 3, 5, 6, and 7, to Boswell. Book prize of Five Shillings for first correct answer is awarded to Miss M. Browne, 156 Waldegrave Road, Preston Park, Brighton.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

(Books received: HELEN KELLER'S *Story of My Life*, Hodder and Stoughton, 7*s.* 6*d.* STANLEY WEYMAN'S *The Long Night*, 6*s.*; Mrs. HERVEY-BROOKS' *Marriage and Marriages*, 4*s.*; both from Longmans. Mrs. JACKSON'S *A Daughter of the Pit*, 6*s.*, Cassell. L. F. DAY'S and M. BUCKLE'S *Art in Needlework*, 5*s.*, B. T. Batsford. Mrs. FULLER MAITLAND'S *Priors Roothing*, 6*s.*, Smith, Elder. EDWARD FITZGERALD'S *Polonius*, 2*s.*, Methuen. PHYLLIS DENT'S *In Search of a Home*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, Longmans. Rev. J. PATRICK'S *Evangelists of Art*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. A. S. FALCONER'S *Whin Blossom*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, Swan & Co. F. CHILTON-YOUNG'S *Home Carpentry*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, Ward, Lock, & Co.)

The simply told story of Helen Keller's education appeals to a wide circle. Teachers, psychologists, and literary folk must find it an absorbing book, while ordinary readers will all appreciate its more than ordinary interest. Helen Keller is an American student of great promise, not yet twenty-four years of age. When nineteen months old an acute fever deprived her of sight and hearing, and until she was nearly seven years old, her mind was imprisoned in unbroken solitude within these closed gates of sense. It was neither moribund nor resigned to captivity; but of unusual strength and eagerness, full of vague longings to express itself. When at last a teacher came and taught the child the method and meaning of finger-language, the wonderful rapid growth and beauty of the powers so long hid and unsuspected were as magical a revelation as any in a fairy tale. No previous chapter in the history of mind,

"this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,"

is more notable than the record of Helen Keller's mental development, and all students of psychology must rejoice that this experience has fallen to the lot of a woman of genius, qualified to appreciate and describe so rare a mental history. It is somewhat invidious to choose any passage from a book continuously interesting; but while her teacher, Miss Sullivan's letters and journals are the record-making portion of the book, our readers may like to see these sentences written by the blind and deaf girl-student herself, at the close of an autobiographical sketch. Mark the beauty and rhythm of her language as well as its imaginative force:

"Often when I dream, thoughts pass through my mind like cowled shadows, silent and remote, and disappear. Perhaps they are the ghosts of thought that once inhabited the mind of an ancestor. At other times the things I have learned and the things I have been taught drop away, as the lizard sheds its skin, and I see my soul as God sees it. There are also rare and beautiful moments when I see and hear in Dreamland. What if in my waking hours a sound should ring through the silent halls of hearing? What if a ray of light should flash through the darkened chambers of my soul? What would happen? I ask many and many a time. Would the bow-and-string tension of life snap? Would the heart, overweighted with sudden joy, stop beating for very excess of happiness?"

Mr. Stanley Weyman's historical novel, *The Long Night*, breaks new ground. It opens with a capital description of life in the free city of Geneva three hundred years ago, when Claude Mercier, the hero, came to study in its college under Theodore Beza. But the studies, which were his ostensible object, are clean forgot by the hero and his author alike, in the career of romantic adventure he is plunged into from the outset. All is lively reading until the last chapter, which drags somewhat.

Of *Marriage and Marriages* Mrs. Hervey-Brooks discourses. The essentials to happiness in marriage are, she considers, Love, Religion, Social Equality, Sufficient Means, and Intellectual Sympathy. Among many apt quotations prefixed to the chapters of this wise and kindly volume, we note, "After goodness quite the best thing in a wife is intelligence" (Thorold), and Stevenson's optimistic saying, "The faults of married people continually spur up each of them hour by hour to do better, and to meet and love upon higher ground." Mrs. Brooks writes both for single and married readers, and her book, prettily bound in white and gold, is well designed for a wedding gift.

A Daughter of the Pit is a story of real human nature, so naturally and directly told that the Black Country bleakness of its setting only adds a truth of environment not to be improved upon. The story of Jeannie Robinson, the pitman's child, is interesting from start to finish, and we hope Mrs. Jackson has many other tales, as good, to tell us. One criticism only seems called for, that the change from first to third persons in narration disturbs the flow of the story, and might with a little management have been avoided.

Art in Needlework is a fascinating book for all students, designers, and workers of, for, and in needle-craft. It abounds in illustrations of embroideries, photographed and minutely described both from national and private collections, while the series of samplers of canvas, crewel, chain, herringbone, buttonhole, feather, oriental, rope-and-knot, interlacing, satin and plumage stitches, is doubly illustrated, the front and back of each page showing the front and back of the worked stitch. In addition to these novel samplers there are photographs of work in an enormous variety of other stitches, and the accompanying text discourses with skill and learning as to the origin and artistic value of every one. The materials used in embroidery are as numerous as the stitches employed. "The question almost occurs," says Mr. Day, "with what can one not embroider?" But, lest the worker trespass the restraining principles of art, he adds, "though the pattern be a veritable flower garden, the embroidress will not forget, to use the happy phrase of William Morris, that she is gardening with silks and gold threads."

Mrs. Fuller Maitland's story is a picture of tranquil country-house life, faithful in every detail to the nature and occupations of the usual types composing county society. Among the merely typical folk she has painted with happy success a most amusing and convincing individuality in Mrs. Lushington, the indispensable gossip, muddle-headed benefactress, and unconscious marplot of *Priors Roothing*.

Lovers of the letters of Edward Fitzgerald will welcome this reprint of his *Polonius* in waistcoat-pocket size. There we have his own slowly gathered choice of "wise saws and modern instances" of "clear, decided, wholesome, and available insight into our nature and duties." Every page is suggestive of the intellectual meanderings of his fastidious taste, and it is pleasant to retrace the by-paths he frequented. No passage quoted, however, has quite the charm of his own introductory essay, which is at once deeply meditative and richly allusive, and both with that grace of spontaneity which makes his letters so fascinating. What, by the way, do our modern Baconian misbelievers in Shakespeare think of Fitzgerald's whimsical suggestion made fifty years ago *à propos* of the title of this little book, that "Shakespeare had Bacon in his eye as the original Polonius"?

In Search of a Home describes the adventures of a stolen child of gentle birth—found, helped, and taught by good people, whose kindness accidentally brings him back to his native place, where he is recognised and claimed by his mother. The story illustrates, moreover, the helpful nature of Church services and their adaptation to all needs. It is pleasantly written.

In *Evangelists of Art* Mr. Patrick has published a volume of Picture-Sermons for children. There are eight simply written short and pithy discourses on great pictures, which have been well reproduced. We think the idea an excellent one, worthy of wider adoption. The pictures are by Holman Hunt, G. F. Watts, Noel Paton, and others.

Whin Blossom is the modest title of a volume of minor poetry, by an apparently practised hand. The thoughts it contains are worth thinking, and have bloomed into graceful verses. Take, for example, the following lines on "What Darkness shows":—

> "Night brings a thousand stars to view,
> Deep hidden in the daylight's blue,
> Whose timid rays our gloom to bless
> Have travelled far through nothingness.
>
> So there's a magic power in sorrow,
> A thousand sympathies to borrow;
> And hearts all unrevealed by day
> Send to our own a trembling ray."

Mr. Chilton-Young has written a book on *Home Carpentry for Handy Men*. Handy amateurs, and by preference householders, will find all they want to know here, adapted to a practical knowledge of their probable resources. He knows by experience the improvements they will want to make on the existing woodwork of the ordinary villa, and the space likely to be available for pergolas, trellises, verandahs, summer houses, and so forth, should these be aimed at. One could carpenter on a desert island by the light of this book, provided a small tool box were opportunely washed ashore.

Our Chess Page

New Problem Tourney. Six Guineas in Prizes

Gold and Silver Medals for solving

Problem Tourney.—As announced last month, we are offering **Six Guineas** for the best problems (two and three movers) submitted to us on or before April 15, 1904. See page 260.

Solving Competition.—Two medals, one Gold and one Silver, are offered for the best batches of solutions of all the problems to be published November 1903 to October 1904 inclusive.

Solutions of the problems already published (Nov., Dec. and Jan.) will be received up to Feb. 15.

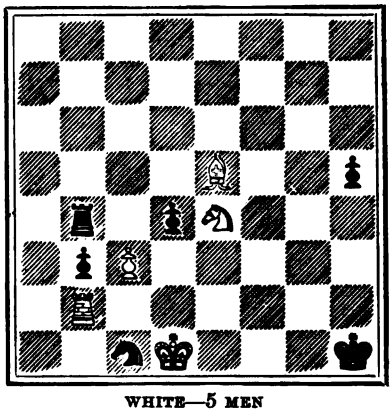
For other conditions see *The Leisure Hour* for November or December.

N.B.—Until further notice, Mrs. Baird's **Twentieth-Century Retractors** will not be included in this Competition.

PROBLEMS

No. 9.—By Dr. C. H. Hemming.

BLACK—6 MEN

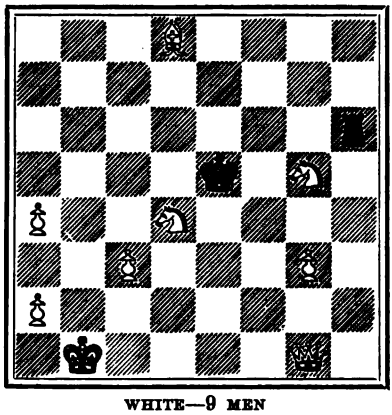


WHITE—5 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 10.—In spite of certain defects, pointed out by the composer, the following is by no means without interest, as our solvers will discover.

BLACK—2 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

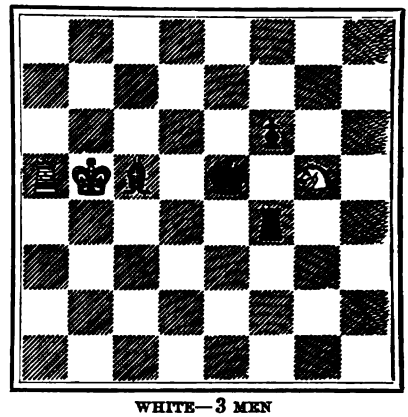
White to mate in three moves.

For the Medals Competition, solutions to the above problems must be sent in before March 15, 1904.

Another choice specimen of Mrs. Baird's popular "*Twentieth-Century Retractors.*"

"Your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play."
Henry V., Prologue.

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—3 MEN

1. White played last but must retract his move
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play giving check so as to allow—
4. White to give mate.

Solutions sent in before March 10 will be acknowledged, and a prize—**Livesey's Collapsible Chessboard**—will be given for the first one received.

Quick Solving Competition (December 1903

The prizes, **Five Shillings** each, go to—

Arthur James Head, 42 Oakington Road, Paddington.

Duncan Pirnie, Junior, 6, Westbank Terrace, South Cliff, Scarborough.

Other early solutions were received from—

Frederick H. Crebbin, John D. Tucker, and Mrs. F. Wilson.

Mrs. Baird's "Twentieth-Century Retractor" (November 1903) Solution:—

White P was on Q 4 replace P. Black B was on Q 4 and × Kt on B 4, replace B and Kt, and play B—B 3 then Kt (B 5)—to Q 6 mate.

Correct solutions received from Colonel G. Forbes, Arthur James Head, J. Jones, and R. J. Winter-Wood.

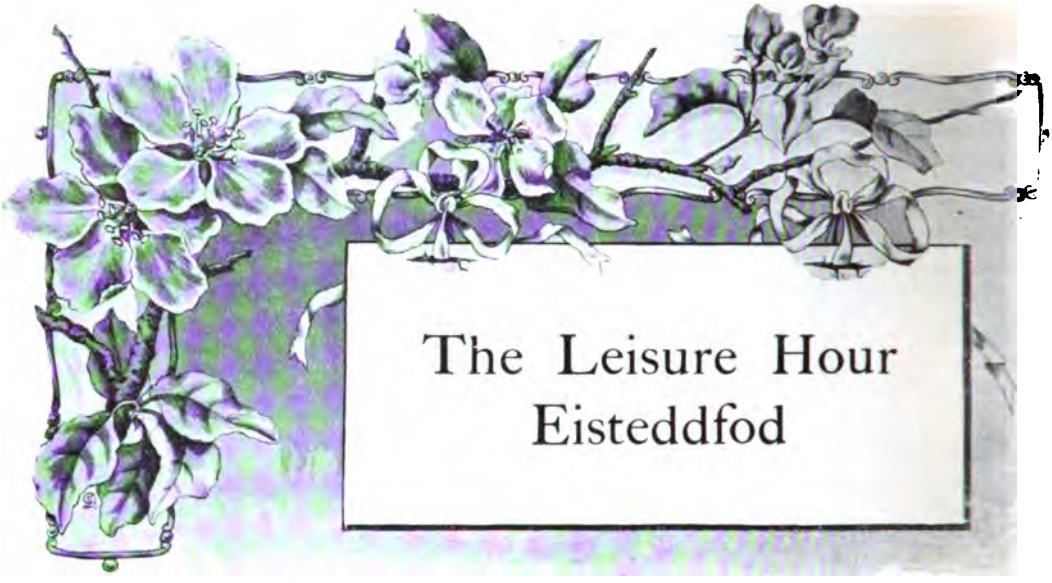
Solving Competition (1903).—A. Watson really solved all eighteen problems, though, by a slip of the pen, he gave an impossible key-move to one of them, followed by a correct analysis.

Owing to the extension of time given to competitors for the two medals, solutions to the ordinary problems (November to January) cannot be published until April.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by *A. Shephard*

ST. JAMES' PARK, SHOWING THE FOREIGN OFFICE (EVENING)



RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS

1. Essay on "Free Trade *v.* Protection."

First Prize: One Guinea:

W. Lionel Jenkins, Wadham House, Toynbee Hall, Commercial Street, E.

Second Prize: Half-a-Guinea:

James Wilkinson, Jun., B.A., T.C.D., Glenart, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

Very Highly Commended:

Rev. Roger J. Wright, Worthing; Henry Scarth, Ruskin Hall, Oxford; Robert F. Scott, Edinburgh.

Commended:

John Roberts, Lambeth; Lizzie Sinfield, Ashbourne; Daniel K. Campbell, Townend, Dalry, N.B.; Miss E. Pretyman, Stowmarket; T. Willis, New Bushey; J. Ethrington, Peckham.

Only sixteen essays were received on this important subject. Of the sixteen, ten were in favour of Free Trade, five in favour of Protection, and one was neutral. We hope to give the best essays, or extracts from them, in a subsequent number.

We may add that the prizes have been awarded, not on the ground of sympathy with one side or the other, but solely for the literary merit of the essays and the way in which the arguments have been marshalled.

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2. Essay on "How Parents might help Teachers."

First Prize: *French Pictures:*

Edith M. Gallaway, 19 Clarendon Square, Leamington Spa.

Second Prize: *Rambles in Japan:*

Miss Arney, Wyvenhoe, Winscombe, Somerset.

Highly Commended:

Mrs. Bartlett, 44 Hamilton Road, Reading.

Among the suggested ways in which parents might help teachers we note the following:

1. By upholding the authority of the teacher. It is unwise and unfair for a parent to criticise or denounce a teacher in the hearing of the pupil.

2. By showing personal interest in, and sympathy with, the teacher.

3. By securing regular and punctual attendance on the part of the pupil.

4. By maintaining at home obedience, and encouraging self-control, thoughtfulness for others, and love of what is good.

5. By taking an intelligent interest in the child's lessons.

6. By helping the child to choose good companions.

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3. (*For boys and girls under* 16.) Essay on "My Favourite Game."

Prize: *Driftwood:*

Miss Maggie Slater, 11 Shaftesbury Road, Upton Park, Essex.

ART

4. The Best Original Black-and-White Drawing.

First Prize: Three Guineas:

Jennie L. F. Herries, 31 Southey Place, Bradford.

Second Prize: Two Guineas:

Miss H. Lloyd, 8A Canning Chambers, South John Street, Liverpool.

Very Highly Commended:

Sallie Johnson, Bradford; Bessie Richards,

Manningham, Bradford; MARIE LISTER, Edgbaston; DORA MATTHEWS, Cathcart Hill, N.; LUCY CRISP, South Hampstead; B. LEMMON, Hythe; A. E. SYLVESTER FOWLER, Toddington.

Highly Commended:

MISS M. CRISP, South Hampstead; H. J. HARVEY, Birmingham; A. J. CHALK, Gosport; Winifred E. Tomblin, Hampstead.

Commended:

HERBERT L. HIRST, Halifax; HORACE A. RAINBOW, Kingston Hill; WILLIAM D. AITCHISON, Crowthorne.

MUSIC

The result of the Musical Competition announced in the November Number is disappointing. There were far fewer contributions than we have been accustomed to receive; the average of the work sent in was, however, fairly high.

5. BEST MUSIC FOR "THE LADDIE I LOVE."

Prize: Two Guineas:

F. W. GOODRICH, High Street, Bletchingley, Redhill.

Honourable Mention:

JOAN TREVALSA, c/o DR. HARRIS, Helsdon, near Norwich; LEWIS MENNICH, 44 Montpelier Road, Brighton.

NEEDLEWORK

6. BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.

Prize: *Pictures from Holland.*

MISS MARY M. DOBRÉE, Colwich Vicarage, Stratford.

BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS.

First Prize: *In Scripture Lands.*

MISS F. CARPENTER, Stratford-sub-Castle, Salisbury.

Second Prizes: *Driftwood.*

K. K., DUBLIN (Please send name and address); MISS C. T. MAUGER, High Cliff, St. Lawrence, Jersey; MISS M. H. GREER, Muckamore, Co. Antrim; MISS C. J. SIMPSON, 10 Park Terrace, Whitby, Yorks.

Highly Commended:

MARY A. BURTON, Barnet.

Commended:

MISS SARAH A. MIST, Bromley, Kent; MISS MAUGER, St. Lawrence, Jersey; MISS C. P. WISEMAN, Weston-super-Mare.

The articles sent in this department were distributed before Christmas among poor districts of London, and have been much appreciated.

PHOTOGRAPHS

8. BEST PHOTOGRAPH OF DOMESTIC SCENE.

First Prize: Half-a-Guinea:

MISS F. L. GRIFFITHS, Hillfield, St. Mark's, Cheltenham.

Two Second Prizes: Five Shillings each:

CARSLAKE WINTER-WOOD, Kenwick, Paignton; MISS K. F. JONES, Quarry Bank, Malton, Yorkshire.

Very Highly Commended:

MRS. ROBERT THOMSON, Jedburgh; MRS. BRITTON, Uddingston, N.B.; M. H. DOUGLAS, PUTNEY; MISS G. M. FLINT, Canterbury; A. E. GARRETT, Newport Pagnell.

Highly Commended:

MISS J. B. KIDSTON, Baillieston, N.B.; MISS E. CARROLL NICOLL, Maidenhead.

Commended:

MARGARET E. RAMSAY, Stow, N.B.; ISABELLA HILSON, Jedburgh; MASTER F. CURPHY, Douglas; MISS BURTON, Birmingham.

Christmas in Canada

UNDER the above heading a statement appears in the December number of *The Leisure Hour* of 1903, that a Canadian gentleman has taken exception to several statements in prize essay of Eisteddfod competitions. I have spent three winters in Canada, and can certify the accuracy of every statement made in the essay referred to. In the December of 1896, about the 15th, I drove in a sledge over Muskoka Lake with two horses, and I have seen two horses in a sledge, and sometimes four, cross the lake before Christmas frequently. I have seen four horses often driven in large sleighs, but two are more common. As to the statement that hickory does not grow in Muskoka, I brought home with me as much hickory, which was cut at Muskoka, as made several walking-sticks for friends. I have seen chickens raised with great care in Muskoka, although it is very difficult in winter. In fact, every statement made in that essay is correct. I read it carefully over at the time, and have read it again before writing, so I am confident the reputation of *The Leisure Hour* for accuracy has not suffered in any way. Why any resident in Canada should take exception to any statements in the essay is beyond my comprehension.—SAMUEL SEATON, Ballinacor, Killygordon, Dec. 3, 1903.

A COUNTRY HOUSE

(LARMER TREE GROUNDS, WILTSHIRE)

Prize Photo, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod, by R. W. Copeman

From the painting by A. J. Elsley.

I SENT A LETTER TO MY LOVE

Photo by Berlin Photographic Co.

In Attendance on the King

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN

IN attendance on the King! The phrase gives place to all sorts of conjectures as to nature of duties and extent of privileges, as well as much wonderment as to the daily *régime* and the little details which never come before the public; which have, as it were, to be read between the lines of the Court Gazette, or the more prolific special report of the daily press.

Every Royal official is one of a charmed circle, concerning the doings of which the average outsider is absolutely ignorant. If, however, any man imagines the holder of office which brings him into immediate contact with the King to fill a post that is a mere sinecure, then is he vastly mistaken; for the helpers of a man who is an indefatigable worker, and a systematic one at that, are, in a sense, wheels of a complicated and unceasing piece of machinery.

Photo by *Russell and Sons*

LORD KNOLLYS

Few are aware of the real magnitude of the multitudinous business which must be dealt with year in and year out, necessitating a knowledge of men and events which is simply marvellous, and a grasp and tact far and away beyond the average. To deal with such the King must be surrounded by men of no common calibre, but men who are blessed with brains and know how to use them, who have not only profited by the best scholastic mentors, but have turned their acquirements to account with profit to themselves and their compeers.

No dullard would be eligible, not if he were to have the best blood of England in his veins and the recommendation and influence of every member of the Upper House. The man who holds a post in the immediate *entourage* of His Majesty the King must be a thinker, a worker, a diplomatist, and a courtier. He must also be a proficient in modern popular accomplishments, as these may often be called into requisition when the ordinary routine work is for the moment in abeyance.

Thus it will be seen that every prominent member of the Royal suite is of necessity a man of exceptional ability, and that though his position may be envied by many, he is eminently qualified to fill it, and must work hard to maintain it. More or less, these officials are admitted to a certain friendship with His Majesty of which there are of course degrees of intimacy; but undoubtedly the two or three who share the higher degree know more of the King's real thoughts and opinions on diversities of things than do any other men in the world.

In mentioning such, the name of Lord

Knollys, Private Secretary to His Majesty for very many years, naturally occurs as one of the most prominent. From the very nature of his position and duties, Lord Knollys—next to the King—must know more of the inner wheels of the machinery of our own State and Empire, as well as more of the political and friendly or unfriendly relations with Foreign Powers, than any other man. He it is who morning by morning opens the Despatch bags and goes through the documents with the King, hears His Majesty's views, takes notes and indites replies; those which are of extreme importance being written by his lordship's own hand.

Thus, when a change of Ministry is imminent, or a leading member of the Government is about to resign, Lord Knollys is the one man—apart from the King and the official concerned—who is cognisant of the fact. Also, this trusted member of His Majesty's Household deals with his Royal Master's correspondence, opening all letters not carrying the hallmark of relationship or privilege or marked private. And, truth to tell, even many of those which are so marked are subject to the discretionary powers of Lord Knollys, for obviously the "private" is affixed by many persons who are either cranks, people with a grievance, or who send petitions with which the King cannot constitutionally deal; applications for business patronage or autographs, and a never-ending stream of begging letters.

Photo by *F. Ralph*

THE KING'S ROOM, SANDRINGHAM

The major portion of these are dealt with in one stereotyped way; it goes without saying that the King cannot possibly be troubled with such epistles, so Lord Knollys goes rapidly through them to get the gist, passes over such as should be answered to an assistant secretary, who in his turn directs one of the typists to despatch the

formal set reply. Such as should come before the King do so in due course, the privileged private ones being at once sent to His Majesty, the others being retained by Lord Knollys for the King's perusal and decision.

Of course every happening in the Royal Household, whether it savours of public or private life, must be conducted on absolutely punctual lines, or the most utter confusion would reign supreme instead of the very admirable order which is now dominant. In no department is this more necessary to be exemplified than in that of the Private Secretary.

Let me give an instance in connexion with the visit of an official of a public institution to settle the details of a visit with which the King was about to honour the place. 2.30 was the hour named, but the official in question did not arrive until a few minutes after that time, and then found that one of several other callers had been given the preference. Furthermore, he had to watch the whole number enter and leave the Private Secretary's room before his own turn came. All but himself had been punctual to their appointment, and so he had to submit to a long and tiresome delay, brought about by his own lack of punctuality. A little incident, perhaps, but exactly illustrative of the essentially rigid mode imperative at Buckingham Palace.

Photo by *W. and D. Downey*

SIR DIGHTON PROBYN

Lord Knollys from long experience can gauge to a nicety just how long it will take to get through with so and so. Always courteous, he yet conveys an unmistakable impression of no time to waste, gives the idea of a man who knows exactly what he is going to say, and has a very nice knack of quietly bringing to the point any one who is inclined to be loquacious. Thus, he is generally able to make up a long list of appointments to cover a certain space of time—and get them over as specified.

Lord Knollys it is, who, with the assistance of the Equerries, sends out the "command invitations" to dine and sleep, spend a week end, witness theatricals, etc. (The invitations to Courts and other State functions are, of course, given through the Lord Chamberlain.) Thanks to Companies and individuals are also duly despatched from his Lordship's office; the aggregate of documents and letters which have his name affixed to them day by day appearing an imposing task of itself.

Lord Knollys has official residences at Colour Court, St. James's Palace; and in Winchester Tower, Windsor; but it is very little that his homes see of him, for he is in continual attendance on the King, and, generally speaking, dines with His Majesty; often afterwards joining him in a hand at bridge, taking a cue at billiards, or forming one of the circle in the drawing-rooms.

It may perhaps be of interest to note that previous to the reign of George III. no British monarch had a Private Secretary. Then one was appointed at a salary of £2000, and the office has been perpetuated until the present day, although the holders had

no very arduous duties to perform prior to the Victorian era.

Next in importance—if one takes length of service and friendship as a gauge—is General the Rt. Hon. Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, who to the many letters after his name can add the glorious V.C. The office at present held by the General is that of Keeper of the Privy Purse, but when His Majesty was Prince of Wales, his post was that of Comptroller and Treasurer of His Royal Highness's Household, which post he filled for very many years. As Comptroller, Sir Dighton was naturally very much with the Prince, in fact, he was a constant companion; his Sandringham residence, too, is within the Park, close to the doors of His Majesty's house, and he has at all times been almost as one of the family in the Royal Household. If there have been times when Sir Dighton was not in daily attendance on the King, it was on the occasions of the Queen's various trips to Denmark. Twice a year, generally speaking, has Her Majesty journeyed out to her childhood's home, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and Sir Dighton Probyn being her invariable attendants.

Almost immediately after the commencement of King Edward's reign the Royal Household was entirely remodelled, and Sir Dighton was nominated Privy Purse. At first sight, an outsider might wonder how this official could find sufficient work to engage his attention and take up practically the whole of his time, but that the duties are continuous and arduous is beyond a shadow of doubt. In the first place, the General draws and signs all personal cheques, for, needless to say, this is one of the things which the King does not do for himself. With such a prodigious expenditure as must inevitably attach to His Majesty, this is a task in itself. Then he also duly makes investigation into the merits or otherwise of all Societies, Charities, and private persons the King has been asked to befriend, or is disposed to assist without having been previously solicited to do so.

Only Sir Dighton could tell what His Majesty's charities really are, and how much is sent to relieve private needs of which the world has no record. But the General's duties are by no means limited to financial affairs, for he also holds the appointment of Extra Equerry, and is a member of the Councils of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, the revenues of which, as is well known, augment the incomes of the King and the Prince of Wales respectively. General Sir Dighton Probyn has apartments at Buckingham Palace, a residence in the Norman Tower, Windsor, and a country home known as Park House, Sandringham.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

LORD FARQUHAR

Another official in attendance on the King, who may also be ranked as a personal friend of His Majesty, is Lord Farquhar, the Master of the Household. His duties are multitudinous, for he is not only the actual Master—as his name implies—but he veritably has the King under his care, for all functions within the Palaces; that is, he is personally responsible for the well-doing of all the household staff, and for the prompt and thorough performance of all duties assigned. There are certain times when Lord Farquhar's office is a

Photo by *Lafayette*

LIEUT.-COLONEL ARTHUR DAVIDSON

very onerous one, such being on the occasions of royal and distinguished personages paying visits to the King. Then the Master has to see that each and all are suitably accommodated in accordance with their rank—and, it must be added, their known likes and dislikes; some having decided preferences for certain positions, etc.

And the number of petitions Lord Farquhar has to deal with is truly astonishing—applications from all quarters on every imaginable subject, embracing suppliants for positions in the Household, offers of all sorts of goods from aspiring tradesmen who have an eye to future Royal patronage, and requests for permission to do this, that, and the other—things which often are quite outside the province of the Master. Lord Farquhar has a residence at Castle Rising, which almost joins the King's Sandringham estate, His Majesty having more than once honoured it with a week-end visit. When in Norfolk for the shooting season, the King and Lord Farquhar, with other guns, are out together nearly every day, just in the same way as ordinary country neighbours who are on very good terms with each other. The Master has an able colleague in the person of the Deputy Master, Colonel Fredericks; this gentleman representing him on all occasions of absence, and assisting him generally.

Then we come to the Assistant Keepers of the Privy Purse and

Photo by *Lafayette*

CAPTAIN F. PONSONBY

Photo by *Russell and Sons*

SIR FRANCIS LAKING

Assistant Secretaries, Lieut.-Col. Davidson and Captain F. Ponsonby, gentlemen whose time and energies are fully taxed in the performance of the duties which come under the heading as implied by the titles, and who also often act as Equerries in attendance. Thus, they may be called upon not only to assist with correspondence, but to ride or drive with the King; to go to the station to meet certain guests beneath the dignity of Royalty, or to attend His Majesty when such guests are of kingly rank. They must also help to receive distinguished guests at the Castle or Palace, or receive alone those of lesser standing; and in many instances conduct guests to assigned apartments. They must post visitors in points of Royal etiquette before presentation or dinner, and, in fact, generally look after all men guests.

They are in attendance on the King at all functions—and when the family are alone they must be ready to play billiards or bridge with His Majesty, smoke with him, talk horses and sport generally, converse on literature and topical subjects, as well as agriculture, military and naval matters, and the hundred and one things in which the King is interested; or they may be included in the general circle for private theatricals or music.

It is the hours that tell, too! From early morn until midnight there is no cessation of duties of some description, and though daily performance of such of course brings familiarity, yet there of necessity is a great strain and more than a little anxiety in connexion with such an exceptional

Photo by *Russell and Son*

THE DEAN OF WINDSOR

Photo by Maull and Fox

REV. CANON HERVEY

routine as here indicated. There are several Equerries, in addition to Lords-in-Waiting and Grooms-in-Waiting, who share many of the aforesaid duties during their turns in office, which turns are, generally speaking, one of the seven Lords-in-Waiting and one Groom for a fortnight at a time, and two of the Equerries for a month each.

Any of these gentlemen may be called upon to dine with the Royal Family when at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle; and at Sandringham, where State etiquette is not so much observed, they invariably do so. On all other occasions they take their meals in the Household dining-room, the Master or his Deputy occupying the post of honour at the table. Of course all have their own private apartments, with joint billiard and smoking-rooms, etc.

But sketches of what may be termed the Civil Officials of the King's Household—as apart from the State and military—would not be complete without some mention of the Physicians and Surgeons as well as the Domestic Chaplains. The first of these to be mentioned is Sir Francis Henry Laking, the Physician-in-Ordinary to His Majesty, and, in fact, his trusted medical adviser. Sir Francis was born in 1847 and was educated at Heidelberg and St. George's Hospital. The popular physician is a tall, clean-shaven man, with a broad brow, keen eyes, and open, pleasant face, and an affable manner. He is particularly fond of children, and is still Consulting Physician to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

Every one will be conversant with the terribly anxious weeks Sir Francis had to undergo at the time of the King's illness in 1902—a period that very perceptibly aged him, and during which he scarcely left His Majesty's apartments. He is also a great favourite with all other members of the Royal Family, and is often included in the Court circle, even when not in the Palace for professional purposes.

Photo by Russell and Sons

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE

Photo by *Russell and Sons*

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. P. EWART

Of Lord Lister and Sir Frederick Treves much has been written; but these, together with other appointed medicos, are not in such continuous attendance as is Sir Francis Laking; he may, in fact, be named "Keeper of the King's Health," for upon him devolves the actual responsibility. No light charge, when the unceasing activity of His Majesty is taken into consideration—an activity which cannot but conduce to a wear and tear of constitution already much tried by illness. Sir Francis is an amateur farmer, an enthusiastic geologist and a collector of *bric-à-brac*.

Of the two Domestic Chaplains, the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Canon Hervey, it is the latter who is more often in actual attendance on the King, for he is Rector of the Sandringham House Church, officiating and generally preaching when His Majesty is in residence at his Norfolk home. The Canon is also librarian for Sandringham, in that and other capacities being brought into frequent contact with the Royal family, and he may, in fact, be counted as a personal friend of both the King and Queen. The Canon's residence is within the Park, just a stone's throw, in fact, from Sandringham House.

There are many nice points not generally known to the public, one of which is the question of Departments. The Master of the Household, for instance, and the "staff below stairs" come under the Lord Steward's department—the last-named being the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, while the Lord Chamberlain of the Household has control of all officials "above stairs," including chaplains, physicians, etc. The State Equerry, Sir Henry Ewart—in the department of Master of the Horse—is in frequent intercourse with the King, and is responsible to His Majesty for the proper supply and equipment of all carriages and horses required for their Majesties and the Royal family, Sir Henry's orders being transmitted to Captain Nicholas, the Superintendent of the Royal Mews, whose business it is to issue directions to the men, and to personally inspect every stable, coach-house, and harness-room, with all their contents, at least once every day.

BY MRS. NEWMAN

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "LAST OF THE HADDONS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—JAMES MORSE

A GOOD-SIZED, substantially-built cottage, with some extent of ground, comprising a meadow, orchard, and vegetable and flower gardens about it, and situated in the high-road just outside a thriving town in one of the Midland counties. The primly-arranged flower-beds, intersected with smooth gravel-paths, and the general aspect of the well-fenced-about house and grounds, indicate that the owner had prided himself not a little upon his possessions. *Had* prided himself. A few weeks previously he had taken his last look at it all, having passed away after a short illness.

Richard Morse had steadily made his way in life, working early and late upon a small farm he rented, and had contrived to save a little money, when fortune smiled more genially upon him. His wife, one of the two daughters of a prosperous tradesman in the town, came in to all he had to leave; her sister, who had married contrary to her father's wishes, not being mentioned in the will, although summoned to his bedside, and forgiven at the last.

The property that came to Richard Morse through his wife consisted of the cottage and other houses and land in the town, bringing in about five hundred a year. He decided to give up the farm, live at the cottage, and devote all his time and energies to looking after the property. By strict economy in the house, and careful management of business matters, he had increased the income to six hundred. Of this he had left five to his son, one to his daughter, twenty-five to his wife's sister, and the sum of a hundred pounds to her only child.

The sole end and aim of Richard Morse's life, second to that of acquiring wealth, had been to stand well in the estimation of his fellow-men. He had subscribed to the charities in the town, owed no man anything, and prided himself upon having kept on "the safe side" in all ways. He had so far succeeded, that those about him, with perhaps one or two exceptions, gave him the credit for being what he desired to be thought

His son, a young man after his own heart, had the same reverence for the kind of respectability which comes of money-getting, and had early shown an inclination to walk in his father's footsteps. With no desire for the luxuries of life, and a good nucleus to begin upon, James Morse told himself there was every prospect of his becoming, not only wealthy, but of some standing and importance amongst his fellow-men, a member of the town council, and in time, perhaps, represent his county in Parliament. Nothing was too great for his ambition.

Content with himself and the world, he was walking under the trees in the orchard, this sunny morning in June, in complacent meditation upon a step he was about to

take, which, although not at present appearing the best investment from a financial point of view, promised, he believed, to eventually become so.

After the loss of his wife, some twelve years or so previously to his own death, Richard Morse had persuaded his sister-in-law, a widow making a brave attempt to earn a living for herself and child, to take charge of his house. Only the recognition that her services would be of as much use to him and his two children as he affirmed they would be, had induced Mrs. Hurst to consent to live at the cottage, and none knew better than did he what this had saved him.

Her daughter Barbara had early shown a desire to make herself independent, working hard at school, and, later on, obtaining a situation at the post-office in the town.

Nor was James Morse able to persuade her to give up her situation after his father's death. By and by her cousins would marry, she told herself; Lucy was already engaged to a young man at the Bank, and then with her own little savings and her mother's twenty-five pounds a year, they might make a humble home for themselves. It was the one wish of Barbara Hurst's heart to have her mother to herself. If she guessed that it was her cousin James' intention to ask her to be his wife, she knew that it was from no encouragement she had given, and believed he would very soon get over any little disappointment, and transfer his affections elsewhere.

Barbara was one of the few who could not take her uncle and cousin at their own valuation, and she did not believe that James was the man to die of a broken heart.

Her mother, a gentle, kindly woman whom, naturally less robust in character than her daughter, circumstances had rendered timid and self-distrustful, was apt to express her fears, when the two were alone together, that Barbara was not sufficiently appreciative of the kindness they had received from the father and son. Nor did the one decided word "quite," with which the young girl replied, reassure her. Some lack of perception was indeed mixed up with her love and admiration for the daughter whose nature was so much larger and stronger than her own. Of some things Mrs. Hurst was as good a judge as the wisest. She was quite capable of gauging the qualities of the heart, if not those of the head.

Basking in the sunshine of her daughter's love, her life becoming more happy and vivified by it day by day, she knew that if Barbara failed to appreciate her uncle it was from no lack of the power to do so. The blame could not possibly rest with Barbara, nor could it with Richard Morse; but rest where it might, it was the one thing which disturbed the gently-flowing current of Mrs. Hurst's life.

Her niece Lucy too, how was it that there seemed so little sympathy between the two young girls? Lucy was kind and sweet-tempered; Barbara was always ready to give her credit for being this, as well as being the prettiest girl in Stoneley, and yet they seemed to draw no nearer to each other as time went on. Could she have known what was passing in her daughter's mind this eventful morning, as she moved quietly about the kitchen washing the breakfast-things, and otherwise doing her share of the morning's work before setting forth for the town, Mrs. Hurst would have been not a little disturbed as well as surprised.

Barbara stood slowly folding up the kitchen-apron she had just taken off, glancing thoughtfully meanwhile from the open door towards the orchard, where she knew James Morse was waiting for her, her lips compressed and her brows slightly knitted. A good face, its grave, quiet strength, somewhat sharpened outlines, and the shadow in her reflective grey eyes, seeming to indicate that there has been some sorrow or renunciation in her life, which has had the softening, humanising effect so necessary for the strong. If Barbara Hurst had once been deficient in patience and consideration for weakness in others, she was not so now. At the same time, it must be admitted that her patience and consideration were reserved for those who *were* weak.

"He really ought to have seen—I have tried so much to make him understand," she was telling herself, "but he seems so—Oh, well, since it has to be, the sooner it is over the better."

James Morse was beginning to be a little impatient as he waited for her. "I told her I wanted to speak to her before she goes, but I suppose she did not know how important it is for her," he was thinking.

A slightly-built man of six-and-twenty, about middle height, and not ill-looking, but for the narrowness of his brow and

"YOU HAVEN'T BEEN IN MUCH OF A HURRY," HE EJACULATED GOOD-HUMOUREDLY

the lack of colour in his hair, and eyes, and complexion.

"Her mother and she have had a good home here. Acted generously all along, did

the old dad! Aunt Martha could hardly have expected that twenty-five pounds a year, in addition to the rest. Barbara a hundred down, too! Yes, handsome is the word for it, and all plain and above-board for every one to see! No one could say that we Morses don't know how to do the thing handsomely, when we set about it. 'Keep on the safe side, as I've done, and you'll get on,' those were his words, and I mean to act up to them. That's what I said to John Westbury. Show me you are keeping on the safe side, and you'll have my good word with Lucy. Only get on, and I shall not have a word to say against the match. He will too; John is all right; with a good footing at the Bank, and plenty of brains, he'll rise. Not quite enough on his guard, perhaps, at present; wants a little more caution, but that will come—he will do. Brother-in-law making his way at the Bank doesn't sound badly. Yes, Lucy might have done worse, and I'll see that her income is safely settled upon her. As to Barbara, there will not need to be any tying up with her. We shall have a good five hundred a year, and this place to live in, furnished all ready, and her hundred to begin upon, and there will be Aunt Martha's money by and by. She must have a home here as long as she lives, of course, I promised that to the father, but she's hard upon fifty, and—she earns her keep now, at any rate. Ah, here comes Barbara at last!"

"You haven't been in much of a hurry," he ejaculated good-humouredly, as she came slowly towards him, tall, and straight, and bonnie, with her level brows and quiet, steadfast gaze.

"I always help mother and Lucy an hour or so before I go, you know, James."

"You can guess pretty well what I've got to say, eh, Barbara?"

"I am afraid I can, James."

"Afraid! Oh, come now, why should you be afraid? Didn't you know that I mean to ask you to be my wife?"

"I have thought so lately, and tried to prevent your putting it into words. I should blame myself very much if I felt that I had given you the slightest cause to think we could be anything nearer than cousins, but I know that I have not."

"I don't understand. You can't mean you are going to refuse— Oh, nonsense, no, of course not. Why, it's been my intention ever since—I can't remember the time when I did not care for you, Barbara."

"I am sorry, James, because I cannot be your wife."

"Do you know what you are saying, Barbara? There isn't a single reason against our marrying. It was father's wish, and I know it's Aunt Martha's, and as to what I've got to offer—well, I don't think you would find many men who could give you a better home."

A half-smile curved the young girl's lips, but her eyes were downcast or he might have seen an expression in them which would have not a little puzzled him. It did not occur to him that there might be another and stronger reason why she should not become his wife, than any he could advance in favour of it. The possibility that she might have no love for him had not once crossed his mind.

"You will, I hope, find some one more suited."

"Oh, if that's it—if that's what you are thinking of," he hurriedly put in, taking it for granted now that she meant only to make a modest little protest on the score of her own unworthiness—a hint that he might find a more richly endowed bride. "With my five hundred a year and thrifty management, we might put by at least three, I think. But that's not all. Look here, Barbara. I don't mean to let the money lie idle. No, I shall turn it over as father did, and, in ten years or so, you will see! I know what was in his mind when he apprenticed me to the building trade. I've kept my eyes open, and learned to take care of myself in what I am hoping to do. Thomas May has got those fields now, but he won't live for ever, and if I once get hold of that land again— Father saw the mistake he made in letting May have that renewable lease, when it was found that the railway was to be brought to the other end of the town instead of this. I know he offered May a hundred pounds down to give up the lease, but he was too wide-awake for that. You see when those fields come to me, there may be quite another town built upon the land, each house paying a good ground-rent, say— But we will talk about that, you and I, later on. You are just the girl to help a man on in life, plenty of brains, and——"

"I have no love to give you, James."

"Oh, that's all fancy, you will soon——"

"No, you must understand now, once for all, and for the sake of both I must speak plainly. Not only have I no love to give

you now, but I never shall have any, and I will not marry a man I do not love, be his possessions what they may. You ought to know me well enough by this time, to be quite sure I say just what I mean."

"But why?"—still unable to grasp the fact that any girl could possibly be blind to such advantages as he could offer.

"I have told you why."

"Do you mean that you care for some one else? Is that it?"

Barbara was above all else truthful, in speech as well as thought, and, taken thus unaware, she could not—her power of self-control notwithstanding—prevent the hot colour rising to her cheeks. But she spoke quietly and decidedly enough.

"I shall not marry."

He eyed her more keenly. "That is hardly likely, unless you have set your mind"—her heart did not enter into his calculations—"upon the unattainable, the Earl for instance?"

"That would be very foolish, since he is about to be married. It is only necessary that you should understand I cannot return your"—adding, after a moment's hesitation—"feeling."

At this he lost his temper for a few moments. "Then I can only say if my father had known that, he would not have acted so generously as he did."

"In leaving what he did to my mother and me, do you mean? Since it is to be plain speaking between us, James, I may say that he did not leave us a farthing more than we had a right to expect, nor, indeed, so much, considering a promise that was given."

"Well, that's plain speaking enough, anyhow! I did not know that any promise was given, but—— Look here, Barbara, I don't want to quarrel, and I don't believe you will when you have had time to reflect, and recognise what is best for yourself. When that time comes, you'll find I haven't altered my mind. Let everything go on as it has been, and I promise not to say anything more about marrying until you are ready to listen. Is it a bargain?"

"Mother and I will stay on until Lucy is married if you wish it, James. After that, I want to make a little home of our own."

"But what am I to do if you go?"

"Oh, you will do very well, I dare say;" jestingly adding, "The Earl's sister is said to be fancy free;" telling herself he would very soon be reconciled to the inevitable, and turn his thoughts in another direction. Did she not know what love was, and did she not know he had never felt it? "Half-past eight!' she ejaculated, looking at her watch. "I must be quick or I shall be late; good-bye."

"Good-bye, Barbara, though I don't mean to say that for good and all, no more than you will, when you come to think of it. I can wait, and we shall see," watching her with admiring eyes, as, with a light, quick step, she returned to the house. Looking in with a hurried good-bye to her mother and Lucy, she passed round to the front garden and thence to the high-road.

CHAPTER II.—A HELPING HAND

JAMES MORSE took a couple of turns in the orchard, note-book in hand, jotting down certain figures, and regarding them with a complacent interest, which indicated no divided mind. It might indeed be said that everything he did and said was likely to resolve itself into calculations, nothing being regarded entirely apart from them.

"James! James!"

His sister Lucy was running towards him in great excitement, her pretty dimpled face expressing as much distress as it was capable of expressing.

"Why what's come to you, Lucy? What's happened?"

"Oh, James, it's something dreadful, I'm afraid! John is here. He says he must see you directly, and—— He looks so ill, and seems almost mad!"

"John! At this time, when he ought to be on his way to the Bank! Where is he?"

"Waiting in the parlour. He went in there, and says he must see you alone."

James Morse went with quick steps to the house, and through to the front parlour. The room of rooms, in the estimation of Lucy and her Aunt Martha, crowded with everything they could collect in the way of ornament, to say nothing of their own work, not a chair being without its anti-macassar, or vase without its mat.

The moment James pushed open the door, he recognised that his sister had no way exaggerated in saying that something serious had occurred. The gaily-bound books, usually arranged in a circle, had been thrust aside, one lying open as it had

fallen on the carpet, and a young man sat with his arms flung out on the table, and his face buried upon them, apparently in the abandonment of misery.

"John! What does this mean? what on earth's come to you, Westbury?"

"Ruin!"

The sight of the white drawn face, and wild hopeless eyes lifted to meet his for a moment, caused James Morse to turn quickly and shut the door.

"Not been speculating and lost your money, Westbury, not that?" He knew that the other had something over a hundred and fifty put by; which, with Lucy's savings, had been intended to furnish a home, and begin housekeeping with.

"I've lost everything a man can lose that is worth having,—character, money, God help me, everything!"

James Morse stood gazing at him with dismayed eyes; for the moment incapable of uttering a word. The truth of what the other said seemed borne out by his appearance. His very clothes had lost their usual air of neat respectability, looking, indeed, as though he had spent the night in them, and a very disorderly night. His neck-tie was twisted round, and hung limply at the side, as though he had been seized by the throat, and his coat was torn, and mud-stained by being dragged along the road.

"RUIN!"

But it was the expression of his face that gave the strongest evidence of the calamity that had befallen him, in its almost mad despair, as he turned his eyes for a moment to meet the other's.

"I have come to you first; but it will soon be known all over the place."

"What will soon be known? Why can't you speak out?"

"I have disgraced myself—fallen so low, that no respectable man will take me by the hand unless—unless you——"

James Morse drew himself slightly more apart, gazing down at the other with a look which certainly could not be termed pity in his eyes.

"If you have disgraced yourself, why should you come here?"

"God pity me, I don't know. I suppose I thought—I hoped"—his eyes once more searching the other's face, as if for some sign of feeling, as he added, "We have been friends since we were boys together at school."

"What have you done?" shortly. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Listen then. Yesterday I was sent from the Bank with three hundred pounds to pay the men at the Grayley Iron-works. You know it was the day of the races at Durlan, and in the carriage of the train I got into were some men going there. They were talking amongst themselves about being behind the scenes about the winners, and the thousands that might be won. I kept a tight grip of the bag I carried, but presently one asked if I was going to the races, and said if so he could put me up to a good thing. I said I had to do some business in the next town—Grayley, and they chaffed me about not being my own master enough to take a few hours' pleasure, and make a profit by it. Then they all began making jokes with each other, and I couldn't help joining in the laugh with them. Oh, fool, fool! I did not notice that, while this was passing, the train had stopped at Grayley, and gone on again! But even then I did not see the danger I was in. I thought I could easily take the next train back, so there wouldn't be much delay, after all. I had only to take care that they should not guess what I had in the bag, and I was sure I could do that—so sure of myself! Then flasks were passed from one to the other, and I was offered some sherry; I thought—I think I did—it was best not to offend, and took a sip. As you know, I am not a drinker, but I must have drunk again, though I don't recollect doing it. I only remember being helped out of the train, and taken somewhere—I suppose to the races, but I don't know. I can remember nothing more, until later on in the day, when I was being lifted out of some conveyance, and propped against a wall, while outside the railway station I heard some one telling the people, who had gathered round, that he had given me a lift from the race-course, having heard that I had taken too much to drink, after gambling and betting my money away. There was the empty bag by my side, and every penny of the money was gone. They gave me something from the chemist's, which sobered me, and I walked the fifteen miles back somehow, and came here."

"Why here?" shortly said Morse. "According to your own showing, you got rid of money that was not your own, and if you gambled and betted it away, I think you must have known a little more about it than you seem willing to remember. Things look very black against you."

"They are black, but I am not a liar, and I hoped you at least would believe me, when I say that I don't remember any more than I have told you."

"Your story is that you have lost a large sum of money entrusted to you, and that the only explanation you can give is, that you heard some one say you drank and gambled it away. If I believe only that, it proves you are not to be trusted. Now what are you going to do?"

"As soon as the Bank is open, I will go and tell the partners what I have told you, and put myself into their hands. There are the hundred and sixty in the Post-office Bank, I had saved, as you know, that will be part payment towards the loss, and if they are merciful, and let me off, I will work for the rest thankfully enough, if it takes the best part of my life to do it."

"But the disgrace will remain. You will not be able to prevent what you have done being known."

"I shall not try to prevent it being known. If they decide not to hand me over to justice, I will seek some humble situation, and work hard until I have paid that money back. If I have to go to prison, I will do the same when I come out."

"You will of course leave the choir in any case?"

"Yes, I will go to the Vicar and tell him all to-night."

"Well, it must be good-bye between us, Westbury. I am very sorry, of course,

but you must do me the justice to remember that it is your doing, not mine. We two shall be going different ways. We Morses have always kept a good name in the place, so far, and I mean to do as my father did before me. In fact, I think it is not quite fair to come here expecting me to allow myself to be mixed up with—Why did you come here?" he repeated angrily.

John Westbury stumbled to his feet, and stood gazing at the other in blank dismay for a few moments, then stammered out—

"I hoped—I thought— We have known each other so long, and—and— If you had fallen so low, and suffered as I do, I should have tried to give you a helping hand."

"A helping hand! Money, do you mean?"

"I was not thinking of money. What I hoped for was——" He gazed silently at the other again for a few moments, then added—"such help as you haven't got it in you to give;" seeing this all too plainly now.

James Morse was in no way touched or offended by the implication. There was even a look of relief in his face as he said—

"Of course you understand that it must be good-bye between Lucy and you?"

John Westbury became, if possible, a shade paler, as he replied in a low voice—

"I have, I know, lost the right to expect it could be otherwise, but— Well, God bless her!"

"It will certainly be very hard for her as well as me. Nothing but wrong-doing would force me to give up a friend."

Westbury looked at him once more, then pulled his hat down over his eyes, and turned away, going out of the room and out of the house with down-bent head. Everything was lost—his good name, the girl he loved, and his friend! No, one thing still remained, his will to right the wrong, so far as that might be possible.

This was evident when, in broken accents but without the slightest attempt to conceal or extenuate the truth, he told his story at the Bank. He had given no thought to his appearance, going there in just the same condition as he had gone to the cottage. The men who listened to his story were a great deal more impressed than they allowed him to see that they were. They, at least, did not believe they had a hardened criminal to deal with.

"You say you have no distinct remembrance of what occurred after you had been drinking?"

"No, sir. It is all blank to me. I only know I must have taken a great deal, because I was so long coming to myself. When I did, I heard some one telling the people standing by that I had betted and gambled the money away."

"Have you been in the habit of betting?"

"No, sir, nor gambling in any way. And, as to drink, I don't care for it; but I must have taken a great deal, for my head is not quite clear even now."

"Well, we will let you know what decision we come to in the course of a few hours. Your previous good character will be in your favour, but you are, of course, prepared to hear we cannot reinstate you at the Bank."

"I know that could not be, sir."

"And if, in consideration of your paying the hundred and sixty pounds, and promising to return the rest by instalments, we decide to take no further steps in the matter, what do you intend to do? Leave the town, and begin life again where you are not known?"

"No, sir, I should stay here and live out my repentance in the sight of men."

"That would be harder, but certainly braver, and, I am inclined to think, better for you, in the long run. Go home, put yourself to rights, and return here at four. Have you a mother and father living, Westbury?"

"No, sir, thank God they died believing in me."

"Take some food. You will want all the strength you can get if you are to keep your word, and set to work," put in another of the partners, striving to look more severe than he felt as the young man went out.

"No attempt at exculpation; no lying, nor smoothing matters over. A fine fellow spoilt."

"Or to be made," quietly said another. "The materials for reconstruction are all there."

Agreed upon the one point, they proceeded to consult together as to how they might best help him to begin life again, without appearing to condone a wrong. While they were debating the matter, the Vicar's name was brought in, and he was at once made one of the council. He had,

indeed, gone there for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any truth in the story that had reached him; not a little anxious on the score of one in whom he had taken a great deal of interest.

Whether it was in consequence of what had passed at that interview or no, it came about that an opportunity was found for John Westbury to start afresh. It appeared to him to come by chance, through an advertisement in a local paper to which he replied. But the owner of the iron-works, who agreed to give John Westbury employment in the office, was an old friend of the Vicar's.

"I can't prevent your suffering the consequences of what has passed, and I do not wish to do so, Westbury—some of us can learn in no other way; but I am very glad you intend to bear them in the right spirit. So long as you do that, making all reparation in your power, count upon me as your friend," said the Vicar, as they stood together in the market-place, putting out his hand as he spoke.

The colour rushed to the young man's face, as, after a moment's hesitation, he placed his own hand in the Vicar's, then turned silently away.

The Vicar guessed pretty correctly what was passing in his mind, and went off with a light heart, nodding and smiling to himself with the reflection that he had estimated John Westbury at his right value.

CHAPTER III.—UPHILL

AFTER his interview with the Vicar, John Westbury was better able to bear the avoidance of James Morse and others, who felt bound to openly show their opinion of wrong-doers.

The story had been made public, and had not been contradicted by the delinquent, but rather confirmed by his subsequent conduct. Not many were inclined to regard Westbury's efforts to make atonement in the same spirit as that of the Vicar. The majority were more disposed to approve of the course taken by James Morse in marking his sense of wrong-doing, and were equally incredulous as to the probability of Westbury's efforts to make reparation being sustained.

As time went on, however, opinion began to veer round a little. To see the young man going to and from his work with down-bent head, avoiding notice as much as possible; to hear that he spent his leisure hours in study, and lived upon the barest necessaries in order to pay off his debt at the Bank, told in his favour. Moreover, he, so lately one in the choir, was seen to take a seat in a corner of the church wearing the shabbiest of clothes.

People were beginning to remember what a manly, high-spirited young fellow he had been before his fall; how generous, open-hearted, and ready to help others, and how intelligent. Some would have been ready to give him a friendly nod or word as they passed, had he not appeared too much absorbed to notice them. In fact, the ordeal he was passing through was a very terrible one to him, and his mind had not yet recovered its elasticity sufficiently to avail himself of such opportunities had he recognised them.

He only knew that the one thing he most desired was withheld. The Morses' doors were closed against him. That he should still desire the good-will of James Morse was an anomaly only to be explained by his having endowed his quondam friend with qualities to which he had no claim.

With regard to Lucy he had given up all hope, or thought that he had, telling himself that he had no right to expect anything else than to lose her. Had she been willing, it was not for him to drag her down to his level.

All this notwithstanding, he was very human, and the change he saw in her, when furtively glancing towards her as she passed in and out of church, made his heart throb heavily, and caused him many a sleepless night. She was suffering for his misdeeds, he told himself. That the shadows upon her pretty face might have been brought about by the loss of her lover, rather than by his loss of character, and that she adopted her brother's opinions simply because she had none of her own, he did not suspect.

Anxiously watching her, Barbara saw the truth. In her knowledge of John Westbury, her strong belief in him, and her indignation at Lucy being so easily influenced by her brother, she expressed her opinion somewhat too strongly. Once she so far forgot herself as to take the gentle Lucy by the shoulders, as though to try to shake something more satisfactory out of her.

"You never knew him! You never cared for him! It is only yourself you think of!"

"Oh, Barbara, how can you!"

"YOU DO NOT REALLY DISLIKE JAMES, DO YOU, BARBARA?"

"You don't care for him now, anyway."

"How could I go on caring for any one who has done such dreadful things? James says——"

"What does it matter what James says? Dreadful things, indeed! You, at least, ought to know that John couldn't and didn't do them."

"But he is paying back the money, Barbara; doesn't that show?"

"Of course he would do that, since he lost it, and is honourable."

"But they say——"

"They who say he stole the money or gambled it away, tell lies."

Lucy could only repeat, "Oh, Barbara!"

When, in her desire to make things pleasant all round, Mrs. Hurst ventured to remonstrate, telling her that her lack of sympathy added to poor Lucy's troubles, Barbara was hard-hearted enough to laugh. Her daughter was just then more enigmatical than ever to poor Mrs. Hurst, seeming to have become quite combative, and difficult to get on with. This not with her mother—the latter could have borne that better—but with her cousins. Had James been more ready to take offence, and Lucy less timid, there must have been open and constant disagreement.

"You are so good to me, Barbara dear, and I can't understand why you are not the same to them."

"Because you are such a good old mammie, and think every one is as good as yourself."

"But don't you think you may be just a little——"

"I am not just a little of anything, dearie."

With which, accompanied as it was with a tender caress, the mother was fain to be content.

As his neighbours veered round a little in their opinion, James Morse found it necessary to explain why he could not do the same, and this being not very easy to do, he began to throw out hints, and make mysterious allusions to something which he knew, and others did not. He had, in fact, persuaded himself that John Westbury's confession to him bore but one interpretation—an interpretation incompatible with his having lost the money. Had he not acknowledged, in so many words, that he had disgraced himself and lost his character, and was that the tone one who had simply lost the money would take?

From persuading himself that John Westbury had been guilty of the worst, it was but another step to endeavour to make others believe it, as he told himself, to put them upon their guard against being taken in as he had been.

What he did say, and he said it very significantly, was, it was very strange and unaccountable that any man's mind should become so entirely blank about such an affair, and at the same time blame himself as Westbury had done to him. Moreover, he had at once acquiesced in the engagement between him and Lucy being broken off, which no innocent man who loved her would have done. No; others might do as they pleased, but it was not for a Morse who lived respectably, and did his best to preserve the good name handed down to him, to associate with one who had, on his own showing, disgraced himself.

"The Vicar has not given him up, at any rate," said Barbara, after listening impatiently to one of these speeches.

"Oh, that of course. A clergyman would go to a convict."

"And so would a mother, or sister, or—a friend who was worthy of the name," significantly. "All do not avail themselves of a loophole of escape when one they care for fails."

"Would you have us herd with criminals?"

"Very few of us are good enough to do that—safely, I suppose. Besides, John Westbury is not a criminal, although he is being punished as if he were. No, he is not!"

"How can you be so sure of that?"

"Every one that has known him ought to be sure."

Such opposition as this had only the effect of rendering James Morse more doggedly persistent in the course he had marked out for himself.

"It is not pleasant to think that wrong-doing, or, at any rate, wrong-doers, may be defended by you, Barbara."

"I am what I am, James."

Yes, it was just her being what she was that rendered it so difficult for him to give up the hope of winning her. But how was it that he, against whom none could bring any charge of wrong-doing, could make no way in her favour? The fault was in herself, of course, but the trouble was, that although he would have been willing, in his longing to make her his wife, to trust to time and his own influence to overcome it, she evinced no desire to be improved that way. Any attempts at love-making were promptly and decidedly nipped in the bud, and he was reminded that his silence upon the subject was the condition upon which her mother and she remained at the cottage.

As Mrs. Hurst paid for her own board, and her services in the matter of housekeeping saved him so much, he felt obliged to keep to the compact, contenting himself by now and again hinting that, when Barbara recognised what would be best for herself, she would find him willing to condone her previous lack of appreciation.

To Mrs. Hurst her nephew seemed just what he desired it to be thought he was, and her one ambition was to see Barbara his wife, and mistress of the house that seemed Elysium to her. But, accustomed as she was to turn to Barbara for advice, and, what was more, to act upon it, she found herself obliged to differ from her now.

"You do not really dislike James, do you, Barbara dear?"

"I think it would be better for you and me to set up a little home of our own, mother, and I shall be very glad when you agree to that."

"There will never be any home like this for me, Barbara, and, considering what we both pay, we are not living upon James."

"No, we certainly are not; and since you wish it—so long as he does not talk about what he calls his love, I don't mind."

"I can't think what you see in him to object to. So well-to-do and respectable as he is, many a girl with a nice little fortune of her own would jump for joy at being chosen by James."

"That's just what he would like, mother. He should go to one of them."

"It does seem hard for them, both brother and sister being so unfortunate, and both so deserving too! Of course Lucy isn't to be compared with you for cleverness, nor anything else, but she is as pretty a girl as any in the town, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks. It is so hard for her having to give up John Westbury; she frets terribly."

"Frets? About having to give him up, do you mean, mother? Do you really think she does?"

"I know she does. Why, any one can see how changed she is, she that used to be so light-hearted."

"Can I have done her an injustice?" thought Barbara, taking herself to task for being of late a little hard in her judgment of Lucy. She determined to avail herself of the first opportunity of being alone with her cousin, to try to make amends.

"It must have been worse than all besides, for John to have to give you up, Lucy."

"It has been very dreadful for me," said Lucy, tears coming into her blue eyes. "Every one knows I was engaged to him."

"Well, you can let every one know that you don't mean to give him up."

"Don't mean——" Lucy gazed at her in dismay, too much astonished to finish the sentence.

"Show people that you at least know he isn't capable of doing what he is accused of."

"How can I know that?"

"You know what you loved him for, I suppose—if you did love him."

Lucy's love, such as it was, had been chiefly for his handsome face. She knew very little of the kind of love Barbara was thinking of.

"Of course I did; weren't we going to be married? You don't seem to consider *my* feelings, Barbara. You forget how hard it has been for me."

"Have you thought how hard it has been for him?"

"But I haven't done wrong, and he has."

"Better if you had, perhaps, it might make you more——" Barbara kept back the rest of the sentence, and made one more appeal. Taking Lucy's hands in her own, she earnestly recommenced—"What if your love could help him as nothing else could? Lucy, if I should happen to meet him, may I say you are very sorry for him, and would like to——"

"Oh, I don't know," put in Lucy. "I am not sure it would be quite right. James might think it wrong to encourage him to hope too much, and I ought not to do that perhaps."

"Not if he should, in time, show that he is all you could wish?"

"He couldn't make people forget. James says they never will."

"You never loved him! No, you will not fret yourself to death that way!" ejaculated Barbara, thinking of her mother's words.

Lucy looked at her in some surprise. "Why do you take his part so, Barbara?"

Why?—a sudden hot flush rose to Barbara's brow. She was silent a few moments, then in a low voice replied, "You do not understand."

Lucy was quite content not to understand. Dear Barbara was always a little different from other people in her way of looking at things, and it would not be right to be offended about that. Moreover, Lucy had now something pleasanter to think of. Had not James told her, only the night before, that everything was turning out for the best for her? She would find that she might expect a higher position than that of being

the wife of John Westbury, as he had been at his best. The only son of a well-to-do chemist in the town had talked a great deal about her to James, and had of late thrown out hints of his desire to visit at the cottage.

"Mr. Bently! His father is on the point of retiring ever so rich, and they are quite genteel!" thought Lucy in a flutter of delight. "How can he care for me?" She glanced at the dressing-glass and discovered a satisfactory reason why. She might not die an old maid, after all!

(To be continued.)

Cotton—Our Greatest Industry

BY GERTRUDE BACON

I.—The American Side

COTTON is a word fraught with deepest significance to the British nation. Among British industries the cotton trade holds first place, and the scarcity or abundance of the cotton crop, and the vagaries of the cotton market, have greater and further-reaching consequences than can probably ever be estimated. Of late years the cotton question—viewed from its commercial side—has become a very serious one, and almost daily the newspapers devote columns to its discussion. The talk is all of millions: millions of hundred-weights of raw material, worth millions of money, on one side of the Atlantic; millions of spindles on the other, making their tens of thousands of revolutions a minute for the manufacture of the clothing of the teeming millions of the world.

The matter is vast in all its bearings, and only to be rightly understood by the initiated. The serious menace to our trade, the growth of the manufacturing industry in other lands; the importation of the raw cotton from Egypt and the Colonies, are questions that affect us all deeply, but to express more than the broadest facts needs the experience of experts. Nevertheless all of us can appreciate the wonder and romance of the great industry that half clothes the world, and the skill which transforms the fibre of a sub-tropical mallow into the basis of all wearing apparel. And, therefore, it may not be without interest to the casual reader—whose probable acquaintance with cotton goes little further than the cotton garb he himself wears, and the cotton sheets between which he places himself at night—to take just a glimpse here and there at the workings of the trade to which he is so much indebted.

And first as to the country where the cotton grows. At the present time the raw material comes to us from Egypt, from India, Brazil and the West Indies; but it is from the Southern States of America—"Dixie's Land, the Land of Cotton," of the old Southern war-song—that the bulk of our supply is drawn. American cotton is the standard, and American prices rule the market. Therefore it shall be to the American cotton fields that we will pay our first visit, and find our way to some small township in the heart of the industry—in the Carolinas, let us say—and study for ourselves the manners and customs of its people.

It is altogether characteristic of our little cotton town that its two trains daily should arrive, one at six o'clock in the morning, and the other at ten o'clock at night, so that our first glimpse is from the windows of the Pullman in the grey dawn of a summer's day, with the sun rising over the interminable, desolate pine forests, intersected by occasional broad, brown rivers, through which we have been passing all night.

There is something distinctly depressing about these never-ending Western jungles, stretching everywhere to the furthest horizon, and broken occasionally only by a straggling clearing, irregular fields disfigured by blackened stumps, a decayed wooden shanty or two, and a row of round-eyed nigger babies watching the passing train. An unfinished look characterises the

A TOWN IN COTTON LAND

face of the country, here as elsewhere in America, to eyes fresh from the order and old-established neatness of an English landscape, and beyond this there is, moreover, in not a few places an evidence of dilapidation, neglect and failure, of itself sufficiently saddening.

But this latter element, happily, is absent from the scene of our destination. True, the houses of the tiny townlet are somewhat to pieces; paint, in such places as we are accustomed to find it, is conspicuous by its absence, its place being supplied by a superabundance of advertisements. The state of the roads would not be tolerated in the meanest English village, and domestic arrangements border on a primitiveness that is almost startling.

Yet the neglect is not that of poverty or despair, it does not betoken lack of interest or lack of means. The people are well clothed and well fed, their eyes are bright and their faces contented. No, they are merely Southerners, living in a land where over-hard work is not needed to coax the beneficent soil to yield its fatness, where the country and its resources are so vast that as yet there is room for all, and the evils of over-population are surely yet many generations ahead;—where the hot, almost tropical, sun pours down for more than half the year with a warm prodigality which saps the energy and loosens the muscles of even the irrepressible "Yank";—above all, where the greater portion of the population are full-blooded negroes, whose blubber lips are always curled in a merry grin of lazy content, whose woolly heads are full of all manner of quaint whims and theories, but never of any thought for the morrow: whose twinkling eyes look out on a scene

THE HIGH STREET

of unrivalled disorder with perfect satisfaction, and whose supple, black limbs have the greatest possible objection to work of any sort, except under actual compulsion.

An antiquated 'bus, drawn by two good horses, meets us at the station, and drags us a mile up-hill through pine groves and cotton plantations where the tender green is just beginning to tinge the brown fields, and the morning air is heavy with the scent of honeysuckle. The dust rises in a cloud off the ankle-deep road, and as the springless vehicle lurches and sways at breakneck pace into ruts innumerable and holes that are positive wells for depth, we cling to our seats for dear life, until a halt is called while the little black boy on the box beside the black driver scrambles down to recover the stray baggage which has rolled off the roof into the way. The good Southerners are in ignorance of, or are supremely indifferent to, the fact that what they are pleased to call roads appear to an English eye only to be distinguished from the ploughed field by their superior unevenness; nor do they appear to consider that driving at full speed over banks and ditches, not to mention occasional tree-trunks, is at all an unusual or alarming proceeding.

IN A SOUTHERN TOWN. THE COURT HOUSE

But here we are in the High Street of our little townlet, a townlet of Cotton Land. A double row of low buildings, composed partly of brick, partly of wood, partly of corrugated iron, border the uneven, dusty road. They are mostly "stores" for the sale of the most heterogeneous collection of articles, from Bovril to bicycles, from slippers to sealing-wax; and the storekeepers are all sitting outside on the raised footway (partly obstructed by chicken-runs and coops) on cane chairs tilted back at a big angle against the wall. This is a peculiarity of Cotton Land—to spend every possible spare moment sitting outside your domicile. We find it wherever we go. The landlord of the hotel passes his whole day sitting before his door; the editor of the local press appears to transact what business he has in a chair in the road in front of his office; the chief magistrate and the mayor are to be found all day long on the terrace of the Court House, and not infrequently we note the parson sitting on the steps of his trim little wooden church.

IN DARKIE LAND

But we are not only in "Cotton Land," we are in "Darkie Land" as well. Cotton and darkies go together all the world over, and the connexion between them is close and long-established. The blacks are everywhere. Black ladies in huge white sun-bonnets pass one by with stately indifference; black gentlemen, with flat feet and gleaming teeth, grin affably upon the stranger; black piccaninnies sport about in the dust. Black Jehus drive the local vehicles, black washerwomen do the laundry work, black waiters bear loaded trays of viands—fried chicken and ices, for the most part—and black chambermaids make the beds at the hotel. The nigger, who not so many years ago was the slave, is ubiquitous, and his slow, deep voice and merry laugh resound on all sides.

In the centre of the quaint little township stands the cotton market—a large wooden shed, with open sides, in which lie piles of cotton bales, samples of the produce of the neighbouring cotton plantations. Here or hereabouts we may meet the principal cotton growers of the district. Chief among them is one called indifferently the "Judge" and the "Colonel" (for he bears both titles), a fine old specimen of the Southern aristocracy, than whom not blue-blooded Spain can produce finer gentlemen. He is a tall, massive man of eighteen stone, with a bald head and bearded chin, which he rubs meditatively as he talks, and he and his splendid mare "Black Midnight," whom he rides with a queer peaked Mexican saddle, form a striking and well-matched pair.

For the last seventeen years, he tells us, the London *Times* and the London *Standard* have lain daily upon his breakfast table; and, what is more, each single copy is preserved even now in his roomy wooden house down there in the pine wood. He takes these papers, he tells us, for the sake of their "style," and because of the interest that things English have ever borne for him. We cannot but wonder, as we listen to him,

A DARKIE FAMILY

how many of our own countrymen at home can boast a knowledge as deep and wide of English politics, English literature, English schools of thought, as this old cotton planter of Carolina, who has spent almost all his days among his plantations, and surrounded by the black servants, whom he remembers first as his slaves. Macaulay, Seeley, Kingsley, Hume, Tennyson, Gibbon, Byron, Lecky, he quotes them all in the course of half-an-hour's conversation. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, he knows by heart. Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Rosebery, they might almost have been his personal friends, so thoroughly is he acquainted with their words and deeds.

All round the town, in the clearings of the endless pine woods, lie the cotton fields. The pine forests themselves are of wondrous beauty in the summer-time. They are carpeted with wild-flowers that we cherish as garden rarities at home, and little streams meander among rocks in whose interstices lurk unseen peril—puff-adders, "copper-heads," and the dread rattlesnake himself. Here and there in the wood, among the undergrowth, lies a huge fallen tree, felled long ago and rotting on the ground. We wonder vaguely at the industry that has taken the trouble to fell a large tree only to leave it to moulder where it lies; but we learn presently that this is the work of the darkies in their search for "'possums." So highly do they prize, as articles of food, these little animals, that they will actually take the trouble to hew down a tree up which one has taken refuge in the chase.

THE COTTON EXCHANGE

The cotton fields themselves are on level ground, or ground that has been artificially levelled by terracing. This is to prevent the denudation of the soil by the rainfall, for as deep a soil as possible is needed for the proper cultivation of the plant. Previous to the sowing the lands are carefully "bedded-up" and manured. The cotton crop takes but little of its virtue out of the earth. The same fields, in favourable parts, may yield good crops for thirty or forty consecutive years. If, however, a field shows symptoms of being worn out, it is allowed to "rest," or lie fallow, for

a few years, at the end of which time it is fully recovered and as fertile as ever.

The actual sowing takes place in the early spring. In the more southern parts it may begin in March, but where we now are it will be in full swing the end of April and beginning of May. Modern machinery has taken the place of much hand-labour, and the seeds are now dropped into the ground in a regular line from a "planter," a narrow, deep furrow for their reception being run immediately in front.

In a short while the brown fields begin to be tinged with delicate green, and soon the darkies are busy with their hoes among the crops, keeping down the grass and weeds, and thinning out the cotton plants, which stand, finally, in rows about a foot apart from each other. About the middle of July the first blooms—delicately beautiful, changing from pink to yellow—make their appearance.

The cotton plant belongs to the natural order *Malvaceæ*, of which the pretty purple mallows, so plentiful in our hedgerows, are the British representatives. The cotton flowers are large and very handsome, of a light yellow shade when fully developed, with a dark centre, and they are succeeded by the round, fluffy "bolls" which contain the seeds, smothered in a mass of snow-white cotton fibre, which is the product of such supreme importance to the whole human race.

As soon as the first "bolls" have ripened a great crowd of darkies—men, women, and even little children—with baskets on back, swoop down upon the white-flecked fields and the cotton-picking commences. "Bolls" succeed flowers upon the plants for the rest of the summer, until the first touch of frost puts an end to the growth, and all this while the picking continues, being roughly estimated as lasting, in all, about a hundred days. It is a gay and busy scene in the cotton fields while the picking is in progress. All the ages of negro life are represented there, from the bent, grey-headed grandfather to the chubby piccaninny, the young girls with their frizzled woolly hair, fearfully and wonderfully twisted into little tight plaits, sometimes ornamented with white tape, curling fashionably, if somewhat rebelliously, over their foreheads, the older women with gaudy handkerchiefs knotted about their scantier locks. As the big baskets they bear are filled they are carried to the side of the

THE COTTON FIELDS IN THE SOUTH

A SOUTHERN COTTON PLANTER

field, and there emptied out upon sheets of canvas spread to receive the cotton until it can be carted away.

Cotton-picking is light labour, but very tedious, and requiring more skill and care than might be supposed. Careless picking is very ruinous, and often results in great losses, and it is hard to impress the light-hearted, happy-go-lucky negro with the importance of his labour. The cotton falls out on the ground and is lost, or its delicate purity is soiled with earth and dead fragments, or stained with its own juice. The rate of pay for the cotton-picking season ranges from 45 to 50 cents per hundred-weight of seed-cotton, and the daily amount picked by the black worker, who has no intention whatever of hurrying himself or of being hurried, is about 100 lbs. a day. A skilled and industrious labourer can pick nearly twice as much in the time, however, and it has been frequently said—perhaps not quite justly—that the production of cotton in the Southern States is only limited by the amount that can be gathered.

Of a truth there seems no end to the productiveness of the wonderful soil of the South, at least as far as cotton is concerned. In the great cotton belt of America, which is bordered on the north by the 37th parallel of latitude, and on the south only by the sea, is grown sixty per cent. of all the cotton used in all the world, and yet it is maintained that this colossal industry, which employs over seven millions of people, could be increased eight times over, if required, without even enlarging its boundaries, for the cotton will thrive on all kinds of soil provided only the proper temperature, and—even more important—the proper humidity, be supplied.

And when the crops have all been garnered, and the first breath of winter has stricken the plants and dashed the fine yellow blossoms, there remains a great mass of white cotton fibre, embedded in which are the hard, dark seeds, which have all to be removed before the cotton is fit for the market. This seed-removing process is therefore of great importance. In by-gone days, and up to a hundred years ago, every scrap of fibre had to be picked over by hand, by the slaves, a work of extreme tediousness, since it took a day to pick only a pound or so. But in the year 1793, one Eli Whitney, whose name is rightly held in reverence in the South, invented the "saw-gin," by means of which the process of cleaning

was at once rendered infinitely more rapid and effectual.

Whitney's saw-gin is composed of a "hopper," one side of which is made of strong parallel wires placed so close together that no seeds can work their way through. The cotton fibre is dragged between the wires by means of revolving circular saws, and the seeds being thus separated from the mass fall down and collect at the bottom of the machine. This gin was originally invented for cleaning one variety only of American cotton; other kinds being passed between rollers revolving in opposite directions. Modern machinery has made great strides in later days, but the principle of the old invention yet remains, and the "cotton gin" is an all-essential feature of the Southern plantation.

COTTON-PICKING

In former and less enlightened days, before machinery had opened up a thousand possibilities till then undreamed of, a problem which used to vex the souls of thrifty cotton planters was the disposing of the waste seeds which the gins separated from the fibre. After sufficient seed for the next year's sowing had been reserved, there still remained huge, untidy, and ever-increasing heaps of useless rubbish, disfiguring the property and almost impossible to destroy. To empty the surplus seed into the rivers, as some did, was soon found to be bad policy; to burn it was exceedingly difficult and sometimes dangerous. But as years went by it began gradually to dawn upon the Southern planters that there was perhaps a marketable value in what they formerly so much despised, and at the present time the surplus seed is most profitably pressed for oil, which is used for soap-making, or mixed into cake for cattle. Even the cotton-stalks now are employed for thatching and basket-making, and thus every scrap of this most wonderful plant is turned to practical account.

What happens to the cotton from the time when, packed in huge bales, it is hydraulically rammed down into the holds of the vessels that bear it across the Atlantic, to the day when, perchance, it again crosses the water, this time as the finished article to clothe the backs of millions beyond seas, is too vast a matter to be touched on here, and perhaps may form the subject of another paper later on. How it came about that England, among all the nations, first gained her supremacy in cotton manufacture is a matter of history; how she must work to maintain this supremacy is a subject for our financiers and politicians.

Some Men of the Oxford Movement

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT, M.A.

"INDEED we, in the earlier days of the Movement, cared so little for externals that Newman would not have candles upon the Communion Table at St. Mary's. As of course you know, 'Henry of Exeter' (Bishop Phillpotts) throughout his life vetoed in his diocese the slightest deviation from an almost Calvinistic simplicity."

I had known or known of Dr. Pusey, as a family acquaintance, all my life; by his courteous invitation I called upon him at his house in Christchurch, shortly before he died in 1882. The words just quoted were those with which he brought towards a close a long conversation he gave me on the relations between the first rise of Oxford Anglicanism, as a spiritual cult, and its latest developments in the ceremonies and costumes constituting ritualism. The business that took me to Dr. Pusey at Oxford, brought me also about the same time to Cardinal Newman at the Edgbaston Oratory, Birmingham. A prolonged interview with the two men in such quick succession could not but deeply impress one with the contrast they presented to each other. In one noticeable point they were alike. Notwithstanding the air of asceticism, the pallor, and, as regards physiognomy, the attenuation which were common to each, the social bearing of both was less that of a priest, Anglican or Roman, than of an Oxford don. Pusey, then comparatively little shrunken by age, did not seem to differ much from the figure so familiar to me in my own undergraduate days, thirty years earlier. That had been the time when it was still easy to understand why Newman used to speak of him as "the Great"; for in those days the canonical surplice, as he strode from his house in "Tom Quad," could not conceal the form, originally developed by athletic exercise, of the English gentleman, born of a long line of squires and peers, and modestly proud of his ancestry. Newman indeed had also been a tolerably good rider in his time, different though from that of Pusey's was his earlier environment. In 1882, when I saw him, the animating and sustaining power within the Cardinal's somewhat shrivelled form was manifestly intellectual and spiritual; there were no remains whatever or suggestions, as in Pusey's case, of past robustness and physical activity. I ventured to quote to Newman Pusey's recent words already given; he received them with a silent assent and turned the conversation by inquiring as to certain relatives of mine, chiefly of the Barter family and name, one of whom had been his intimate friend and disciple in the old Oriel days.

Before giving further reminiscences of the two famous ecclesiastics already mentioned, or of those connected with them, it may be as well to attempt a definition of the historic enterprise, in Church and State, with which they identified themselves. The Oxford Movement, then, in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century, may, I suppose, be regarded as the work of men of great intellectual, moral, and, in a certain sense, spiritual attainment. It was a grand and imposing conception, sprung upon an age, to which such a notion had become strange. For the old High Churchman, presently to be referred to in more detail, seemed imperfectly to realise what he professedly held. The earnest sort were for the most part evangelical. The Oxford idea of the last century's first half was an imposing one, full of humbling awe to some and of exaltation to others. That idea was the presence and operation of the Holy Spirit, not, like the wind, "blowing where it listeth," but communicating itself by ceremonial channels. It pervaded a vast spiritual edifice, consisting of a multitude of individuals,—but all capable of being identified as members of the whole

structure. This was effected by an assumption that all Bishops were direct descendants of the Apostles, from whom they had indeed received, in unbroken succession, at the moment of their consecration, the special gift of the Spirit. That possession enabled them, by the laying on of hands, to communicate full power to other Bishops, as well as a limited power to subordinate priests and deacons, who were thus endowed with the prerogative of passing on the Spirit by Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Doubts indeed existed as to what was essential to a valid administration of Baptism. But, granting the administration of the rite to have been effective, every baptised person was a partaker of the Holy Ghost.

The early high churchmanship, being to the superficial observer a mode of orthodox conservatism, wore social aspects and produced types of personal character of which the present writer chanced to see a good deal before he was of an age to have much insight into the issues of the Oxford Movement. I used, in my childhood, to hear extracts from a really pretty family autobiographical poem called "The Cornworthiad." Its authors were the three brothers, my father's first cousins, in whose houses some of my earliest and happiest days were passed. The eldest of these, the Rev. Charles Barter, rector of Sarsden, near Oxford, gave me a home beneath his roof during my undergraduate years. Another brother, as Warden of Winchester, equally famous for his Anglican zeal and his physical strength, has left behind him a name, still often used in connexion with Wykehamist cricket. This was the Anak of ecclesiasticism, concerning whose physical prowess anecdotes, apparently almost incredible, are yet current. That the most characteristic, probably the best known, of these is free from intrinsic improbability I received some time ago a noticeable proof. The late Frederick Burnaby, who rode to Khiva and who perished in the Egyptian wars of 1885, once took up under his arm, then held out, and finally running at the double carried round the barrack-yard of the Blues, which he was then commanding, a small pony, afterwards lifting it over a step and depositing it in the stall. Warden Barter's feat was performed during a coach journey between Oxford and his Devonshire home. One of the outside passengers near him, a blacksmith, had been talking blasphemous profanities in a particularly offensive way. Having borne it for some time in silence, Barter at last said, "If you continue in that strain I shall remove you from this coach." The man's reply was to aggravate his offence. The blasphemer was forthwith lifted up from his seat and held out dangling in mid air by an arm that seemed unconscious of any special effort. The situation soon extorted a cry for pardon. The blacksmith having been taught his lesson, was restored to the vehicle and, on a promise of amendment, allowed to continue his journey.

REV. C. BARTER

These Barter brothers were at their respective Oxford colleges while John Wilson was at Magdalen. With him they formed the pioneers of Oxford athleticism, being each of them famous for running, leaping, and hurling weights long before inter-university games, even cricket-match or boat-race, were thought of. All belonging to the pre-ritualistic, high church school, they were in the same degree the champions of muscular Christianity, the best part of half a century in advance of that cult's celebration by Charles Kingsley in *Westward Ho!* These accomplishments had been learnt at home, not acquired at college. The father of this remarkable trio, a Devonshire clergyman, being also a squire—a "squarson," in Sydney Smith's phrase—was rector of Cornworthy, near Totnes. Like some other devoted parish priests of those days, Mr. Barter kept a private pack of hounds, which showed

excellent sport equally with hare and fox. The poem already mentioned ("The Cornworthiad") commemorated the family group in such lines as these:—

"But say who dare in lofty verse
The merits of that house rehearse?
Their father often to their praise
Thus much in merry humour says,
Out of their reach they will not rob;
Their names are Charles and Will and Bob.
The eldest at his father's side
In early youth was taught to ride.
The others though obliged to run
No whit the less enjoyed the fun.
Next did the tyrant pedagogue
On Lomond's banks their persons flog.
Whence leaving now the school at night
The first to Balliol takes his flight.
The second, joyful as he rises,
Visits the Thames before the Isis,
And still to memory recalls,
Old Westminster, thy sacred walls.
The youngest, under Wykeham's sway,
Was duly flogged three times a day.
Until surprising all beholders,
By leaping over ten boys' shoulders,
He gained New College at a bound,
And there his well-earned freedom found.
. . . . . .
And deep in lore of Greece and Rome
They sought for jollity at home."

All the three were bold riders. The eldest added to high courage great skill, and was almost as good across country as was his brother-in-law, Mr. Langston, sometime member for Oxford town, and accounted the best timber-jumper of his time.

Long after his early manhood, and when even his middle age had gone by, Charles Barter could never resist a little piece of quiet steeple-chasing. One of the recent Earls of Shrewsbury and the then Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, were staying at the same time as myself at Sarsden. Some particularly precious and, as it seemed to me, quite super-excellent bottles of Bordeaux vintage had been produced in honour of the occasion at dinner over-night. The Earl, a great connoisseur, after critically sipping a few drops, slowly remarked, "This, Barter, is the best second-class claret I ever tasted." The next morning the Bishop, who was on a diocesan visitation, found himself due at a place several miles distant. Time pressed. The rectory garden was bounded by a little fence, leading into what is known as a fair hunting country. "By taking that short cut," said our host, "we shall save so much time as to be punctual after all." We therefore all of us put our horses at the little barrier, the rector giving us a friendly lead. Then came the prelate and a domestic chaplain or two, the village curate and myself bringing up the rear. Dr. Wilberforce's seat on horseback was then loose, recalling to those who could remember it that of Sir Robert Peel. On that occasion, however, there occurred to him no mishap, prophetic of the fatal fall from his saddle, some time afterwards, on the Surrey Downs. We reached our destination safely. Dr. Wilberforce, as a preacher, never showed his peculiar gifts of sympathetic rhetoric and animating narrative better than on the simplest occasions. A sermon I heard him preach at this time in a village workhouse was singularly full of felicity and feeling. Every sentiment expressed produced the effect desired. Not a word was wasted, or could have been improved upon. In the drawing-room the same evening he showed a simple and kindly humour, reminding one of Sidney Smith. "Bishop," said a little girl, nestling up to him, "why do they all call you 'Soapy Sam'?" "Because, my dear" (patting her head), "I am always getting into hot water and always come out with my hands clean." *Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerint.* After all these years I can scarcely hope this has not found its way into print before. As, however, the present writer heard it, so he gives it.

The Barter whose portrait is now engraved in these pages, he of Balliol and Sarsden, the special friend of his diocesan, Samuel Wilberforce, was of shorter stature than either of his two brothers. His fondness for horses was common, not only to his family, but to the whole ecclesiastical set to which he belonged. The twentieth-century ritualism is generally Radical, often Socialistic on its political side. The nineteenth-century high churchism began by being more intensely Tory than Disraeli's Young Englandism. One of Keble's curates was moved to tears on hearing that Peel's Free Trade measures, which placed food in the peasant's mouth, would compel the great landlord of the district, a high-minded, if aristocratic, Christian, to put down one of his carriage horses. The transcendental idea of the gentleman, which was the basis of the old-fashioned Toryism, also lay at the root of the early Anglicanism,

and caused R. H. Froude to be the most reactionary Tory of his time. "Fancy," he exclaimed, *à propos* of one of the new M.P.s after 1832, "a gentleman not knowing Greek." The second brother of the remarkable family now mentioned was a fellow of Oriel together with the most famous leaders of the Oxford Movement. Their ideas of Church and State were also his. His love of, and skill with, horses was largely shared by them. The notion of Newman in his Oriel days being wholly given over to a sort of monastic rule is entirely false. He and Richard Hurrell Froude did indeed, at least for a time, succeed in expelling the after-dinner port from the Oriel common-room. But the "Oriel tea-pot" is a myth. So is the story that the Oriel man of those days, when dining out, was asked by the waiter behind his chair, "which tea he would take, black or green?" That, if true, would have only marked the reaction from the Oriel of an earlier and semi-civilised epoch. Like other foundations, that college had gone through its dark ages. Before the provostship of Coplestone, a courtly scholar of the old style, who became Bishop of Llandaff, Oriel enjoyed no reputation, either for the culture of its fellows, or the intelligence and bearing of its undergraduates. Coplestone's accomplishments and administration made it, for the first time in its history, a centre of Oxford, and even English, intellect. Then it was that it used to be reverentially whispered that "the Oriel common-room was like heaven." A generation or two earlier, the occupants of that common-room were men, mostly, if not all of them, in orders, who had dined at the high table in hall as early as four or five, who then went up-stairs for their pipes and ale till six or seven, and then returned to more tobacco, to the accompaniment of brandy-and-water.

REV. GEORGE SWEET ESCOTT

In my undergraduate days the regenerated and intellectual Oriel of the Coplestonian era did not seem to have departed into the region of very ancient history. The low church Edward Hawkins, who had owed his provostship to John Henry Newman's vote for him as against Keble, still pervaded the High Street, always in his cap and gown, generally carrying with him an overgrown family umbrella. The most picturesque survivor of the old Oriel set was the then Vicar of St. Mary's, J. W. Burgon, who died Dean of Chichester. "If," he once remarked to me, "Anglicanism was our foible, horsemanship might certainly be called our forte. Your own kinsman, W. B. Barter, in the excellence of his turn-out, yielded to no sporting noble, riding out of the Canterbury gate to a meet of the Bicester or Heythrop hounds." If Hurrell Froude and Newman had not been, like Barter, brought up in the saddle, they were both experienced and skilful riders. One day, on the occasion of an expedition to Blenheim, Burgon indicated to me the exact line of country which, in a point-to-point match, he had himself seen Froude and Newman take, roughly speaking, between the Blenheim Park gates and a windmill or some other spot, in the neighbouring village of Churchill. Oxford, in the nineteenth century's second half, still remained more or less of a cloister. The married fellow and tutor was only beginning to be known. His children were not yet old enough to take the air with their nursemaids in perambulators through the parks. It was therefore easier than it would be to-day to realise the visions called up by Burgon's most interesting talk. One could easily fancy one actually witnessed the strong presence of Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, then of Oriel or St. Alban's Hall, taking his string of dogs for a walk round Christchurch meadows, carrying several balls as playthings for them, and, when they reached the Cherwell, calling a halt, putting them through a series of little

performances, and lecturing them, as if they too were frolicsome undergraduates. Since the days of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Whately must have been the heaviest feeder possessed by the University; he ate so quickly, as well as so largely, that mincemeat, or some easily swallowed viands of that sort, were specially provided when it was known he was going to dine. "It is for the principal (of St. Alban's Hall), sir," the servant observed to the helper, when the plate was brought round; and the portion had to be repeated. Newman was not only at one time Whately's second-in-command at St. Alban's Hall, he remained for years his most intimate friend, almost indeed till the day came when they spoke to each other for the last time, nor ever again interchanged words during the seven years that they so often passed each other in the street. Newman greatly admired Coplestone's prelections, delivered in the Chair of Poetry; he read them with his favourite pupils again and again, pleasantly pointing out where the Latinity was Coplestonian, rather than Ciceronian. In the same way, *à propos* of Whately's logic, he congratulated its author on having written a most interesting book, and one in which there was no logic.

your faithful Servant
J Keble

Barter of Oriel not only accompanied the earliest Tractarians in their rides, he was also himself a contributor to the *Tracts for the Times* as well as, independently of this, a most voluminous writer. A great friend of the Lord Carnarvon who, in reference to the Grey Reform Bill, said that every man who voted for it "must have a traitor's heart in his body and a fool's head on his shoulders," Mr. Barter long held the Rectory of Burghclere and Highclere. Exemplary as a parish priest, he published in 1851 a large volume of essays, or rather pamphlets, whose character may be inferred from some of their titles:—"In Defence of the Christian Sabbath; the Church, her Priesthood and her Sacraments," "Lord Morpeth's Remarks on the Tracts for the Times Considered," "On the Exeter Hall Agitation," "The English Church not in Schism," "The Gainsaying of Core," "A Solemn Warning to those who pervert the Doctrine of Special Grace." The preface to these discourses contains words justifying, it would seem, what has been said here about the old high churchmen—"I have written the following tracts during the most momentous period of the English Church. I am a country clergyman, totally unconnected with any party of that Church, and therefore wholly unsupported by any portion of the religious press of the country." By those who knew both intimately, the present writer has been told that, in all ecclesiastical matters, the theory and practice of the Rev. W. B. Barter of Oriel and the Rev. George S. Escott were identical. The latter of these two, my uncle, died, I suppose, a generation ago, and was known to me from my infancy. How far the high churchmanship of these men implied the doctrines which ritualism symbolises, it is not for me to say. What I know, as a fact, is that the decorative externals of neo-Anglicanism were as foreign to these representative Anglo-Catholics as they were to Newman and Pusey themselves, at the time when the former became Vicar of St. Mary's,—a fact for which, at the outset of these remarks,

Photo by *Hills and Saunders, Oxford*

ARCHDEACON DENISON

Dr. Pusey's authority has been cited in the exact words that came from his lips.

Apart from the spiritual faiths, of which the neo-Anglican ceremonial is said to be the outward and visible expression, the chief connecting link between the high churchmen of the Oxford Movement and those who pose as their successors to-day is of a social character. There was, as has been seen, as little of the ritualist as of the ascetic in the representative clerics of the old school, of whom I have been able to speak here, from personal or family knowledge, and from the facts imparted to me in many conversations by Dr. Burgon and others equally trustworthy. With the conspicuous exception of John Keble, the first Oxford Anglicans moved a good deal in the best society of their time. The author of the *Christian Year*, whose private conversation with chosen friends was said to consist of brilliants and amethysts, had nothing of the man of the world about him. In general company he signally lacked readiness, tact, good breeding and that politeness which St. Paul commended, and which has been defined as generosity in small things. Some of his followers made a point of cultivating this *gaucherie* and angularity; it became a mark of spirituality. Concerning that last quality, one of the old Oxford school, mentioned to me by Burgon, by a naïvely caustic and uncharitably inaccurate generalisation, remarked, "I wonder how it is that all those who, in after life, became famous for spirituality of character were in their boyhood most extraordinary liars." The social bluntness of the early Anglican, and especially the Oriel, school scarcely promoted the agreeableness of some of its members. Generally, however, they appeared in many drawing-rooms and dining-rooms where they might not have been expected. Lord Holland's "pet Atheist," Allen, was a special friend of Blanco White, the versatile theologian who, starting from the darkest spot of Spanish popery, travelling *viâ* the Church of England, landed himself in Unitarianism, but found time to write by the way that sonnet to "Night," which ranks with the very finest compositions of its kind in the English language. The art of saying clever things was cultivated in unbroken succession by the Oxford high churchmen from Cardinal Newman to the late Canon Liddon. The Dean of an ordinary Oxford college is a subordinate officer, chosen from the fellows to keep order within the college walls. The Dean of Christchurch is a Cathedral dignity as well as the head of the most famous of Oxford foundations. Tyler was the unpopular Dean of Oriel in Newman's day; he was charged with having written to the great Dean of Christchurch, Gaisford, "The Dean of Oriel presents his compliments to the Dean of Christchurch." Commenting on that form of words, Gaisford was said to have murmured, "Alexander the Coppersmith to Alexander the Great sendeth greeting." This reminds one of Liddon's *mot* to the first head of Keble College. The then Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, had sent his son Hassan to study at Oxford. Dr. Talbot, a fine scholar but a bad coachman, took him out for a drive and upset the vehicle into a ditch, insuring a great shaking to its occupants. A few days later, Dr. Talbot, driving by himself, met Liddon, walking, and offered him a lift. In a moment came the witty answer, "Wilt thou slay me as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday?"

The men of the Oxford Movement, now glanced at, have been called the great spiritualising forces in the first half of the nineteenth century. They may have been

so, but not exactly in the manner traditionally supposed. The one evangelical centre in Oxford of any importance during the Tractarian epoch was St. Edmund's Hall, then presided over by Hill, a good scholar and, in intellectual strength, not inferior to Newman or Whately. After Newman had disappointed his admirers by getting only a third class below the line, the lowest honour possible, he attempted no academic rehabilitation by trying for any of the University prizes. Together with Bowden, however, he wrote a poem on the Bartholomew Massacre designed, as in the preface he said, to show Rome in its true colours. This composition was hailed by many evangelicals as fulfilling the early promise which they had always seen in the writer. Independently of the Calvinistic element in his home education, Newman first made himself a spiritual power at Oxford by exactly the same methods as Wesley pursued, when a fellow of Lincoln. Newman's election to an Oriel fellowship was immediately followed by Bible-classes and prayer-meetings after the pattern of Wesley's. In spite, therefore, of himself, it was as an evangelical teacher, not as a high churchman, that this remarkable man equipped some of his best disciples for their work. Soon after his secession to Rome, the services in Tractarian churches began to assume the ornamental character which has since been called ritualistic. George Anthony, Archdeacon Denison, like Barter of Cornworthy, may be credited to the "squarson" class. Even his high churchism long confined itself to an intolerance of the temporal power's interference in spiritual matters. The proceedings taken against him and their practical failure resulted in an alliance between himself and the disciples of Mr. Bryan King, the earliest champion of the prohibited vestments. From that time and that incident rather than from the Oxford Anglicans in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century, must be dated the rise of the ritualism that is with us to-day.

Problems of Bible Translation

BY F. KLICKMANN

SINCE the English language has become the general medium for commercial transactions throughout the globe, it is difficult for the Englishman, accustomed to find his mother-tongue suffice his needs in the world's great centres, to realise how far-reaching are the results of Babel. Were he asked to name the chief languages of the world, a score or so would possibly exhaust his list. Yet the Bible, or some portion of it, has been translated into over 400 languages, while it is estimated that there are considerably over 1000 languages in which, as yet, the Scriptures have never spoken.

At the present time, to proceed from any one spot in the hinterland of Africa, making it a centre for excursions in all directions, every ten or fifteen miles will bring one to tribes speaking dialects that are mutually unintelligible. How far this state of affairs hinders the spread of the Gospel can only be dimly surmised.

The foremost agency which is grappling with this problem is the Bible Society, which has rightly been described as the world's greatest philological institution. Its historical list of versions includes no less than 370 different languages, a large proportion representing tongues which had not previously been reduced to written form.

On the shelves of the famous Library at the Bible House are 10,000 copies of the Scriptures in over 400 different languages. The majority of these volumes are the result of years of hardship, drudgery and peril. The difficulties which confront the translator are many. Not only has he to spend toilsome years in acquiring the strange speech, but in many instances he goes in constant danger of his life at the hands of the very people whom he is seeking to benefit. A striking example is the case of Dr. Morrison, the pioneer Protestant missionary to China. When he arrived in

DR. MORRISON AND HIS CHINESE HELPERS

Canton in 1807, for the especial purpose of translating the Scriptures, he had to work with the utmost secrecy, since even the best-known foreign merchants were allowed to reside in Canton (unaccompanied by their wives) only for one half of the year; the other half they had to live in the Portuguese settlement of Macao, while the death-penalty was over any native who assisted a foreigner in the study of the language. Morrison entered Canton in a business capacity, and became translator to the East India Company, who provided him with a hiding-place where he could carry on the Bible translation. This was in a warehouse, used for the storage of merchandise, which was lighted by small windows in the roof. A low tunnel, through which a man could creep, was constructed of boxes and bales from the door, for about half the length of the building, then up to the roof and back to the gable, then down to the floor on the other side, and on to the end of the wall; in this way it wandered on and on, a perfect maze, till it ended in a corner where boxes were built up so as to form a shaft to the skylight. There Morrison worked, with two Chinese scholars whose confidence he had gained, until the colossal task he had undertaken was completed. He dared not ask the natives to his house, and so great was their dread of detection that they never came to assist him without bringing arsenic in order to poison themselves should they be discovered by the Mandarins. The preparation of this Chinese Bible cost the Society £10,000.

It has been well said that "the difficulty of translating would be made more apparent to the mind if a man imagined how he would find means of communicating with the inhabitants if he were cast upon an island inhabited by uncivilised people. The first thing he would do would be to learn the names of things in common use. In this way he would gradually get a certain number of words which he would very carefully write down. Then he would probably find out that the people, as in certain islands of the Pacific, were in the habit of hunting for heads, and that on the return from a raid

they exhibited these heads as a proof of their prowess. If he tried to teach them better things, and to get them to understand the blessings of peace, he would discover that they had no word to represent that idea; the only word that would in any way approach the meaning of peace was one denoting a truce from fighting. He would also discover that these people were very suspicious, and that they would think he had some occult design upon them. It would be a considerable time before he could allay that suspicion. He would try to induce an attitude of trust, but would find that they had no word for trust. If he tried to speak to them of trust in a Higher Being, he would find that they had no word to represent the idea of God; as they did not believe in God, they had no word which conveyed the idea of the Creator to their minds. It would probably be a few years before any word could be found to represent to them what the Bible meant by faith." In short, it is impossible to find in the language of a savage people any words to represent the cardinal ideas of the Christian religion. These have to be taught, and it is often a long while before the teaching can be successfully carried out.

Photo by *Barraud*

BISHOP STEERE

1828—1883, of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, who translated the New Testament into Swahili.

One great difficulty in Bible translation is the rendering into another tongue of ideas and words for which there is no equivalent. When translating the Scriptures into the Eskimo language, the missionary had to render "the Lamb of God" as "the little Seal of God," since sheep were unknown in Labrador, whereas seals were familiar objects to the natives. In some regions the sheep are entirely black, hence the difficulty in translating "white as wool." In many parts of the world fig-trees, camels, snow, ice, and scores of other things of which mention is constantly made in the Bible, are totally unknown. In Idzo, the language of the delta of the river Niger, there is no word for girl or sister.

In the early stages of his work, the missionary—and the work of translating the Scriptures is largely carried out by missionaries—is compelled to rely to some extent on native assistance, until he himself becomes more familiar with the language.

In New Britain the translator was seeking some native idiom to convey the idea of a binding oath, when a chief suggested that the desired phrase was, "I would rather speak to my wife's mother than do such and such a thing."

In New Guinea another translator was wrestling with the word "Love," and asked his native assistant what term he would use to express his fondness for whatever he held dearest on earth. The native promptly supplied the missing word. Later, the missionary was appalled to find that the word he had used signified to the natives "a liking for putrid meat." In British Columbia a missionary wanted his catechist to translate "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." This was done to the satisfaction of all concerned, but ultimately the missionary found to his horror that it had been rendered, "A hat that never wears out"!

Again, confusion can easily arise from the fact that a phrase, if translated literally, will sometimes convey to the native mind a totally different meaning from the one intended. Dr. William Hooper had some curious experiences in this respect while translating the Old Testament into Hindi. In Isaiah xxxv. 15, one of the characteristics of him who "shall dwell on high," is that he "shaketh his hands from holding bribes."

The Hebrew word for "shaketh" implies a jerking of the hand with a view to dashing anything in it to the ground. Hence the passage was rendered, "he that, if a bribe is slipped into his hand, dashes it down." The Pandits who were reading and criticising the translation said, "We know what you mean by this, but most people would conclude that the man was dissatisfied with the bribe offered, and dashed it to the ground in disdain in order to secure a larger one."

When the translators came to Joshua xxiii. 14, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you," the Pandit said, "Then did Jehovah speak bad things concerning them, and did they fail?" So, after a discussion, the translators decided to put, "Not one thing hath failed of all the things which Jehovah your God of His great goodness spake concerning you."

Still more surprising was the Pandit's comment on Gen. xlvi. 4, "Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes," which obviously implies *closing the eyes* after death. This was how Dr. Hooper and his colleagues rendered it, forgetting that the Hindus have not this custom. After a time the Pandit relieved his mind thus: "I can't understand this story of Joseph. He seems such a good son, and his father so fond of him. How comes it then that they have a stand-up fight, and Joseph, being the stronger, hits his father on the eye so hard as to close it?" There was no help for it but to render the passage simply "Joseph shall conduct thy funeral ceremonies."

That the work of translating and revising the Scriptures is lengthy and tedious is evidenced by the following cases. Henry Nott, the companion of John Williams, spent twenty years in Tahiti in order to acquire the language, and another twenty years in translating the Scriptures into Tahitian. The recent revision of the Malagasi Bible took over ten years to accomplish. A missionary devoted twenty years to translating the New Testament into Matabele. The first 500 copies printed were captured by rebel Matabele and used by the braves for headgear.

Photo by *Elliott & Fry*

REV. ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D. (1795—1883)

L.M.S. Missionary in South Africa, who translated the whole Bible into Sechuana

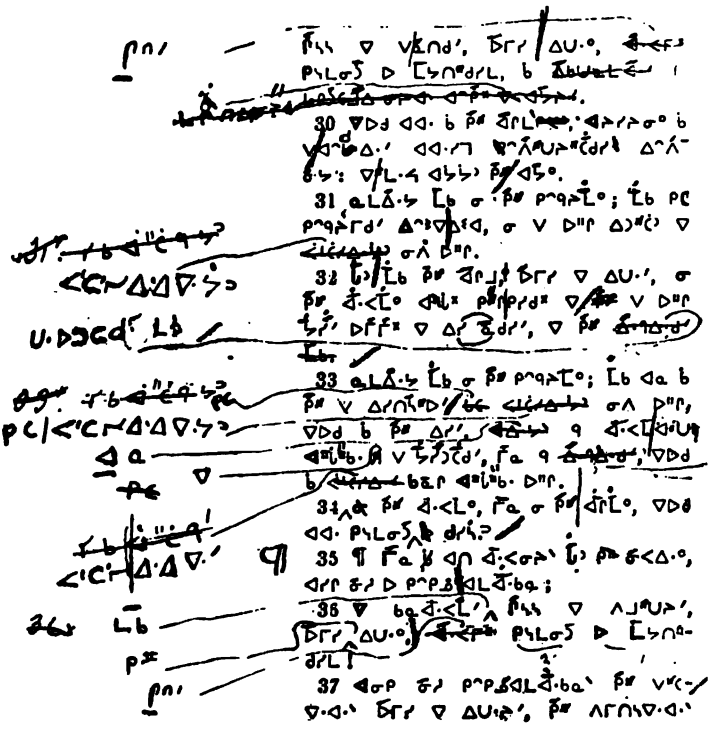
To-day about one thousand missionary translators and native assistants are engaged in different parts of the globe, their work being supervised by the Bible Society and carried on mainly at its expense, and of these it may be truly said that the sun never rests on their labours. So long as there is a tribe without the Word of God in a language they can understand, the Bible Society will endeavour to supply their need, and so long as there is an incomplete or a tentative version, no effort must be spared to render it as perfect as possible.

Among the many versions being dealt with at the present moment is the revision of the Cree Bible. This is being carried out by Archdeacon Mackay, of the C.M.S., who has laboured for forty years among the Cree Indians in Saskatchewan. In a corner of the Library at the Bible House he is now devoting the whole of his time to the important task. He anticipates that it will take him about a year to accomplish the revision. An interesting feature in connexion with this is the fact that he is working with a typewriter that has been fitted up with the Cree syllabic signs—truly a strange mingling of the modern and the primeval!

But when the books are completed and

sent out to the nations the toil is all forgotten in the joy of finding the Seed springing up and bearing fruit in the most unexpected places. Even when the people cannot read themselves, the Word of God read to them in their own tongue is able to do its own work.

The early Moravian missionaries to Greenland had laboured on for years, as it seemed, in vain, without winning a single convert among the dull-witted Eskimo. One day four natives drew near to watch a missionary who was translating the Gospel. "Tell us what you write," they asked. So he read aloud the account of the Agony in the Garden. As he read, the Spirit of the Lord fell on his hearers. They covered their mouths with their hands in sign of wonder, and one man cried out, "Tell me that again, for I also would be saved." He became the first Christian Eskimo.



PART OF A PAGE OF THE CREE BIBLE, WITH CORRECTIONS, AS IT IS NOW BEING REVISED BY ARCHDEACON MACKAY

Archdeacon Mackay recently told the writer of this article the following account of the conversion of a whole family of Indians through the reading of passages from a Cree Testament. "Some years ago, while in charge of a Mission Station on the Churchill River, about three hundred miles north of Prince Albert on the Saskatchewan, I had occasion to visit the latter place in the month of January. After I had accomplished about one-third of the distance, I happened on an Indian camp, and as a heavy fall of snow had nearly obliterated the track, I thought it advisable to secure the services of one of the young Indian men to walk ahead of the dogs drawing the sleigh. The last two hundred miles of the journey occupied nine days. We were always thoroughly wearied when we camped each night in the snow. Every night before we lay down to rest I read in Cree to my companion by the light of the fire a portion from a New Testament which I carried in my pocket, and then offered a few words of prayer. When we reached the end of the journey I paid the young man for his services, and he returned to his friends, and I thought no more about the matter. It was no unusual experience in those days.

"Next winter I was travelling the same road again with another young Indian. Presently we fell on a fresh snowshoe track, and as it led in the direction in which we were travelling we followed the track. After walking some distance we saw the blue smoke curling upwards from a wigwam near some tall pines. When we reached the wigwam I took off my snowshoes and entered. I found that it was occupied by the parents of the young man who had accompanied me the winter before. When I shook hands with them the woman burst into tears. Knowing the ways of the Indians, I said nothing, but quietly sat down and waited. The man smoked his pipe in silence for some time, and then he spoke. He said, 'I have waited for you here. When you passed last winter my son accompanied you. He is no longer with us. He sleeps over there,' pointing towards the opposite side of the lake, 'but

S. JOHN III. 16.

Oír is mar so do ghrádhuigh Día an domhan, go dtug sé a éinghein Meic fein, ionnus gidh bé chreideas ann, nach rachadh sé a mugha, achd go mbeith an bheatha shiorruidhe aige.

IRISH (ROMAN CHARACTERS)

Canys felly y carodd Duw y byd, fel y rhoddodd efe ei unig-anedig Fab, fel na choller pwy bynnag a gredo ynddo ef, ond caffael o hono fywyd tragywyddol.

WELSH

Na, koia ano te aroha o te Atua ki te ao, homai ana e ia tana Tamaiti ko tahi, kia kahore ai e mate te tangata e whakapono ana ki a ia, engari kia whiwhi ai ki te oranga tonutanga.

MAORI

Siōng-tè chiong tòk siⁿ ê kiáⁿ hō· sè-kan; sìn i ê lâng ˜m sái tîm-lûn, oē tit-tióh éng oáh; I thià sè-kan án-ni

CHINESE (AMOY): ROMAN CHARACTERS

Kale, omusana gwamwe gwake bwegutyo mu maso ga bantu, balabe ebigambo ebirungi bye mukola balioke bagulumize Kitamwe ali mu gulu.—

GANDA (THE LANGUAGE OF UGANDA)

کیونکہ خدا نے دنیا کو ایسا پیار کیا ہی کہ اُسنے اپنا اِکلوتا بیٹا دے دیا
تاکہ جو کوئی اُسپر ایمان لاوے ہلاک نہ ہووے بلکہ حیات ابدی پاوے

HINDUSTANI (ARABIC CHARACTERS)

before he left us he often spoke of the good words that he heard from you while he was travelling with you, and he left a message for you. He said, "Tell the Praying Chief that I am thankful I accompanied him last winter, and I thank him for the good words I heard from him. I heard of One who can save all who trust in Him, and I am trusting in Him to save me." And then,' the old man proceeded, 'he told me and his mother and brothers and sisters to try to follow Him, and this is what I have waited here for, to give you the message from my boy, and to tell you that we all want to follow Him.' "

The following literal translation of a letter just received at the Bible House speaks for itself. It is from a small congregation of native Tibetan Christians in connexion with the Moravian Mission at Leh, a town in Little Tibet, 11,500 feet above the sea level:—

"The object of our writing to those friends at London who are furthering religious teaching (the Bible Society) is this. According to Bishop La Trobe's letter you are causing the Bible to be printed in different languages, in order to spread it everywhere. So you have also kindly thought of the people who live in Tibet, in the snow-covered mountains of the Himalayas. You had the Scriptures translated into Tibetan and then printed in type. Here, in our Ladakh congregation, all the old ones, as well as the young ones, even the children, everybody finds it now easy to read and clear to understand. Therefore do we—Zacharia, Shamuel (the writer of the letter), Jonathan, and all the other of our little Christian community in this place, all old and young—thank you, our friends of the Bible Society, very much. Though we brethren here are weak and unlearned, our missionaries make us all, adults and children, read the Scriptures continually, and by their explaining them to us clearly we get to comprehend the meaning of them more fully from day to day, and we are thankful for it.

"By your serving Jesus Christ our Saviour with all your soul and mind, you have not only caused us unintelligent ones great joy, but we also wish now from the bottom of our hearts to serve our Lord to our best ability.

"And now, you brethren, that you may always be able to serve God, may strength and wisdom, a pure heart, and good counsel be given to you by our Lord, and may He bless all the work which you are doing. Amen.

"Whatever may come upon us in this life, be it joy or grief, may we all be able to depart this life unseparated from the love of Christ, which passeth all knowledge.

"Sent from Leh the 13th of August 1903, by

"OLD ZACHARIA,
SHAMUEL (the writer of the letter),
JONATHAN,
and all others, young and old.'

In celebrating its Centenary the Bible Society is asking for special donations from Christian people all over the world in order that it may be enabled to send God's Message to the millions of people who yet sit in darkness, with not so much as a single line of the Scriptures in their own tongue. If all who possess Bibles of their own would give according to their ability, the sum asked for—250,000 guineas—could be raised over and over again. All donations sent to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour* will be duly acknowledged in these pages.

From the picture by *Hans Volkmer*

UNDER THE SPELL OF POETRY

German Municipal Effort and the Dresden "Towns" Exhibition

BY LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.

MANY years before Diocletian became Roman Emperor, when, in fact, he was merely the humble centurion Diocles, a waiting-maid on one occasion said to him, "Nothing will ever become of you, for you spend no money;" to which he replied, "I shall spend a great deal of money when I am an Emperor." "On what?" queried his critic, somewhat sarcastically. "On the embellishment of cities, which represent the wealth and prosperity of a nation." And Diocles kept his word, for all over the Empire which he ruled magnificent buildings sprang up, and the palace which he had constructed for himself at Salona, though now a ruin, bears conclusive evidence of the grandeur of his architectural ideas.

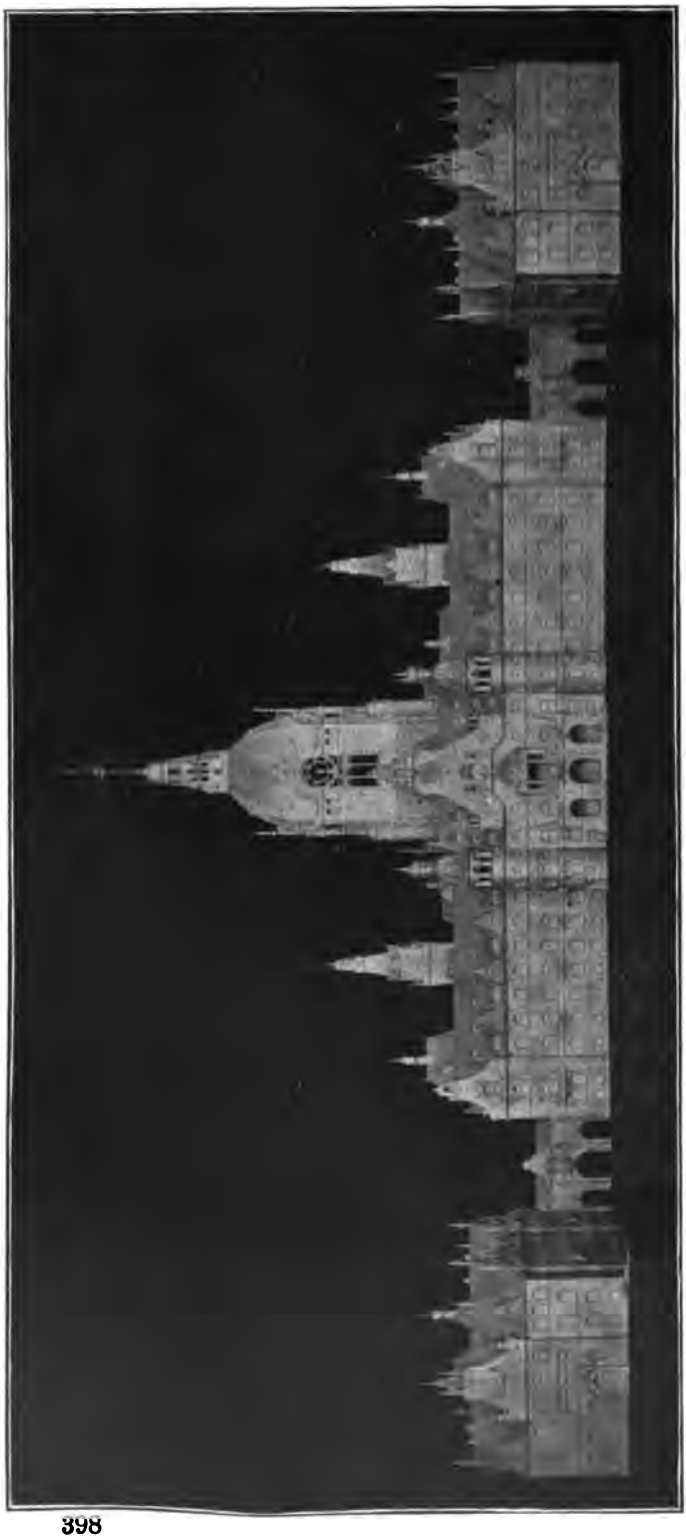
What Diocletian did many centuries ago has been done by others in more modern times, for the erection of large and imposing buildings specially intended for the use of the community at large is one of the most striking features of general progress, especially during the last sixty or seventy years. This remark applies more or less to all civilised countries, but at the same time it is safe to say that nowhere has this been more apparent than in Germany. Some of the most famous of German towns rose into power and opulence in the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—that is, after the time of the Crusades, to put it briefly—and attained such a position that Pope Pius II., Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, could scarcely find words strong enough—"Where is a German inn," he exclaims, "at which silver plate is not used? What citizen woman, not necessarily noble, does not adorn herself with gold ornaments?"—to express his admiration of German municipal life as it was at that time. Unfortunately, however, this flourishing condition did not remain stationary, for a marked retrogression soon made its appearance, so much so indeed that the towns, taking them as a whole, became impoverished, the municipal spirit slumbered, and very little, as a matter of fact, was done either for the health of the community or the appearance of the place in which they lived. But early in the eighteenth century, even before the close of the tremendous struggle in which nearly all the energies of Europe were engaged for a considerable period, there took place what may be termed a conspicuous revival of municipal enterprise, a fact which no historian could have more beautifully recorded than is illustrated by the well-known poem of von Schenkendorff, in which he sings of the importance of the development in cities of culture and social enterprise. Subsequently, however, the tendency was hindered somewhat by internal and external trouble of various kinds, but it is gratifying to note that since the time of the Franco-German War it has gone on unchecked. Of course thirty-two years is but a short time, comparatively speaking, in the history of a municipality, but the work of a municipal character which has been accomplished in Germany since the year 1871 has been simply enormous This is a most important matter as far as the future destinies of the Fatherland are concerned, for in no other country on the continent of Europe are there—I believe—so many great towns as there are within the German Empire. Fortunately for the country, though the nobility have been, and particularly so in the early part of the last century, content to immure themselves in their castles and there study literature, music and the fine arts, the energetic men who have done so much to make Germany what she is to-day—I am referring to the wealthy merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and so on—have shown a remarkable readiness to devote some of their time, of which they have not too much to spare, to the consideration and management of the public affairs of the community in

[1] Copyright in United States of America, by Dr. Louis Elkind.

which they reside. As examples of this one may mention Hamburg and Nuremburg, both of them splendidly governed cities, in each of which the administrative body is largely composed of the ablest practical men. From this class a great many of the mayors, who are more or less permanent officials, have been obtained, men who, as is usually the case, have shown unusual capacity as lawyers, and who are thus peculiarly fitted to take the leading part in the management of somewhat complicated affairs. It has been found that the experience gained in municipal administration serves as an excellent preparation for statesmanship, and several very able Ministers of the Crown, including the late Herr von Miquel, Minister of Finance, who was Burgomaster of Frankfort prior to his joining the Cabinet, first attracted notice as members of a municipal council chamber. In writing on this point one is naturally reminded of Mr. Chamberlain, who, before he entered Parliamentary life, had earned a well-deserved reputation as an admirable organiser of municipal affairs.

Three-quarters of a century, it might be said half a century ago, the corporate life of a borough or a city was little more than a name. As likely as not the only municipal building was a town-hall. There was no free library, no market-house, no baths, no infirmary, the gas and water supply came from a private company; and had any one declared that it was the duty of the municipal authorities to place at the disposal of the public, say, an omnibus service, he would have been regarded as a visionary, and, no doubt, his tendencies would have been looked upon as those of a pronounced Socialist. But totally different ideas prevail now-a-days. Everything that can possibly be done to make a town an agreeable and convenient place to live in is carried out, no matter how enormous the cost may be. In every German town of some considerable size the municipality owns or manages the schools, the hospitals, the baths and washhouses, the parks, the tramway and telephone services and the fire brigade, the water, gas and electric supplies, an assembly-room, a theatre, an art gallery, and, of course, a town-hall. But the mere establishment of these institutions is not

MODEL OF THE TOWN-HALL IN BIELEFELD



NEW TOWN-HALL IN HANOVER

everything, for something besides utility is striven for; happily, the authorities never lose sight of the fact that their work should be conducted with the fullest possible regard for æsthetics and hygiene. This is no light task, and involves much anxiety, for, apart from every other consideration, the attractiveness and tastefulness of the public buildings are, to a very considerable extent, a reflection of the degree of culture to which the citizens have attained.

With the principal object of showing how far the municipal idea, as it may be called, has developed in Germany, an exhibition of a unique character was recently held in Dresden—"the German Florence," as Herder, the great poet, was wont to call it.

This exhibition, called "The Dresden 'Towns' Exhibition," was opened, as it may be mentioned from the historic point of view, on the 28th of May, 1903, and closed at the beginning of October. Whatever anticipations of success its promoters may have formed, their expectations were certainly far below the actual results. Half the cost had been covered at the end of three weeks, and at the beginning of July—that is, about six weeks after the opening day—the receipts amounted to a sum equal to the total outlay of the

venture up till then, and therefore the proceeds of the last twelve weeks, less working expenses, were profit. What the dividend on the capital is to be has not yet been made known, but in all probability it will be well over one hundred per cent. The exhibition served a double purpose, for, apart from the object in view already mentioned, it brought about an exchange of ideas, not verbally but illustratively, between the municipal authorities of different towns, a circumstance which, as there is every reason to assume, will do much to bring about a general improvement in the present prevailing conditions, which are by no means all that might be desired. Further, it brought forth evidence of the closeness with which municipal affairs are being watched by the Imperial Government, for among the many distinguished people who visited Dresden for the purpose of seeing the exhibition was Count von Bülow, who was the chief patron of the undertaking. The Imperial Chancellor spent a long time in the buildings, and, after examining carefully as much as he could, made a speech in which he said that the exhibition had afforded him unusual interest and pleasure.

Coming now to details, it may be said that there was on exhibition either examples of or models of practically everything which is of importance to municipal well-being. There were the latest appliances for fighting the flames, examples of the most convenient, attractive, and well-fitted tramway cars, and various specimens of the best means of public illuminations; there were public ambulances, telephones, and a thousand and one other things; but what attracted most attention—a fact to which the great success of the exposition is in no small measure due—were the perfectly finished models of town-halls, churches, hospitals, and crematoria. Everything was so well and methodically arranged that even the person who had paid very little attention to such subjects would gain a very good idea of municipal effort from what he saw, while the man who had some

NEW TOWN-HALL IN LEIPZIG

particular knowledge, especially if he were a technical student, had brought home to him not only a clear perception of what had been done, but some idea of what can and will be done in the future.

This more or less complete survey of municipal achievement, effort, and ideals was divided into eight sections, each of which was sub-divided. The regulation of traffic, lighting, the police and police-courts, ordinary and model dwelling-houses, public education, the care of the poor and the sick, benevolent institutions and charity schools, savings banks, the financial administration of municipalities, rates and taxes, municipal pawnshops, the construction of shops and offices, infectious and common diseases and their prevention and cure, safeguards against fire, parks and open spaces, the growth of towns—these, together with the features already mentioned, are among the numerous matters of municipal life which the exhibition illustrated, and, as one may say, illuminated, and as one hundred and twenty-eight communities, including practically the whole of the towns and cities of any particular size, contributed officially, it can well be understood how complete and thoroughly representative the whole display was.

In the midst of so much that was interesting, the models of the town-halls undoubtedly received the greatest amount of attention, partly because of their intrinsic worth, partly because a town-hall is in almost every case the most important building of a town, the heart, as it were, of a community. Some of these models reproduced in wonderful perfection of detail the external appearance of really splendid structures, and none more so than those sent from Bielefeld, Hanover, and Leipzig, photographic illustrations of which are here given. The Bielefeld model was specially interesting from the fact that it represented the first attempt to unite, satisfactorily and with pleasing effect, a municipal theatre to the town-hall. The theatre, it will be noticed, stands to the right in the photograph and is not in the same style as the larger building, the two being designed by different architects of high repute. Both styles are German, though that of the theatre is the more so of the two, and they present an appearance which is certainly not inharmonious. It may be wondered why two such structures should be put together in this way. The reason is none other than the desire to obtain a large and imposing effect. There is at least one other great composite building in Germany erected by the municipality, and that is in Nuremburg. A model of it was exhibited. It consists of a theatre and a large assembly-hall, the former being to the right. The two are joined by a transverse building, which contains a vestibule and cloak-rooms attached to the assembly-hall, and lavatory and crush-room for the theatre. A large dome-covered structure allows of the necessary height above the stage, and this prominent feature of the whole building rendered necessary a tower of considerable height which is attached to the assembly-hall. The tower is merely of decorative value, being a counterweight to the dome. The effect gained, however, is splendid, the clear outlines and substantial grace of the composite structure being considerably heightened by these two prominences, which can be seen from many parts of the city. The citizens were very anxious that this building should be to them a source of legitimate pride, and a hot dispute raged in 1899 as to what style it should be built in. The Hanover town-hall, which has just been built at a cost of £300,000, is another splendid building. It is more like a Royal palace than the head-quarters of a municipality, for it displays the full symmetry of the Gothic Renaissance style and is expansively elegant to a degree. But of all German town-halls, perhaps none is so grand as that of Leipzig. It is massive, yet light, and the great tower springs from its centre boldly, clearly and majestically. And, moreover, it looks what it actually is: it could scarcely be taken for anything else than a town-hall: it was obviously built to serve several public purposes, and is well adapted for each one of them. Independent in outline, a close examination of the portrait will show that every part is in a different design and is differently shaped. Internally, it may be mentioned, the same characteristic is to be observed; the banqueting-hall, the councillors' chamber, the offices, and the other departments are each in a style which is suitable for the use to which it is put. The consequence is, that any one who makes a tour of inspection through the building is constantly receiving new impressions, and yet, despite this, there is no want of architectural harmony. The

Leipzig town-hall may be described as the show town-hall of the Fatherland.

Particularly interesting also were the models of schools, of which a large number were exhibited. The Berlin school-buildings have such a high reputation in Germany for their general excellence that most people expected to find the models of them the best of those shown. This, however, did not prove to be the case, for the general opinion was that the Munich models surpassed all the others. Munich has long been famous for buildings of much architectural beauty, and many very fine structures have been raised during quite recent years. Among these are a number of schools, seven of the most perfect kind having been erected in one year, namely, 1898. Each of these seven was reproduced in miniature form and exhibited at Dresden. But, nevertheless, it deserves to be pointed out that the Berlin models were, on the whole, very little inferior. Twelve of them represented schools built in the German capital recently, and though the style in each case is simple and practical, from every point of view, there is a grace and attractiveness which is very pleasing, hence the excellent impression they have made on the visitors.

A model of a striking character was that of the Brandenburg (Maerkisch) Museum in Berlin, a show place which is not nearly so well known either to Germans or to foreign visitors as it ought to be. This Museum attempts to illustrate as far as is possible the life, character, intellect, habits, pursuits, games, amusements, methods of warfare, and general characteristics of the people of Brandenburg in general, and Berlin in particular, of the past and the present, and the architect who designed the shell which holds the "Maerkisch" treasures and specimens was guided not only by the ambition to make the building thoroughly typical of Brandenburg—and he adopted the old Brandenburg style—but that each department of it should be in architectural harmony with its particular contents. Another notable model which attracted much attention and admiration was that of St. Martin's Hospital in Munich, an institution which is an asylum for aged or incapacitated priests of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to go over more than a very limited part of the ground covered by this most interesting exhibition, and only passing mention can be made of the exhibits of fire brigade appliances. Many of these showed wonderful ingenuity, and not a few identically similar ones were exhibited at Earl's Court last summer. The modern crematoria arrangements and structures were, on the whole, well represented, but, as it will be easily imagined, they were of a somewhat melancholy character, especially one of them, for it was an urn containing the ashes of a young American lady—she was only twenty—who by testament bequeathed what remained of her body after cremation to the Berlin Crematorium Society for the purpose of being publicly exhibited. It may not be out of place to record here that cremation, generally speaking, has made great strides in Germany of recent years, a fact well evidenced by the number of models of more modern crematoria exhibited at Dresden. Much literature bearing on the subject was disposed of, and there was by no means any lack of special lectures which dealt exhaustively with that subject.

Dresden was the ideal place for the holding of such an exhibition. It is conveniently situated, it is of splendid municipal traditions, it is surrounded by most romantic and beautiful country, and, as Count von Bülow said in his speech, which he delivered a few days before the exhibition was closed, namely, on September 24, 1903, "It is a city of magnificent modern buildings and immortal art treasures." Again, as to the progressive and enterprising spirit which, generally speaking, now prevails at Dresden, it is best illustrated by an interesting story, which is to the effect that a man from that city was sounding its praises at a public meeting held in the German capital. "Well," the "Berliner" suddenly interrupted the enthusiastic speaker, "I know all about it; I was down there quite recently." "Yes," replied the Dresden citizen. "This must have happened last week. You ought to see us now." And, further, I believe it was in reference to Dresden that Ludwig Uhland wrote down these beautiful words:

> "Als Knabe stieg ich in die Hallen
> Verlass'ner Burgen oft hinan,
> Durch alte Städte tät' ich wallen
> Und sah die hohen Münster an."

BY ROSE BOURDILLON

AMONGST the earliest of my recollections is that of Jonathan Mark.

He was a gardener, his master being a retired Colonel who had rented a quaint, old-fashioned house in one of the western counties.

Born and bred in that neighbourhood, Jonathan had small opinion of those who hailed, as he expressed it, from "furrin parts," by which he meant any place where the manners and customs differed from those about Oldfield.

Needless to say, his political views would have satisfied the Toriest among the Tories, and he was as rigidly opposed to all progressive movement as the most obstinate donkey in a fit of the sulks. With the villagers he was a great authority, noted as being remarkably smart and spry in everyday matters, and recognised by them as their political star, a much greater personage than the county member, whose existence was a very shadowy fact. Rarely did any one venture to contradict Jonathan when he expounded his views, on Saturday night, at the "Black Horse."

At Oldfield Manor things were different. There the young people led him a sad life. As long as they were children, he had felt free to order them out of his way whenever they got inconveniently into it, which happened most days. But now he was often hard put to it.

As soon as ever he had finished netting the strawberries, Master Bertie would come along, making straight for the beds, and proceed to enjoy a feast. After which off he would go, leaving the nets but half replaced, to the voracious joy of blackbirds, jays, and other greedy robbers. But what could be said to one so sunny and light-hearted as Bertie Blakiston, who whistled too as clearly as the blackbird himself?

Then there was Miss Lily, whom Jonathan would find busy with pencil and sketch-book in the very middle of the

carriage-drive, when he with his big wheelbarrow came round the corner, thinking to make the gravel "fit to be seen again."

How could he say anything, knowing what a pretty picture she would turn out, and when she appealed to him with her sweetest smile, saying, "I shall not be long, Jonathan. I do so want to finish this sketch."

Yet he went away with a sigh, aware from long experience what it meant when Miss Lily said she "would not be long."

If it occurred to him to fetch out the mowing-machine and give the lawn "a doing," he as likely as not found it in full possession of ardent tennis-players. Who could have the heart to disturb them? With a smile at his own expense, he would turn away and go off to the pig-sty to attend to the wants of its inmates. *There*, at least, he was safe from intrusion.

From all this, you will perceive that Jonathan was, in reality, a foolish, tender-hearted old man, who, although dominating the company at the "Black Horse," was, in his turn, ruled by the merry, affectionate young people at the Manor.

To Colonel Blakiston, his master, he was absolutely devoted, guarding his interests as zealously as old Captain, the watch-dog, guarded the house by day and night. Captain was no more jealous of intruders than was Jonathan; and both, truth to tell, were somewhat lacking in good manners towards strangers of whom they knew nothing.

When Captain Sidgwick, who had met Catherine Blakiston in London, first appeared at Oldfield Manor, Jonathan regarded him with strong suspicion, as though he were a wolf descending amongst sheep, and his replies to the Captain's friendly overtures could scarcely be termed encouraging.

Upon his second visit, the villagers, as the custom of villagers invariably has been, began to talk and to wonder "which of the young ladies the Cap'n is after," and the women sagely set their husbands to get at the facts through Jonathan. This they did as diplomatically as they knew how, knowing his watchfulness where "the family" was concerned. But men are sad bunglers. Jonathan saw through their devices, and a pitying scorn was all they received for their pains.

By this time the old man had graciously taken the Captain into his favour.

"Sure I was not born yesterday," he chuckled, "and I knows what it means when young folks wander out at night-times, just getting damp feet and laying up rheumatics for their old age. It weren't my fault I met them, with the poor cow took so bad I were bound to bide with her late. But the Cap'n, he did give me a look! I warrant I weren't much wanted just then."

The next day Jonathan again encountered the pair, Miss Catherine looking prettier than ever with her smiles and her blushes.

He had just left the orchard, having been in attendance upon the sick cow, now convalescent, and was for passing on stolidly, as though he had seen nothing of what was, evidently, not intended for his benefit. But the two stopped him.

"Jonathan," said Miss Catherine, "you are one of my oldest friends, and I want you to wish me joy. I have promised Captain Sidgwick that I will marry him."

"Sure, Miss Catherine, I'm terr'ble pleased at what makes you glad, and if you'll take an old man's blessing, it's certain you have mine. And you, sir," turning to her companion, "meaning no offence, we shall look to you to keep her contented, for we be all rare set on Miss Catherine."

"I will do my best, Jonathan," responded the Captain, while Miss Catherine laid her hand affectionately on the old man's arm.

"Well, I hopes, I'm sure I do, that it will turn out a success. But you can never tell about marriages, how they'll chance, any more than you can with the hay crops which promise so well, and then the wet sets in, and half of 'em are spoilt. Marriages do often seem to turn out just as contrairy."

"Well, Jonathan, ours is going to be like the very best hay crop, all that it should be." And Miss Catherine raised her bright face to the Captain, who was looking down proudly upon her.

"And I hope it may, miss. But don't 'ee make too sure! There's my Bill—he thought his missus would be all he could wish. But she has no idea how to cook his bacon as he's partial to it. He likes it thick and swimmin', and she cuts it thin and frizzles it up dry, so that Bill can't relish it nohow. There's a deal of peace lost in that house over them rashers."

Catherine laughed.

"Captain Sidgwick shall have his bacon as he likes it, Jonathan, I promise you.

We will never let any rashers come between us." And with a parting nod and smile to the old man she turned away, saying, "Is he not a dear old creature? How proud he will be to spread the news!"

A few days later Jonathan presented himself before his master with an unusually solemn face.

"May I make bold to speak to you, sir, on a pertickler business?"

He eyed the Colonel with some anxiety.

"Here I've got a letter from my brother—him as I've not seen for above fourteen years. He does a fine business in the pig line—amazing porkers he has—would make me stare, so he writes."

"And he wants you to go and see him at last?" said the Colonel, wishing to help the old man out with what appeared to be an embarrassing proposal. "We can easily settle that. A holiday would do you good, and Bill Johnson will be glad enough to take your place for a week."

"A week, sir! I could never bide away a whole week. Bill Johnson is all very well; but it ain't the same as when a man spends his days in working upon a place and his nights in dreaming of it. Only last night I dreamed the old sow had got out, 'cos I'd forgot to mend the hasp of that sty door, and I couldn't rest nohow, till I'd got up and seen if 'twere true or not. My wife were that worrited with me for fussing, and says she, 'I've lost patience with you and the old sow together!'"

The result of this interview was that the next morning saw Jonathan gazing from the window of a third-class compartment in a train bound for a distant county. Yet not even after fourteen years could his brother's company compensate him for the loss of his wonted occupations, and on the fifth morning he again made his appearance in the Manor garden.

In reply to his master's questions he waxed eloquent in praise of the pigs, declaring, however, that "as for the sows, there ain't one to beat our old one here, and so I tells my brother."

"It's curious now," he continued meditatively, "how set we both be on them critturs; I reckon the liking for 'em runs in families."

"No doubt they are interesting creatures when you know them and understand their ways," said the Colonel kindly.

"That they be, sir! There's a deal of comfort to be got out of 'em, a-poking and grunting round, if a man knows how to set about it. And if I was in trouble, I'd a deal sooner go to the sty for a bit of easement than call in the parson. I'd feel more at home like and see things straighter."

Months passed on and the wedding-day of Miss Catherine drew near. At the Manor all was preparation, and, at the last, the villagers were scarcely less busy. Children returned from the woods laden with baskets of moss or delicately fragrant primroses — Miss Catherine's favourite flowers—and loving hands decorated the old church.

Jonathan still occasionally indulged in lugubrious references to the most striking failures in married bliss that had come under his notice. At the same time, he was in a suppressed state of excitement. On the last day this had come to a climax, and it was with a broad and beaming smile that he responded to his master's cheery "Good-night, Jonathan," when they met in the drive as he was leaving work.

"I'll be down again d'reckly, sir," was the unexpected response.

"Anything wrong, Jonathan, that needs seeing to?"

"No, sir, 'tain't that noways. You see, sir," he continued, waxing confidential, "we couldn't let Miss Catherine leave us with no token of our good-will—me and my old woman. Marriage is that risky, it wants all the good wishes we can give to make it hap easier. So I'm off home to bring along what we hopes will fetch luck to our young lady." And with this enigmatical speech, Jonathan went off radiant, leaving the Colonel wondering much as to the nature of the coming gift.

His curiosity was soon satisfied. Half-an-hour later, when Miss Catherine and the Captain were with him in the library, a message was brought in, asking whether the young lady would step outside to speak to Jonathan for a moment.

"Ask him in here," said Colonel Blakiston, thinking of his errand.

"I don't think he can well come, sir," was the reply. "He seems to have his hands full."

So the three went out to the back-door. In the old-fashioned courtyard they found Jonathan, his face flushed, not alone with pride and pleasure, but with his efforts to control the agile movements of a small pig who, attached to a cord by one of his hind-legs, was making frantic rushes

hither and thither. Seeing the party in the doorway the old man advanced in as straight a line as the circumstances permitted, the pig meanwhile squealing vociferously.

'Miss Catherine," he began, wiping his heated face with a large red-and-yellow handkerchief, "my missus and me wishes you joy—and you too, sir," he added, turning to the Captain. "And we thought to show it you, by giving you this here little crittur, born and so far brought up on my brother's place, and only come by the train two days since. I can warrant him a good 'un, and I hopes he'll bring you luck in this here undertaking, whatever comes of it. A home's a poor one, so be there's no pig you can depend on."

Miss Catherine and the Captain both began their smiling thanks, while Colonel Blakiston stood by, enjoying the scene and stroking his white moustache.

"I wish your wife could have come down with you, Jonathan. You must give her our very warmest thanks. We should so much have liked to have done it ourselves."

"That's what I told her, miss. But she were altogether too bashful, and I had to let her be. Women-folk, they will always just take their own way"—and Jonathan gave Captain Sidgwick a compassionate

"MISS CATHERINE, MY MISSUS AND ME WISHES YOU JOY"

glance. "Leastways, that's been my experience, and from all I hear tell, it's nought uncommon."

With this Jonathan retired to the pigsty, there to bestow its new temporary inmate. After which he proceeded to the village, to assist in trimming the triumphal arches, beneath which Miss Catherine was to pass on the morrow in the flush of that love and happiness over which her old friend shook his head so doubtfully.

All this took place many long years ago. But the memory of those bright days and of old Jonathan is ineffaceable. It lingers in the mind as does the faint odour in a dried and withered flower.

I cannot dwell on the old man's grief when, in consequence of Miss Lily's delicacy and the doctor's advice, the Colonel decided to leave the dear old Manor and remove to another part of the country. In recognition of his long and faithful services, his master settled upon him a small annuity; and this, together with his savings—for Jonathan and his wife had always been thrifty—enabled them to move into a good cottage with convenient outbuildings. Here they set up in a small way in the "pig line," in humble imitation of Brother Joe.

"I couldn't be idle," said Jonathan, "that I couldn't. And Bob—that's poor Tom's lad—will go along with us. He's getting handy with the pigs, so we'll do comfortable, as far as that goes. Some time, maybe, sir, you will please to accept a bit of small pork or a ham, which I can answer will be good eating."

How well I remember the old man, as he looked on the last occasion that I ever saw him!

He had aged considerably, and his step was slow and his voice tremulous. He looked, indeed, quite patriarchal, his white hair blown about by the breeze, as we stood at the gate leading into the yard, round which pushed and snorted a dozen or so of fine black pigs.

"They be rare critturs," he said, "for knowing when I'm coming round myself; and as for Bob, they understand his voice as if they was so many Christians. I'm fond of the pigs, I be; I allays was. Many a time, too, they minds me of my young ladies and gen'lemen at the Manor."

And, in response to my look of amazement, he added, with a brightening of his eye and a faint chuckle, "Yes, they do. They be allays getting into my way, that's where it be!—Go away, now"—addressing a big sow that was trying to push her way between us and the gate—"where be your manners?"

Then continuing, "See, ma'am, this here one, a-rubbing herself agin my leg. She will do it time after time so gentle and affectionate, looking up with her little eyes *that* confiding. I never looks at her but I thinks how like she be to our own Miss Lily."

The One Dear Face

WHEN first I left my youthful home,
The school and books, for daily toil,
My thoughts would often wander back
To rural scenes and native soil;
And when along my path of life
Some evil shadow crept apace,
A mother's hand was on my heart,
I saw the light of one dear face.

When Cupid first my thoughts engaged,
And round my heart his flowers entwined,
'Twas vain to hear that he was weak,
'Twas vain to hear that he was blind.
He followed me and shed a light,
He held me tight in his embrace,
And everywhere that light was cast
On one fair form, on one dear face.

Years afterwards, amid the cares
Of busy hours and daily strife,
I sometimes heard the murmurer say—
"Blest is the lot of single life."
I then replied—"Speak for yourself;
'Tis not the truth in every case;
I am content while I possess
Bright eyes lit up in one dear face."

O wondrous power of gentle love,
In every heart, in every place!
There's not a chain in all the world
Can bind us like the one dear face.

G. HUNT JACKSON.

The Critic on the Hearth[1]

BY JOHN A. STEUART

CHILD could see there was something on the Colonel's mind. We had been talking, not without a thrill of pride, of the march of civilisation, and the exceeding good fortune of living in the opening of the twentieth century A.D., and not in the tenth century, or the fifth century, or indeed any other century since the advent of man upon this globe. The world, we remarked in secret elation, has lately been moving with tremendous velocity. It appears the problem of speed aërial, terrestrial, marine and submarine has at last been solved. Mankind never went so fast before. Does any fresh achievement in speed await the future? One of these days perhaps the City man will be shot like a missile of war from his suburban residence to his office by means of an electric tube; the voyage to New York may take two days instead of six; and a new machine gun may slaughter a dozen men a second where only one man is killed now. These are fascinating possibilities. Meantime we have the accomplished facts which would once have been hailed as miracles. In particular, we told ourselves, men are getting at the long-held secrets of Nature. Through unnamed æons the old lady succeeded marvellously in keeping herself to herself; but at last her children are proving too cute for her, are finding her out, exploiting her, and, it may be a little irreverently, turning her to account. So that now in the most literal sense "the creation of a world is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling; concerning which last, indeed," as the philosopher of *Sartor* well remarks, "there have been minds to whom the question, *How the apples were got in*, presented difficulties." Presently, doubtless, Nature will be a commonplace drudge in the service of her own family; her winds, her waves, her electric forces, all her elemental dynamic energy, in fact, made subservient to man's ambition and comfort.

I think that, on the whole, we were disposed to pity those who by being born too soon missed all the marvels of our time, the patriarchs of the primitive ages which ended about the middle of the nineteenth century. During the last hundred years, it has been frequently remarked, our world has travelled faster and farther than in all the preceding centuries put together—a large statement to one who is in any way a student of history or antiquity. During the past half-century the pace has been constantly increasing, and the last ten years have seen all previous records broken. Solomon suggested frivolously that the planets have caught the racing mania, and that ours, in a terrific ambition to win, due perhaps to the Anglo-American incentive, has taken the bit in its teeth and bolted. He declared himself ready to bet on the result, but of course we could not admit the insidious spirit of gambling, even on so interesting an event as a great interplanetary contest. He professed to believe that if Mars or any other competitor should come in victor, the winner would be entitled to full honours, since there would certainly be no walk over. For ingenuity, energy, and enterprise, he knew no race equal to ourselves; and when we fling the reins loose he is a good competitor who can keep alongside of our chariot wheels. It was a fine pæan on Modernity from the Solomon point of view.

The Colonel sat in silence eating raisins, a curious expression in his face. At times there is something unconsciously grim in our Colonel's countenance, as there so often is in the facial lines of retired warriors—something that speaks of rough fare and hard tasks. The plain man deals sparely in panegyric, because, as a rule, he avoids anything that suggests excess of sentiment. The Colonel's expression, as he listened to the glorious words of Solomon, was not contempt, but neither was it sympathy or assent.

"I have just been wondering," he remarked, "what Job would say to it all if he were to come back. Job had at times a considerable gift of sarcasm, especially when comfortable commonplace preached its philosophy. *Doubtless ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you*, is as

[1] Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

keen a dig as I know. While I agree that it is a great privilege to live in the present unparalleled age, I fancy that a commentator of the calibre of Job would find plenty of scope for his satire. Consider, for example, the highest department of all, the department of literature so called."

He looked at me, and I confess I quaked. "Another tirade against the unfortunate novelist," I said to myself. "Alas! who would be a novelist, and bear the whips and scorns of illiteracy, the contumely of dull superiority, the insolence of blatant jealousy?" For you must know that the man who has not wit enough to be a tailor and snip with shears, nor grammar enough to construct one sentence of mother English correctly, is, nevertheless, qualified by self-election to sit in judgment on the novelist's difficult art. I fancied the Colonel had had a dose of bad fiction, and in revenge was about to fall foul of all fiction—after the fashion of the ignorant. But I breathed again as he proceeded.

"As you are aware, my country being done with my services I am blessed with a good deal of leisure. Much of it I spend in trying to amuse and improve myself by reading. Now, I like to go back to old favourites; but in these days scarcely an old favourite is allowed to appear without the burden and hindrance of an editor, as though in the new order of things every giant must carry a dwarf on his shoulders. The critic-dwarf, aping what's above him, judges or rather misjudges the genius he cannot understand, sets you forth, pranked with all the mimetic tricks of his trade, the intellectual defects and artistic failings of his subject—how Shakespeare might be improved here and Milton there, how Scott and Thackeray and Dickens should have written differently if they meant to satisfy his fastidious taste."

"Do they never praise, these critic-dwarfs?" asked Solomon.

"Oh! yes," replied the Colonel, his lip curling in disgust. "They praise, and then they are most objectionable of all; for as they blame without knowledge, they praise without discrimination. They perpetually oscillate between two extremes, each unspeakably bad, fulsome eulogy and pompous depreciation. It is time to protest. There are reprints to-day which would be a pure delight but for the prefaces and introductions, which being interpreted means the impertinent intervention of nobodies who apparently know just as much of the true principles of criticism as a donkey knows of gunnery. Fancy an owl with its sage eye to a telescope descanting on the blemishes of the starry heavens, and you have an example of much modern editing of books. It all reminds me of an old Celtic fable. The wren and the eagle falling into a dispute as to their powers of soaring, decided to settle the matter by a trial. Far up towards the sun the eagle could see the wren nowhere, and called out, 'Where art thou, wren?' 'I am here above thee,' answered the wren, which was perched on the eagle's back. That clever wren typifies many a latter-day book-editor, who is hoisted into notice by the man on whose shoulders he perches. The patience of intelligent readers is very nearly exhausted by the ceaseless stream of mediocrity poured out in introductions and prefaces."

"Would you abolish the book-editor altogether, then?" asked the young lady classic.

"By no means," answered the Colonel warmly, "by no manner of means. Get a Carlyle to edit the Letters and Speeches of an Oliver Cromwell and you have the ideal of genius supplementing genius—first the hero and then his Homer. Or coming a step down, get a Matthew Arnold to introduce a Keats, a Byron, or a Wordsworth, and you do all lovers of literature a real service. But for the sake of decency and honest intelligence warn off the pretentious dullards who recapitulate stale information and preach indigestible sermons on texts they have themselves never assimilated. Why should an author who is no longer able to defend himself be subject to the indignities of every dunderhead who vainly imagines himself a critic? That is delivering the dead lion to the mercies of the living dog with a vengeance."

"One is reminded," said the Curate softly, "that when Johnson heard Boswell meant to write his life he threatened to prevent it by taking Boswell's."

"Not every great man has Johnson's luck," returned the Colonel. "After all, Boswell merely Boswellised, and hero worship, if the hero be worthy, is not only tolerable but grateful. But what are you to say of the little men who puff themselves out till they are a great deal too big for their coats? I'll tell you the result of their operations in one instance. Only to-day I visited certain booksellers with a modest sum of money in my pocket, to be spent on books not less than a generation old. Former experiences made me cautious. But I invested in a set of a British classic on the recommendation of an assistant, who, as now appears, is

too obviously an ignoramus; and the consequence is that I'm defrauded of a pleasure for which I paid. To-morrow I will take the thing back to the bookseller. He can keep his precious editor, and I will please myself in another way."

The Colonel's indignant outburst, I agreed, touches what is, in reality, fast becoming an intolerable nuisance in the literature of the day —the pretentious editing of masterpieces by persons who have not a single new fact to add to the existing store of knowledge, nor a single ray of illumination to shed on obscure or doubtful points; in a word, who darken counsel where they pretend to give light. There are exceptions, of course. The Colonel mentioned Carlyle and Matthew Arnold as ideal editors. Carlyle's achievement is unique. He is the only British historian who has completely reversed public opinion in regard to a great historical character. From being a great bad man, to use the words of Burke, Cromwell, after Carlyle's biography, became a great good man. All subsequent writers and speakers on the Protector have consciously or unconsciously taken their cue from Carlyle. Arnold's case is not without parallel. We have at least one edition of Thackeray edited in a manner which has delighted his admirers. Burns and Scott have likewise been fortunate in recent editors: but the competent editor of Dickens has still to come. Concerning the stupendous mass of edited books now published annually, it is to be hoped that publishers will abate the mistaken zeal of incompetent people who, itching to write something, expend their fury on worthless prefaces and introductions. As the Colonel has very well remarked, this editorial rage is becoming a sore trial to the temper and patience of readers. As a rule, those otherwise excellent persons, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are ludicrously unfit to judge literary excellence, since they do not understand what real literary excellence is or means.

We wandered into other subjects, and presently the young lady classic said she supposed I received a multitude of letters and manuscripts from literary aspirants. I replied sadly in the affirmative. An author, I remarked, is not seldom like a sort of universal dust-bin which might appropriately be inscribed, "Literary rubbish dumped here." Would-be writers seem to have an incurable propensity for pestering the man whose name is at all familiar on title-pages. They send him manuscripts to read, to correct, and sometimes to place with publishers "on advantageous terms," and they do this with an air of conferring a favour, and generally without remembering that the post office does not fetch and carry except for payment in postage stamps. If you let the manuscript lie pending further instructions you will in all probability receive a curt note of inquiry, or it may be a scolding for your lack of common courtesy, with a demand for the immediate return of the golden manuscript, still, however, without the necessary postage stamps. If you intimate delicately, by postcard or otherwise, that these have inadvertently been omitted, back will come a stinging letter on the greed and stinginess of authors who chance to have succeeded by a fluke. There is no gadfly half so venomous as your irritated would-be author.

Not long ago I read a short story which had been declined by fifteen purblind editors. I was obliged to tell the author that an impartial judgment forced me to agree with the editors; whereupon there came a caustic letter informing me that I made the sixteenth idiot, and wondering how long such a condition of things in literature and journalism was to be tolerated. He desired to know by what authority I set up as a judge of my betters—the great unprinted —stated without any circumlocution whatsoever that my taste was beneath contempt, and that I should be much more profitably employed mending my own wretched stuff than trying to understand his, which was obviously above me.

"Did you send him a stinger in reply?" asked Solomon excitedly, spying the prospect of a fight.

I replied that I did not. If one were to trouble with abusive correspondents there would be no surplus time for the ordinary duties of life.

"He was exceedingly rude," said the young lady classic, a militant glow suffusing her face, as though she were ready to do battle for a poor abused author.

I responded that when vanity comes a cropper it is always rude, and usually silly as well. But I admitted that with my irate critic's verdict on my own work I thoroughly and entirely agreed. When Carlyle's *French Revolution* was published you may remember it was a rock of offence to the orthodox critic, the man who held fast by the inviolate nine-and-thirty articles of criticism. "Oh! yes," Carlyle remarked philosophically, "they condemn it for being bad; they little know how much worse it might have been." Similarly I say that poor as my work is, my censor little knows how much worse it might easily be. If it were a question of picking holes I could put the finger on two

blemishes for every one detected by my critic, even when his eyes were sharpened by rage and jealousy. Believe me, my dear sir, if an author would he could demolish himself by criticism. Sir Walter Scott once reviewed himself, not unfavourably, in the *Quarterly Review*, the dear old "Grandmother" at whom Byron scoffed. It was, of course, a joke such as the Wizard of the North loved to play in order to mystify the public. Editors in these days do not encourage practical jesting of that sort. But suppose an author were to be his own reviewer, and cared to adopt the slashing Macaulay-on-Montgomery style, don't you think he could produce a piquant and sensational article? He alone could tell how far short he fell of his ideals; how inadequately this thought was expressed; how ineffectively that character portrayed, as judged by the standard in his own mind. For myself I seldom read anything of my own after passing it in proof; but when by chance I do, it is to be seized with a vehement desire to tear the whole thing to shreds and rewrite it from the first sentence to the last.

Therefore the angry hint about mending appealed to me with quite peculiar force. But one curious fact should be mentioned, namely, that in sending me his manuscript my critic had deviated to remark the beauties and excellences of the work he afterwards condemned with such needless, such astonishing ferocity. What was admirable when he fished for praise became execrable when the praise was withheld —surely an instance of engaging inconsistency.

Thinking, doubtless, of those stories that lay in lavender up-stairs, the young lady classic desired to know whether I thought introductions to publishers were ever of real service to beginners. For herself, she was inclined to believe they were. Ah! I answered, that is a pathetic fallacy, a mere superstition which, like most superstitions, dies very hard. Except a lie or a bad habit, nothing is harder to dispose of than a superstition. Believe me, I went on, there is but one kind of introduction that publishers consider worth any attention, and that is an acceptable manuscript. No other form of introduction appeals to their benighted business minds. Though their wares are often sentimental, publishers are almost as devoid of sentiment as the nether millstone. As to the main point, in a few well-known instances authors of established reputation were able to play the part of fairy prince to struggling neophytes. Johnson, as everybody knows, sold *The Vicar of Wakefield* for Goldsmith, when poor Goldy was a prisoner in bed for debt to his landlady; and Scott's influence prevailed with Murray on behalf of Washington Irving. There have also been more recent cases to support the old superstition; but it cannot be repeated too often, nor too emphatically, that in general letters of introduction are rather worse than useless. It is hard for the beginner, with every door shut in his face, to believe this, yet it is true. To-day the ranks of publishers are almost as crowded as the ranks of authors. Hence a scrambling competition for good novels, good poems, good histories, good travels; and when the eager publisher succeeds in finding what he wants, he proceeds to advertise the fact at exorbitant rates, to a public that never excites itself over anything literary. Half-a-century ago almost any noodle could be a successful publisher. In the present enterprising age it is not enough to have a first-rate article for sale. To succeed you must advertise it, thrust it on the attention of the public, and by persistent pushing get people to believe that it is positively the best thing of its kind ever produced, and absolutely indispensable to their happiness. Modesty pays no dividends in these strenuous times.

What are the qualifications of the ideal novelist? That is a big question; but briefly, he ought to be the Seven Wise Men of the ancient world rolled into one, plus all the Admirable Crichtons of the modern. Assuming that he has the first essential gift, mother wit, he must by the most painful toil master all knowledge, from the latest dictum of philosophy to the last fashion in feminine dress. And let me say, it is far easier to keep abreast of philosophy than of the fashion in feminine dress. It is nothing to depict men and women, or even children and babies, explore the wickedness of the human heart, or construct tales of love and war, but what man shall dare to say that the last touch he has given to his heroine's dress is the right up-to-date touch? He may study the fashion papers till his head reels; he may lie awake o' nights pondering the latest styles, as David pondered his sins, and still find himself at sea. And here the lady novelist has an unfair advantage, inasmuch as she knows the freaks of fashion by instinct, as the Romans knew the Latin grammar.

The young lady classic smiled. "Is it possible then to make fiction out of millinery?"

It is not only possible, I answered, but fiction made of millinery is the most popular on the market. And I fancied a new hope gleamed in the fair listener's eye.

Sea-Serpents[1]

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," ETC.

A VERY simple way of dealing with this paper, and one entirely in accordance with my own feelings upon the matter, would be that said to be adopted by the Irish student who was set to write an essay upon snakes in Iceland, and did so in the sentence, "There are no snakes in Iceland." But whatever my own ideas in this connexion may be, I find it impossible to ignore or set aside contemptuously the vast amount of literature upon the subject, much of it doubtless written by very well-informed and entirely honest persons, who were only anxious to disseminate the truth concerning sea-serpents. It is hardly possible for any sensible person at all acquainted with the fauna of the sea and literature generally to approach the subject of sea-serpents with an open mind. It is like the matter of ghosts, one that is mixed up so much with pure superstition, personal bias, human weakness of mind and credulity, that it seems impossible to get a reasonable account at all. And this setting aside entirely the intentionally mendacious literature on the subject, stuff written falsely from a diseased or riotous imagination with no other object in view than that of creating a sensation, not seldom with the full knowledge that there is always an immense number of otherwise sane and sensible persons who really believe anything they read in print which is not admittedly fiction. As an instance in point I may quote an experience of my own. Some years ago I wrote a little yarn, which was published in the *Westminster Gazette*, entitled "Up a Waterspout." As I had no intention of gulling anybody, I purposely wrote in a ridiculously inflated style, describing my experiences while being sucked up from the sea surface into the clouds and my subsequent sudden descent. It never even occurred to me that any one could believe the story, it was so obviously absurd. Yet to my intense amazement, when it was included in a volume of sketches I afterwards published, one critic gravely discussed it as if it were true, and descanted upon the unique advantages of such an experience. Now the critic *may* have been joking ponderously and with "deefeeculty," but I do not think he was.

This, however, only by way of introduction to a very difficult subject. Difficult, because it is distinctly unpleasant to realise, as one must do who takes up the sea-serpent question, how great is the number of people who will, out of sheer wantonness, lie and perjure themselves about some perfectly immaterial matter like this. Any interest possessed by the sea-serpent, if it exists, can only be either scientific or romantic; it has never even been suggested that the creature is dangerous or commercially valuable. Yet an enormous mass of writing can be collected, written by people of almost every European nation, and especially by Americans, whose authors have either admitted, after the sensation caused by their statements has died away, that they were lying for fun, or else all trace of them has been lost, they having invented names and authorities as well as the serpent. Another large amount of printed stuff has been contributed by persons urgently in need of something to do, who have compiled their amazing stories from hearsay. Many of these contributors are clergymen, and it is no exaggeration to say that their stories, having only some casual remarks of a careless seafarer for text, surpass in wildness of elaboration even the yarns invented with intent to deceive. Then come a much smaller quantity, the evidence of those who have seen *something* and earnestly desire to record what they have seen truthfully, but from inability to describe accurately, or deficient power of observation, or imagination heightened by alarm, or all these reasons (and more) combined, only succeed in misleading. A splendid instance of this is given in the report of a sea-serpent (?) seen off Portland Light, New Zealand, on August 1, 1891, from the deck of the s.s. *Rotomahana*. Peter Nelson, a quartermaster, says that the head was like that of an eel. It rose 30 feet out of water. It had fins about 10 feet long situated on either side of the body (which bulged about there)

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twenty feet behind the snout. It was the colour of an eel on the back, but the belly and fins were pure white. I have condensed the very prolix report, but this is the substance of it. And I believe that Peter Nelson was a perfectly honest and truthful man who described as best he could the "breaching" or uprising half-way out of water of a humpbacked whale (*Megaptera*), an exceedingly common sight on that coast. He says indeed that it was nothing like a whale, but if his description is as accurate as I believe it is, what he saw exactly represents the behaviour and appearance of a humpback gambolling on the sea-surface as usual. Yet because of the lack of previous observation on the part of himself and others, this sea-serpent story goes round the world and is published in many newspapers. It is also used triumphantly by Professor Oudemans, Director of the Royal Zoological Society at the Hague, as a convincing proof of the correctness of his theory of sea-serpents.

There lies before me as I write a portly volume of 600 pages, with many illustrations, compiled with amazing industry and perseverance by this learned gentleman, apparently for the sole, and to him sufficient, purpose of buttressing his theory as to the nature and character of the sea-serpent, of whose existence, by the way, he has no doubt. Only, the creature he has evolved for his own satisfaction from the mass of material he has so carefully collected is not a serpent at all, but an amazingly developed mammal of the sea tribe, a Pinniped, to which he boldly assigns a length of 250 feet. If it were not for the many instances given in this volume of the amazing credulity displayed by scientific men when in the presence of some extraordinarily gifted romancer (*vide* the British Association and M. Grien's stories of flying wombats, sawfish in inland lakes, turtle-riding, etc.), I should feel disposed to be quite contemptuous about Dr. Oudemans' "conclusions." But apart from his scientific credulity, he displays a really touching anxiety to extract from the mountain of lies, absurdities, and superstitions he has collected with so much labour, a sufficient number of grains of truth for the putting together of his pet sea-monster. As to his rejection of other scientific theories of the sea-serpent, I make no account of that. He only deals with rival theorists after his kind. It seems to be rather a feature with scientific men of a certain class to build a theory first, then mould the evidence or suppress it to fit the theory, and ignore utterly any other explanation but their own.

The list of what Dr. Oudemans calls "would-be sea-serpents" is a fairly large and comprehensive one. Seals, cuttlefish, sharks, porpoises, fossils (*Zeuglodon* and *Basilaurus*) and even albacore; the physalus, a rorqual, and a supposed marine plesiosaurus are among the living (?) creatures, while sea-weed and floating tree-trunks are among the inanimate simulators of the great snake. But he evidently does not relish the idea that any of his contributors have called upon their imagination to stimulate pen and pencil, except where confession of detection has exposed the fraud. This may seem harsh, but what else can be said of a scientific zoologist of the present day, who deliberately quotes Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, and Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen,—two clerics remarkable for nothing greater than their most amazing credulity and riotous imagination? A quotation from our author must be given as showing the position he takes up with regard to the latter of these two ancient fictionists.

"We see the Bishop weighing and considering whatever he heard, and not accepting everything for truth. We think that Pontoppidan is right in giving no credit to the narrative that the sea-serpents made themselves guilty of sinking ships and eating men. . . . Pontoppidan further tells us that the sea-serpent sometimes encloses ships by laying itself round them in a circle, that the fishermen then row over its body there where a coil is visible, for when they reach the coil it sinks, while the invisible parts rise. Further, that the serpent swims with an incredible velocity, and that the fishermen, who are much afraid of it, when seeing that it follows them, throw any object, for instance a scoop, at it, when the animal generally plunges into the deep. But most fishermen are in the habit of taking castoreum with them, for the serpent cannot abide the smell of it. . . ." And in his tenth paragraph, trying to answer the question why those larger serpents only frequent the northern seas, he says: "To this question I answer that the Creator of all beings disposes of the dwellings of His creatures in different places by His wise intentions, which are not known to us. Why won't the reindeer thrive anywhere

but in the high and cold mountains? Why do the whales frequent only the north pole? (!!) Why are India and Egypt almost the only countries where men have to fear crocodiles? No doubt because it pleases the wise Creator!" Here Pontoppidan takes leave of the sea-serpent, and begins to treat of the large snakes mentioned by Plinius and other ancient authors, and we too will take leave of our honest and trustworthy Bishop, who has so often been laughed at for what he relates in his chapter on monsters. And yet two of his monsters, the mermaid and the Kraken, being unmasked, why cannot his third be accounted for?

It should not be forgotten that the date of this delightful book is 1892! The author quotes, with evident approval, Olaus Magnus writing in 1555—

"They who, either to trade, or to fish, sail along the shores of Norway, relate with concurring evidence a truly admirable story, namely, that a very large serpent of a length of upwards of 200 feet, and 20 feet in diameter, lives in rocks and holes near the shore of Bergen; it comes out of its caverns only on summer nights and in fine weather to devour calves, lambs, and hogs, or goes into the sea to eat cuttles, lobsters, and all kinds of sea-crabs. It has a row of hairs of two feet in length hanging from the neck, sharp scales of a dark colour, and brilliant flaming eyes. It attacks boats and snatches away the men, by raising itself high out of water, and devours them; and commonly this does not happen without a terrible event in the kingdom, without a change being at hand, either that the princes will die or will be banished, or that a war will soon break out." The only criticism of this amazing yarn which the Professor permits himself is—"We consider its devouring hogs, lambs and calves, and its appearance on summer nights on land to take its prey, to be a fable. The eating of squids, cuttles, crabs and lobsters may be a fiction or it may have been truly witnessed, the animal chewing them with its head above water, as seals and sea-lions do (!!). The story of snatching a man away from the ships is evidently confounded with another tale. . . . It evidently refers to gigantic calamaries which occasionally attack boats and snatch away one of the crew. Its being covered with scales must be fictitious too, for they who saw a sea-serpent at a short distance are unanimous in stating that it had no scales, but a smooth skin." A fine example of the gnat and camel parable, surely.

The list of accounts of the seeing of the sea-serpent fills nine pages and a half of our author's book, and date from 1555 to 1888. Apparently no yarn, however wildly absurd, is excluded or refused rank as evidence, unless it has been exposed as an indubitable fraud. Even then Dr. Oudemans cannot help adopting a regretful tone, as if he only wished that the story was true, or that it had not been discovered to be false, so that he might have the luxury of believing it. But of all the amazing stories collected by the learned Doctor, none attain such a magnitude as the following.

In 1845 Dr. Albert C. Koch exhibited a large skeleton of a fossil animal under the name of Hydrarchos Sillimanni, the latter half of the portentous name being in honour of the learned editor of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, Professor Benjamin Silliman, well known for his affectionate regard for the sea-serpent. The remains consisted of a head and vertebral column, measuring in all 114 feet, of a few ribs attached to the thoracic portion of the spine, and some parts of supposed paddles. Of course the scientific journals took up the discussion of this wonderful discovery with avidity, and a few months afterwards Professor Wyman, in the *Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History*, had the courage and skill to point out that "these remains never belonged to one and the same individual, and that the anatomical character of the teeth indicates that they are not those of a reptile, but of a warm-blooded mammal." In the next month's "Proceedings" of the same Society, Professor Rogers points out that according to the form and structure of some loose bones, the skeleton must be of at least two individuals of Basilaurus, a fossil monster allied to the seals and whales, which Professor Owen termed Zeuglodon. In the next month's issue Dr. Koch informs the public that the bones had been found together and were arranged in the precise order in which they were discovered. But a Dr. Lister wrote to say that he knew that Dr. Koch had dug up the bones in different places in Alabama. However, the yarn was not killed, hardly scotched, and the "fossil sea-serpent" still yielded a plentiful harvest of dollars. And in the *Illustrated London News* of October

DR. A. C. KOCH'S SKELETON SERPENT

MR. C. RENARD'S SEA-SERPENT

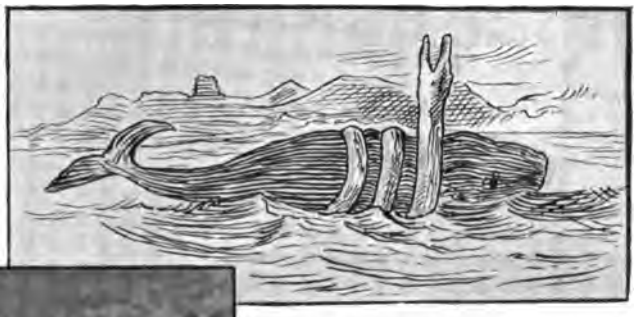
28, 1848, Professor Silliman ventures to state, in the hope apparently that the previous contradictions would be forgotten, "that the spinal column belongs to the same individual, that the skeleton differs, most essentially, from any existing or fossil serpent, although it may countenance the popular (and I believe well-founded) impression of the existence in our seas of huge animals, to which the name of sea-serpent has been attached."

Now the facts of this case undoubtedly were proved to be as follows:—

Dr. Koch was a collector of fossils, but entirely unscrupulous in the use he made of them. He was a business man first, and a scientist afterwards (a long way). Not satisfied with the real scientific value and interest of the wonderful collection of American fossils he really possessed, he, seeing what a valuable show it would make, deliberately faked the said serpent out of the bones of several Zeuglodon, made a head and claws to suit, and then having hitched his fraud to Silliman, put it on public exhibition. And no doubt his enterprise was considered to be a real smart one, an evident token of high business capacity, quite unusual in a scientific professor.

Sober investigators like Dr. Andrew Wilson, Mr. Lee and Mr. Gosse, all being gifted with sound common-sense, as well as having high scientific attainments, do not waste time over the many obvious absurdities and palpable fabrications which are so plentifully quoted in Dr. Oudemans' book.

But they have given much time and careful investigation to such stories as bore the stamp of truth, in so far that it was manifest that the observers had seen something out of the common, but had quite naturally in their excitement gifted the vision

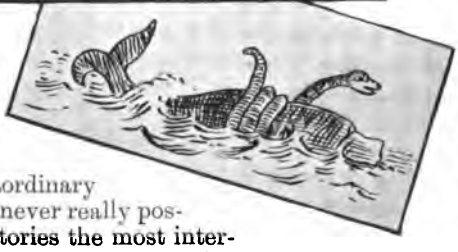


CAPTAIN DREVAR'S SEA-SERPENT

Sketches of what he was supposed to have seen

THE PROBABLE EXPLANATION

Sperm Whale attacking Calamary

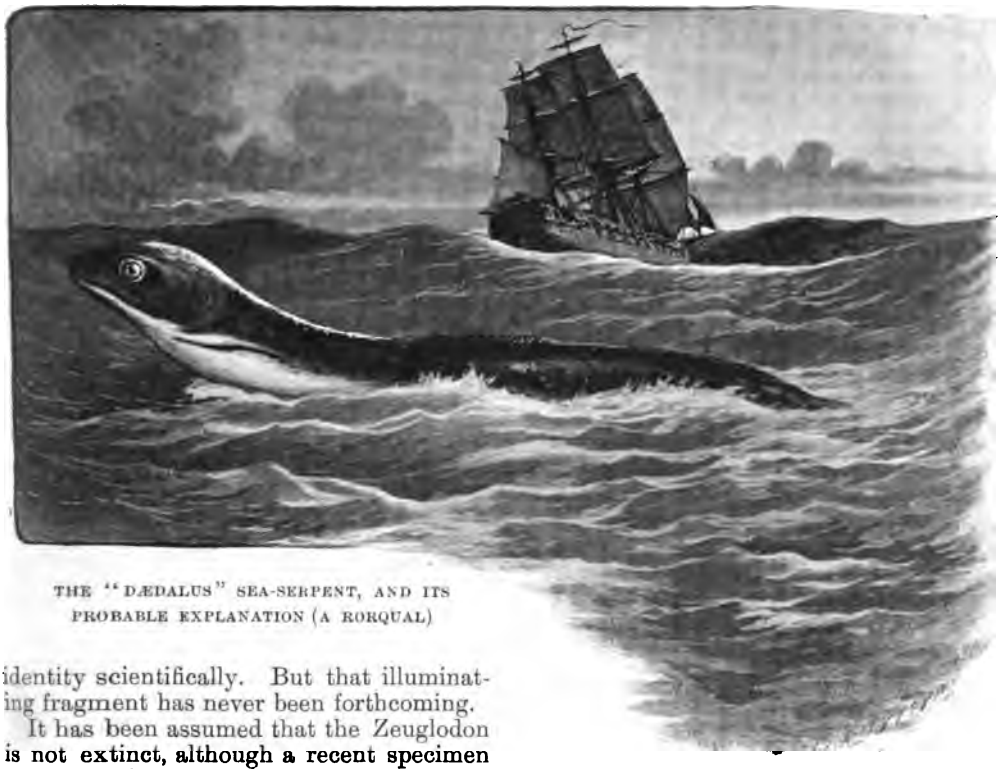


with some extraordinary attributes which it never really possessed. Of these stories the most interesting is that told by the captain and crew of the *Pauline*. Captain Drevar stated that when in lat. 13° S., long. 35° W., they observed three very large sperm whales (I may here note, in passing, that I have never yet met with a seaman other than a whaleman who knew a sperm whale when he saw it, or could distinguish between any one whale and another of a different species), and one of them was gripped round the body with two turns, by what appeared to be a huge serpent. Its back was of a darkish brown, and its belly white, with an immense head and mouth, the latter always open; the head and tail had a length beyond the coils of about 30 feet; its girth was about 8 or 9 feet. Using its extremities as levers, the serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged the whale down to the bottom, head first. The other two whales, after attempting to release their companion, swam away upon its descent, exhibiting signs of the greatest terror. On July 13 this or another sea-serpent was again seen, about 200 yards off the stern of the vessel, shooting itself along the surface, 40 feet of its body being out of the water at a time. Again on the same day it was seen once more with its body standing quite perpendicularly out of the water to a height of 60 feet. This time it seemed determined to attack the vessel, and the crew and officers armed themselves with axes for self-defence. In another version of the same story he, the captain, speaks of the serpent "looking angrily" at the ship.

Now, eight or nine years ago I wrote a paper for *Nature* on "the Sperm Whale and its food," in the course of which I described a spectacle I witnessed of a huge

Cachalot devouring a very large cuttle-fish or squid upon the sea-surface in the Straits of Malacca. Dr. Andrew Wilson upon reading this story immediately remembered the yarn of the captain of the *Pauline*, and very naturally, and I think inevitably, knowing the man, came to the conclusion that it was based upon a similar sight. The Doctor wrote to me asking me for further details, which I gladly supplied, and embodied his reflections in his "Science Jottings" column in the next issue of the *Illustrated London News*. Up to a certain point everything that Captain Drevar states, and swears to, is easily explainable on the hypothesis that he saw a sperm whale devouring a huge calamary. But then the embellishments arrive, several of them not to be ascribed to exaggeration through nervous excitement, but obviously put in to round off and complete a good story. For instance, what were the signs of greatest terror exhibited by the two attendant whales? Certainly no whaleman could tell. How could the serpent, even assuming it to lie, as the captain does, 160 or 170 feet long, raise its body perpendicularly out of the water to a height of 60 feet? It was such a pity to spoil a good story by trying to improve it in such a foolish way, that even Dr. Oudemans feels compelled to take 33⅓ per cent. off the 60 feet. But before leaving Captain Drevar another example of his powers must be given: "the body (of the whale) disappeared from our view, going down head foremost to the bottom, where no doubt it was gorged at the serpent's leisure; and that monster of monsters may have been many months in a state of coma digesting the huge mouthful." Oh, Captain Drevar! A huge mouthful indeed for a serpent 8 or 9 feet in girth to gorge a whale 30 or 40; for a snake of, say, at the outside, 20 tons in weight, to swallow a morsel of 80 or 100 tons! Indeed we might well expect him to lie many months in a state of coma. In truth, Olaus Magnus nor Pontoppidan never bettered this yarn, though they were far from being amateurs at the task. And it was sworn to.

There are also the stories of the ministers who saw the sea-serpent in the Sound of Mull and estimated its length at 60 feet. They did not expect to be believed, and said so, only they felt that any explanation of what they saw except that it was a great sea-snake was impossible to accept. But the most difficult story of all to account for is that told by Captain McQuhae of H.M.S. *Dædalus*, and his officers, which in 1848 created so great a sensation in England. Very briefly, the story is that in lat. 24° 44′ S. and long. 9° 22′ E. an enormous serpent was seen, its head and shoulders some four feet out of water, and quite 60 feet of its body on the surface. It passed rapidly without any undulatory movement, so close to the ship that the gallant captain says he could have distinguished a man's features at the distance. It had no fins, but something like seaweed washed about its back. Now it is not fair to suppose that the captain and his officers stated anything that they did not believe to be true, yet no less an authority than Professor Owen in a long letter to the *Times* of November 11, 1848, points out that the captain's observations and his conclusions do not fit at all, finally giving it as his (the Professor's) opinion that the thing seen was a great seal or sea-elephant; much to the captain's annoyance, who replies very warmly to the great palæontologist's letter. Another authority gives it as his opinion that the creature was a huge basking shark, such as another well-authenticated serpent stranded at Stronsa and given as 60 to 80 feet long was proved to be, and reduced in length by about one-half. For myself, I believe that the officers of the *Dædalus*, being, like most sailors, very careless and casual observers of marine fauna, did see a huge sulphur-bottom whale (*Balænoptera sulphureus*), which is slender, has a comparatively small head, attains a maximum length of 150 feet, and a speed of sixteen knots. But any attempt to show that the tellers of some sea-serpent stories were truthful and honest according to their lights, only seems to arouse animosity among those curious savants who appear to think life would not be worth living without belief in a gigantic snake. They will not hear of any natural explanation of the strange sights reported by veracious seamen, and entirely ignore Professor Owen's calm dictum, that had sea-serpents of the dimensions so often given existed, some remains must have been found, for such creatures would be often on the surface to breathe, and could not fail to have deposited relics of themselves on some shore or other. Only one joint of a vertebra would have been sufficient, says the Professor, to have established the sea-serpent's

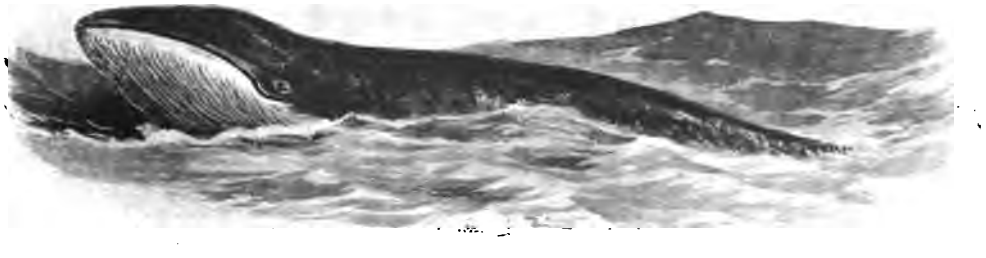


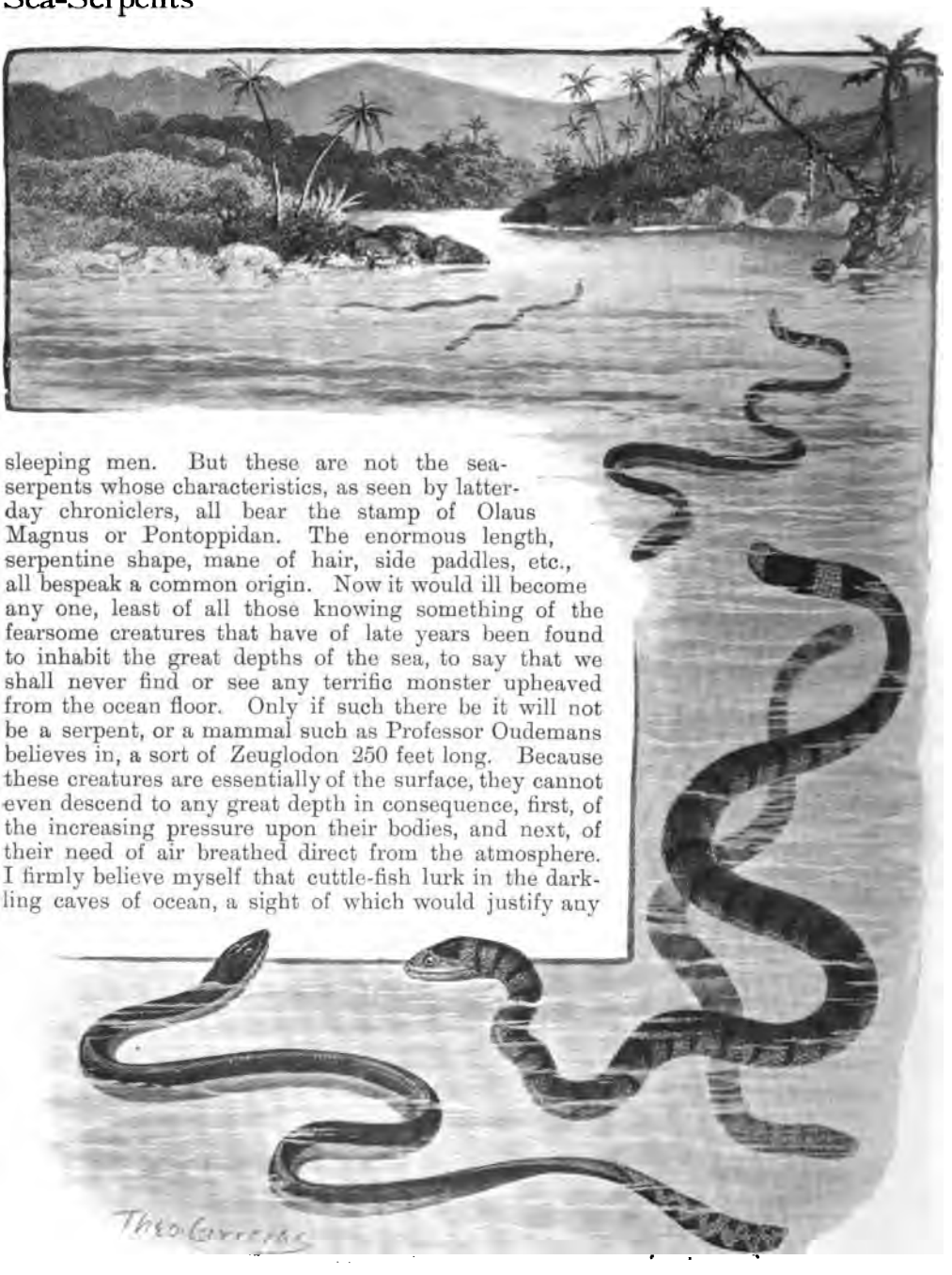
THE "DÆDALUS" SEA-SERPENT, AND ITS PROBABLE EXPLANATION (A RORQUAL)

identity scientifically. But that illuminating fragment has never been forthcoming.

It has been assumed that the Zeuglodon is not extinct, although a recent specimen has never been found, and the fossils are found in the tertiary deposits. It is also assumed that the creature may be a Plesiosaurus, which has survived the lapse of ages in that mysterious realm, the depths of the sea. But certainly none of the sea-serpent stories honestly told are insusceptible of feasible logical explanation by those acquainted with our larger sea-mammals and other fauna not usually seen.

Are there then no sea-serpents? Certainly there are, very many, and exceedingly dangerous ophidians they are, being highly poisonous. The largest of them is almost as thick as a man's leg, and from 8 to 10 feet long. They abound on the Indian coasts, and in the Eastern Archipelago I have often seen them pursuing their devious way along the calm surface. They all have a flattened end to their tail, instead of its coming to a point, as does that of all the land snakes. I have heard, on good authority, they are responsible for the deaths of many Lascars in the country vessels of India, climbing up the coir hawsers with which the vessels are anchored, through the hawse-pipes and biting the





sleeping men. But these are not the sea-serpents whose characteristics, as seen by latter-day chroniclers, all bear the stamp of Olaus Magnus or Pontoppidan. The enormous length, serpentine shape, mane of hair, side paddles, etc., all bespeak a common origin. Now it would ill become any one, least of all those knowing something of the fearsome creatures that have of late years been found to inhabit the great depths of the sea, to say that we shall never find or see any terrific monster upheaved from the ocean floor. Only if such there be it will not be a serpent, or a mammal such as Professor Oudemans believes in, a sort of Zeuglodon 250 feet long. Because these creatures are essentially of the surface, they cannot even descend to any great depth in consequence, first, of the increasing pressure upon their bodies, and next, of their need of air breathed direct from the atmosphere. I firmly believe myself that cuttle-fish lurk in the darkling caves of ocean, a sight of which would justify any

THE REAL THING

Hydrus bicolor (left-hand and uppermost figures). *Hydrophis colubrina* (right-hand figures).

sea-serpent yarn, however Munchausen-like, and I should not like to question the existence of enormous individuals of Regalecus or oar-fish, of which Dr. Goode says that "it seems quite safe to assign to this group all the so-called sea-serpents which have been described as swimming rapidly near the surface with a horse-like

head raised above the water, surmounted by a mane-like crest of red or brown." But from a Regalecus of 20 feet long to a sea-serpent capable of carrying his head 60 feet out of water is so long a step that I do not think we shall ever take it.

The great difficulty about our acceptance of sea-serpent stories to-day is the aroma of mediæval superstition which surrounds them. We cannot help remembering that there belongs, as of right, to all sea-serpent stories of the Olaus Magnus order, a relationship to serpent worship, to the hideous old mythologies of the past, having, if not their origin, at least their early history enveloped in a mist of blood and human agonies. We may interest ourselves in serpent lore connected with religion as much as we will, and find it terribly interesting if only from the fact that almost all early religions have some trace of it. That in the case of peoples who knew the sea the fabled sea-serpent should become of vast and awful size and aspect, was perhaps only natural, since the connexion of it with the sea, itself a place of superhuman dread and mystery, became perhaps inevitable. The avatar of the fish from the Mahabarata of the Hindoos is a case in point, elaborated with all the fulness of grotesque detail that these ancient people love, as well as boundless exaggeration. The puny efforts of our romancers must recede into obscurity before the tale of a sea-serpent a million leagues long, and with a stupendous horn reaching from its forehead to the clouds.

There is another thing which does not seem to strike believers in sea-serpent stories, such as the learned Professor from whom I have quoted so largely. And that is, that of the sea-serpent so often described, what I must call, for want of a better term, the Olaus Magnus, or conventional sea-serpent, no trace has ever been supplied to the examination of naturalists. Certain remains have been found, as, for instance, those of the Animal of Stronsa in Orkney, about which so furious a controversy raged nearly a century ago. It was discovered in October 1808, on the rocks in Rothiesholm Bay; its measurement in length was solemnly sworn to by three witnesses as having been proved by themselves at 55 feet, and anatomical details were given at great length to prove that it was a veritable sea-serpent. Mr. Everard Home, then the greatest living osteological authority, went to Orkney at once and examined the remains in the interests of science. His report was clear and distinct enough to satisfy the most exact seeker after truth, and considering the status of the gentleman making it, who could have no other interest in the matter than that of arriving at the truth, it should have settled the controversy. He gave his evidence unhesitatingly that it was a *Squalus maximus*, or great Basking Shark, which did not exceed 35 feet in length, and presented no difficulty even in an advanced stage of decomposition in the determination of its character.

After sufficient time had elapsed the whole question, which had been thought to be finally settled, was again raised. Mr. Everard Home's scientific testimony was thrown overboard, and the evidence of the illiterate fishermen who had measured the body with a one-foot rule, and had made all manner of wild statements about it having six legs, both ends alike, etc., etc., was reinstated, and gravely discussed *de novo* by quasi-scientific gentlemen who should have known better.

In conclusion, although it is not necessary to give a list of all the various appearances which have simulated the sea-serpent for excited observers, it may be stated with the utmost plainness that none of the reports of sea-serpents made yet have been such as would stand a cross-examination without revealing their true explanation or their true origin as fiction pure and simple. And this may be truly said, without in the least denying that the civilised world may one day be startled by the appearance of some vast and hitherto unknown monster from the depths of the ocean.

London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

Photos by Henry Irving

V.—Gordon House Girls' Home

"AT last you have a home" is said to have been the remark with which King William IV. presented to his daughter, Lady Kennedy Erskine, who afterwards became Lady Augusta Gordon, a beautiful mansion on the banks of the Thames at Isleworth. The home of the King's daughter is now the home of about seventy little girls, the waifs and strays of the London streets, who have become the wards of the London School Board; and to them the words of King William might, with more literal truth, be addressed, for few of them have known anything worthy to be called a home before they came to live in this beautiful house by the river.

GORDON HOUSE.—THE ENTRANCE HALL: LITTLE HOUSEMAIDS AT WORK

The children at Gordon House have little enough in common with the grand lady who gave her name to the house, except the fact that like her they have little reason to be proud of their parents. They belong to the same class as the boys on the "Shaftesbury"—children of drunken and dissolute parents, wanderers and beggars and associates of thieves and immoral women, children so grossly neglected that their state of destitution has become an offence in the eyes of the law.

It is somewhat noteworthy that by far the greater number of the children of this unfortunate class are boys. The chief reason probably is that girls are less adventurous than boys; they very rarely play truant, and they do not take so readily to the life of the streets. Perhaps, too, girls are less frequently neglected than boys; where homes are thoroughly bad, a friendly relative or neighbour more often comes to the rescue of the girls. However this may be, the number of girls requiring industrial school accommodation has always been much smaller than the

A MAYPOLE DANCE ON THE LAWN

number of boys. It was not until the year 1897 that the Board opened its first industrial school for girls. Previous to that time the girls' cases which came before the Industrial Schools Committee were dealt with by being sent to various industrial schools for girls with which the Board have agreements. That plan is still adopted in many cases, but the youngest children are now generally sent to Gordon House.

There is little enough in the outward appearance of Gordon House to suggest a school or institution. Standing in the midst of the spacious and beautiful grounds, the long two-storeyed building, creeper-covered in parts, wears still the appearance of an old English family mansion. Inside the house the changes are naturally more apparent. The entrance hall, into which we are admitted by a bright little girl in a neat green serge frock, is no doubt much the same as it was when the door-keeper was a powdered flunkey. The marble floor and marble columns and the fine oak staircase are unchanged, but a School Board "museum" standing in one corner has a slightly incongruous appearance. To the left of the hall is the drawing-room, which has a fine marble mantelpiece and a richly-moulded and gilded ceiling, but for the rest its magnificence is departed, the furniture consisting of the plain useful desks and appliances of an ordinary board school. This is the main school-room, and the large conservatory beyond serves as a class-room. Up-stairs in the dormitories there is, of course, no magnificence, but plenty of homely comfort; the smaller rooms especially, with their four or five little clean white beds and one or two cots for the "babies," pictures on the walls and even a few knick-knacks on the mantelpiece, are more suggestive of the night nursery in a middle-class home than of the dormitory of a public institution. The bedrooms are distinguished by the names of flowers, and from the windows the children can look out upon "the fair and goodly Thames," as yet uncontaminated by the grime of the great city.

A cottage has been built in the grounds to provide extra sleeping accommodation; the laundry also is located here. Another building which stands apart from the rest

has a distinctly ecclesiastical appearance; it was, in fact, built for a chapel, though never used as such. This is now the children's play-room, and here in neat little cupboards they keep their personal treasures.

In the laying out of the grounds it is said that King William IV. took a deep personal interest, and that he was well pleased with the result. But it is not likely that His Majesty or any of the aristocratic occupants or visitors to Gordon House ever obtained from these beautiful grounds a tithe of the pleasure and benefit which they now afford to some of the slum children of London. The front of the house, looking away from the river, faces a well-kept lawn, in the middle of which is a fountain; beyond are well-wooded walks in the midst of which nestles one of those classic summer-houses, looking like miniature temples, in which the architects of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth century delighted. The rest of the ground has been more especially adapted for the uses of the present tenants; part is left uncultivated to form the children's playground, part is a kitchen-garden, and part has been parcelled out into little flower-gardens, which the children cultivate with loving care.

Lest it should be thought that the Board has been grossly extravagant in providing such a palatial home for industrial school-children, it may be mentioned that the estate was acquired on very favourable terms. The freehold of the house and grounds was bought for £7000, and it is not likely that a site could have been obtained elsewhere and a suitable home and school built for anything like that sum.

And how does the new and strange environment affect the children? It would be difficult to find a more striking example of the power of environment than Gordon House affords. One little girl, when for the first time she crossed the marble floor of the entrance hall, asked in an awe-struck whisper, "Is this the King's house?" And it may well be that the beauty and dignity of the material surroundings tend in some degree to extirpate what is mean and squalid in thought and habit. But, of course, the chief influences are the regular, healthy life, the gentle discipline, and the continuous mental and moral training.

IN THE KITCHEN: LEARNING TO COOK

Taken as a whole the Gordon House children, when they first come to the school, belong to the lowest type of childhood—physically, mentally, and morally. Indeed some can hardly be said to have had a childhood at all, and the first work of the home is to recover the child nature, to bring laughter to the prematurely careworn and aged little faces, and something of the healthy child's buoyancy and eagerness into the dull, inert little lives. Miss Challenger, the superintendent, can tell some curious and sometimes tragic stories about her young charges. One of the girls had apparently never slept in a bed before she came to the home; every morning she was found curled up on the bedroom floor, and it was a long time before she could accustom herself to passing the night in the orthodox way. A little girl of six, a tramp's child, who had never

had a home in her life, when first brought to the school, slept for three weeks almost continuously; during all that time she never smiled, nor made any response to efforts made to amuse and interest her. Often the bath is a cause of great terror to newcomers, who can never have known the comfort of personal cleanliness, and to many night-gowns and tooth-brushes are mysterious articles of which the use is quite unknown.

IN THE LAUNDRY

Most of the children who have but just come to the school have their hair cropped short, like a boy's—a grim hint of the condition in which they arrived; some of these girls have a dull, apathetic look, others seem timid and frightened; sometimes it will take a child a little while to get out of the habit—so sadly suggestive of former ill-treatment—of raising her arm, when spoken to, as if to shield herself from a blow.

Very striking is the contrast in appearance and manner presented by those girls who have been a year or two at the school. These, for the most part, are healthy and strong in body, and bright and alert in manner; some, especially of the younger ones, are quite pretty, and all seem very happy. The upward pull of environment has overcome the downward pull of heredity; the evil bias has been worked out of their young lives. So, at least, it seems, and so we may hope. Whether the evil taint will ever reassert itself, and the girls, freed from the control of the institution, return to the evil associations of their earliest years, and throw off the orderly and sober ways they have acquired, it is, of course

TIDYING THEIR OWN BEDROOM

impossible to say. But the experience of the school, so far as it has yet gone, is altogether encouraging.

By Christmas, 1903, twenty-six girls had left the home. Every one was respectably employed in domestic service, and every one was still in touch with the school. Photographs of nearly all of them adorn Miss Challenger's sitting-room, and she can tell us the history of every one from the time of joining the school. As in the case of other industrial schools, the Board exercises some control over the scholars' movements till they reach the age of eighteen. But after that a girl is free to choose for herself. The influence of the school will still be exerted to induce her to remain in service, but against this there is often the influence of unworthy parents, who will spare no effort to get the girl home now that she is able to earn money. As a general rule, the girls who have no friends are those whose future career gives least anxiety. The chief difficulties of the early years in service arise from the persecutions and importunities of so-called "friends." To urge a girl to resist the entreaties of her own mother may seem an unnatural proceeding, but often the only hope of sobriety and respectability for a girl lies in her so resisting. There is no sadder feature in industrial school life than this—that the most evil influence in the lives of many of the children is that of their own parents.

THE LITTLE ONES' BEDROOM: GETTING-UP TIME

The training at Gordon House is directed to making the girls capable and efficient domestic servants. Cooking and laundry-work are taught on much the same lines as in the ordinary day-school classes, and the big house affords plenty of opportunities for learning other branches of domestic work. Even the younger children have their little domestic duties, so that all may learn to be industrious and useful. Of course there is no difficulty in getting good places for the girls when they leave school, nor would there be if there were twenty times as many girls available.

An additional air of homeliness is given to Gordon House by the presence of two or three "babies" ("baby" seems to be the technical name for a child who is too young to go to school). They are merry, fearless little creatures, who are everybody's pets, and to whom Miss Challenger is "Auntie." But perhaps there is some little administrative inconvenience in having children of such varied ages in the same institution.

The records of the London School Board have no more striking example than the story of Gordon House affords of the truth that the surest path to all social reform lies through the child. If children of the most depraved parents, reared under the very vilest of physical and moral conditions, can by the subtle influence of a new and happier environment be changed into bright, attractive little people with pleasant manners and right principles, and by and by into useful and self-respecting members of the industrial community, surely no child can be hopeless. And the problem which for thirty-three years the London

School Board has been doing its best to solve—the problem of how to give every child a fair start in life—is seen to be one which holds within itself the solution to more than half the difficulties and perplexities of the complex life of to-day. Nor is this a new doctrine; it is but a re-statement of the saying of the wise man of old:

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Best Postcard Recommending *The Leisure Hour*

First Prize: One Guinea:
ALICE BIRT, Grove House, Leamington Spa.

Second Prize: Half-a-Guinea:
C. M. ANDERSON, 26 Church Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

Four Prizes: Half-a-Crown each:
EDWARD WHEELER, 95 Cromwell Road, Peterborough; MISS C. MAUD BATTERSBY, Cromlyn, Rathowen, Co. Meath; MRS. CATTERMOLE, Eleigh Water, Chard; MISS FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL, 6 Portland Place, Kensington, W.

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H. J. CALVER; EDITH VERNON; FLORENCE BENTON; A. E. FREEN; M. A. BROWNE; MARY POWELL; E. BIRT; MRS. LE MESURIER; S. DALTON; CARRIE JENKINS; PATTIE PATTISON.

We are much obliged to all these friends, and others whose names are not mentioned, for their kindness in recommending *The Leisure Hour* to others. We append some of the post-cards sent.

Grove House, Leamington Spa,
Jan. 8, 1904.

DEAR A.,

For the soundness of its views, and for wide and varied reading, I unhesitatingly advise you to take in *The Leisure Hour.*

M. always finds in it some item of interest for her budget of news to C. in his remote African station.

B. continually makes use of its up-to-date articles in the preparation of her General Knowledge Lesson in the High School.

D., who never will take sufficient rest, does sit down to read the serial stories.

E. derives much amusement and practice in perseverance from the competitions.

Even K. loves the pictures, and shows his infant appreciation by not tearing the leaves.

For myself I could tell you much more, but the limit is the post-card's, not the merits of *The Leisure Hour.*—ALICE BIRT.

26 Church Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

MY DEAR ——

I understand you do not take in *The Leisure Hour*, and as your family is growing up, and literature for the household becomes daily more important, I cannot too strongly recommend *The Leisure Hour.* The tales, all by writers of first rank, are intensely interesting, up-to-date and with a good purpose, without containing the sensational trash or vapid nonsense one finds in most current periodicals, and which is so injurious to young and old. Then there are articles upon travel and research, which I should say cannot be beaten. Also social and school subjects—Poems, Astronomical, and Women's Interests—all thought of and well provided for. The circulation being world-wide, we get also personal narratives and information in "Over-Sea Notes," and last, but by no means least, the Chess, Fireside Club, and Eisteddfod pages of competitions, etc., alone make it worthy of your subscription. To sum it up in one word, I consider it "matchless"—therefore become a subscriber!—Yours very sincerely, C. M. ANDERSON.

95 Cromwell Road, Peterborough.

Allow me to recommend to you *The Leisure Hour* as the best 6*d.* magazine now published. It keeps to its old motto, "Amusement and instruction hand in hand," but is in every respect up-to-date. The Over-Sea Notes, which give much useful information *re* the colonies and foreign countries, interest me much, as do also the Astronomical and Science Notes. You are interested in Photography, and will be pleased with the Photo competitions; and if your boys play Chess, the chess page will delight them. Each number has usually good articles on literary subjects, travels, etc. "Women's Interests" will please Clara and Hilda, and you will all like the running story and the complete short stories. It is a magazine well illustrated and well got up. Try it for twelve months and you will be of the same opinion as—ED. WHEELER.

Cromlyn, Rathowen, Ireland.
Jan. 6, 1904.

DEAR COUSIN,

If you can subscribe for *any* magazine this year, I heartily recommend *The Leisure Hour.* It has been taken in by our family since before I was born! and is more and more valued and valuable every month. *The Leisure Hour* is perfectly "up-to-date," and gives account of the most recent inventions and discoveries, in simple but accurate language. There are Notes from Over-sea, telling of our colonies and foreign lands. "Women's Interests" are considered, and competitions give employment for spare hours. The illustrations are excellent, the stories full of life. I have found no trace of "cant," but the whole tone of the magazine is uplifting, and markedly helpful to practical Christianity. You will enjoy the poetry. I have been delighted with some lovely verses. "Popular, but not pandering to Popularity," is a motto which might characterise *The Leisure Hour.* Buy it—is the advice of your cousin.—C. MAUD BATTERSBY.

Eleigh Water, Chard.
Jan. 5, 1904.

Do you take in *The Leisure Hour?* (R. T. S.) It is a veritable library of information (Encyclopædia Britannica on a small scale)—absolutely pure, and useful not only for one's own reading, but to place in a reading-room or to lend afterwards.
V. M. CATTERMOLE.

6 Portland Place, Kensington, W.
Jan. 8, 1904.

DEAR MRS. ——

Will you get this month's number of *The Leisure Hour?* As a lover of all good things, I know you will be deeply interested in its contents. Its outlook, at this beginning of a new year, is a large one—taking in art, literature, travel, and several aspects of the social scheme. I think you will be pleased both with its breadth and its independence of tone; for it fearlessly uncovers, in, for instance, such an article as "The Critic on the Hearth," the causes that underlie the ills that affect this community. If I wanted to commend it further to you, I should say that its tone is polished, and that its illustrations are charming. Looking for your opinion,
I am, sincerely yours, FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

Free Trade *v.* Protection

Prize Essays, Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

I.

INTERCOURSE between nations by means of international trade has existed in the world as far back as history can relate; and Governments have ever investigated and adjusted, to some extent, the means by which their own particular country may benefit by the transactions. In order therefore to fully understand the problem, one must know as precisely as possible what is meant by the two systems under which nations may interchange their productions. Free Trade is simply an extension of the division of labour principle, by means of which each country, instead of being obliged to depend entirely on home manufactures, can devote its energies to those branches of trade or agriculture to which natural circumstances or national peculiarities have specially adapted it. Protection is the name given to the system of safeguarding from foreign competition, and so developing native industries by the imposition upon foreign commodities entering the country of duties calculated either to check the extent of, or to make altogether prohibitive, the entry of the commodities which compete with home production.

From an economic point of view Free Trade is preferable between the nations of the world, as under any system of Protection there is loss to each nation; because, for a nation to make a commodity for which it is less adapted than another, means that the consumer must pay more for that commodity, and therefore has less to spend on others, and so he has to go without some article which he would otherwise have bought. Trade, moreover, as history shows, has been the great civilising power in the world, and it has fostered that friendship between nations which lies in the dependency of one people upon another for the obtainment of that which it cannot itself produce cheaply or at all. A system of Protection, according to the definition, aims at a nation being self-sufficing, which means that less trade would be done with other countries; and although for a nation to be independent of the productions of others may in some things be satisfactory, yet for a nation to cut off or lessen trade with other countries cannot be considered an advance in the civilisation of the world. Adam Smith and Mill believed that under some conditions Protection was justifiable—such as in the case of infant industries or the shipping industry (for defence of the country)—but these, together with nearly all the other economists who have ever written, clearly show that freedom of trade from an economic standpoint is eventually the best policy for every nation. There are, however, several continental economists who argue from a political standpoint that a country may, with beneficial results to itself, impose a tariff on foreign-made goods. It is from a political point of view that most Protectionists speak, and the arguments brought forward by them are met with economic and political answers by the upholders of Free Trade. During the course of the controversy in England the following main points have arisen:—

1. *Protection was the means by which England obtained commercial greatness.* It is stated that the commerce of England was raised upon the fabric of Protection which existed up to the middle of the last century, and that England's decline commenced with the adoption of Free Trade. In support of this is cited the case of the imposition of a tax on all imported manufactured woollens and the prevention of the export of raw wool in the time of the Tudors. The Free Trade reply to this is a direct negative, and the petition addressed to Parliament by the Anti-Corn Law League in 1835 is referred to; in this petition it was pointed out that in consequence of the existing tariffs in England, new industries were beginning to spring up on the Continent, and that the standard of comfort in England was very low; the petitioners prayed that the Government would adopt the Free Trade system.

2. *Protection would bring about the unification of the Empire if preferential tariffs were adopted with regard to trade with the Colonies.* It is put forward that if trade with the Colonies be given a preference over that with foreign countries, the bonds of union would be drawn tighter, as there would then be, in addition to the ties of sentiment, that of common material interests. The Free Trader, though, points out that English history proves that the extension, prosperity, and loyalty of the Empire have increased in proportion as trade restriction and preferences between its component parts have been abolished. In support of this is brought forward the fact that under a preference we lost what are now the United States of America, but that, under a system by which the central Government has refrained from meddling with trade, we have gained a greater and more united "Britain beyond the seas."

3. *Protection will increase the home trade and raise wages.* It is upheld that by Protection the home market would be secured for home producers; that a manufacturer, if assured of a certain sale, could afford to manufacture a larger number of articles and thus decrease the cost of each; he could also, then, dump any

surplus he might have in a foreign country, at or below cost. As the foreign manufactures would be kept out new industries would arise, the manufacturer would get a better price for his goods, and would therefore be able to pay his workmen more in wages. The reply on Free Trade principles is, that although some of the primary industries may be benefited, the industries employing a far greater number, and depending on these industries, will suffer; that if the steel industry be protected, shipbuilding and other industries will gradually sink, as the cost of constructing ships would go up in consequence of the increased price of steel. The standard of comfort is much lower in most of the protected countries than in England; wages in addition are lower also.

4. *Protection will help agriculture.* It is considered that by putting a tax on foreign wheat the price of bread will go up, the home farmer will then produce more wheat, more land will therefore be put into cultivation, necessitating more labourers. Another argument brought forward is that economic self-containment as regards the food supply is necessary to the well-being of any nation. The Free Trader urges against this, that rural depopulation is not governed by the price of corn, and is a more serious question in the United States and Germany than in England; that in case of war if the food be brought to England in a neutral country's vessels, there would be no necessity to protect them, whereas if brought in our own from the Colonies, a certain number of warships would of necessity have to be allotted as escorts, and thus diminish fighting strength.

5. *Protection will provide an instrument of retaliation by which the barriers of foreign tariffs may be beaten down and the area of Free Trade extended.* In support of this the Protectionist says: (*a*) That the English workman is not competing on an equal footing with the foreigner; that universal Free Trade is desirable, but there is not Free Trade when the foreigner keeps English exports from entering his country by means of high tariffs, while foreign goods enter England free. (*b*) That our imports into England exceed the exports by nearly £190,000,000, which amount is partly, at any rate, paid in bullion and specie. (*c*) That when adopted, Protection would provide a weapon to use against the foreigner to induce him to lower his tariffs on English exports. Against this the Free Trader says: (*a*) That exports and imports must be equal, that the difference quoted above is paid by past or invisible exports, chiefly as capital invested abroad and partly as services rendered. (*b*) That if Protection were adopted the cost of living would be increased and we should lose our trade with the neutral markets. Sir Robert Peel insisted that "the best way to meet hostile tariffs is by free imports." It is further advocated that Protection would lead us into a tariff war, and that universal Free Trade would be further off than ever.

In conclusion, it may be marked that the supporters of Free Trade argue from a higher plane. For as to Empire, what is preferential trade contrasted with common institutions, a common history, common aspirations, common blood, and a common language? The Free Trade cause is also, first, that of the general interest against the particular interest, that of political purity against political corruption, that of social equality against powerful vested interests. It is, secondly, the defence of the small taxpayer against the large, for Protectionism threatens to shift the whole basis of taxation by placing a chief part of the burden on articles of general consumption. It is, finally, a protest against the fiscal jingoism which would injure the country from a blind dislike of the foreigner.

W. LIONEL JENKINS.

II.

THE subject of Free Trade *v.* Protection is one of wide interest at the present time.

For nearly sixty years the doctrine of Free Trade has been upheld by a great mass of Britons, business men, political economists, and others, till it has almost become one of the fixed tenets of belief of many.

Such being the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that when, in May last, Mr. Chamberlain, in his now historic speech, delivered in Birmingham, struck out boldly for Protection and Preferential Tariffs to our Colonies, his proposals took many by surprise and were looked upon with suspicion by others.

One of the great obstacles which Mr. Chamberlain will have to overcome is deep-rooted prejudice in favour of existing conditions. He will be met by the class of people who say, "Things are very well as they are. Why disturb them?" "The country is prosperous and has prospered under Free Trade. Why make any change?" These forget that while manufacturing England has undoubtedly prospered under Free Trade, rural England and Ireland, more especially the latter, have suffered greatly under its *régime*, and do not make allowance for the fact that our prosperity need not be (and indeed is not) in any way derived from Free Trade, and one might almost say, we have prospered in spite of rather than because of it. They forget that other countries have likewise progressed, and in many cases have done so more under Protection than we have under Free Trade. Taking some figures—the exports from the United Kingdom during the ten years 1891-1900, as compared with the previous ten years, increased some 55 million pounds. When we compare these figures with those of other countries, we find that during the same period the United States increased their exports by 552 millions, Holland by 352, and Germany by 197 millions. Our progress, it will be seen, is small compared with that of some of our rivals. Still more significance is given to these figures when it is found that while the increase of the

United States exports represents an advance of 35 %, that of Holland of 47 %, and that of Germany 13 %, our increase is only a meagre one of 2 %.

Though we have prospered during the years we have been governed by Free Trade, yet it must be remembered that at the time we adopted it we had won our supremacy in the commercial world under Protection; also, about the same period, the discovery of steam, with its application to rail and boat, gold discoveries in Australia and California, the cutting of the Suez Canal and its resultant expansion of commerce with India, China and Japan, were all causes which would more than account for the wonderful impetus which was given to trade.

Political economists hold that the theory of what is known as "Division of Labour" holds good in political as well as in commercial entities, and that the many benefits which under the latter accrue to individuals would also be for the good of communities and nations under the former.

John Stuart Mill was a Free Trader, holding also that any such duty as the Preference given to the produce of a colony was economically wasteful as inducing to a more costly method of obtaining a commodity; yet he also states that "the only mode in which a country can save itself from being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries is to impose corresponding revenue duties on theirs," showing that, as things now obtain, he would be a Protectionist.

There are few who will not admit that Free Trade—that is, true Free Trade—if it could be obtained, would be far the best for all. Cobden's definition of Free Trade was, "to bring about the free intercourse of commodities at their natural prices," that is, between nation and nation. At present we are the only country of any importance in the commercial world to adopt this method of business. Every other country but ourselves repudiates it, and while the products of others are admitted free to us, our exports to them are handicapped by tariffs which, beginning small, often creep up till they become prohibitive. The consequence is we are found to be Free Importers rather than Free Traders. Another drawback to our system is, that under it our opponents are enabled to "dump" their surplus stock of goods upon our shores, often below cost price, and often to the permanent injury of existing home trade. Undoubtedly we at times get the benefit of cheap goods, but we may pay too great a price for that cheapness, and it must not be forgotten that we are producers before we become consumers, and that it is as necessary to look after the interests of the former as of the latter.

We are at present powerless to retaliate against foreigners when they impose tariffs upon our commodities. It is reasonably certain that if, for instance, at the time the McKinley tariffs were imposed upon us by America, we had been in a position to bargain, there would today be in existence many flourishing industries which have since been crippled or destroyed. Are we then to retain this system, of which we are almost the only supporters? Are we right while all the rest of the business world is wrong? In short, shall we remain Free Traders, or shall we become Protectionists? The question is a complex one, and only to be decided after the pros and cons have been carefully weighed.

It will then remain for each to decide whether he thinks it would be *pro bono publico* to remain as we are, or whether with Mr. Balfour we shall take steps to defend our commerce against the attacks of foreign nations, and get for ourselves protection against the conditions produced by our form of Free Trade; or whether with Mr. Chamberlain we shall strive to extend the unity of the Empire by giving preferential treatment to our Colonies, which will have the effect of, at the same time, consolidating our position amongst the nations of the world, of extending our basis of supplies, and of enlarging our markets for exports.

JAMES WILKINSON, JUNR.

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

The Sea of Azov grows smaller

RUSSIAN papers state that the Sea of Azov is gradually shrinking, and that the shrinkage of the past few years is most marked. In the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Don, at Taganrog and Rostoff, the water is growing shallower, so that during a recent heavy land storm which lasted fourteen days, an area of 116 square versts was laid bare, and only sand and morass was seen where but a few years ago steamers used to load and unload their cargoes. The Government are taking steps to cope with the shrinking of the sea, as it is most important that ships have access to the important grain emporiums along the coast. A Commission appointed by the Tsar to suggest practicable proposals have recommended that between Kertch and the opposite coast, where the straits dividing the Azov from the Black Sea are only about two and a half miles wide, a huge causeway be built with an opening in the middle for the ingress and egress of vessels. The Russian engineers believe that this plan if carried out will raise the surface of the sea by three metres (117 inches). The cost of the singular undertaking will be about 1½ million pounds sterling, and it is said that the Tsar has ordered the work to be commenced and carried through with all speed.—M. A. M.

Vatican Finances

THE news, more or less correct, which has leaked out with regard to the money left by Leo. XIII. to his successor, has obliged the Vatican to reiterate, contradict, explain, and discuss the subject to such an extent as to give a sufficiently exact idea of the financial condition of the headquarters of Roman Catholicism, and how the money collected from the Faithful throughout the world is spent. From the official figures given out by the Holy See it appears that, notwithstanding the 30,000,000 francs lost by Leo XIII. in mistaken financial speculations, and the several other millions which, at the Vatican, they themselves call wasted in sterile attempts, he left to Pius X. a patrimony amounting altogether to 42,000,000 francs, which represent a yearly income of about 1,680,000 francs. This, however, merely represents a very small portion of what is necessary to him who calls himself the "Vicar of Christ upon earth" to keep up his State and Court as a Sovereign. Indeed, the yearly expenditure of the Holy See reaches 7,000,000 francs, so that, considering the savings which both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. were able to make between expenditure and revenues, it is evident that the collections of the Vatican from the Roman Catholics represent an average of 6,000,000 francs a year. This will, to a certain extent, explain why the Pope has always refused the 3,225,000 francs which the Italian Government generously sets aside for them yearly, according to the Law of Guarantees, voted by Parliament eight months after the fall of the Temporal Power, and representing what was at that time the expenses as inscribed in the Vatican Budget, the expenditure for the Apostolic Palaces, the Sacred College, the Ecclesiastic Congregations, the Secretaryship of State, and its Diplomatic Body abroad. It is evident that if the Vatican accepted the 3,000,000 francs offered by the Italian Government it would risk to see the 6,000,000 of the Faithful disappear or be reduced almost to nothing. Interesting reading is furnished by the way in which the Vatican spends its 7,000,000 francs a year, which are roughly divided as follows: Diplomatic Body, 2,750,000 francs; Papal Court, including the personal expenses of the Pope, guards, etc., 1,500,000; Secretaryship, State, 850,000; subvention to press, 750,000; Sacred College, 500,000; political propaganda, 400,000; religious ceremonies, 200,000; charity, 50,000. Nothing could be more eloquent than these figures in proving how the money of the poor, who deprive themselves of necessities to give it, is spent in its greater bulk, for puposes which have no connexion with religion.—I. C.

"Water, Water everywhere, but not," etc.

THE average Australian bushman is apt to think himself a very clever person in matters pertaining to his own comfort, especially where his stomach is concerned, yet in the coastal districts he is, as a rule, absolutely ignorant of the food value of many trees,

plants and creepers that the aboriginals are well acquainted with and resort to in times of necessity. Then too, on the seacoast itself there is always to be found an ample supply of very nutritious food, of which ninety-nine out of every hundred persons are most likely in ignorance. Many hundreds too of seafaring people who have been cast away on the Australian coast have suffered terribly from, or have succumbed to starvation or thirst when there was both an ample supply of food and water to their hands, had they known where to seek it. The writer well remembers how, in his boyhood's days, seventeen shipwrecked seamen landed on the coast of New South Wales between Smoky Cape and Point Plomer, and suffered the agonies of thirst, when in all the scrubs that lined the littoral there were countless thousands of thick vines depending from the forest trees that only needed to be cut into short lengths and held upright to yield a plentiful supply of water—acrid and astringent, it is true, but pure. And yet the local settlers who discovered the half-maddened castaways searching for water took them five miles to a creek to satisfy their thirst! This water from the vines, if it is boiled, at once loses its astringency and becomes as soft as rain-water. A piece of vine six inches in diameter and two feet in length will yield two-thirds of a pint of water, especially in the dry, hot summer months—the greater the dryness of the season the greater the yield; in the rainy season the thousands of tiny tubes which compose the interior of one of these lianas and carry the supply of liquid derived from the soil up to the leaves, become swollen and clogged, and only a few spoonfuls will result from the severance of a piece, unless the vine is cut high up, where doubtless the rays of the sun and the action of the wind assist towards a better percolation. And then as to food: the Australian coastal settler has not yet learnt that in the very barren-looking beaches of sand that in some cases stretch and curve for fifty miles, there lie hidden, a few inches beneath, in the despised "pippy," or triangular-shaped cockle, a bivalve which he knows only as "a good bait for fish," a valuable food product, rich and nutritious to a degree. It can be either baked or boiled, and is far superior in its delicacy of flavour to the much-vaunted American clam—which, alas! like the British oyster, should be eaten with great circumspection and not too far away from a competent medical man who has had a long experience of the causes of typhoid.—L. B.

A Great Wheat Harvest

In the three great wheat-growing States of the Australian Commonwealth—Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales—the wheat harvest is now (November 20, 1903) being reaped. Last year the wheat was a failure all over the continent, and thousands of tons of wheat had to be imported from North America, India, and the Argentine. In Victoria only some 3,000,000 bushels were garnered, less than half of what is needed for the State's home consumption. This season the yield is expected to reach 20,000,000 bushels, which will leave us a large surplus for export. South Australia will also have several million bushels to export, and New South Wales a considerable amount, while even Queensland may have enough to supply her own wants. The financial results to the continent will be very important, as our wheat exports will help us greatly to pay our foreign indebtedness. The great bulk of the Victorian comes from the Mallee, in the north-west—the temporary drought emigration from which was described in these pages a few months ago. This season the Mallee is one vast expanse of waving wheat-fields. The transformation from the desolation of drought is simply magical. Already the golden wheat is beginning to arrive in Melbourne, and by midsummer it will be pouring down to the ports. The only trouble now is how to handle this vast quantity of grain. The railway department has built hundreds of new trucks and new engines, and long special trains bringing nothing but wheat will soon be running night and day from the Mallee to Melbourne. But it is believed that it will be impossible to avert a block. Dozens of ships are already engaged to receive wheat cargoes, and at the port of shipment it is proposed to load continuously night and day. This fine wheat harvest, which is the best on record, will mean over £2,000,000 more income for our farmers; while the drop in the price of flour, from £1 6*s*. per bag of 200 lbs. to between 14*s*. and 16*s*. will be a great boon to the consumer. Besides good crops the Mallee farmers have also splendid grass, more than their stock can consume. And it is all due to the fact that this winter and spring five or six inches more rain fell than was the case last year.—F. S. S.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Helium and Radium

ABOUT thirty years ago certain rays were observed when sunlight was analysed with the spectroscope. The light could not be matched with rays obtained from any terrestrial material; and the name helium—the element of the sun—was given to the then unknown substance which it represented. In 1897 Sir William Ramsay found that a gas given off when clevite and other rare minerals are heated emitted the helium rays, when it was rendered luminous, and this gas proved to be identical with that of the sun. Investigations made a few months ago suggest that emanations from the wonderful new element, radium, are converted into helium gas in the course of a few days. The emanation or radio-active gas from a minute quantity of a compound of radium was collected and sealed up in a glass tube. When the gas in the tube was rendered luminous by electricity, no trace of helium rays could be discovered in its light. After standing for three days, however, the characteristic helium rays were clearly exhibited; and later experiments confirmed the reality of the change from one element to another. As an element has hitherto been considered to be a simple substance from which no other body can be obtained, the apparent transmutation from radium to helium was quite unexpected, and could not easily be explained. Prof. J. Dewar has found helium gas in the water from hot springs at Bath, and the Hon. R. J. Strutt has since discovered that the mineral deposits which collect in the tanks and pipes of the springs contain radium in appreciable quantities. It has therefore been suggested that the helium gas in Bath waters owes its origin to large quantities of radium at a great depth below the earth's surface. At Lord Blytheswood's laboratory, Renfrew, radio-active gases, like the emanations from radium, had previously been found in waters from the Buxton springs, as well as from those at Bath; and Prof. J. J. Thomson obtained air with the same curious properties from Cambridge tap-water, and from the water of certain deep wells. The question now arises whether the curative qualities of these waters are due to these gases; and if this proves to be the case, the emanations of radium may prove of the greatest value in the treatment of tuberculosis and other diseases.

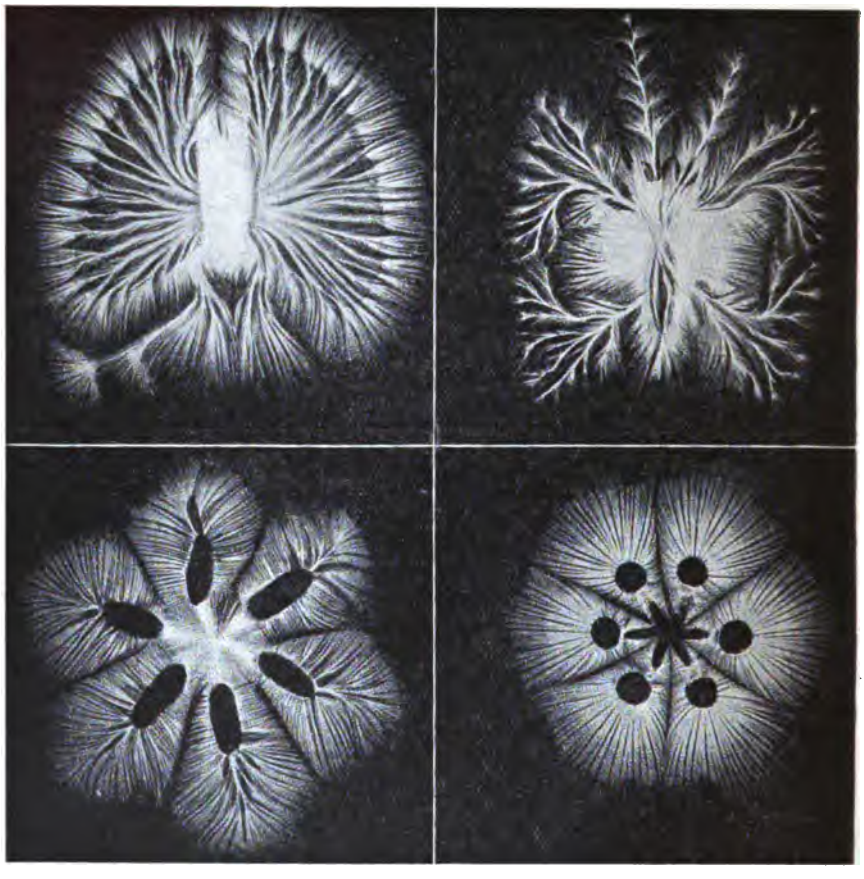
Cells and Cancer

SOME observations of cell structure, recently made by Prof. J. B. Farmer, Mr. J. E. S. Moore, and Mr. C. E. Walker, have an important bearing upon our knowledge of the nature of cancer growths, and may lead to the discovery of the cause of the disease. Briefly, the discovery is that cancer is not due to a microbe or parasite, but is associated with certain changes of cell structure. All plants, and all animals, are composed of elementary organs called cells, each of which, when examined under a microscope, is seen to contain a rounded body called the nucleus. Every change in the form and size of an organism is simply the expression of the mode of growth and multiplication of the individual cells of which the living thing is made up. In general, the cells multiply by dividing into two parts, but the division is preceded by extensive changes in the nucleus. Before the mother nucleus has thus divided into two daughter nuclei, filaments appear which are easily stained with dyes and so rendered visible, and these divide up into a definite number of segments, known as chromosomes. Critical examination has shown that the changes which the cells undergo when a malignant growth such as cancer is spreading, are distinct from those which occur in the case of ordinary tumours. The nuclear chromosomes pass through totally different series of changes, as compared with those exhibited by the chromosomes of the nuclei of healthy cells, their shape being different, and their number in every case being reduced to one-half. The changes are exactly similar to those which take place when new cells are produced, not by the purely vegetive process of division, but by the fusion of two cells. The observations thus suggest that the malignant tissue of cancerous growths originate in cells that have lost their normal character, and have directly assumed the nature of reproductive tissues. Changes of this character are common in plants, but they have not before been found in animal cells, and the discovery of their association with cancer is regarded by the Cancer Research Committee as of the highest importance; for the disease cannot be scientifically treated until its exact nature is understood. Apparently, if a means could be found of preventing the ordinary cells of the body from developing into cells having reproductive characters, the growth of a cancer could be stopped.

Electric Designs

BEAUTIFUL designs can be produced by connecting a photographic plate with an electrical machine or intensity coil and causing a

discharge of electricity to take place over it in a dark room. The plate should be placed with its non-sensitive side on a sheet of metal connected with one pole of the machine or coil, and a metal point connected with the other pole should be in contact with the sensitive face. After a spark has passed from the source of electricity, the plate is developed, and remarkable figures will be found upon it. Prof. S. Leduc has produced curious and interesting designs by placing various stencil patterns upon the plate and dusting them with fine powders, such as starch or flowers of sulphur, before causing the discharge to take place. The stencil is of course removed before the spark passes, so that the design is reproduced on the sensitive surface by the powder, the remainder of the surface remaining clean and smooth. Some of the ornamental patterns obtained by electrical discharges over plates treated in this way, and then developed after the dust has been removed, are shown in the accompanying pictures from the *Scientific American*. An infinite variety of similar electrical figures can be obtained by the simple means described, and the effects are produced when only a small machine or coil is used for the discharge.



PHOTOGRAPHIC PATTERNS PRODUCED BY ELECTRICITY

Varieties

"Soyez Tranquille"

WHILST at Balaclava embarking the army we lived well, and Soyer, the French chef sent by our intelligent Government to teach the British soldier how to prepare his food! used occasionally to cook for us. He was a most amusing fellow, full of good stories, which he told well. Asked upon one of these occasions if he were married, he said, with a sigh, that he was a widower. There was a little pause upon this announcement, and then he described the many virtues of his late consort. But we gathered from him that her temper was extremely irritable, and from what he said she must have had a sharp tongue. I daresay her patience was often tried by her laughing but, doubtless, loving husband. Looking very solemn, he ended his story by saying he had buried her in Père la Chaise Cemetery, having inscribed on her tombstone "Soyez tranquille." —*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

The Wanderer

UPON a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came that shell upon that mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some careless hand,
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang—
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide—
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

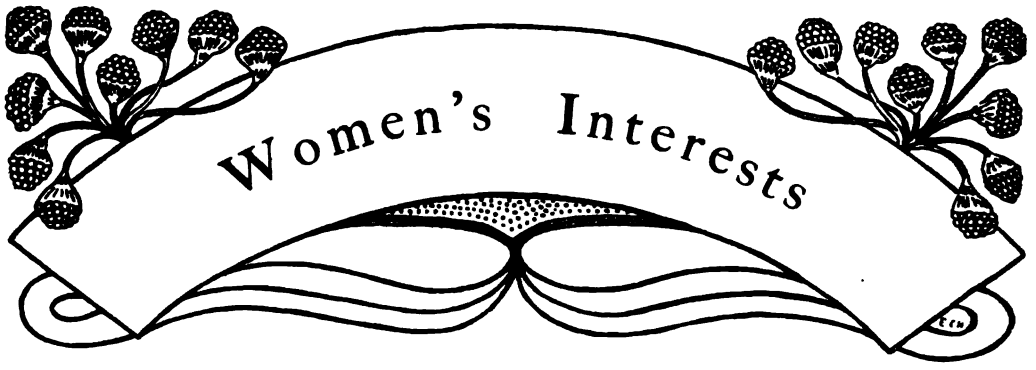
And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may—
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee.—EUGENE FIELD.

Astronomical Notes for March

THOSE who carried out the Gregorian reformation of the calendar were desirous of making the vernal equinox fall on the same date (March 21st) as it did at the time of the Council of Nicæa in A.D. 325, or as near it as was consistent with a tolerably simple rule, in order that the rule then established for the observance of Easter might still hold. Now, if the year contained 365¼ days exactly, this would be the case by the Julian reckoning, according to which each fourth year is a leap-year without exception. But as a year is a few minutes short of 365¼ days, the effect of that rule was that the vernal equinox fell slightly earlier each year, amounting to a whole day in about 132 years. The Gregorian reformation consisted in omitting a leap-year at the end of each century (except each fourth century), and also in striking ten days out of the calendar by which the vernal equinox had become earlier than the 21st of March, when the reformation was effected in 1582 (it was not adopted in England until 1752). The result was that the vernal equinox fell on the 20th of March towards the end of each century, but was restored to the 21st at the beginning of the next. This equinox is the day on which the Sun crosses the equator from south to north, the actual time of which is at different hours of the day. Thus in 1901 it took place on the 21st of March at 7 o'clock in the morning; in 1902 at 1 o'clock in the afternoon; and in the last year at 7 o'clock in the evening; present year (which is a leap-year) it will be at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 21st of this month.

The Sun rises at Greenwich on the first day of this month at 6h. 47m. in the morning and sets at 5h. 38m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 26m. and sets at 5h. 55m.; and on the 21st he rises at 6h. 3m. and sets at 6h. 12m. (The Sun on the 21st day, that of the equinox, is on the meridian about 7 minutes past noon by our clocks, which keep mean time; refraction also somewhat lengthens the day at both ends.) The Moon is Full at 2h. 48m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 2nd; in her Last Quarter at 1h. 1m. on that of the 9th; New at 5h. 39m. on that of the 17th; in her First Quarter at 9h. 37m. on the evening of the 24th; and Full again at 44 minutes past noon on the 31st. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st (following which exceptionally high tides may be expected); in apogee, or farthest from us, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 14th; and in perigee again about a quarter before 10 o'clock on the evening of the 29th. An annular eclipse of the Sun will take place on the morning of the 17th, which will not be visible in any part of Europe or America. The central line will cross the Indian Ocean from south-east Africa a little to the north of Madagascar to Sumatra and the Malayan Peninsula, where the eclipse will be best seen to the north of Singapore soon after midday. No other phenomenon of importance is due this month. The planet Mercury will be visible in the morning at the beginning of the month, but will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 26th. Venus is a morning star passing from the eastern part of Capricornus through Aquarius into Pisces; she will be in close conjunction with Saturn on the 8th near the star Iota Capricorni (of the 4½ magnitude), and near the Moon on the 15th. Mars is scarcely visible this month, setting about an hour after the Sun. Jupiter is visible for a short time after sunset at the beginning of the month, but will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 27th. Saturn is visible before sunrise, and (as already remarked) will be in conjunction with Venus on the 8th.

W. T. LYNN.



Matters of Dress

RECENTLY a writer who moves in fashionable circles but retains a level head, was discussing the features of the present day as contrasted with those of twenty-five years ago, and she said that whereas then an unmarried girl could, with careful expenditure, make an allowance of £80 per annum suffice for her wardrobe, it was now impossible to meet the necessary demands under £120. The lady ascribed this to the increased area of occasions for which an entire change of outfit is necessary. Materials are cheaper than they were, and the careful investor can still find tolerable dressmakers that are not exorbitant; but new items are added in the shape of dress for the golf links, dress for the skating rink, dress for the motor car, and so on *ad infinitum*, and the struggling girl must keep abreast of the times.

In a way it is beside the question to say that many households meet all the obligations of life on the same annual sum that keeps the poor Society girl strained and harassed over her wardrobe, and that many other households would feel themselves rich beyond the dreams of avarice were such an income regular and certain. In another way it is not irrelevant, since we are all units of the same race, not to put the position on a still higher level, and, whether we recognise it or not, we affect each other mentally, morally and spiritually. The prosperity of a nation is not the prosperity of a section, but of the whole. There is something that grievously needs rectification when it has become absolutely indispensable that what would maintain a small family and prepare it for a life of usefulness shall be spent on covering the person of one young girl, she being an economist at that. Not very long ago the same literary lady suggested that the best use to which philanthropic people could put their superfluous capital would be to endow young men whose allowance was insufficient to meet their social obligations. The proposition was advanced in all seriousness; the writer had found the position of the youths in question pathetic.

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The late Dean Farrar and many others have drawn attention to the fact that present-day righteousness has moved past the effort towards personal rectitude into the field of effort to increase opportunities of rectitude for others. To-day the higher Christianity strives not only not to cause the weaker brother to offend, but to help him out of the groove of temptation to offence. The community is becoming generally conscious of the ills of the submerged, and that is something, since consciousness and conscience are akin. Motor coats and velvet skating suits are hardly quite so cosy when the wearer knows that thousands of homeless poor are wandering nightly through the bitter cold of London's streets, and that the Salvation Army and kindred organisations are striving to supply a free meal to each at 2 A.M., so far as funds will permit.

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To give alms is much, but after all it is only elementary Christianity; the higher Christianity takes the case of the poor and of him that hath no helper on its heart, and says, "I suffer in my weaker brother's woes." When his difficulties and hindrances become ours, we feel it is not enough to put food into his hungry mouth, we want to put hope into his empty heart and opportunities into the hands that are losing their skill for lack of these. The Salvation Army does this where it is possible, and so we can help the Army while thinking out our own plans.

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There is nothing in themselves sinful in skating or motoring or golfing, they may afford much needed relaxation to wearied brains or bodies, and it is natural that parents with means should like the young people to be properly equipped wherever they go. But think of a life spent in relaxation! Always to relax a bow that is never drawn, always to rest from effort that never has been or will be made! If the mere thought of it is oppression, what must the reality be? For a time it will seem all right, enjoyment itself is a glittering object that looks well worth pursuit, but when it has been attained and held and tested as a mere simulacrum, think of the ghastliness of renewing the chase!

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The revived religion which one can confidently predict, so crying is the need of it among all sections of the community, will take much cognisance of procedure and of the habits of the individual, and will obliterate a good deal of ceremonial observances. Multitudes are asking mournfully to-day why church attendance is dwindling, why the religious census wears such a depressing aspect. Some people have offered rude explanations, and others could have done so and refrained. May it not be that religious teachers have often forgotten that respect for wealth is evil, that the individual possession of wealth is evil and cannot be productive of good, that idleness and waste and vice are its train-bearers, and that wherever these go a desolate world is left in their wake? I should be disposed to say that the new religionists will make very strict rules in the matter of dress, so that the eye will see at a glance who is a Christian woman and who is a wanton; and that it will insist on the justice of the rule that whoso will not work shall not be fed to repletion. But at present Christianity seems to be a matter of "go as you please," and thus £120 per annum has become a starvation allowance for a nice girl's dress, while the tide of despair and misery among the penniless, the workless, and the homeless rises daily. When the churches begin to define the rules of Christianity on the basis of voluntary abstinence from wealth as a first essential of the law of universal brotherhood, we shall find again the obscured light of the first century.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LITERARY.

Cautious.—The late Sir Walter Besant was very pronounced in his opinion that under no circumstances should an author publish his own books, by which he meant be responsible for their cost of production. He went so far as to say that if the author did so, "no one will buy the book, no one will order it, no one will read it." The advice was sound in a way, because a publisher is usually a pretty good judge of what will be saleable—though there also experts differ. I know one very reputable firm that never seems to dream that the offer of a MS. means anything else than "What will you take to publish it?" and takes the breath of the inexperienced away by making a demand where the author expected an offer. But that house, to my certain knowledge, did very well for at least one author who was willing to pay for his venture, and doubtless also for many more whom I could not indicate. For the publication of a very original and uncommon book the author might often most fearlessly pay, saving himself trouble and worry thereby, but the danger lies in his inability to judge of his own production, especially if it be a first work. The fineness of his conception may be obvious to himself, while the imperfection in working it out, due to inexperience, may escape his notice. I fear volumes of poetry never prove remunerative, so few people buy poetry; indeed, the astonishing thing is that any books prove remunerative except Christmas gift books, in view of the very limited number of book buyers that any one can count in his or her circle of friends. Ruskin was his own publisher, so was Herbert Spencer, and Dickens undertook the issue of his

own books for self-protection. So you see the venturesome one would be in very good company. Nevertheless I advise caution to every one unprepared to meet pecuniary loss with absolute equanimity.

Catherine.—The verses you enclose are somewhat reminiscent of Tennyson, but that is a very good model. I subjoin "The Thrush" with pleasure.

"Thou art mine, thou art mine, thou art mine!"
Cries the thrush to the thrush;
Fold a moment thy little brown wing
On the blossoming bush,
While our comrades are jocund with wine,
With the wine of the spring.

For the crocus spreads wide to the sun
All its virginal blue,
And the snowdrop is laughing and shaking
Her skirts from the dew,
For the anguish of winter is gone,
And joy is awaking.

"Thou art mine, thou art mine, thou art mine!"
O delight of possession,
O infinite rapture of glee,
O joy of confession:
"I am thine, I am thine, I am thine
To eternity."

The jar of the last line in each verse is rather disturbing, otherwise I consider this a delightful little poem, and wish the writer—yourself or another—every success.

EDUCATIONAL.

F.M.H.—You could teach yourself a helpful amount of any language by means of a grammar with exercises and a key to these, and a dictionary. But at the beginning it would be necessary to have a few lessons in pronunciation if your knowledge is to prove useful as a medium of spoken communication. Fortunately the rules for pronouncing German are few and easy. Chambers publishes a very good German Grammar written by Dr. Eduard Aue. I have no doubt a key is available. Otto's German Grammar and exercise book professes to render the pupil proficient in six months, but I have never known any one who proceeded through a fourth of its pages. Exercises on the penknife of the gardener's wife and the book of the maidservant's uncle's cousin were never useful and have become obsolete.

EMPLOYMENTS.

A.B.C.—Probably women may be allowed one day to practise as barristers, but for the present it is not permitted in England. In other countries some women barristers have been moderately successful. Were it the English custom, do you think anything of importance would be modified thereby? I fear the desire to-day to invade protected areas is actuated somewhat by desire of personal notoriety. There is no celebrity (!) as cheap as that which may be gained by blowing a trumpet outside gateless walls and then crying that you have suffered injury because the walls did not collapse forthwith. There are very few men who have become distinguished lawyers, there are thousands who fail to make a livelihood by their profession. The desire on the part of women to enter among them savours to my mind of that personal vanity and arrogance which in some measure justify the detractors of all that is called the woman movement. I should like women to be legislators, law-makers, but not exponents of law until it has been proved that the demand for these exceeds the supply. The most crying necessity in the matter of law is that its price shall be lowered, it is monstrous that the price of justice should often mean financial ruin to the applicant. In earlier times it was the highest function of royalty to administer justice free. Then the mandate "Honour the King" became intelligible to the most primitive mind. Women have not done so supremely well in medicine that they need seek to storm other *impasses*. But they have perhaps done as well as the same number of average men, which in some measure proves my constant contention of the intended and actual equality of the sexes. It is legitimate for women to endeavour to do the work for which they think themselves specially fitted, but until they are assured both of the gift and the necessity, they might advantageously study to be quiet.

Marjorie.—Your letter compels a smile, but not of a derisive nature, I hope. You would like to travel, and you want to hear of some lady that would take you as a travelling companion. My dear little girl, how do you propose to compensate that lady for the expense and trouble of trundling you about? What languages do you speak? What cares of custom house and hotel are you prepared to shoulder that the paymistress may go free? Are you ready to undertake the work of a lady's-maid, of a courier, of a guide through cities of renown? A clever woman possessed of some linguistic skill, and aged between thirty and forty, might obtain a temporary engagement from one of the tourist companies to conduct a party of travellers through this or other continents, especially if she had already been over the ground; but generally such appointments end with the tour, though it is conceivable that they might be rendered permanent. For inexperience or incapacity there is not much need in these bustling days. Apropos of temporary guides, I once travelled from Rome to Naples with a party which a clergyman conducted, and he was humorous enough in his estimate of his obligations to have deserved the eminence that pertains to being put into a book. He had not the most shadowy idea that anything devolved on him save to enjoy the journey under the easiest conditions. If the party ever lost sight of him he was gone for the day, and those dependent on him for guidance might worry through as best they could. But it was generally safe to look for him in the dining-room; if he was not there the shepherdless sheep might turn next to the buffet, which was a handy resort between meals. When a waggonette for the party came round he genially climbed to the box seat; if the rest of the party could stow themselves into the body of the conveyance well and good, if not, no matter. Arrived at any place of interest, he usually took the interpreter's arm, and plied him with questions of interest to himself as the party moved from point to point. When an individual from among his following could catch hold of him he gave answers to the questions propounded in amiable abstraction, as when a preoccupied father has his sleeve tugged by a too inquisitive child. As I stopped at Naples I do not know how the party got back to England, but I have often hoped since that not more than two or three of them were lost by the way.

MISCELLANEOUS.

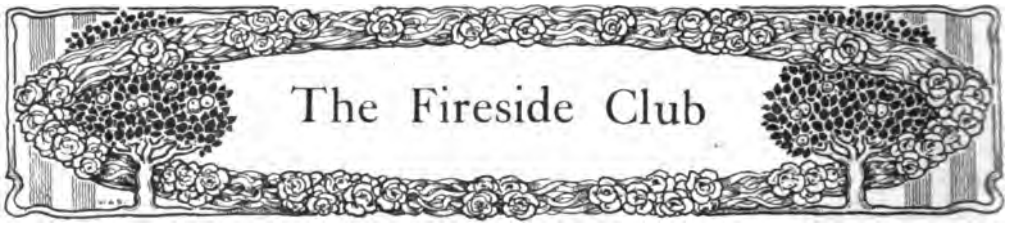
Claudia.—Doubtless character may be indicated by handwriting, and an earnest student thereof could formulate a theory, as that this curve expresses that quality in the mind of the writer; but what is the use of such a science? One of the ladies' weeklies used to have a colossal graphiology correspondence column, which I sometimes read; the answers were generally silly when they were not mischievous. I never saw how any human creature could be benefited by being told, "You are ambitious, sensitive, fond of home, capable of devoted affection," and so on, through a repertory very likely to foster conceit, and that too frequent malady of thinking oneself a being apart. It is far more useful to learn what one ought to do than what one is. In the first case mistakes are not likely to be so frequent.

Opossum.—If there is a good doctor in your neighbourhood you had better consult him. The affection you describe seems to be psoriasis, for which the best external application is chrysophanic ointment, which you can procure from any druggist. The ointment permanently stains linen, so while using it you should wear under-clothing that you do not much value. Unless there is some personal reason against doing so, a patient is well advised to consult the local doctor. A personal interview with a sympathetic and helpful adviser often contributes much to the efficacy of the remedy.

Nemo.—The three of you must be very young. A few years hence I hope you will all be able to smile over the affair. It recalls an incident that happened in Paris recently, but there the girl actors let the matter become dire tragedy. Emotion is very strong when people are young, but there is an immensity of interesting life left after it has taken its natural place in the course of events, though the inexperienced find it difficult to believe this. Try to take my word for it, and leave time to decide between us.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.



SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Fifth of Nine

WHOLE.

This fool clad in his rival's suit
Asked verdict of the mirror mute,
Whose judgment shewed him, sooth to say,
As good a man in every way.

1. To make his daughter *this*, the erstwhile mummer
   Besought a man he loved.
2. *His* gifts were such as yielded, in his May-time,
   Grave study's ripened crop.
3. When an evil man is born
   The evil cry of *this* affrights the morn.
4. To *this* in age, in loneliness, in sorrow,
   A friend in need was sadly self-compared.
5. Flatterers assured the monarch he was *this*,
   He proved the saying false.
6. When *this* is crossed by one he never saw,
   Of war the warrior dreams.

Observe that the above lines are NOT quotations. Find the words and passages referred to. The first three Acrostics in this series were :—

First of Nine

Slender, Emilia, Banquo, Autolycus, Suffolk, Timon, Isabella, Antony, Narbon = Sebastian.

Second of Nine

Rosalind, Imogen, Coriolanus, Henry, Arthur (Richmond was omitted), Douglas = Richard.

Third of Nine

Hortensio (*Ye* to be italicised), Othello, Tyrell, Sebastian, Pistol, Uncle, Richmond = Hotspur.

For the above answers the scores are as follows. The possible maximum of marks so far (10 + 7 + 8 = 25) is credited to Acorn, Acrostician, Alaska, Amicus, A. C. R., Baril, Branwood, Bee, Corke, Dioclesian, Dingo, Elpis, Eda, Frog, Fern, Hawthorn, Israfil, Ilex, Jacko, Kitty, Katydid, Lux, Marcia, Meggs, Nosbor, Neighbours, Pug, Puck, Prospero, Phynodree, Plena Spei, Portia, Peg I., Peg II., Polly, Q. O. D., Research, Reldas, Ruth, Sancho, Sapere Aude, Senex, Thoca, Tar, Vicar, Violet, Woodranger, Witton, Waxwing, Youth.

The following have scored respectively :—Arvor 8, Amrat 24, Bluebell 10, Dilston 7, Dora 7, Epirus 16, Ednam 10, Gipsy 14, Good Luck 24, Hollyberry 2, Hedera 10, Junket 17, Mogg 24, Remus 15, Sans 17, Shamrock 6, Sarnia 14.

All answers for this month must be received by 15th inst. Next score in June number. Private correspondence is impossible.

Certain Cities in Browning

Athens: Pheidippides. *Venice:* In a Gondola. *Assisi:* Ring and the Book. *Madrid:* Waring. *Fiesolé:* Andrea del Sarto. *London:* Bishop Blougram.

Prize for earliest answer awarded to A. M. PAGE, Sunnyside, Cavendish Road, Merton, Surrey.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books received: MRS. WIGGINS' *Rebecca*, Gay and Bird, 6*s*. A. J. JOHNSTONE'S *Dreams that were not all Dreams*, Elliot Stock, 5*s*. Art Library Series, *Velasquez*, 3*s*. 6*d*., and MR. BEARD'S *Jack of all Trades*, 6*s*., both from Newnes, Ltd. MR. FIELD'S *Bondage of Ballinger*, Revell Co., 2*s*. 6*d*. GEORGE MARTIN'S *Emmy Lou*, Hodder and Stoughton, 5*s*. MR. HERBERT'S *Glimpses into Paradise*, Finch and Co. DR. MACMILLAN'S *Touch of God*, Brown, Langham and Co., 3*s*. 6*d*. MR. HASTINGS' *Spins of the Cycling Parson*, Walter Scott Co., 6*s*. MR. HARKER'S *The Little People*, John Lane, 6*s*. ETHEL TURNER'S *Betty and Co.*, 3*s*. 6*d*., and B. A. CLARKE'S *Minnows and Tritons*, 3*s*. 6*d*., both from Ward, Lock and Co. MRS. MARSHALL'S *Winchester Meads*, Seeley and Co., 5*s*.

Rebecca makes her start in life at the very beginning of Mrs. Wiggins' story, and carries the delighted reader along with her to its close. She is an oddly-dressed little girl of eleven when we first see her parting from her mother, already "journey-proud" because she had travelled once before, her definition being that "it *is* a journey when you carry a nightgown." She is a child whom Sir Walter Scott's Pet Marjory would have loved, full of ideas, of intelligence and imagination. To the stage-driver who is taking her from her happy-go-lucky home to the austere up-bringing planned for her by her maiden aunts, she chatters happily,

> "Paris is the capital of France, and you have to go to it on a boat," she said instructively. "It's in my geography, and it says, 'The French are a gay and polite people, fond of dancing and light wines.' I asked the teacher what light wines were, and he thought it was something like new cider, or, maybe, gingerpop. I can see Paris as plain as day by just shutting my eyes. The beautiful ladies are always gaily dancing around, with pink sunshades and bead purses, and the grand gentlemen are politely dancing and drinking gingerpop. But *you* can see Milltown most every day with your eyes open," Rebecca said wistfully. "Milltown ain't so great neither," replied Mr. Cobb, with the air of having visited all the cities of the earth, and found them as naught.

The difference between the two aunts waiting to receive the traveller is neatly indicated from the first, for

> "while Miranda only wondered how they could endure Rebecca, Jane had flashes of inspiration in which she wondered how Rebecca would endure them."

At the outset Rebecca's impulsiveness and her aunts systematic methods are painfully incompatible—as her first letter to her mother hints.

> "Hannah told me once you ran away with father, and I can see it would be nice. If Aunt M. would run away I think I should like to live with Aunt J. She does not hate me so much as Aunt M. does."

How the aunts and niece learnt to appreciate each

other cordially the story unfolds, in a fashion at once humorous and creditable.

Of the *Dreams that were not all Dreams*, it seems to us that none were dreams. Most of them are musings with a purpose, and in some we find the author very wide awake, and writing to the point, as when he satirises the small-minded penmen who insist on biographing trifling and private details of the lives of great writers and thinkers. This is his rule for weighing the value of such biographies. "Do they help to show forth the best of the great man's *spirit?* If they do, good: if not, burn and forget them."

In their Art Library, of which *Velasquez* is an early number, Messrs. Newnes & Co. have hit the golden mean between volumes beautiful, but too costly for the many, and tiny editions illustrated indeed, but so poorly that extreme cheapness is their only merit. This volume on Velasquez is not expensive, and is at the same time well worth buying, worth having or giving, worth repeated inspection. The letterpress is brief and introductory to a number of fine reproductions of great pictures. Among the best plates we note the Berlin *Portrait of a Lady*, the *Infanta Marie-Margarita*, and, perhaps finest of all, a head of *Velasquez* himself.

The *Jack of all Trades*, of and for whom Mr. Beard writes, is the American boy. Living in a town, he may build a backyard Zoo for himself and stock it with jumping mice, white-footed mice, short-tailed meadow rats and flying squirrels, all to be found inside the city limits of Greater New York. Woodchucks and chipmunks may also be his pets, for the catching. Happy boy! The English boy, limited to a less interesting fauna, will find other of the many trades, so attractively described, more within his power. To build a backyard switchback seems as easy as to look at it, or a workshop, or a tree-top house, or an underground cabin, while the many pages full of good rainy-day ideas provide occupation for every girl or boy indoors. This book is quite up to the mark of its sub-title, *a book of useful and delightful arts and handicrafts for boys of all ages.*

Ballinger was an old American who collected books, and loved his *Bondage* to them. Only in a story, alas, may such a one grasp the rainbow of his desires. But, granting its unreality, the story is gracefully told, the rainbow seems to touch the earth, and its colours are fascinating.

Also from America comes the story of *Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart.* Emmy Lou's school-days are here recorded with a progressive development skilfully suggested. She is an adorable child, whose every year has its individual beauty, and the illustrations from chapter to chapter interpret the text with a skill and charm quite their own, on which we congratulate the artist, Mr. C. L. Hinton. It is difficult to say whether Emmy is more lovable first in her grave little kitten aspect, impervious to the alphabet, or last as a star-eyed young Muse of Poetry, when life was all turning to poetry: "You just feel it, and then you write." Incidentally Emmy Lou's successive teachers are described with sympathy and humour, and the somewhat cumbrous working of the great educational machine from primer to sophomore class, is all of interest as forming the character of Emmy Lou.

In *Glimpses into Paradise* Mr. Herbert writes with thoughtful suggestiveness on the soul's future life. The scope of his book is thus summarised in the preface:

"Carefully avoiding idle speculation, I have based my views on the general conditions of the life after death, first, on what the Bible says, which when put together amounts to far more than most people suppose; secondly, on what the Christian Church throughout the world has believed on the subject; and, thirdly, on what we may forecast from what we know of our Heavenly Father's love, as to the 'good things' which he is preparing for His children."

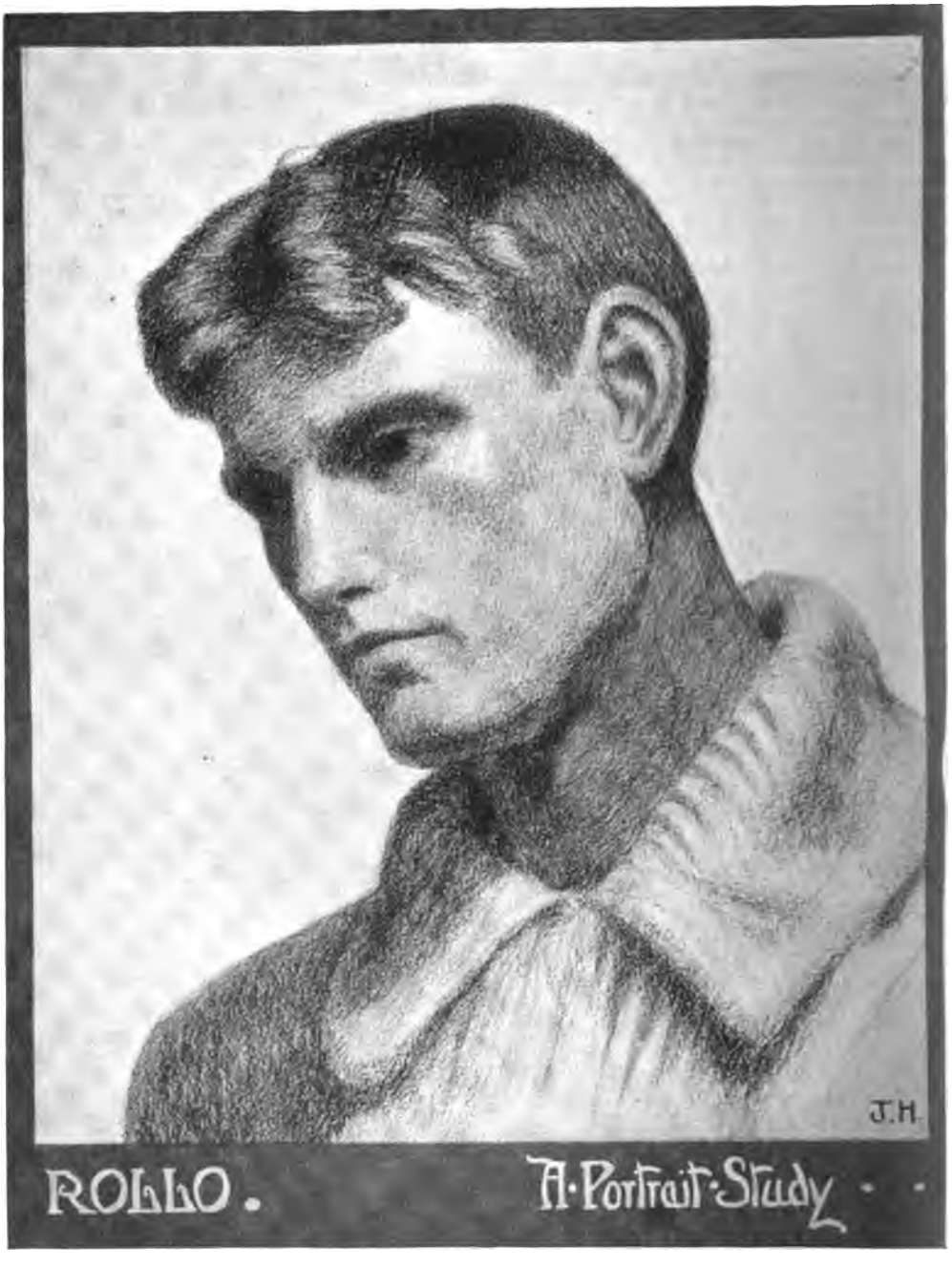
In the World's Pulpit Series a volume of Sermons by the late Dr. MacMillan, entitled *The Touch of God*, will find many readers. *The Fear of Evil, The Blamelessness of Ignorance*, and, above all, *The Right Treatment of Idols* strike us as specially useful in their teaching.

In recording the *Spins of the Cycling Parson*, Mr. Hastings has compiled a volume of lively discursive reading, covering a very wide range of topics. He cycles, "on an average, five thousand miles a year—doing as much as one hundred and forty-three miles in a day without excessive fatigue"; and since he is constantly visiting, observing, and asking questions about new places, he has gathered an immense amount of interesting material for this book. Although Mr. Hastings' sentences are often abruptly short (perhaps a note of his preaching manner) he has the happy professional gift of interweaving odds and ends of interest, gathered as he goes along, into his main theme, as a bird weaves bright-coloured findings into her nest. The legends and local features of many a by-way in England, France, and America enrich his pages, and ought to allure many a cyclist to follow in his tracks.

Mr. Harker's short stories of *The Little People* have all the colour and delicate grace of pastel drawings, and the true child-lover will note the fact that he has studied children of every rank in life with equal appreciation and skill. Our hearts ache alike for Tony's unattainable ideals and his despair—as for Rodney's blighted career—and Leon, though a Frenchman, is our blood brother. This is a book for the special shelf of child idylls, whose volumes are few and precious.

Betty and Co., a girl's book of short stories, of which the title comes from the first and best, and *Minnows and Tritons*, for and about school-boys, are each capital reading, while print, binding, and pictures are such as do justice to the lively and amusing experiences recorded.

Winchester Meads in the Days of Bishop Ken is a reprint of one of Mrs. Marshall's popular stories set in history. To those who know the beautiful old city, once London's twin capital, this repeopling of cloister and college, palace and meads, with those who once lived and moved there, cannot fail to be of interest. Mrs. Marshall had the art of making the by-ways of history real, and of rousing interest not only in signal events but in their social backgrounds—in short, she could indicate the history of a period with unobtrusive skill.



Prize Drawing, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod, by Jennie L. F. Herries

Our Chess Page

New Problem Tourney. Six Guineas in Prizes

Solving Competition.

Problem Tourney. As announced last December, we are offering **Six Guineas** for the best two- and three-move problems submitted to us before April 15. Full particulars will be found on page 260 of the current Volume.

Solving Competition. A Gold and a Silver Medal are offered for the best batches of all problems (Retractors excepted) to be published during the year November 1903 to October 1904 inclusive. For full particulars see page 86.

SOLVING COMPETITION PROBLEM.

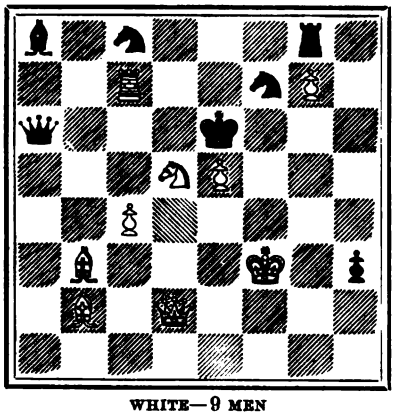
Prizes, Gold and Silver Medals.

For conditions, see *The Leisure Hour* for November or December 1903.

"*A Brazil nut.*"

No. 11.—By a Brazilian Coffee Planter.

BLACK—7 MEN

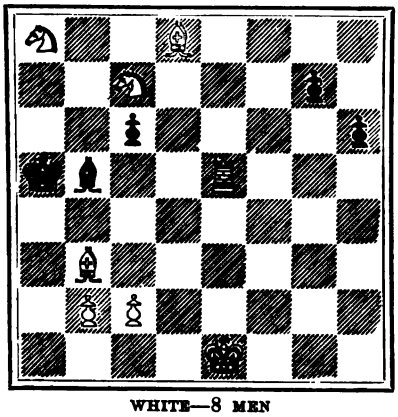


WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 12.—Problem by PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK—5 MEN



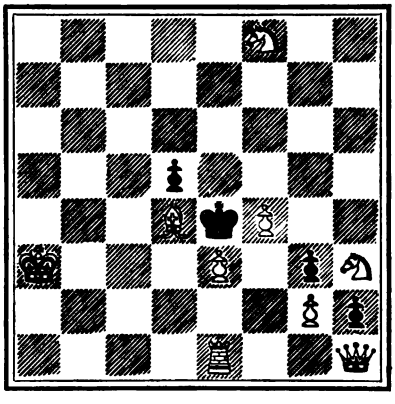
WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

"*Will o' the Wisp.*"

No. 13.—Authorship unknown.

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

For the Medals Competitions, Solutions to the above Problems must be sent in before April 18.

Solution to Mrs. Baird's Retractor, No. 2.

White K was on B 6, and × R on Kt 4, replace K and R.

Black B was on R 2 & × B on B 5, replace both Bs.

Black R—Kt 3 ch. White B × R dis ch mate.

Further solutions to Mrs. Baird's Retractor No. 1 have been received from J. W. ALLEN, F. W. ATCHINSON, EDWARD ATFIELD, H. BALSON, F. P. BRADBURN, F. H. CREBBIN, A. FAIRHURST, S. D. FRESCO, W. MEARS, H. OSBORNE, M.D., W. J. STABLES, J. P. STANDFAST, E. THOMPSTONE, R. G. THOMSON, A. WATSON, JAMES WHITE, REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT.

Solutions of ordinary problems (November to January) will be published next month.

The following little gem was played in the Championship Tourney at the City of London C.C.

MR. J. F. LAWRENCE.	MR. PEACHEY.
WHITE.	BLACK.
P—Q 4	P—Q b 4
P—Q 5	P—Q 3
P—K 4	P—K Kt 3
P—K b 4	P—K b 4
P—K 5	P—K 3
Q Kt—B 3	Q P × P
B P × P	P × P
Kt × P	Q—R 5 ch
P—Kt 3	Q—K 5 ch
K—B 2	Q × R
Kt—B 7 ch	K—B 2
B—B 4 ch	

and White mates in three moves.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

THE LITTLE ORANGE-SELLER

Prize Drawing, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod, by H. Lloyd

By permission of the Autotype Company *R. Wheelwright*

ON THE TOWING-PATH

TREMENDOUS WAVES OF ENTHUSIASM WERE SURGING ABOUT HIM AS THE RAIL-SPLITTER

My Recollections of Abraham Lincoln

BY GIBSON WILLIAM HARRIS

He shared the Common Lot

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, when I knew him, seldom spoke of his early life unless questioned about it. His biographers delight to remind us that he was never ashamed of his lowly origin, but of the fact that he never assumed superiority because of the height to which he finally rose above it, they have made small account. Yet here his native greatness, founded on a rarely balanced self-judgment and true humility, was strikingly displayed. He had ambitions, and high ones, but he never sought their attainment through self-glorification or other cheap-john methods so readily occurring to men of common mould. In the family of the pioneer, poverty and privation were the common lot, and childhood had no exemption. No one better understood this than Abraham Lincoln. He disdained to warp the hard and narrow life he had shared with a million, more or less, of other young men into a claim of special merit for himself. It is true that, years after my intimacy with Mr. Lincoln as his law clerk and amanuensis, tremendous waves of enthusiasm were surging about him as the Rail-splitter. But it was not his behest that put them in motion. The rail-carrying in the extraordinary campaigns of 1858 and 1860 was the happy thought of politicians overjoyed to have something so concrete, so object-teaching, around which to rally the toiling masses of the North.

We were Poor and Happy Boys

The Lincoln family was living near Gentryville, in Spencer County, Indiana, and Abraham was still in his teens, when I first saw the light of Albion, in Edwards County, Illinois. The two localities are sixty miles apart. In 1830, the year in

GIBSON WILLIAM HARRIS
Author of "My Recollections of Abraham Lincoln"

which the future Emancipator came of age, his father removed to Illinois, and the family again settled about sixty miles from Albion, this time to the north of it, instead of east as formerly. Familiar with their surroundings in both states, and especially so with those in Indiana, through repeated visits to relatives living at no great distance from Gentryville, I feel safe in saying the young people in Thomas Lincoln's household passed through very much the same experiences that we children did in my boyhood home. Abraham Lincoln and I did

THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN

From a daguerreotype taken in 1846

not know that we were poor, and we were happy boys.

It is well-nigh impossible for the first quarter of the twentieth century to understand the first quarter of the nineteenth, because there is lacking a common standard, or set of standards rather, for the two epochs. The make-up of human nature remains the same, but within eighty, and even within sixty years, the externals of American life have changed enormously. When Lincoln and I were boys there were no millionaires west of the Alleghany Mountains, and only three in the United States. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, no telephones, no sun-pictures. The only means of artificial light, other than the blazing logs in the chimney-back, were tallow candles, and the melted fat of various animals stored in shallow vessels and having a cotton rag thrust into it for a wick. Matches to light our wood-fires, our candles, or our lamps there were none. When these light-dispensers went out, or were put out, and it came to kindling them anew, resort was had to a flint, a piece of steel of some kind and a little tinder, three requisites that every family aimed to have always on hand. Sometimes the powder bought for our flint-lock guns had to take the tinder's place, unless a neighbour's kindness could be turned to account in begging a few live embers, which would be hurried home bedded in some ashes in the bottom of a pan. This emergency errand, we may be sure, was a familiar one to the boy Abraham Lincoln.

Log-Cabin Life

This was the era of the pioneers. The backwoodsmen had nearly all gone further west, and with them had disappeared buckskin suits and moccasins. But in winter, town and country boys alike affected a preference still for the once invariable fur cap, home-made from the skin of the otter, mink, coon or some similar animal. The women and girls all wore bonnets (hats were a later innovation), sun-bonnets ruling half the year. Powder, shot, lead, and tobacco were prime necessities in every home.

The pioneer mothers, many of them, were famous cooks. All used a long-handled frying-pan, iron skillet, and iron oven with iron lids. Tea-kettles and pots were likewise all of iron. In the pots were boiled such meat as was not reserved for baking in the iron oven or roasting at the fire. Our food was of the best. Game abounded; for the shooting or trapping a family could enjoy all it wished of venison, bear meat, wild turkeys, partridges, prairie chickens, quail, rabbits, and squirrels. In addition we had home-grown beef, mutton, and pork in plenty. Every house had a vegetable garden, larger or smaller, at the rear or off to one side. Bread from wheat-flour was customarily at the command of whoever fancied it, but the great majority liked corn-bread better. Roasting-ears lasted throughout a season of several weeks, hominy the year round. The fruits and nuts to be had for simply gathering them

included wild strawberries (sweeter and more luscious than any cultivated variety I ever tasted), blackberries, plums, and grapes, walnuts, pecans, and hickory, hazel and beech nuts. Home-made drinks were much in vogue, especially wild-grape, elderberry and blackberry wines, and a delicious mead made with honey. Plates, cups without handles, and saucers were almost invariably of common earthenware. Our steel knives were paired with two-tined steel forks; a table set with three-tined forks invited criticism as aping aristocracy.

THIS EMERGENCY ERRAND WAS A FAMILIAR ONE TO THE BOY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The log-cabin, which in my early recollection was almost the only style of dwelling known, except in the scattered towns, was dry and warm. Its furniture, though scant and plain, met well the necessities of indoor life. The beds were not luxurious, but they were comfortable; from frequent renewals, perhaps more healthful also than those in general use to-day. No one ever thought of any other material for them than loose straw or shredded corn-husks, except as the thrifty housewife topped them, when winter came, with a bed of feathers. Clothing, home-made and commonly of jeans (which Abraham Lincoln habitually wore up to within two years of his marriage), was adapted to the varying seasons, and amply warm in winter. The stores were stocked with powder, shot, and lead, besides the miscellany one finds in country "general stores" to-day. They nearly all sold liquors.

Schoolmasters and Books

Schools were few and far between in the settlements that dotted, more numerously each year, the new states of Indiana and Illinois. In our village the masters, as they were known by a perpetuated English usage, were rather better educated than, from all accounts, they had been in Lincoln's experience. Some were men of marked ability and force of character. My first teacher, A. C. French, in later life served two terms as governor of Illinois, while another, the one who loaned his copy of Byron to Abraham Lincoln

MADE BY LINCOLN WHEN A YOUNG MAN

This Ox-yoke is in the possession of the University of Illinois (Champaign, Illinois). It is kept in an oak cabinet in the rotunda of the Library Building.

under circumstances soon to be recited, was a highly-educated Englishman, a portrait-painter of genuine talent, who had come to America and sought a home on the outskirts of civilisation in order to gratify his passion for hunting. He lived in the forest or on the prairie when not in the schoolroom; his wife often joined in his outings, for she, too, was an excellent shot.

Books were few, compared with their present bewildering profusion, but they were to be had. If one could not buy, he could readily borrow, and as, in addition, it was customary, in most families, to subscribe for at least one weekly newspaper, mental pabulum was by no means lacking.

The Boy Abraham Lincoln

Amid environments such as I have attempted to describe—rude, but not nearly so barren as they have commonly been represented—Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood. He could and did perform physical labour. He felled trees, chopped cord-wood and split rails, storing his mind the while with a wealth of forest lore that gave him pleasure to the end of his life. He ploughed the fields and sowed them with grain, and when the time came he helped to gather the harvest. But he never took to the routine drudgery of farm life. While a sense of duty made him a faithful "hand," physical labour was distasteful to the strapping youth, nor, in truth, did it grow less so with the years.

He had tasted of the Pierian spring, and resolved to drink more deeply. Naturally, in times when strength of body and physical endurance passed as the highest of endowments, people thought of them first. Lincoln, large, lithe, and sinewy, became the champion on whom his associates relied to meet and defeat any boastful wrestler who chanced to come along. It is noteworthy that he rarely, if ever, volunteered for such bouts, being simply pressed into the service by friends. From a lad his ambition had been reaching out in far other directions. In the *debating clubs* of his boy associates he was an acknowledged and willing leader.

Books he craved with a longing that never flagged. Books he borrowed from acquaintances near and far. At Rockport, the county-seat of Spencer County, Indiana (then a bustling and ambitious shipping-point on the Ohio River), lived Judge Pitcher, who was the enviable possessor of what passed in those days for an ample library, without counting its goodly number of law books. Like every one else who knew young Lincoln, the Judge took a fancy to him, and allowed him to borrow almost at will from the library shelves.

Pivotal Years in Lincoln's Life

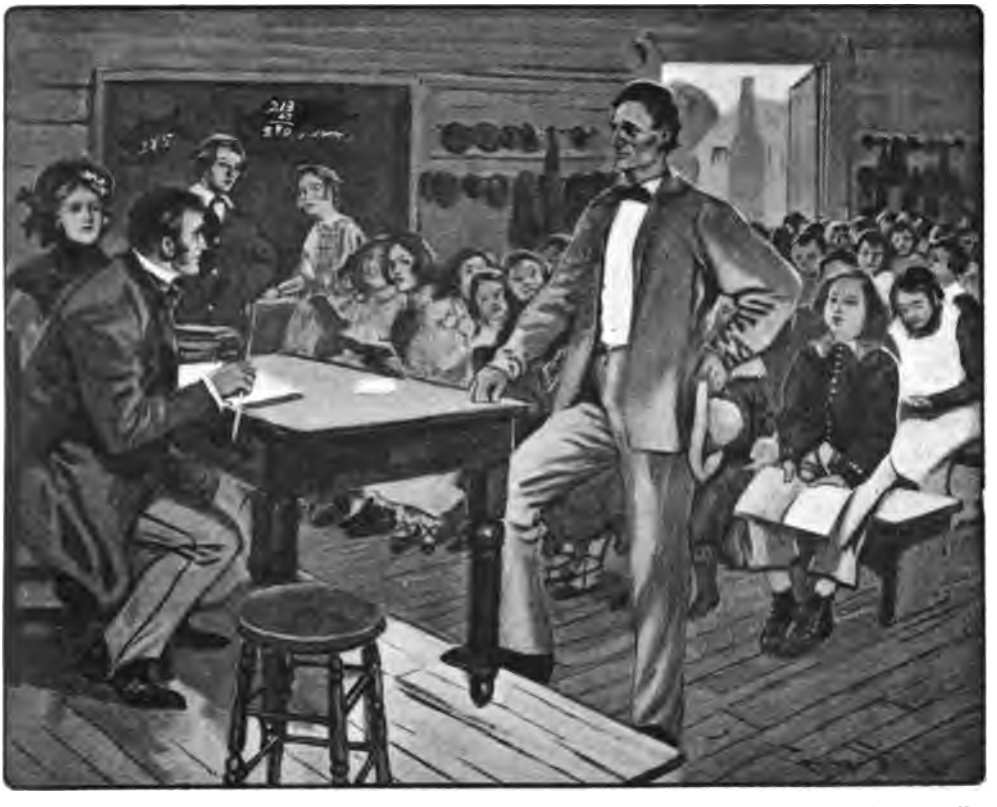
Thus it came about that when Lincoln, at the age of twenty-one, accompanied his father's family to Illinois, the self-tutored youth had already gained more than a smattering of the principles of common law. Already, too, he was feeling his way in the political field. Two years later—in 1832—after his captaincy of a company of volunteers in the Black Hawk War, he was an unsuccessful candidate for representative in the Illinois legislature. At the end of another two years he renewed his candidacy, and this time he was elected. Having now struck a road to his liking, he was beginning to travel it with a firm step.

He took up the law as a means of livelihood, but his heart was in politics. Not the paltry play of mingled selfishness and sycophancy which the sadly degraded word so often synonymises in this day, but, predominantly, politics as "the science and the art of government; in other words, the theory and practice of obtaining the ends of civil society as perfectly as possible." In this finer sense politics was Lincoln's native element. He delighted, he revelled in it, as a fish does in water, as a bird disports itself on the sustaining air. And it was politics which in due time circled his still enlarging orbit within the range of my boyish ken.

The First Time I saw Abraham Lincoln

The presidential campaign of 1840 was in full blast, the famous campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." Abraham Lincoln was on the Whig ticket as a district presidential elector, and for the fourth time was elected that year to the state legislature. The Democratic nominee for presidential elector for the same district was Isaac Walker, an able man, who afterwards removed to Iowa, and from that state went to the United States Senate. Both nominees were actively stumping a considerable part of Illinois, and at Albion, on a certain afternoon in mid-autumn, they were to hold a joint debate. Mr. Walker in his early days had lived in our village, and Lincoln, who had the opening speech, was naturally

desirous of circumventing what he felt sure would be his opponent's endeavour to make capital of the fact. The opening lines of Byron's "Lara" occurred to him as suitable for his purpose, but he could recall only a portion of them. So, about the middle of the forenoon on the day of the debate, there came into the log school-house, where I sat among other pupils in their early teens, a remarkably tall young man, ungainly and plain-appearing, dressed in a full suit of blue jeans. Approaching the master, he gave his name, apologised for the intrusion, and said: "I am told you have a copy of Byron's works. If you could oblige me, I would like to borrow it for a few hours." But the book was at the master's house, and would have to be sent for. It so happened that the teacher's wife was present, the Diana before referred to, and she offered to fetch it. The distance being considerable, the visitor demurred to her return on this sole errand, and insisted on going with her. With thanks and a good-day to the master, and a smile such as I have never seen on any other face, a smile that was flashed over the room to take in all of us lads and lassies, the tall, gaunt presence passed out.



ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE FORENOON THERE CAME INTO THE LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE A REMARKABLY TALL YOUNG MAN DRESSED IN BLUE JEANS

Lincoln's Tilt that Afternoon with Isaac Walker

We boys had previously given little thought to the political meeting, but there was something about the visitor that aroused in me, as I found it had in my chums, a strong desire to see him again and hear him speak. Several of us petitioned for and were granted a half-holiday. Mr. Lincoln was at this time thirty-one years old, and had begun to attract attention as a lawyer. His style of speaking even then was remarkably direct and forcible. At the meeting in question, almost the first thing we heard, when the debate opened, were these lines:

"He, their unhoped, but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exiled chieftain, is restored:
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall.
He comes at last in sudden loneliness,
And whence they know not, why they need not guess;
They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,
Not that he came, but *why came not before.*"

In vain did Mr. Walker's rejoinder ring the changes on auld lang syne. Lincoln's sallies on "why came not before" had taken the wind out of his opponent's sails completely, while his command of pure, sententious English and the correctness of his diction were, I distinctly remember, favourably commented on by some of our best citizens. Albion's large proportion of educated men gave this appraisal real significance.

A Week of Waiting and a New Friend

In September 1845, through the kindness of our then state senator, Mr. Charles Constable, it was arranged that I should enter the law office of Lincoln and Herndon, at Springfield, as student and clerk. From Albion it took me three days to reach Springfield by stage, the only means of transportation available other than private conveyance, though the distance can now be covered by rail in four hours. Repairing to the law firm's office, I met Mr. Herndon, and learned from him that the senior partner was travelling the circuit, and would not be home for several days. I left without disclosing my identity, preferring to await the return of Mr. Lincoln. Early in the tedious days that followed, I made the acquaintance at the hotel of a young man from Syracuse, New York, named N. H. Shephard, a daguerreotypist who was about opening a gallery in Springfield. Photographs were as yet unknown, and daguerreotyping was considered, as it actually was, a marvellous advance in the art of portraiture.

Together we two, Shephard and I, looked up a boarding-place, where we became room-mates, remaining such throughout my stay in Springfield. He was among the very first in his line to come as far west as Illinois, and we were warm friends to the end. In the latter part of 1848 he wrote me (at Albion) that he was about to start for California, and promised to write again in a few weeks or months; but further word never came from him, and I have always believed that, like so many others, he was lost on the overland trail.

In one of Miss Tarbell's Lincoln articles, published a few years ago in a current magazine, I noticed a portrait of Lincoln with the statement annexed that it was from a daguerreotype,

HE ROSE FROM HIS CHAIR AND GAVE ME A CORDIAL HANDSHAKE. "YOU ARE THE YOUNG MAN?" HE ASKED

but giving the reader to understand that it could not be ascertained when and by whom the likeness was taken. Later, the same portrait appeared in the *Century Magazine*, but still unidentified. I feel confident I am not mistaken in recognising the portrait as the work of my friend Shephard, before whose camera I know Mr. Lincoln sat once or oftener. The claim repeatedly made for it of being the earliest portrait of Abraham Lincoln remains, as far as I know, an undisputed fact.

Learning in due time that Mr. Lincoln had returned, I again went to the law office, and this time he was in. He rose from his chair and gave me a cordial handshake.

My Installation in Lincoln's Office

"You are the young man Mr. Constable spoke to me about?" he asked, and then introduced me to Mr. Herndon. Next, motioning toward the office bookcase, he remarked, "You will need what that contains. Make yourself at home," which I proceeded to do by taking a chair, he resuming his at the same time. Elevating his feet to a level with his head, literally sitting on his backbone, he began making inquiries about different persons in and around Albion. The extent of his acquaintance with them surprised me, but the surprise wore off when I found, as I did in time, there was not a county in Illinois in which he did not know a number of the leading citizens, men whose voice had weight in public affairs. He seemed not only to know just how much influence each had politically, but likewise their noted peculiarities, their whims and fancies.

I did no reading that day. Mr. Lincoln was taking a rest after his tour of the circuit, and was in a chatty mood; above all, I was a new subject for his mental apparatus to investigate. If any mind was ever governed in its activities by the maxim, "The proper study of mankind is man," it was Abraham Lincoln's. During my stay in his office, I was the only student and only clerk in it. I can truthfully say I gave to my duties of both kinds the most diligent attention of which I was capable, and was soon made to feel the senior partner's kindly interest in me personally. Simultaneously the less pleasing fact dawned upon me that Mr. Lincoln was not an assiduous instructor in the technics of law (which, indeed, were always more or less irksome to him, his mind dwelling rather

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1845

on its principles), and reluctantly I began to turn to Mr. Herndon for such explanations as I needed, or, as opportunity offered, discussed what to me were knotty points with various younger members of the local bar. But, while these developments could not but be a damper to the ardent youth unsatisfied till he could enter Mr. Lincoln's office, I never thought of admiring him less.

The Personality of Mrs. Lincoln

When I came into his office, Mr. Lincoln had been married about three years, having won the hand of Mary Todd, a reigning belle, in rivalry, as was said, with Stephen A. Douglas. Their wedding took place on November 4, 1842. As a frequent visitor I was made welcome at the Lincoln home, and on two different occasions, at the instance of Mr. Lincoln, he being unable to attend, I became Mrs. Lincoln's escort to a ball, where I danced with her. I always found her most pleasant-mannered. She was a bright, witty, and accomplished young woman, naturally fond of fun and frolic, but very staid and proper when it was in order to be so. I was impressed with her brilliant conversational powers, and the superior education she constantly evinced. She spoke French with the same fluency as her mother-tongue. Her sportive title for me, in familiar converse, was "Mr.

Mister," while Mr. Lincoln always addressed me by my first name.

The duel (that never came off) between Lincoln and General Shields, on the future Mrs. Lincoln's account, was never referred to in my hearing, either at the office or elsewhere, during my whole stay in Springfield. Not even Mr. Lincoln's second, Doctor Merriman, once mentioned it, though I became well acquainted with him through a close intimacy with his son, before the latter enlisted in the Mexican War.

Mrs. Lincoln never visited the office. She was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, which early in 1903 celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its organisation, bringing out, among other reminiscences, Mr. Lincoln's promptness in paying pew rent. The statement that he attended the church on nearly or quite three-fourths of the Sundays he was in Springfield may have been true of later years, but to predicate it of the middle 40's would be an exaggeration.

Mr. Lincoln's Consideration for His Wife

Mr. Lincoln showed great consideration for his wife, which I noticed the more, perhaps, because, for some reason, Mr. Herndon cherished a strong dislike for her, and of this fact made no secret to the office clerk. She was unusually timid and nervous during a thunderstorm, and whenever one threatened, her husband made it a point to leave whatever he was engaged upon, if it was a possible thing, and go home, to stay with her until it passed over. When called to Chicago, to be gone several days, he nearly always took her with him. If there was no love between them, as the world has been so persistently exhorted to believe, I must say they had a strange way of showing it, a way that hoodwinked me completely.

All that I saw or knew of them leads me to accept as entirely authentic the favourite tradition that when the dispatch announcing his nomination for the presidency was handed to Mr. Lincoln in the Illinois State House, he folded it up, with the quiet remark, "There is a little woman down on Eighth Street who will be glad to see this; I must take it to her."

Equally in keeping with my impressions is the pathetic account of their last drive together, in the course of which Mr. Lincoln said: "Mary, we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may look for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet." Eleven hours later came the assassination.

Lincoln as Senior Partner

Twice a year Mr. Lincoln followed the itinerary of the Circuit Court in his district, and frequently in adjoining districts also. Springfield, being the state capital, was exclusively honoured with the sessions of the Supreme Court, then composed of the nine Circuit Judges, and when this august body was sitting he attended its sessions almost daily. So long as these various courts were grinding, the law firm's student was left to his own resources in mastering the details of the profession, with practically no variation of thought or interest except the tiresome duty of copying abstracts of cases, to be used in the Supreme Court, one abstract for each of the nine judges.

Mr. Herndon was a young lawyer of some repute for care and painstaking in office work when Mr. Lincoln took him into partnership, and it was he

LINCOLN'S SADDLE-BAGS AND OFFICE TABLE IN 1846

The rocking-chair, according to Mr. Harris, was a luxury that came later.

who drew up the pleas and other papers to be used in the District Court, the senior partner's share being to do the talking. When, however, a case reached the Supreme Court, the required abstract was invariably drafted by Mr. Lincoln. These abstracts were models of condensation, and even the law clerk's untrained mind was impressed with their clearness and grasp.

Mr. Lincoln's courtesy to young practitioners was little less than proverbial, and it was never more gracious than when he was the opposing counsel. He had a happy knack of setting them at ease and encouraging them to put forth their best efforts. In consequence they all liked him.

An Adventure of Master Bob's

Mr. Lincoln sometimes told at the office the sayings or doings of his children. One such account I remember as well as if I had heard it last week. He came in, an hour or so after dinner, smiling beyond even his wont, and said he was lying down at home, having left his boots in the second-storey hallway, when all at once he heard a tremendous clatter on the stairs. He jumped up, hurried to the head of the stairs, and, looking down, saw Bob (Robert Todd Lincoln, aged three) getting up on all fours from the floor of the hallway below, unhurt but sadly bewildered. "The youngster had got into my boots," he said, "and in trying to walk around in them had fallen down-stairs. You ought to have seen him, Gibson—he looked *so* comical with the boot-legs reaching clear up to his little body." He laughed heartily, and more than once during that afternoon he broke out into laughter again, as the incident kept coming to his mind afresh.

"HE LOOKED SO COMICAL," SAID MR. LINCOLN

In God's Good Time

IN God's good time unto Earth's breast,
Our loved ones sink, at last, to rest,
And all the wheels of life stand still;
And like a broken daffodil,
Love droops and will not be caressed.

For love must weep when death is guest,
Must weep, and moan her riven nest;
But death his mission must fulfil,
In God's good time.

Yet in love's bosom, pain-possessed,
Faith starts in tears upon her quest;
Though flesh decays, not so the will—
The mind, the soul, no space can kill:
Love meets her loved ones in the West,
In God's good time.

CHARLES LUSTED.

BY MRS. NEWMAN

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "LAST OF THE HADDONS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—BRAVE AND STRONG

THREE months had passed when, on her way home one evening, Barbara was met by one whom she recognised all too well, nearly dark as it was.

"Miss Hurst, may I say a few words to you?" began John Westbury, in a faltering voice.

"Yes, of course you may, John, if you will please not to call me Miss Hurst; I used to be Barbara, you know," a frank smile on her lips, as she held out her hand.

"It is about Lucy. Oh, Barbara, I thought I had lost all hope, but now—of course you know. You two are like sisters, and she must have told you what she has done. To think of her sending me all that —to think what it means to me! I have been almost beside myself since it was put into my hand last night. It isn't the money, but what it means; you know me well enough to understand, don't you, Barbara, —new life!"

A hot flush, unseen by him in the gathering darkness, covered her face. "Money!" she ejaculated confusedly.

"Yes, a hundred pounds—ten bank-notes, with a few pencilled words, saying it was to help me to pay what I owe at the Bank. I thought she had ceased to care for me, and I made no sign,—how could I? But this shows she has been caring for me all along, and I want you to tell her from me, that it will be like a raft to a shipwrecked man—I mean," taking note of her quick gesture, "so far as my happiness is concerned. I should, I hope, act the same come what may. It is just the thought that she can still care that has put new life into me, although I cannot even attempt to ask her to try to think of me in the old way, until I have in some measure proved deserving of her trust. But the hope that this may come will spur me on, and, already, I feel capable of almost anything! I have been waiting about for you, to ask you to tell her this, and give back the money for me."

Give it back! Barbara was silent a few moments, trying to gather her wits about her. She dared not allow him to continue in the belief that the money came from Lucy, seeing how ready he was to build his hopes upon it. It would be so hard for him to discover that, instead of thinking of him, she had already transferred what she termed her love to another. He evidently did not know that Mr. Bently was now a constant visitor at the cottage, that his intentions were made known, and that he received every encouragement from Lucy and her brother.

"Why do you think that it was Lucy who sent you the money, John?" she presently asked.

"From whom else could it have come?" he ejaculated, in a tone which showed her how much hope the belief had given him

"MISS HURST, MAY I SAY A FEW WORDS TO YOU?"

and what a blow it would be to disillusion him.

"It might have come from some friend, desirous of helping you without making a fuss about it. I heard they had been very considerate at the Bank, haven't they?"

"Yes, more considerate than I could have ventured to hope for, but they see it is right I should pay back the money, all the same;" anxiously adding, "Do you not think it came from Lucy, then?"

"It is better, perhaps, you should not think too much of it, until you are more sure."

"It is not the money. You seem to forget what her sending it means to me, Barbara."

She saw that, all too plainly. How hard to be obliged to strike the blow, and yet, out of her deep love, she preferred to do it rather than another should. She laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"It is better not to hope any more about Lucy, I think, John."

"Do you know that it is?"

"Yes, I do." Then, as he stood silent under the blow, she went on—"Many of us have to try to make the best of our lives, without getting what we have set our hearts upon, you know. It seems hard at first, but help comes after a while," unconsciously revealing more than she intended, had he been able to read.

"Hard!" he bitterly and a little roughly ejaculated. "How can you know how hard! It's just giving up a last——"

"Oh, no, do not say it! You are not like that. You are brave and strong. Thank God, you cannot help striving, and help will come. You must go on—you must!" adding, in a faltering voice, "Think of those who believe in you through everything, and trust you still. Do you not owe something to them—the Vicar, and Mr. Freeman, and——"

"You, Barbara!" he exclaimed, suddenly awakening to that.

"Yes, me with the rest."

"And it is out of your friendship you have told me the truth. Yes, I see. And perhaps you know there is already some one else who——"

"That is of so little importance."

"I suppose it is, in comparison with the rest," heavily. He silently wrung her hand, and walked on, then quickly turned and went back to where she still stood, her heart going out to him in his bitter disappointment, all the greater from his hopes having been raised.

"Forgive me, Barbara, dear, kind Barbara."

"I am so sorry, John."

"Yes, I know you are. I am beginning to know what your friendship is worth."

They once more clasped hands and parted.

"Friendship," she murmured, walking slowly back to the cottage. "He did not guess, that is something to be thankful for, and, as to the rest, he will be prepared now to hear that she is engaged to Mr. Bently, and therefore will not complicate matters for me by sending the money back to Lucy. I only wish James were as ready to transfer his affections as his sister is. But, no, he has set his heart, as he calls it, upon marrying Barbara Hurst. He cannot even see that I may be just as determined that he shall not, although it really ought to be plain enough by this time," adding, with a little half-smile—"It would be, too, if he could only realise that he is not quite so irresistible as he imagines himself to be, and that his money does not count with every one."

"I could put you in the way of making a good investment of that hundred pounds of yours, if you like, Barbara," said James Morse, that evening.

"Investment?" she repeated, a little confusedly. "Oh, I don't want to invest it, thank you."

"But Lucy says you drew it out of the Bank the other day, and you don't want it to lie idle, do you?"

"It won't be exactly idle, and—I can do as I please with it, you know."

"That of course, but you want to do the best you can with it, I suppose."

"I have done that."

"How? What have you put it into?"

"I—oh, where's the good of beating about the bush?—I lent—that is, I gave it away," losing patience, and saying what a moment later she recognised was just the worst thing she could have said, although she could hardly help smiling at his evident consternation.

"Given—it—away! a hundred pounds! You surely do not know what you are saying!"

"I don't like being questioned in this way, about what concerns no one but myself."

He was silent, gravely debating the question in his own mind, and she availed herself of the opportunity to slip away.

Barbara was no fool, he was telling himself, and all that money had not been parted with for no purpose. But for what purpose, and to whom had it been given? This it must be his business to discover, if only to protect her from the consequences.

His first step in this direction was to question Lucy. He found she had nothing to tell, at least not directly, but all unconsciously she presently gave him a clue.

"Barbara isn't a bit like herself lately, James. There really seems no pleasing her. She will hardly speak to Mr. Bently, and actually calls him stupid, when she knows what an education he's had! The way she goes on about John Westbury, too, and scolds me for not keeping true to him, and all that, when she knows what he has done. It's almost more than I can bear sometimes. One might really think that she cares for John herself, if she didn't go on trying to persuade me to think of him again. She's quite welcome to him, for my part, if only she wouldn't expect those who are respectable and genteel to keep up his acquaintance."

Lucy had begun to think a great deal of being genteel, since she had known Mr. Bently and his family.

"John Westbury!" ejaculated her brother, gazing at her with widely-opened eyes. He had been struck by Barbara's readiness to plead for the delinquent, but he had not suspected this. He saw it all now. Westbury was the man to whom she had given her heart, and—her money! Yes, she was just the girl to set the world at defiance and hold to him the firmer in his downfall—ay, and without getting any return, for she knew, none better, that the man had no love to give her. And here was he—James Morse, that none could say a word against—ready to give up so much for her sake. Did he not know that Bently's sister would be only too glad to meet him half-way, and hadn't she a good two thousand to bring to a husband? Why could he not be satisfied with such good fortune as that? There was indeed only one reason why,—Miss Bently was not Barbara.

It was for Barbara's sake, he told himself, that he was indignant with John Westbury, and it was only right he should hear what respectable people thought of his taking advantage of her quixotic generosity. He did not acknowledge to himself that he was actuated by a desire to strike a blow at the man she loved; preferring to think that he was influenced solely by indignation at Westbury's meanness in accepting her money.

That evening the two young men met face to face for the first time since Westbury's fall, and the latter knew it was not by chance. More than once had James Morse crossed to the other side of the road to avoid a meeting, when it had seemed likely to come about, taking no pains to prevent his avoidance being evident.

"Morse meant to meet him, now," thought Westbury, reddening with pleasure. "He is not so forgetful of the past as he appeared to be. Beginning to give me credit at least for being no thief, perhaps." In another moment he saw that there were no grounds for the hope that had sprung up in his mind. The colour died out of his face, the hand he had half extended dropped to his side, and he stood waiting gravely and quietly for what was to come.

James Morse was there for a purpose. Having persuaded himself that the other had added to his first wrong-doing by another, he considered it incumbent on him to express his disapproval in strong terms.

"I have been waiting about here thinking I should see you on your way home, Westbury." The latter was silent, and he went on—"I have hoped that what I heard about your trying to redeem the past was true. What am I to think of a man who gets a hundred pounds out of a generous, trusting girl for the purpose of——"

"Stop! I dare you to say that!"

"She acknowledged to me last night that she had given it away, and I have reason to believe it was to you."

"I have a better reason for knowing she gave me nothing—not even the love I gave her credit for."

"You are speaking of Lucy?"

"Whom else?"

"It was Lucy who told me. I am quite convinced from what she said that it was Barbara who gave you the money."

"Barbara!" ejaculated Westbury in a loud, astonished tone. "Barbara!"

The truth had suddenly flashed upon his mind. Had it not been that in the outset he had been absorbed in the one thought,

so roughly dispelled, that it came from Lucy, he might have guessed. Yes, of course it had come from Barbara, he had not the slightest doubt now. She had desired to help him, and had been content to stand aside, and let others take the credit. He saw that his first duty was to shield her. She had shown that she did not wish it to be made known, and he must do his best to aid and abet her.

"I am not obliged to make any reply to such a charge," he recommenced. "But this much I will say, I have received not the slightest intimation that the money I received came from Barbara. It came to me anonymously, and, at first, I quite believed that it was sent by Lucy. I told Barbara that I thought so, and, although she said I was mistaken, she uttered no word which gave me the impression that I was indebted to her. Nor have you any right to say so—to me, and on your own assumption. I should have supposed you would have more consideration for her."

"I was afraid——" James Morse hesitated, seeing that he had, in fact, been rather too ready to attack, since, as it seemed, the other was unaware the money came from Barbara, and it was rather unwise to increase his interest in her, which might bring about something more than gratitude.

"I may have been mistaken, of course," he began a little awkwardly, not the more inclined to be gracious to John Westbury on that account.

"Certainly you may."

James Morse was turning away without another word, when the other put forth his hand. "Won't you shake hands with a man striving with all his power to right the wrong he has done, Morse? It's been terribly uphill work for me, and will be for many a long day to come."

"Not a very pleasant experience, I dare say, but I don't see how you could expect to escape the consequences of what you do."

"I have accepted them."

"But you haven't, perhaps, taken into account the trouble you have brought upon others as well as yourself. Do you think it is a pleasant thing for me that the man known to have been my friend—my most intimate friend—should be accused of what you have been? And Lucy, do you think it is not hard for her?"

"No!" hotly broke in Westbury. "Had she cared for me, it might have been hard, but she didn't, and therefore suffered nothing. I have learned that much, if no more. I heard to-day she is already engaged to young Bently."

"If she is, I can only say it is with my full approval. Is her life to be spoiled because you have acted as you have done? Would you sacrifice her?"

"Have I shown any desire to do so?"

"Keep to that, and don't attempt to intrude yourself upon her or me again."

"You need not fear it!"

The words rang out clear and strong in James Morse's ears as he walked away.

CHAPTER V.—PUT TO THE TEST

JAMES MORSE was sitting before the old-fashioned bureau in the little room he used as an office for the transaction of business in connexion with the property, business which had increased since his father's death.

He had jotted down some memoranda, and was complacently regarding them, congratulating himself upon the success of a small transaction with one of his tenants, when Thomas May, who rented the South Fields, came in. A tall, burly man, with an expression of thorough good-nature, if slight obtuseness, in his broad ruddy face.

"This is my first payment to you, Mr. Morse," he began, after the first word of greeting. Taking a canvas bag from his pocket, he proceeded to count out some notes and gold on to the table.

"The South Fields, a good stroke of business for you getting the lease for that land, Mr. May," grudgingly. This long, renewable, and, to Thomas May, very advantageous lease, was a continual thorn in the side of James Morse, preventing, as it did, the carrying out of his cherished project for building upon the ground, and thus adding largely to his income.

The granting this lease had been the one mistake of Richard Morse's life, he had many a time regretfully said to his son. A renewable lease for sixty pounds a year, that would not lapse so long as the rent was regularly paid, which the tenant was too well aware of the value of the land to neglect to do. As regularly as the time drew near, and always a day or two in advance, came Thomas May with the half-year's rent.

"Well, I'm not the one to gainsay that,

Mr. Morse. But you must remember the railway hadn't been brought to that end of the town at the time, and there seemed no chance of your father making a better bargain for they fields when I took 'em. It was the best he could do at the time, as he well knew, or I shouldn't have got 'em, you may be certain sure of that. Two tens, one five, and five sovereigns, four days before it is due,—there you are, Mr. Morse, and welcome. That's not what every one's got to say when he pays his rent, I take it." Smilingly he added, as the other rather sullenly proceeded to write out the receipt, "I must take better care of that than I did of the last."

"The receipt, do you mean?" looking sharply up.

"Yes, I lost it."

"Lost?"

"Well, I've never been able to find it, though I took it home right enough. The wife and me hunted high and low, and she thinks it must have been thrown into the fire with some other papers, that were burnt."

A hot flush rose to Morse's face, then slowly died away, leaving it more sallow than usual, as he sat gazing at the other for a few moments. Then he slowly put down his pen.

HE PLACED THE LEAVES ON THE HEARTH AND SET LIGHT TO THEM

"A receipt given by my father, do you say?"

"Of course it was."

"I think I must ask you to look for it before—— In justice to—my father, I must ask you to produce it."

"Haven't I just told you I did look for it, and couldn't find it?"

"It is very strange. I can only advise you to look again.'

"Why, you don't suppose——"

"I don't feel justified in giving a receipt for this last payment after what you have told me, at any rate, not until——"

"You can't mean to say that you think I did not pay the money?"

"I don't want any unpleasantness, Mr. May, but I think that, under the circumstances, I have a right to see the last receipt."

"What circumstances?" shortly.

"My father's death."

"And how if I can't find it?"

James was silent, his eyes downcast. Thomas May sank back in his chair, drawing a deep breath, then anxiously recommenced—

"You've got your father's books to look at, I suppose, and they will bear out what I say. He was a careful man, and must have kept account of such payments, I should think."

"I will look them through, Mr. May. But I must ask you to excuse my declining to take that money until I have done so."

"Very well, there's four days to spare, and I'm not afraid but what you'll find your father made an entry of that payment."

"I hope you see that I only want what is just and right."

"I'm not the one to blame any one for wanting that, Mr. Morse. All I say is, I paid that half-year's rent to your father in this very room last December, and he gave me a receipt."

"Come again to-morrow."

Thomas May gathered up the money, and took his departure.

Once more alone, James Morse sat for some time in deep thought, his eyes downcast and his hands thrust into his pockets. Half-an-hour—an hour passed, and he still sat motionless, as though debating some question in his mind. At length he rose, locked the door of the room, and turned towards the bureau. On the top of this lay a pile of ready-reckoners, almanacs, and the leather-bound ledgers in which his father had been accustomed to enter his business accounts, all familiar enough to James Morse in the past, but suddenly invested with new strange interest for him.

He placed the ledger upon the desk, and slowly turned over the leaves, more slowly and hesitatingly as he came upon dates of the previous December 18th, 19th, and 20th; no entry of any payment from Thomas May, and he had spoken of its being his habit to pay some days before it was due. "No, of course he hadn't—the money couldn't have been paid." Having arranged matters with his conscience so far, James Morse looked furtively round the room, rose, drew down the window-blind, then seated himself at the desk again.

He drew the ledger towards him, raised his hand, dropped it, raised it again, and carefully detached the two leaves preceding the 25th from the ledger, without looking at the entries upon them. Still with that furtive look in his eyes, and a deadly pallor in his face, he placed the leaves upon the hearth, and set light to them. Then carefully gathering up the light ashes, he opened the window, and threw it out, to be caught up by the wind and whirled away.

He sat down, gazing straight before him, realising something in himself he had not previously known. Suddenly he sprang to his feet again. It was not too late! It was still open to him to take May's word, and—and—*give up all hope of getting those fields!*

He shut the book, replaced it with the others, and went out.

The next morning, came hurrying in Thomas May.

"You found it all right, didn't you, Mr. Morse?" he began, with a broad smile.

"No, I can't say that I did. I have seen no entry of my father's with reference to the payments you mention."

"But——" Thomas May's face grew as pale as it was capable of becoming, as he stood gazing at the other with widely-opened eyes. "You don't mean to say—you can't think I've told a lie about it?"

"I think we are all liable to make mistakes, and you have made one now."

"We don't make such mistakes, as you call it, without knowing that we make them. The only mistake I've made was in not keeping sharper look after that receipt. I paid the money, and, if no entry was made of it, the fault was your father's, not mine—if fault it was."

"Take care, Mr. May; if you slander the dead I must remind you that law is on my side."

"The—law——!"

"You must be aware that if the payments are not kept up the lease lapses."

"And you get them fields into your hands; yes, I know that well enough. But I shall fight tooth and nail against you, if

it comes to that! As I'm a living man, I paid that half-year's rent to your father in this very room last December. I remember it well, for I sold a cow that very morning to Farmer Evans, and——"

"Was any one present when you paid it?"

"With your father? No; we two were alone."

"All I can say is, if you can prove the payment, well and good. It rests with you."

"And you won't take the rent?"

"Not until you can show me the last was paid."

"Will you let me see your father's books?"

"I would have done so, had you taken a different tone in the matter. As you have been so ready to throw blame upon my dead father, I decline."

"Then I'll see what the law can do for me. I'll put it into Willan's hands at once!"

James Morse grew a shade paler. "Nothing has been ever before said against my father."

"I've never heard anything worse than that he was a bit close-fisted. What I do say is, your father ought to have entered that payment in his books if he was accustomed to enter such things. The best of men may make mistakes, but you seem to forget what such a mistake as that means to me—nothing less than ruin, and I'll fight it out. For my wife and children's sake I'll fight it out, if I lose every penny I've got! You look at it different, of course. What I lose you gain; but"—noticing the hard look that came into the other's eyes, and speaking more angrily—"I haven't lost yet, and you haven't won. We shall see."

Catching up the money again, and slapping his hat upon his head, he rushed out.

Morse saw him hurrying down the road towards Mr. Willan's office, the lawyer whom his father and he did not employ, going instead to a man of less standing who made lower charges.

"But Willan can't make the lease what it isn't, and there it is down in black and white that May loses those fields if the rent is not regularly paid. No, I don't see how I can lose."

But he thought it was as well to talk about what had occurred between them to any one with whom he came in contact, out or at home, and put the matter, he flattered himself, very well. Thomas May had come to him with some story about having paid the rent of the fields, and lost the receipt. He had looked over his father's books, and, finding no entry of such payment having been made, he had naturally asked for some proof, whereat Thomas May had become abusive.

"Did you show him the books, James?" asked Barbara.

"No, I was not going to do that, when he spoke disrespectfully of my father. I made up my mind then that he should not be shown them by me."

"But you told him you had not found any entry of the payment?"

"Yes, I told him that I had looked, and had not seen it," he replied. It was some slight relief to be able to think he had told the truth so far. He had taken precaution to see no entry.

"Thomas May bears a good character in the town for being honest and straightforward. Do you not think he may really have lost the receipt, James?"

"He says so, and it's to his interest to say so, since he hasn't got it to show."

"Then you think he is dishonest?"

"Is it likely he would lose such a thing, knowing that father had the right to take possession, and knowing what those fields would be worth to me now? Quite a new town could be run up there, and I should be a rich man in no time."

"But," persisted Barbara, "if he really did lose the receipt, it would be terribly hard for him."

"You seem to think more of what he would lose than what I should, Barbara."

"It is so different,—he depends upon those fields for a living, James."

"It's never any use arguing with women, they always seem to look at a question from the sentimental, rather than the business, side. You are a thorough woman, Barbara."

"Since I am a woman, I prefer to be a thorough one," she returned with a half-smile.

"Of course. I know you better than do most; you know what I think about that. But even you are not quite so good a woman of business as you imagine yourself to be, perhaps—when it comes to investing."

"Investing? Oh, you mean that hundred pounds, I suppose. I consider that a very

good investment." "Did he know?" she was asking herself.

"That has to be proved," he said, turning away and leaving her and her mother to carry on the discussion if they pleased.

CHAPTER VI.—THE BEST INTENTIONS

"ARE you not rather hard upon James, Barbara dear?" hesitatingly began Mrs. Hurst as soon as they were alone. "Considering——"

"Considering what, mammie?"

"His father and he have given me a good home for many a long year. I know you have paid well for all you have had, but——"

"And so have you, dearie, extremely well."

"I feel that nothing I could do would be too much."

Barbara gave her a kiss for reply, silent with the remembrance of a certain death-bed scene, to which she had been an unobserved witness between her mother's father and Richard Morse. She had crept into the room after her mother unnoticed, been present at the reconciliation of father and daughter, and heard him promise to—if he lived long enough—make a fresh will, and divide his property between the two sisters. Afterwards, when her mother left the room to summon Richard Morse, Barbara had remained hidden behind the curtains at the bedside, afraid of showing herself. The words that had then passed between her grandfather and Richard Morse had stamped themselves upon her brain, although their full meaning only became clear to her as time went on. In the event of the dying man not being able to make another will, dividing his money fairly between his daughters, Richard Morse gave a solemn promise to carry out his wishes.

Richard Morse persuaded himself that he had fulfilled his promise, by giving Mrs. Hurst a good home, and, as he considered, providing for her at his death. As years went on, Barbara had recognised at what little cost to himself all this had been done. Her mother had worked hard for him and his children, and managed the house economically enough to satisfy even him. She had helped him in all ways. Richard Morse owed the good character he prided himself upon having in the place, partly at least to Mrs. Hurst's grateful appreciation, which she thought it only right to make known. Had he not also provided for her in his will? The very fact of his leaving her that twenty-five pounds a year showed how great was his good-will towards her. She was bound to do everything in her power for the son of the man who had done so much for her!

"We must not forget, must we, Barbara dear?"

"Forget what, mother?"

"What we owe to Richard Morse and his son. Remember how desirous James was that I should stay on after his father's death."

"Of course he was, considering how much he saved by it. We must not forget that either. Besides, I can't bear to see you work so hard, and I don't mean to let you do it much longer."

"James says he intends to have a girl to help me with the house-work as soon as——"

"He gets possession of those fields, I suppose; very generous of him, I'm sure."

"He could afford to do more then, you know. But I can't think he would take them, if Thomas May wasn't so high and mighty about it. Not that I think he would really wrong James either. The truth is, I suppose, he forgot to pay the money at the right time, though he thinks he did."

"James ought to have shown him the book, mother."

"Well, I do think it's a pity he didn't, dear. I believe that if Thomas May once saw there is no mention of the money being paid, he would have nothing more to say, knowing how particular Richard was in all business matters. It would be better a deal, to my thinking, to let Thomas May see for himself than to go to law, although I can understand why James stands out too. He's got his father's good name to think of."

"James won't go to law, mother. But there's no necessity for you to trouble yourself about it, in any case," replied Barbara, going off with a cheerful "good-bye."

It was not in Mrs Hurst's nature to avoid being anxious when those she cared for seemed in trouble. Dear Barbara being a little prejudiced against James, rendered it all the more necessary that she should do what she could. She went about her morning's duties in perplexed anxiety. It was getting late in the afternoon, and she had only succeeded in getting more worried, when she suddenly bethought herself of

one thing which she might do. To her it seemed quite a brilliant discovery. Why should not she herself take the book to Thomas May, and show him that he must have made a mistake? James had, she knew, gone to a meeting in the town-hall, and would probably be absent some hours.

With the air of a benevolent conspirator, she went into the little office. Yes, there was the book lying on a pile of others she was accustomed to dust so carefully. James Morse had intended to lock it up, but, after a little hesitation, had come to the conclusion that it would be better to leave it in its usual place.

Mrs. Hurst carried the book to her own room, where she hurriedly put on her walking things, then, with it carefully hidden under her cloak, went out, and made her way along the road at a good pace, until she came to the turning which branched from it leading to Thomas May's shop—that of a dairyman's.

Almost breathless with speed and excitement, she inquired for Mr. May, and was ushered into the little back parlour where he was sitting alone, his elbows on the table, and the lease of the fields spread out before him, puzzling over the legalities. He looked up in some surprise as she entered.

"Mrs. Hurst! Why, what——?"

"I was going into the town to buy some cap-ribbon; at least that's what I said to Lucy, you know. Not that it wasn't true, so far as it goes, for I mean to buy some on my way home—only——"

Thomas May, who was not naturally very patient, and had of late become so entirely absorbed in the one subject that he could give his mind to nothing else, sat regarding her not a little irritably.

"Cap-ribbons!" he impatiently put in. "Was it the missus you wanted to see, Mrs. Hurst?"

"No; I came on purpose to see you, and you mustn't mind my being a bit flurried, for what I come about is very important to you. I had a little talk with my nephew about this going to law between you and him——"

"Oh, about that," he said, interested enough now. The lawyer had told him enough to render him anxious as to what might come of going to law, should there be no proof of the money having been paid, although Mr. Willan himself fully believed May's word. "He sent you to me, I suppose?" a little hopefully.

"No, I came on my own accord, and quite unknown to him. I feel sure you can't either of you really want to go to law, though neither will give in, being both so masterful, as is the manner of men, if you will excuse my saying so, and, while I was thinking it over this afternoon, a way out of the difficulty came into my mind. When James told me what had happened, I said to him, Why not show Mr. May your father's book, where he put down all he received, just as it came, that he may see for himself there's no use going to law, since you say that if it were examined in Court, your case would be proved? But James is so put out because his word was doubted."

"And so was mine, Mrs. Hurst. My word's as good as his, I think, and I say now, what I said before, that money was paid—book or no book."

"But if it can be shown that there is no mention of its being paid, it will be like evidence from his father, he says. However, I know he does not want to go so far as that with a neighbour, though he doesn't like giving in either, in case it should seem as if he didn't believe he was right. He didn't say so much. No, what he did say was, that he wasn't going to be the one to show you the book, because you didn't speak kindly about his father. But it was plain to me what he meant, when I came to think of it. I saw that what he did want was, that some one else should show it to you, and that's what I've come to do, in confidence between you and me. Here's the book, Mr. May; I've brought it unbeknown to James, though not, I feel sure, against his will, so that you may look at it, and satisfy yourself, that if there was a mistake it was not on his side. You see his father's head wasn't quite so clear, maybe, before he was taken with his last illness. It's my opinion that if you show that you don't blame his father, James will take your word about having paid the money," summed up Mrs. Hurst, arguing from her own point.

Thomas May reflected a few moments. If he persisted, it would be, so to speak, the dead man he would be going to law against, not his son. Who could blame James Morse for believing his father had intended no wrong? Not Thomas May, he decided, with his quick sense of justice.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Hurst,—if I

find other entries of money that have been paid on the same date, and none about what I paid, I will agree to accept the consequences, so far as paying the thirty pounds over again goes. I paid the money, as sure as I'm a living man; but, if the evidence of this book is not in my favour, I won't go to law against the dead—come what may. If Mr. Morse won't take my word about losing that receipt, I must abide by the consequences. Them as knows me, know that I don't tell lies, but it's no use going to law about what I can't prove by law. Will you leave the book with me until to-morrow?"

"I'm afraid I mustn't do that, Mr. May. James might not like my leaving it. You see, there's all his father's business accounts the year before he died, and if it should get lost, or——"

"I don't want to look at anything there that doesn't concern me. Say you leave it in my hands till early to-morrow morning, when I'll take care it shall be put into your hands again, unbeknown to any one. The wife shall bring it before seven o'clock, and he won't be up then, will he?"

"No, if I get it by that time, before he is down, it will be soon enough."

And Martha Hurst bade him good-bye, departing with a contented mind. She had, she felt sure, gained her end. Thomas May would recognise now that James could not be to blame. It was a mistake, that was all. She walked cheerfully home, convinced that she had prevented her nephew being drawn into a very unpleasant lawsuit. At last she had been able to do him some service.

CHAPTER VII.—DISCOVERY

THOMAS MAY seated himself at the table again with the book before him, and laboriously proceeded to go through the pages, although he neither noticed nor wished to notice anything that did not concern himself. He turned first to the preceding June. Twentieth—twenty-first—twenty-second! Yes, here it was.

"Thirty pounds from Thomas May—rent for South Fields." All right so far. Now for December. Here we are. Twenty-first, twenty-second — twenty - seventh! That can't be right! He turned over the leaves, turned them back again, blowing between them to make quite sure he had not passed over two together, then put down the book, and sat gazing at it with bewildered eyes, ruffling up his hair with both hands.

Why, what did this mean? How could the twenty-seventh come next to the twenty-second? No business done, was that it? He turned over the leaves again. No, not a day without its entry of some sort. A mistake—put the wrong date? Let us see what—"Isaac Wood paid rent of cottage, promised to have roof seen to, and put new—" A new what—how does it go on? The next leaf went on with apparently a very different subject. "Mrs. Watts troublesome about repairs, told her no, time enough for that next year."

"That? What?"

Gradually a new thought took possession of his somewhat slow brain, and a graver expression came into his face as he looked more closely at the book. It almost seemed as if— Why, yes, surely a couple of leaves had been torn out!

He sat back in his chair, gazing at the ledger in grave meditation a few moments, then rose to his feet, seized the book, put on his hat, left the house, and hurriedly made his way to the lawyer's private residence.

It was no use telling him that Mr. Willan did not see clients there, at that time; that he had only just dined, did not like to be disturbed, and so forth.

"He'll see me, if you tell him I've got something of great importance to say—something he ought to know at once."

At length, by dint of persistence and persuasion, he got his way, and was shown into a room where sat Mr. Willan in a large chair by the fire, preparatory to taking his after-dinner "reflections."

"I hope you will excuse my troubling you at this time, sir, when I tell you what it is I've come about."

"Well, I suppose it seems of some importance to you, at any rate, Mr. May; but are you quite sure the business could not be as well attended to to-morrow morning at the office?"

"That can't be, Mr. Willan, and you'll see why, presently," placing the ledger on the low table by the lawyer's chair. "Look you here, sir, and tell me whether you don't think there's some underhand work been going on in this book? It was brought to me to-night to look at, and it must be taken back early to-morrow morning, but I want you to see it first, and tell me what you think of it. Here's the date twenty-second,

"LOOK YOU HERE, SIR, AND TELL ME WHETHER YOU DON'T THINK THERE'S SOME UNDERHAND WORK BEEN GOING ON IN THIS BOOK?"

plain enough, on this leaf, and the next that comes is the twenty-seventh. See if you don't think there's been two leaves torn out?"

Mr. Willan's interest was aroused now. He bade Thomas May take a seat, and proceeded to carefully examine the leaves.

"I think they have, Mr. May—indeed, there can be no doubt about it. Yes, this certainly strengthens your case. Leave this with me, and——"

"I'm afraid I mustn't do that, sir. I promised it should be given back to-morrow morning, to them that brought it to show me."

"Some one who wanted to do you a good turn?"

"I am not so sure about that, sir. No, it's my belief the good turn was intended for James Morse—to prove to me he was in the right, when he said he could find no entry, and not knowing what the book would tell me."

"Well, you've got a pretty good case now, I think, since we can force him to produce the book."

"You really think it tells in my favour?"

"It certainly does."

"Well, sir, what I'm inclined to do, now that the case seems in my own hands, is to go no further. You see it was most like his father who tore out them pages, and, if so, he couldn't have meant mischief to me, for he couldn't know I'd been fool enough to lose the receipt. No, there must have been something else in his mind—something as didn't concern me. Anyhow, I'm not the man to strike a blow at one as is dead; no, I couldn't. So, if you're agreeable, I'll go to James Morse, and tell him fair and straight between us two what I've found, and, if he likes to take the rent for the last half-year as is just upon due and let the matter rest, well and good, it *shall* rest. But if he's still determined to keep me from my right, then we'll try it, that's all."

"Very fair of you, Mr. May. It is not the best way to make work for the lawyers, but I will not say anything against it, in this case. If Mr. Morse is inclined to hold out after that, we will make him pay for his obstinacy, that's all. Not that I think he will. In my opinion, he is quite keen-sighted enough to avail himself of the opportunity you give him."

When Thomas May arrived at the Cottage the next morning, James Morse was little enough prepared for what was coming. He, in fact, took it for granted that the other wanted to argue the matter over again, and try once more to induce him to take the rent. As the other went on to explain, he began to realise that the only safe course now open to him was to take May's offer. In destroying that entry, he had counted upon May taking his word. He knew the unsuspicious nature of the man, and he knew that if he turned over the leaves of the book and found no entry of the payment there, he would most likely accept the inevitable, without further words.

Even if it were discovered that the two leaves had been abstracted, it could not be brought home to him, and he would still be safe. But now! The book had been taken to the lawyer, who would know how to make the most of the discovery.

He glanced at the old-fashioned bureau, and then towards the parcel May was unfolding.

"It was brought to me last evening with the intention of showing me you were in the right, as to there being nothing in it about the money that was paid. I don't want to say who brought it, but I do say as they thought they were doing you a good service, and making things straight between us."

James Morse guessed readily enough who the well-intentioned person was, and his verdict upon her would not a little have astonished May, had it been put into words.

"It isn't for me to accuse any one," went on May. "But there it is for any one to see, them two leaves have been taken out, and *some one* must have done it! It looks bad, and I'm told the verdict would most likely tell in my favour, if I choose to try it."

"You don't mean to say that you think—" began Morse with a white face. "It must have been done by—I can't be made answerable for what happened before—that book came into my possession."

"Haven't I been saying that I don't accuse any one? No, of course not, and I don't want to say more than I'm obliged to say. But you can't expect me to give up this book without there being some arrangement between us. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, and go on as if nothing had happened, if you, on your side, are willing to take my word that the rent was paid last December. It was paid right enough, and I can't help thinking that if your father had believed it wasn't, I should have heard something about it long ago. That's what Mr. Willan thinks, and he says it will tell a deal for my side. But, as I said, I am ready to let bygones be bygones if you are. Come, Mr. Morse, you know the rent is due to-morrow,—will you take it?"

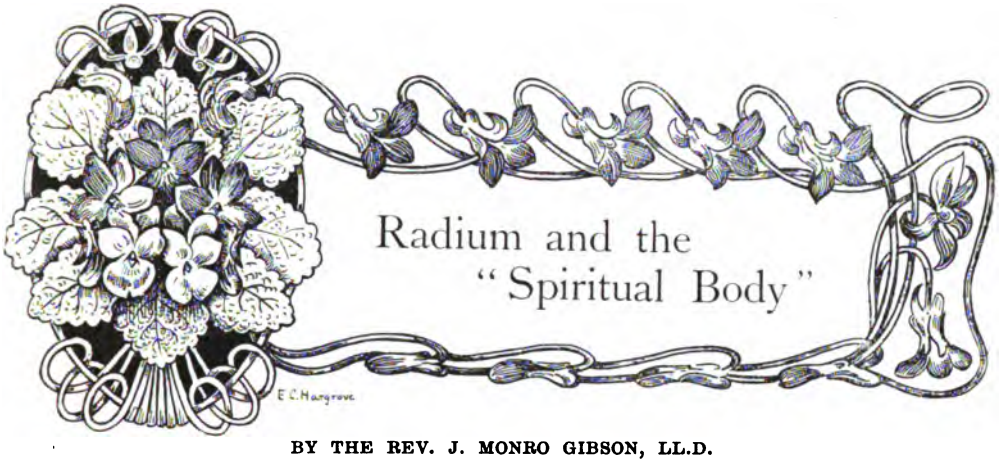
Morse saw that the only course left open to him now was to take the money. All he could do was to save his credit, about which he had become a little alarmed.

"If I do, it must be quite understood I am not in any way admitting that there has been any—I could not allow it to be thought that there is any blame to be attached to my dead father, nor——" Again he hesitated, afraid of referring to himself in more definite terms, and added—"any one else."

"That's quite enough for me," for the first time offering his hand to James Morse.

A limp hand was put into his, and heartily shaken. The book was returned, the rent paid, a receipt given, and Thomas May returned home jubilant.

(To be concluded.)



BY THE REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, LL.D.

IT is interesting to observe how St. Paul, in what he says of the Resurrection of the Body, gives no occasion to the vulgar objection that it would involve the incredible supposition of the gathering together of the identical particles of which the body had been composed at the moment of death. In answer to the question, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" he says: "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be," and proceeds to show that the resurrection we are to expect is to be like that of the wheat-seed in the wheat-plant, where we have, not the old particles—probably not one of them, for the seed died and its particles were broken up, scattered, and dissolved—and yet its own body none the less. In another passage he says that this "body of our humiliation" will be "fashioned like unto the body of His glory," which, if we may take as our guide the references during the forty days between our Lord's resurrection and ascension, had certain capabilities more suggestive of spirit than of matter, which at the time was thought of as essentially inert and gross. The difficulty of conceiving the possibility of the change was met by a simple reference to the Divine omnipotence: "According to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." It is as if he said, impossible as it may seem to us, inconceivable even as it may be, He can take this gross matter and spiritualise it; He can replace the heavy, inert, decaying body by an ethereal, active, radiant body, and that in such a way that the one shall be so closely related to the other that it will be not so much a new creation as a resurrection.

At that time they could only believe, they could see nothing, of such working. But recent discovery has made working of that very kind quite familiar. Some of the points to which we shall refer have been gradually brought home to us in the last thirty years or so, but these have received new emphasis and illustration from the recent discoveries, and other points quite new have appeared for the first time.

I. The extreme refinement of matter in its essential nature. We have been taught to go beyond the minutest visible particle to the molecule, and behind the molecule to the atom—which atom till recently was supposed to be indivisible (hence its name), and therefore permanent; but now we have to go behind the atom to the electron, the very name of which suggests the most subtle, agile, energetic and ethereal of forces. Hence matter, so far from being gross, inert, and heavy, is found when traced back to its essence to be positively *electric*. Does not the very thought of it, with the suggestions it awakens, stir our souls as with an electric thrill; and does it not put new meaning into that wonderful word of the Apostle: "There is a natural body; and there *is* a spiritual body"? He believed it only; we can see it now. There is, verily there *is* such a thing as body which is so different from what we have thought of as body that we cannot do better than call it "spiritual."

Think how far this carries us into the depths of the unseen universe. The atoms, which we used to think the last refinement of matter, were of course invisible. We so often use the word "atom" in common speech in the sense of small particle—as, for example, a crumb—that we need to be

reminded how hopelessly invisible atoms proper are. Principal Sir Oliver Lodge told his Birmingham audience that three hundred millions of them could lie in a row side by side within the length of an inch. Well, that was far enough into the unseen, one would think; but now we are told on the same high authority that this infinitesimal atom is not really the essential thing in matter, that it has been wrongly thought of as indivisible, for within it are to be found electrons which we are told are a thousand million times smaller than the atom. So much for the extreme refinement of matter as now disclosed to us. Let the next point be:

II. The marvellous activity of the essential constituents of matter. When the talk was of atoms, we were all amazed at what our scientific friends told us of the marvellous activity of the unseen forces, molecular and atomic. And now we are told that the electrons, a thousand million times smaller than the atom, are ceaselessly at work within it, and not only so, but constantly issue from it, as we shall afterwards see. This was fully set forth in the Romanes Lecture delivered in Oxford a few months ago, where the Professor showed that the atom might be regarded as in itself an infinitesimal Solar System, within which similar processes and movements are going on to those which we see in the movements of the heavens. This surely is something to think about. "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man?" So small? Yes. But when I consider that the marvel of the heavens is repeated millions of times in this very body of mine which I wear, to say nothing of the far more wonderful spirit which spans these illimitable heavens, and scans these infinitesimal atoms and electrons, then I ask the question, "What is man?" in no depreciatory sense as it is usually quoted in our day, but more in the spirit of the inspired Psalmist, who follows up his question by saying: "Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, Thou hast set him over the works of Thy hands."

But now note another thing: not only are the innumerable electrons ceaselessly at work within the atom, but at critical moments, we are told, separate electrons will be detached and fly off at an incredible speed away into space. The rate of some of these rays has been calculated at a hundred thousand miles a second, that is six millions of miles a minute! We marvel at steam with its sixty miles an hour, and are stirred to hear of certain electric railways that promise a hundred miles an hour or more. What think you of six millions of miles a minute? Think of that "working"! And it is working on body! Is it not a working whereby He can subdue all things according to His will? Can we limit His power to fashion bodies anew? We have said the body will not be composed of the identical particles; perhaps even the same invisible atoms may not do duty in it again; but there are still the far subtler electrons to fall back upon. The spirit carries nothing visible with it from the body which it leaves behind. But are we quite sure that none of the old electrons can accompany it in its flight?

III. The activity of the separated electrons is radio-activity. They become radiant under certain conditions, as they leave the body to which they have been attached and ascend into the ether of space. It was this marvellous quality of the newly-discovered radium which set all these scientific experts, of whom we now hear so much, at work upon this fascinating subject. It was certainly a most arresting phenomenon. To see bodies giving off from themselves an ethereal something which seemed far better and richer than themselves, a kind of sublimation of their essence, issuing in what may be called a transfiguration, somewhat like that which passed upon our Lord when on the holy mount His face shone as the sun and His raiment was white as the light.

There is also the penetrating power of these projected electrons. It once seemed incredible that anything which could be spoken of as body could enter into a room when the doors were shut. Now we read of these rays, which though so spirit-like still belong to the physical universe, passing through plates of iron an inch thick without the slightest trouble. Do not experiences like these raise the question how much of incredulity may be due to simple ignorance?

We have to think further of the qualities and powers of the different rays. We have become accustomed to the Röntgen rays, which on their first discovery seemed sheer miracle, and that of the most incredible sort; and now we read of Alpha rays, and Beta rays, and Gamma rays—utterly unknown and unsuspected before—all actively at

work around us. And what marvellous things we read as to the effects produced by these rays. There are two sides to this indeed. We are startled to hear how destructive they are—how, as M. Curie has said, a kilogram of radium would be sufficient to destroy the whole population of Paris if they came within reach of its terrible force; while on the other hand it seems evident that the same rays, when carefully used, may not only be of service in various ways, but may heal some diseases which no other means have been able to reach. We hear of cures of lupus, and of facial cancer, and are encouraged to hope for further developments in this hopeful direction. We can well see then how much reason, very much more than he himself could possibly suspect, the Apostle had, in view of the scepticism which the thought of the resurrection of the body was sure to awaken, to appeal to "the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." He has infinite resources, powers with infinite destructive possibilities indeed, but all safe under the guidance and control of Him who has made Himself known as the Saviour of men, and even as "the Saviour of the body."

IV. Whence come these marvellous radiant bodies with such wonderful capacities and powers? Whence all this radio-activity of which we hear so much?

From a refuse-heap. In an interview with M. Curie he was asked where he got his radium. "First he showed me," says the interviewer, "a lumpy, reddish powder, sacks of it, brought from Bohemia by the ton, and constituting the raw material from which the radium is extracted. This powder is the refuse from uranium mines at Joachimsthal." Which again is well worth thinking about. These radio-active bodies, able to travel a hundred thousand miles a second and do other very wonderful things, come from refuse! We have seen lilies grow out of mud, we have heard of diamonds picked from rubbish-heaps; and a great hope has sprung up within us as to what can be made of the most unpromising materials—lilies of gracious beauty growing out of London slums, diamonds for the Saviour's crown fashioned out of what seemed blackest coal; but here we can see bodies not merely like the fairest things we know on earth, but like the most wonderful things that are suggested of the spiritual body in the heaven to which we look forward—why, then, should any one any longer think it a thing incredible that even the greatest things which the Scriptures tell of the resurrection glory should verily come to pass?

It is *uranium* refuse from which the radium comes. The metal was called after the planet Uranus, it is true, but we cannot forget that the word "uranus" means heaven; and that what we call the dregs of society are all in the deepest sense of the word uranium mines. These brothers and sisters of ours were all made for heaven and for God; and they may be all restored; for they are "redeemed by the precious blood of Christ." And what nobler work can any one undertake than the winning back of some of these, that they may be jewels for the Saviour's crown?

Now put together what we have gathered from reports of recent discoveries as to the nature and properties and possibilities of matter, and consider what a thrilling and inspiring view it gives us of the possibilities of the great future. Here is a region where we might speculate at will. I shall not do it; but surely there is infinite scope for the sanctified imagination. Why should we suppose that this great universe of God is going to be as strange and cold and empty to us in the great future as it is now? Are there not possibilities of life, and movement, and inquiry, and service, and progress and holy joy beyond what any one of us can possibly imagine? And this at all events may be said now, that after learning the lessons of the new discoveries, even at this early stage of the investigations, we can see a new meaning and feel a new power in the old words: "Sown in corruption, raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, raised in glory; sown in weakness, raised in power; sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body;" and we can appreciate better than ever the force of the assurance with which the Apostle meets the sceptic of his day, when he adds: "There is a natural body, and there *is* a spiritual body."

"Our Lady of the Snows"

A VISIT TO A TRAPPIST MONASTERY

BY J. A. HAMMERTON

SOME of the most interesting chapters in that charming book of R. L. Stevenson's, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*, are devoted to the account of his sojourn at the Trappist Monastery of Notre Dame des Neiges away in these far mountains of Southern France. Those who know their Stevenson well can scarcely fail to remember with what quaint but reverent humour he described his approach to this home of silence. He had been trudging beside his donkey through a wild hill country from early morning of a cheerless day in the late autumn of 1877, and towards sundown—which seems to have been, indeed, the first appearance of the sun that day, for it was only at its setting that it managed to pierce the mists and vivify the landscape—"it was grateful to come," he says, "after so long, upon a scene of some attraction for the human heart. I own I like definite form in what my eyes are to rest upon; and if landscapes were solid, like the sheets of characters of my boyhood, one penny plain and twopence coloured, I should go the length of twopence every day of my life." Thus did Stevenson feel when he had gained the near neighbourhood of the Monastery, and stood a grateful spectator of the splendid mountain masses that roll away in endless confusion from this part of the Cevennes, a desolate and Dantesque panorama under a sullen sky, but touched into wondrous beauty by the magic finger of the sun.

GENERAL VIEW OF MONASTERY

It would be about the same hour of the day, but in the month of June, and a quarter of a century later, that the writer first looked upon the scene which had thrilled the heart of R. L. S. that September day. But the Cevennes are changeless in their aspect when the winter snows have gone, and, be the day in June or September, their treeless heights respond equally to the moods of the sky, so that Stevenson's fine description was true in every detail as I recall it: "I beheld suddenly a fine wild landscape to the south. High rocky hills, as blue as sapphire, closed the view, and between these lay ridge upon ridge, heathery, craggy, the sun glittering on veins of rock, the underwood clambering in the hollows, as rude as God made them at the first. There was not a sign of man's hand in all the prospect; and indeed not a trace of his passage, save where generation after generation had walked in twisted footpaths, in and out among the beeches, and up and down upon the channelled slopes."

A by-road striking northward through a wood of pines leads to the Monastery, which lies hidden in a great hollow of the hills. This road had been made single-handed during two years by one of the monks named Father Apollinaris, and as Stevenson and his donkey footed it downward they encountered the worthy friar busy, we may suppose, on some finishing touches, as he was even then "fighting with a barrowful

of turfs." Recalling his childhood studies of Marco Sadeler's "Hermits," he likens the monkish road-maker to one of that old author's heroes: "He was robed in white like any spectre, and the hood falling back, in the instancy of his contention with the barrow, disclosed a pate as bald and yellow as a skull. He might have been buried any time these thousand years, and all the lively parts of him resolved into earth and broken up with the farmer's harrow." At a loss how to address one under a vow of silence, R. L. S. doffed his cap "with a far-away superstitious reverence," and the monk cheerfully opened conversation. On Stevenson's telling him he was a Scotsman, it seemed that he was the first of the race the friar had ever set eyes upon, and he inspected him "as a boy might look upon a lion or an alligator." Mistaking the traveller with his donkey for a pedlar, Father Apollinaris feared that he would not be received at the Monastery. When he heard that the stranger was an author, he was more hopeful of his reception ("I fear they respect persons even in a Trappist Monastery," says R. L. S.), and determined to go with him himself; but as they arrived within sight of the Monastery the friar, "suddenly raising his arms, flapping his fingers, and crying out twice, 'I must not speak, I must not speak!' ran away in front of me and disappeared into the Monastery door." All this would suggest that there are circumstances in which their vow of silence sits lightly on the conscience of the brethren of La Trappe.

THE ROAD MADE BY FATHER APOLLINARIS

The buildings of "Our Lady of the Snows"—to use the English form of the name—are quite devoid of any architectural beauty. They are set four-square in a windy hollow, and the hills trend gently upward on every side richly clad with trees, for the monks have re-forested much of the surrounding land, which is the property of the Fraternity. The south side is occupied by a long two-storeyed building which contains the main entrance: a plain, white-washed, barn-like structure: and buildings of a similar type adjoin it east and west, while the north side of the quadrangle is filled by the more pretentious masonry of the church, the chapter-house, and other

FARM AND SAW-MILL

religious offices, though even here the essential note of the architecture is austerity, the clock-tower being devoid of decoration and purely utilitarian.

The hospitality of the Monastery would appear to have increased since Stevenson went quaking to its sombre door, for a white-bearded "keeper" whom we met outside told us that we would have no difficulty in getting a lodging for the night; indeed, there is now accommodation in a detached building near the saw-mill for ladies who may accompany their husbands on a visit to the place. The Brother Porter who, on our ringing the gate-bell, put his shaggy face to a small aperture in the door and asked our business, leisurely

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE

responded with much rattling of keys to our request for admission by opening a postern through which my friend and I entered with our bicycles. The porter, being a lay brother, was dressed in a brown habit, and wore a kind of skull-cap of similar material, his hair and beard being extremely unkempt, and his face of a colour which no one could have said was either clean or dirty. Mumbling something about the Guest-Father, he went into a door on the right of the gateway, and presently returned with a young and bright-eyed monk who wore the white habit of the Trappists with a black scapular hanging loose on his shoulders. He bowed to us as ceremoniously as a dancing-master, and placed himself at our service. Under his guidance we were permitted to see everything of interest in the Monastery.

During their period of novitiate, which lasts for three years, the monks have still the liberty to talk with strangers or with the lay brethren, but when their final vows are taken they are supposed to be inarticulate except in performing the religious offices of each day. The Guest-Father would in two years more be qualified for the silent life; meanwhile he exercised his power of speech with so much grace that one felt truly sorry so excellent a talker should contemplate with cheerfulness the voluntary and useless atrophy of his divine gift. Very reverently he led us into the church, which is a plain but elegant building with a vaulted roof, the walls being whitewashed, and the woodwork, of which there is not too much, chastely carved. A number of good pictures are hung on the walls, and there is a series of statues of the saints on brackets, executed with some taste, and entirely free from the usual tawdry colouring of similar objects in French Catholic churches. The altar also is in welcome contrast to the common doll-show of the ordinary church, and although the oft-repeated references to the simplicity of the whole, with which our excellent friend pointed out the various features of the place, approached almost to affectation, one must bear ready witness to the apparent sincerity of these poor monks in their efforts towards a simpler circumstance of worship than the Roman Catholic Church in general practises.

The chapter-house is in keeping with the church in point of restraint in decoration, its beautifully panelled walls giving the apartment a genial touch of warmth by contrast with the cold white of its groined roof.

The library, which occupies a spacious room on the upper storey of the north wing, is stocked with some twenty thousand volumes, chiefly in Latin and French, but including an excellent collection of works in Greek; religion and history being naturally the chief subjects represented. When we remember that many of the monks are men of no intellectual gifts and of small learning, being drawn largely from the peasant and military classes, we may

doubt if the treasures of the library are in great request. The librarian, at least, must be a man of bookish tastes, since the collection is arranged in perfect order.

The refectory is a large and bare chamber occupying the lower storey of the east wing. A long narrow table of plain wood, a mere board laid on trestles, runs around the room, and on this are laid the simple utensils of the meal. The monks sit on a rude bench, and for the greater part of the year they take but one meal in twenty-four hours, but during the summer months, when one might suppose the needs to be less, they, by special indulgence, go so far towards temporising with the flesh as to eat twice in one day.

IN THE LIBRARY

R. L. S. was moved to a little disquisition on the subject of over-eating when he contemplated the dietic restraint of the Trappist brethren. "Their meals are scanty, but even of these they eat sparingly," he writes, "and though each is allowed a small carafe of wine, many refrain from this indulgence. Without doubt, the most of mankind grossly over-eat themselves; our meals serve not only for support, but as a hearty and natural diversion from the labour of life. Yet, though excess may be hurtful, I should have thought this Trappist regimen defective. And I am astonished, as I look back, at the freshness of face and cheerfulness of manner of all whom I beheld. A happier or a healthier company I should scarce suppose that I have ever seen. As a matter of fact, on this bleak upland, and with the incessant occupation of the monks, life is of an uncertain tenure, and death no infrequent visitor, at Our Lady of the Snows. This, at least, was what was told me. But if they die easily, they must live healthily in the meantime, for they seemed all firm in flesh and high in colour; and the only morbid sign that I could observe, an unusual brilliancy of eye, was one that served rather to increase the general impression of vivacity and strength."

On the topmost floor of the east wing we were shown the dormitory, a long and, as I recall it, a somewhat low-roofed room, divided into numerous little cubicles, each enclosed on three sides and screened from the passage by a curtain of red cloth. The couch consisted of a single mattress laid on boards, and the scantiest supply of bed-clothes. Each of these little compartments bore in painted letters the monastic name of its occupant, and here every night, after the toils and vigils of the day, the brethren lay themselves down in their ordinary habit of dress at eight o'clock, being in this respect less fanatical than other fraternities of the same order who sleep in their coffins and even in unduly ready graves. "By two in the morning," says R. L. S., "the clapper goes upon the bell, and so on, hour by hour, and sometimes quarter by quarter, till eight, the hour of rest; so infinitesimally is the day divided among different occupations. The man who keeps rabbits, for example, hurries from his hutches to the chapel, the chapter-room, or the refectory, all day long; every hour he has an office to sing, a duty to perform; from two, when he rises in the dark, till eight, when he returns to receive the comfortable gift of sleep, he is upon his feet and occupied with manifold and changing business. I know many persons, worth several thousands in the year, who are not so fortunate in the disposal of their lives. Into how many houses would not the note of the monastery bell, dividing the day into

manageable portions, bring peace of mind and healthful activity of body. We speak of hardships, but the true hardship is to be a dull fool, and permitted to mismanage life in our own dull and foolish manner."

In that part of the building where we had entered, the apartments for the use of visitors and *retraitants* are situated. To the right of the gateway on the ground level are the kitchen and store-rooms, and a door opening at the foot of the stair admits one into a small and barely furnished room where supper had been prepared for us. A square table covered with American cloth, and with chairs set about it to accommodate perhaps eight or ten guests, were the chief items of furniture. There were a few prints of a religious character hung upon the walls, and to the right of the fire-place stood a little bookcase, containing, however, no works of interest. The meal served to us was well cooked and savoury, and as an excellent omelette formed its *pièce de résistance*, with soup, potato-salad, walnuts, figs, and cheese included, it needed none of the profuse apologies for poverty of fare with which it was set before us.

We were afterwards shown our bedroom

IN THE GARDEN ON "LA FÊTE DIEU"

GUARDIAN OF THE PROPERTY

on the floor above, a fairly commodious room containing two iron bedsteads, with a more liberal supply of bedclothes than we saw in the dormitory of the monks, a small table and two chairs. A crucifix stood on the mantelpiece, and, as in some hotels, a printed sheet of regulations was fixed on the wall near the door. One may suppose it to have been a copy of that which Stevenson noted, for it wound up with an admonition to occupy one's spare time by examining one's conscience, confessing one's sins, and making good resolutions. "To make good resolutions, indeed!" comments R. L. S. "You might talk as fruitfully of making the hair grow on your head." So far as we could judge, the south wing at the time of our visit sheltered no other strangers than ourselves; nor did it appear that there were any weary secular souls living here in retreat. At the time of Stevenson's sojourn among the monks there was quite a little company in the hospice; an English boarder, a parish priest, and an old soldier being some of the acquaintances he made in the little room where he had supped. But there is a constant and increasing number of visitors to the Monastery, and immediately below our bedroom was a large and well-stocked apartment which gave evidence of this. Here we found a varied display of crucifixes

and rosaries to suit all purses, samples of the different liqueurs distilled by the monks, and picture-postcards in abundance. The Brother-Porter, a simple boorish fellow, in vain spread his bottles in the sight of two who were not patrons of the stuff; but we reduced his stock of postcards and his rosaries. He took the money like a post-office girl selling stamps.

When we took our places in the little gallery which extends across the west side of the chapel to hear the monks chanting the last service of the day, *Compline* and *Salve Regina*, we found that there was at least another visitor in the person of a stout and blue-chinned *curé*. The white-robed monks were seated in their chairs in the choir, books upon their knees, and the organist, in an elevated position on a level with the gallery, played unseen by us. Paraffin lamps gave a dim uncertain light in the building, and the rich full voices of the singers resounded weirdly through the white-walled chapel, the door opening now and again as some of the lay brothers entered and, crossing themselves, bowed wearily toward the altar and moved to places below the gallery. After the elevation of the Host, and when the service was almost finished, the organist descended, and we noticed that in making his way out of the chapel he hung back a little in passing the choir-screen, that he might not meet on his way to the door any of the brethren who were now slowly leaving.

Of a similar service, Stevenson writes: "There were none of those circumstances which strike the Protestant as childish or as tawdry in the public offices of Rome. A stern simplicity, heightened by the romance of the surroundings, spoke directly to the heart. I recall the white-washed chapel, the hooded figures in the choir, the lights alternately occluded and revealed, the strong manly singing, the silence that ensued, the sight of cowled heads bowed in prayer, and then the clear trenchant beating of the bell, breaking in to show that the last office was over and the hour of sleep had come; and when I remember, I am not surprised that I made my escape into the court with somewhat whirling fancies, and stood like a man bewildered in the windy starry night." The effect of it all on the sentimental traveller was summed up in these fervent words: "And I blessed God that I was free to wander, free to hope, and free to love."

This, indeed, must be the impression which all robust and unfettered minds will receive by a visit to Our Lady of the Snows. It is true that in their busy saw-mill which stands to the west of the Monastery, and where the timber from the hills is turned to commercial use by the monks and their lay assistants; in their well-managed farm some little distance westward; in the surrounding fields; in their many workshops—in these they have many occupations, and of a manly character, but the terrible uselessness of it all is ever present to the mind of one coming from the stress and struggle of the zestful world. Poor men, in their sullen way they may believe they have chosen the better part; but simple and devout as they may be, they are the real cowards of life, the shirkers of the battle we are meant to fight.

MONKS GATHERING HERBS

An Interview with Mr. Silas K. Hocking

LONDON literary men have a habit of taking up their abode as far from the din of "streaming London's central roar" as the pleasantness and convenience of suburban life will permit. It was with a sigh of relief that I entered Avenue Road, Highgate, one hot Saturday afternoon, after being cooped up for some little time in a crowded northern suburban train. Any fatigue or discomfort felt in climbing to the heights of Crouch End were soon more than compensated for by the comfort and coolness of Mr. Silas Hocking's pleasant study, which overlooks a fine stretch of garden.

Mr. Hocking is one of the most genial and affable of men. What strikes one most of all in settling down to converse with him are his cheery and optimistic views on life. Though thoroughly conversant with all the shadow and gloom of things, Mr. Hocking refuses to take a pessimistic outlook in any final sense. And it is this spirit of buoyant hopefulness in his stories that is one of the causes of his success.

Mr. Hocking, to note a few biographical facts, has passed fifty, being born at St. Stephen's, Cornwall, in 1850. He entered the Free Methodist ministry in 1870, and has held pastorates at Pontypool, Liverpool, Manchester, and Southport, as well as in other parts of the country. He resigned his last regular ministerial charge in 1896 in order to devote himself wholly to literary work. Mr. Hocking, it is to be observed, still occasionally occupies the pulpit of various Free Churches, and his public appearances as a lecturer are frequent and widely appreciated. As far back as 1878 his first book, *Alec Green*, appeared in book form. It is interesting to recall the author's own words anent his first book:—

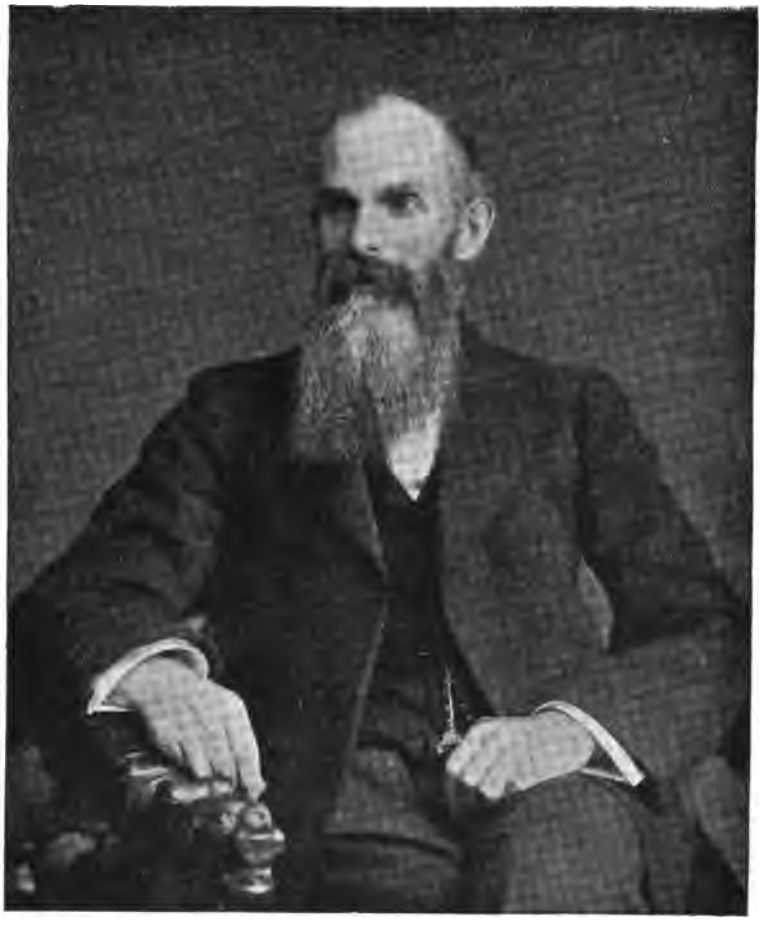
"One Saturday afternoon I was about to go out on a round of pastoral visits, when the rain began to come down in torrents, and I had to stay indoors. Casually, just for my own amusement, I started to write down some experiences of my uncle. I found them really interesting to myself, and as they seemed to develop into a story, I went ahead out of the sheer pleasure of writing. The result was my first work of fiction, *Alec Green*.

"It never struck me that what I had written would be published, but one day while talking with the editor of a local paper, I mentioned the story, and asked him if he would like to look at it. He agreed, and offered to publish it, if I would let him have it for nothing. This I did, and thus *Alec Green* was printed serially in Burnley. Having once got into print, even in this modest way, I now thought of a book. Pasting down two copies of the story clipped from the Burnley paper, I sent these to two London publishers, one of whom immediately accepted it. This firm, Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., have now published some thirty books from my pen."

Since 1878 Mr. Hocking's books have appeared with welcome regularity each year, and often several first-rate stories have been given to the public in the same year either in serial or book form. At present he has about four serials running in different leading journals, and, he informed the writer, he has signed contracts for the next five years, so that there is no fear of his popularity becoming diminished in any way. We may add, in view of the absurd tales which have gone the round about the sale of Mr. Hocking's books, that the writer was personally informed that the sales reach the great figure of one thousand copies per week, and this demand has been the same for many years back.

My first question, after we had discussed some preliminaries, was intended to gain information as to the formation of plots, methods of work, etc., pursued by Mr. Hocking. It is a remarkable thing that in story as in other writing very few authors work alike. Some paraphrase everyday occurrences, and weave into a story the almost identical conversation of

persons with whom they come into contact. Others, again, while writing a novel live for the time being "up in the clouds," and only descend at meal time, and on other equally necessary occasions. Perhaps poets fall under the last category more so than other writers, but in any case it is always refreshing to hear what a famous writer has to say himself on this subject of creative writing. Mr. Hocking's reply was as follows:—



SILAS K. HOCKING

"It will give you some idea of my methods if I tell you that I have written a story quite recently entitled *The Tempter's Power*, the plot of which was suggested to me last summer in Switzerland, and I have laid some of the scenes in Grindelwald. As a matter of fact, a few of the people there have unconsciously sat for their portraits in this story. My own method in plots is first to think out a broad outline of the story. Then, in the second place, I have generally some particular motive, some lesson that I want to teach, so that I have to fit the characters to the plot. Then I find that circumstances and characters react upon each other. Characters are shaped by circumstances and circumstances by characters, so that the broad outline with which one starts gets very considerably modified. I find that if I start to write with a certain idea, when the characters begin to live, they develop other ideas, so that often the idea that I had in my mind at the start gets very much changed before the end is reached.

"I have an idea that, generally speaking, stories should end happily. Life is such a prosaic business, and one sees so much tragedy in the actual experience of men and women, that it is unnecessary to pile up tragedy in books that are written for entertainment. I suppose most novels are written for entertainment and less for the instruction of the public, though I believe in combining the two things. I have never believed in the dictum of certain self-constituted high-priests of literature, that purpose is inimical to art, and that if you write with a purpose you necessarily destroy the book as literature. I have no faith in that dictum, and have never heard an intelligent reason given for it.

"With regard to happy endings, of course, sometimes if you intend to end a story happily you discover you cannot do it. I have discovered this more than once. Your characters develop a

personality of their own. They are not mere puppets that you marshal on to your stage and who dance to your piping. They insist on going their own way, and instead of you driving them, they simply lead the author, and you have to chronicle what they say and what they do. So that by and by as the story develops it is impossible to end it happily. I am a great believer, nevertheless, in having a pleasant ending."

The problem novel has become somewhat quiescent of late, and there are signs that it will never again occupy the position it reached some few years ago. That this is a healthy sign there can be no question, and it is admitted on all sides by publishers and competent judges that there is a great demand just now for pleasantly-written stories with a decided healthy ring about them. People have become sick unto death of the everlasting sensational "shocker" dealing with the sex question or with some equally morbid theme. Hence it is that there is an ever-increasing field for story-writers like Mr. Silas Hocking. His readers feel that he is not trifling with them, not playing upon their emotions in order to get up a phenomenal circulation, but that here is a writer who lives up to what he says, and whose chief aim in writing is to uplift and ennoble. Continuing our talk, we passed on to the subject of "purpose" in story-writing.

"Tell me," I said, "what your opinion is on the question of aim in stories. For example, have you any definite purpose that you stick to in all your own stories?"

"I don't believe in having a definite moral lesson to enforce," was the ready response. "I do not say 'this book shall teach patience, another virtue, or temperance, or charity.' I don't say that. My aim rather is to create an atmosphere that the reader shall be conscious of without feeling that he is being preached to, so that the flavour that shall be left in the mouth when the book is done shall be morally stimulating. I do not hold with a certain publisher, whose name I will not mention, who gave expression a little while ago to the remark that what was necessary for writing a good religious story was to sprinkle it all over with passages of Scripture. This is perfectly abhorrent. A religious story should not be a tract or sermon. There should be no exhortation in it. But the whole atmosphere of the story should be so charged with moral force that the reader shall be influenced by it in the direction of what is pure and helpful."

Mr. Hocking informed me that his method of working was to be at his desk by 9 in the morning at the latest, and work until 1.30. After lunch, the afternoon he usually devotes to golf, and in former days he played a good deal at tennis. Mr. Hocking is fond of recreation of all kinds, and, judging from his lithe, active frame, this exercise has been most beneficial. In the evening he does his reading. He is not a believer in the midnight oil, but can work best in the morning when he is fresh after a night's rest and breakfast, and in this way he can settle down to work very quickly. The best inspiration for work, he thinks, is work itself, and work provides its own warmth and inspiration.

"I am not a great reader of novels," he replied, in answer to a question as to his views on the state of the novel at the present day, and criticism of books in general. No writer, it has been said, owes less to the reviewer than Mr. Hocking. "I read novels that most people speak of as being considerably above the average, and we have some writers who are doing excellent, good work. I think Sir Gilbert Parker's *Right of Way* was a very able novel, and A. E. W. Mason's *The Four Feathers* was a very good piece of work.

"I have discovered again and again in relation to my books that one paper in reviewing them will do it seriously and regard them as serious pieces of work, others treat them as though they were sixpenny 'shockers.' I have no reason to complain, for on the whole I have received justice, perhaps more than justice, from reviewers, and from the general public a measure of generosity that anybody should be thankful for. For twenty-five years I have had more than 1000 copies of my books sold per week, and this figure shows no sign of diminishing. Some of my books I do regard as serious attempts at more or less serious moral problems, such as *God's Outcast*, *The Awakening of Anthony Weir*, *One in Charity*. (It may be mentioned that Mr. Hocking considers the second of these his best book among his later works.)

"What is your opinion, Mr. Hocking," I asked, "about the religious element in novel writing? Should writers ignore it or can the novel be made a vehicle for conveying religious lessons?"

"In my opinion," said Mr. Hocking, "the distinctly theological element should be left out. I don't think that doctrinal questions as a general rule should be discussed, or questions that would stir up theological strife or set denomination against denomination, but it is different with great moral or ethical questions. Moral principles are of the greatest moment, and I do think that a novel should seek to inculcate the highest virtue and the noblest manhood and womanhood. I am bound to confess, however, that some of George Macdonald's books in which are discussed certain broad theological questions such as eternal torment have had a great influence upon me. But in the main I think it is well to leave out of novels discussions of dogma."

Besides being recognised as one of our leading novelists, Mr. Hocking is justly entitled to be called, in every sense of the word, a distinguished public man. He is a charming after-dinner speaker, and his name is associated with all great Christian and social improvement movements, and with a view to obtaining his opinion on the much-discussed question at the present time of England's Religious Condition, I asked Mr. Hocking for some of his impressions and views on this all-important subject.

"The religious state of the country," he said, "is at a lower ebb than I have ever known it in my public experience, and I attribute it partly to the struggle through which we passed from 1899—1902. The worst passions of the populace were aroused, and for nearly three years the public were fed on horrors in the newspapers. The sentiments of humanity vanished very largely before the destruction of men. It seems impossible for a country to pass through such a struggle, when so much passion was engendered, when feeling ran so high, and when animosity and hatred were so keen and bitter, without the nation suffering morally.

"Thirty years ago, when I commenced my public ministry, I stood for three things, namely, Temperance, Purity—social and commercial—and Peace. I cannot say that the outlook from the temperance point of view is very hopeful to-day. We spent more in drink during last year than in any other year of the nation's history. As far as social and commercial purity is concerned I am afraid the outlook is not very bright. As far as peace is concerned, there is less of the spirit of peace in the churches to-day than there was thirty years ago.

"I have no doubt also that a danger to the spiritual life of the churches is this fierce controversy into which we have been plunged over the Education question. The awakening of so much passionate and bitter feeling must have a bad effect. Unfortunately, the great mass of the people look at this struggle as simply one between the sects. They don't see the issues involved that the churches profess to see, but regard it as another squabble among the churches, and are disgusted with the churches in consequence.

"We need a new race of prophets who shall not be hampered by ecclesiasticism or tongue-tied by diaconates, or who shall have to trim to preserve their bread and cheese. Priestism and priestcraft have been the bane of the Church. Prophets have been the saviours of humanity. What is needed to-day is a race of prophets who shall declare the truth, and be prepared, if need be, to die for it."

In conclusion, Mr. Hocking told me a few particulars about his experiences as a lecturer. For years past now he has visited nearly every town of considerable size in the country in this capacity, but has now to decline nine out of every ten applications, as he is averse to long railway journeys. Some may remember the series of articles on "My Experience as a Lecturer," which he contributed to the *Temple Magazine* a few years ago. He has had not a few odd experiences, it would appear. His chairmen have been in some cases rather remarkable personages of one kind or another. One chairman took forty minutes in introducing the subject of the lecture. At another time Mr. Hocking had to leave a lecture half finished owing to an alarm of fire. But he considers himself lucky in having escaped some of the extraordinary experiences which fall to the lot of the lecturer.

One may conjecture what Mr. Silas Hocking's future career will be. It is no secret that he has already been approached by four constituencies to stand for Parliament. [Since these lines were written, Mr. Hocking has been adopted as the Liberal candidate for Mid-Bucks.] And there can be no doubt that he would be a welcome addition to the ranks of Nonconformity in Parliament.—G. A. L.

Cotton—Our Greatest Industry

BY GERTRUDE BACON

II.—The English Side

ONE of the quaint old fables of the Middle Ages—a fable accepted as solemn truth by many credulous generations—concerned a certain "vegetable lamb" supposed to be found in Tartary. This extraordinary anomaly, old romancers would have us believe, was discovered upon a tree that bore fruit and seed-pods which, when they ripened and burst open, disclosed veritable living fleecy lambs, of whose wool the inhabitants wove themselves garments. This was the story as related by travellers from the East, and it was buttressed up by no less an authority than Sir John Mandeville, who should assuredly have known better than to affirm that he himself had not only seen but had actually partaken of the flesh of these botanical animals.

But as every ancient myth, no matter how fantastic, may always be found, if only we take the trouble to inquire, to have some substratum of truth upon which it is built up, so latter-day research would have us believe that the vegetable lamb is none other than the fleecy bolls of the Cotton Plant, and we have here one of the earliest records of the use of that plant which now bulks so largely in the scheme of our modern civilisation.

THE MILL

THE BALE-BREAKER

It was in the humble form of candle-wicks that cotton was first employed in England in the early part of the thirteenth century: and it is characteristic of the slow progress of our conservative island, that although calico and manufactured cotton were known to the Greeks and Romans before the Christian era, yet their use in England was not sufficient to promote their manufacture here until as late as 1641.

CREEL, WITH ROVINGS BEING SPUN ON MULE

The modern story of cotton is divided naturally and inevitably into two great portions, and the dividing line is the Atlantic Ocean. In a previous paper we have sketched the progress of the wonderful plant from the time when the seed is first committed to the ground to when the great bales are tightly packed by hydraulic pressure into the holds of the ships that bring them across to our shores. So closely packed are these bales, by the way, that on certain occasions when cotton ships have been wrecked and sunk in shallow water, and have afterwards been refloated, a large part of the cargo has been found uninjured, the water not being able to penetrate. It is now our purpose to follow these same bales on their course from the day when they are disgorged from the docks at Liverpool and Manchester to the time when, as completed piles of manufactured goods, they pass out of the mills, and perchance find their way back again to the very land whence they started.

It is a far cry indeed from the sunny cotton fields of the south, where the warm air is heavy with the scent of flowers, and the light-hearted darkie goes leisurely about his task, to the grimy, crowded streets of Cottonopolis, where the smoke of the factory chimneys hangs all day long in a sooty pall, and the choked highways roar ceaselessly with the wheels of the heavy-laden "lorries" upon the cobble-stones.

Nevertheless, but a few days' tossing upon green waves separate the two. The new phase of existence begins at Liverpool, where along the docks the cranes clank and rattle all day long as the great bales — iron-bound and covered with coarse sacking—come swinging out of the dark holds. There are busy scenes too upon the "flags"—the open space before

ENGINE HOUSE, SHOWING ROPE-DRIVING

ENGINE HOUSE

the Exchange — where the buyers and sellers of cotton congregate and conduct their bargains with a sufficiency of noise and animation. Samples of cotton are much in evidence, rolled in brown paper, and open at the ends; and business is done in "spots" and "futures," the former having reference to cotton actually upon the spot in tangible bales, the latter with future deliveries dealing perhaps with forthcoming crops, which at the moment are scarcely out of the ground.

Every buyer of cotton is entitled to a sample from every bale he buys. Sometimes a bale will be tested by boring to see if it is equally good throughout, an auger like a corkscrew being inserted to bring out a sample from the interior. A bale, be it said, may weigh, roughly, about four hundredweight, and be worth perhaps £11.[1] There are many grades of cotton, and the experienced cotton broker acquires by long practice a knowledge of the fibre which is intuitive. His quick eye and delicate touch make no errors, and he gauges the staple of the lint between his finger and thumb with inevitable accuracy. Through his busy office you feel the pulsings of a mighty commerce; telephone bells ringing, messengers bearing verbal quotations of the ever-fluctuating state of the market, telegrams arriving, and cablegrams from across the ocean, despatched from New York only a few minutes before. The keen-witted financiers of the cotton trade lead strenuous lives, and the crowded trains which bear the eager-faced crowd of workers every morning into the great cities of the north and back in the evenings to their homes, carry many of the acutest brains to be found in the United Kingdom.

Upon the outskirts of Manchester stand the great mills whither the cotton bales are now bound. From a purely artistic point of view their appearance leaves much to be desired, but viewed from a utilitarian aspect, Ruskin himself must have admired their

AFTER THE BALE-BREAKER

[1] Present price is averaged at £14. Present excited state of American speculation has caused cotton to be 2½*d.* per lb. more than it was a year ago. Speculation alone is the cause of this, as there is actually more cotton this year than last year—statistics say so.

severe and workmanlike simplicity. No money is wasted in unnecessary ornament or architectural vagary. Square and hideous the huge blocks tower up many storeys above the small shops and workmen's dwellings, their flat sides broken only by the rows of great windows, unrelieved by suspicion of blind or curtain, impressive by reason of their very bareness and ugliness. Viewed from a distance the long blank windows give an almost deserted and lifeless appearance, but approach nearer and you will find the whole vast building instinct with busy life, the very walls vibrating with the ceaseless whirl of machinery, the crowded floors echoing to the tread of hurrying feet, the entire structure humming with activity as a vast bee-hive on a summer day.

Entering the mill, let us visit its labyrinths in due rotation, even as the cotton bales do as they pass through in process of manufacture. The first room we inspect then contains the piece of machinery known as the "Bale-breaker." Cotton as it reaches this country is of widely varying grades and quality, so that an enormous difference separates the very best and the very worst

LAPS

CARDING ENGINES

samples. These extremes are never mixed together, but intermediate samples may approach each other very nearly, so much so that for many reasons a blending together and mixing of various bales is advisable. The bales to be mixed therefore—their iron bands opened, and the covering removed—stand close together, and the workmen employed pull a layer of cotton from each in turn and spread it upon the revolving "apron" or lattice" that feeds the machine. This travelling onwards delivers over the cotton to four pairs of coarsely fluted or spiked rollers, which, receiving the shapeless masses between their teeth, roughly masticate them, so to speak, and drop them down in small fragments properly mixed and ready for the next process.

In the particular mill we were visiting the bale-breaker deposits its fragments through a hole in the floor to the room below, and there they lie piled, a huge, loose, and ever-growing mountain of soft, fleecy cotton wool. But picking up masses of this in our hands we notice that this differs from the cotton wool of commerce in that it is much more matted and rough, and scattered among it are dark fragments of leaf, shell, and sand, and other foreign matter which sully its whiteness and purity.

COTTON LEAVING "CARDING ENGINE" AFTER CLEANING, BRUSHING, AND COMBING

A process of cleansing, therefore, is the next requirement, and this is performed in the first place by the machine known as the "Opener."

The opener, to the untrained eye a long framework of rollers and belts, is a very powerful machine, the most powerful of all used in cotton-spinning. Its name is given because its function is to "open" out the cotton so that the matted masses are pulled apart and the impurities extracted, the heavier particles falling out by reason of their own weight. The rough cotton fragments are fed into a "hopper" at one end, where a travelling apron hurries them along to the "beaters"—murderous implements fitted with steel knives or spikes that beat down the cotton and open it at a terrific rate, separating it into very small pieces indeed, and dashing it against "cleaning bars," through the interstices of which the loosened impurities make their escape. Powerful fans, meantime, create a great current of air which further blows away the dust and hurries the cotton forward—the fibres plastered, as it were, upon the surface of hollow zinc cylinders known as "cages." This process is repeated a second time with variations, and then the cotton issues from between heavy compression rollers at the far end of the machine in the form of a beautiful, thin, continuous sheet of snowy whiteness, fleecy, soft, and homogeneous, delightful to the eye and touch alike. This sheet of cotton wool is now simply wound off upon uniform iron rollers, each roll being termed a "lap," and weighing roughly 50 lbs.

Then comes the great operation of "carding," by many regarded as the most important process in all cotton-spinning; for the duties of the carding engine are fourfold, and all of the most extreme value. First, it must perform the final and most delicate process of cleaning, sorting out with the utmost care any impurities overlooked by the former machines. Then it must open out and disentangle the clusters of fibres, leaving them in such a condition that they may be easily drawn out and reduced to order. Thirdly, it must extract the short, broken, or unripe fibres, and reject them as worthless; and lastly, it must separate the heavy sheet or "lap" of cotton into practically individual fibres, and draw them out in an endless, thin, light, untwisted rope known as the "sliver."

It is very pretty and fascinating to stand before the "carding engines"—scores of

CAN READY FOR DRAWING FRAME

DRAWING FRAME

which in long, closely-packed rows fill up the floor of a huge room — and watch the sliver issuing from the machine. The workers in attendance place a great "lap" in position at the back of the engine, and then from the other side there begins slowly to pour forth a net of sliver fibres, uniting in an endless stream forming a snow-white band thick as a rope, but so delicate that a touch will break it, as light and fragile as gossamer, veritable fairy cords. As the sliver issues it is received into tall, narrow tin receptacles known as "cans," into which it gently winds itself fold on fold until the can is full and brimming over, when the attendant worker, probably a mill-girl, removes it and substitutes another. Each can weighs twelve pounds; one lap therefore will make many cans, one yard of the lap being in substance more than a hundred times as heavy as the sliver it becomes.

After the carding comes the "Drawing," by which several slivers are doubled together and attenuated to the dimensions of one in order to secure greater uniformity, and the crossed or entangled fibres are reduced to order, and then the cotton is ready for a series of machines known as the Bobbin and Fly Frames, of which there are usually three to pass through, known as the "Slubbing," "Intermediate," and "Roving Frames."

A wonderful sight are these frames with their thousands of whirling bobbins, which, under the superintendence of a mere handful of mill-girls, draw out the tens of thousands of yards of "roving" (as the cotton thread is called) into narrower and narrower but stronger and stronger filaments. For here it is that for the first time is introduced that factor which lies at the basis of all spinning, and without which the soft white bolls would hang neglected and useless upon the cotton plants, and man must be content to cover himself with hides and skins as did his savage ancestors. We refer of course to the great principle of the "twist." It is twist, and twist alone, that unites the fibre together, and makes of the delicate fragile filaments a thread strong enough to deal with; and thus it comes

ROVING FRAMES

THE "MULE," SHOWING SPINDLES

about that the origin of all spinning—be it of wool or linen or cotton or fibre of any kind—dates from the day when the primitive man first discovered that by the simple twisting together of short and feeble strands he could build himself up a rope that would stand a strain.

Spinning is so old an art that its origin is hopelessly lost in the mists of time, though it is characteristic of the high esteem in which it has ever been held that several ancient nations, including the Greeks and Egyptians, have declared it to have been taught to mankind by the gods themselves. Be that as it may, it is not very difficult to imagine how the first principle of the twist suggested itself. We all know how easy it is to separate a few fibres from a mass of cotton wool between the finger and thumb, and then by twisting them together, and at the same time drawing them outwards, produce a tolerable approximation of a continuous thread. Many of us also will have childish recollections of the delightful occupation of making hay-bands under the haystack by means of a twisting stick. It has been suggested that perhaps the first of all spinners was a shepherd boy, whiling away his time with a bunch of fibre and a twisting twig, and drawing out by its means a continuous thread; and in this revolving stick or thread we have the foundation of the spinner's fundamental tool—his spindle. Similarly the early spinner may be readily conceived as carrying his raw fibre about with him, wrapped for greater convenience around a piece of wood, and held out of the way of his hands under his left arm; and here we have our earliest example of the "distaff."

Distaff and spindle are said first to have come to England in the reign of the seventh Henry, and it was not so very long after that inventive genius thought of lightening the labour entailed by means of mechanical appliance, and hence arose the spinning-wheel, once so familiar an adjunct of domestic life. Later generations brought sundry improvements to the wheel, but even then it was but a slow and laborious process, so that the kindred industry of weaving quickly outstripped it, and the Lancashire

PACKING COPS

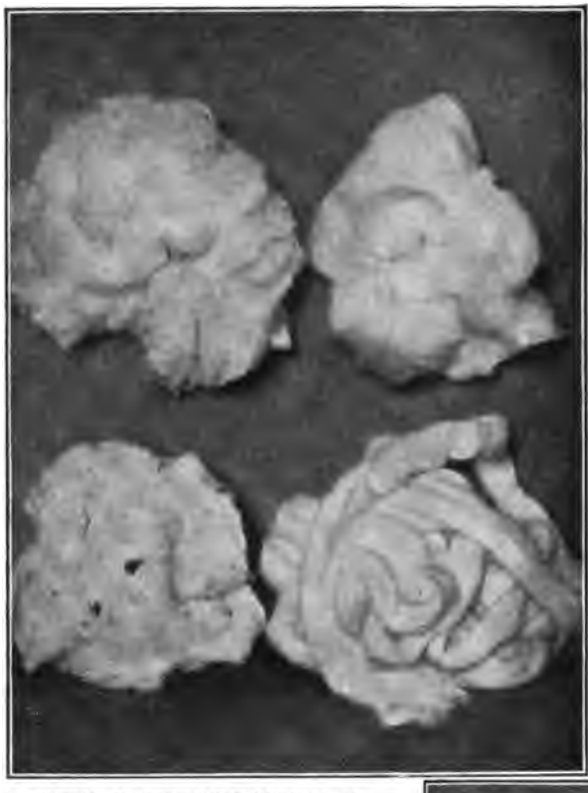
weaver would tramp many miles to the different homesteads of busy housewives in the vain endeavour, in spite of all their labour, to collect enough weft for his looms.

Then arose James Hargreaves with his "Spinning Jenny," capable of spinning many threads simultaneously; and after him Arkwright—a barber by trade with a turn for mechanics—with his water-frame or "horse"; and it only remained for a yet greater man, Samuel Crompton, to combine the essential features of Hargreaves' "Jenny" and Arkwright's "horse" into the hybrid "mule," which, with modern improvements, is the famous machine—one of the greatest triumphs of mechanism ever produced—in use at the present day.

We see the "mules" on the next floor of the factory we visit—a huge well-lit room, where the atmosphere is always kept at a particular heat to facilitate the work, and the lightly-clad workers wear no shoes or stockings, but pad softly about in bare feet on the shining floor. To attempt to describe in any adequate way the mechanism of the mule would land us in a sea of technicalities very unfitted to the present brief sketch. We would ask the reader then only to picture to himself an immense open frame of perhaps 120 feet in length, 9 or 10 feet wide, and containing over 1300 spindles, each spinning and winding 64 inches of thread in about 15 seconds. With rhythmic regularity a portion of the mule known as the "carriage" advances automatically across the floor a short distance, drawing out with it its thousands of twisting filaments, and then automatically it recedes again, the spindles winding the new-spun yarn on the cops at the rate of about 11,000 revolutions a minute. And all the while the spinner and his couple of lad attendants, who alone are sufficient to look after the whole vast machine, pad noiselessly up and down the length of the frames, replacing the bobbins, removing the "cops" or wound masses of cotton from the spindles, and mending with one touch, with the most consummate adroitness, the broken threads.

JACK FRAMES

THIS TAKEN IN THE WEAVING MILL, NOT IN SPINNING MILL



COTTON IN DIFFERENT PERIODS OF MANUFACTURE

The spinner's work is highly skilled labour, and is paid for in exact proportion to the work done. The spinner is responsible for his own assistants or "Piecers," and pays their wages out of his own earnings, which often will average a very considerable sum a week.

With the production of the finished "cop"—neat bobbin-shaped rolls containing about two miles of yarn, exquisitely wound—the work of the spinning mill may be said to end. We watch the careful packing of the cops in the big baskets that receive them, and then take our leave of the present factory, lingering a moment first to inspect and admire the wonderful machinery that works the whole mill—the great engines of 16,000 horse-power, consuming 78 tons of coal a week, and which drive with 36 ropes the mighty "drum" of 30 feet diameter and of 76 tons weight, a fly on the rim of which (if we can conceive a fly taking up such a terrific position) would travel more than a mile a minute.

With the subsequent fate of the cotton which we have seen pass through so many phases, from the time when in iron-bound bales of raw material it enters the mill walls to the hour when as faultlessly even "cops" it leaves them once more, we are not concerned. After the spinning mill the subject becomes too vast to deal with in its entirety. The making of sewing-cotton, string, ropes, calico, and all manner of wearing material, along with a thousand other uses too numerous even to mention, follow on, but the "cop" is the foundation of them all; and in the Lancashire spinning mill we have just visited we find the epitome and symbol of England's greatest industry.

COTTON IN DIFFERENT PERIODS OF MANUFACTURE

"Day unto Day Uttereth Speech"

THE voices of Nature have had unwonted monotony, she has favoured the minor key, and repeated frequently the same note; we have had during the last two years faint reminders of her exquisite variety and charm; the glow and flush and changing beauty of our English months have seemed lost; the summer mornings have dawned, and but rarely thrown their golden light across the dewy distances; the autumn evenings have veiled their splendours, and as often as not fallen in gloom under heavy rains; yet all this while Nature has been girding the earth with her undying symbols of grace and goodness. On one of these dull mornings we open a book that lies on our table and bears the title *Day unto Day uttereth Speech*[1]—it is a book for all years and seasons—a dainty little volume, beautifully printed, and across the top of each page, in red, runs an illustration from Nature in words taken from the Bible, and below is the harmonious parallel from some English poet. We glance along the red lines first; and what do they say to us? How simple they are, how grand, how true of man's experience, with what beauty and dignity they clothe the humblest life, how they link the least and most familiar things with the greatest, even with the ineffable. They are old, old words—the words of poets, prophets, historians, teachers of ages past—phrases from the Book of Books of the common people for many generations; and what truths they declare, what parables they carry! Many of them have been current for two thousand years and more. No, Nature does not change; it is the earth which we know that they describe; it is the experience of all the ages, and of ours, to which they appeal. It matters not whether the sun shines or the clouds gather, "Day unto day uttereth speech," the speech immortal, such as Homer suggests in his great line, where he speaks of the languages of mortals as many, and the speech of the immortals as one. Mr. Gladstone writes to the Duchess of Sutherland of one of the Queen's visits to Scotland, in the time of her sorrowful bereavement, and of the refreshment of "contact with Nature's own very undisguised noble self in such forms of mountain, wood, breeze, and water! These are continual preachers, and so mild that they can bring no weariness. They come straight from their Maker's hand, and how faithfully they speak of Him in their strength, their majesty, and their calm." Thus in all countries and all times, the fluctuating elements are grouped round a symbolism which has foundations in permanence.

We still treasure Campbell's poem on the Rainbow:—

"As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the Ark
First sported in thy beam.
For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man."

There is many another type that remains as fresh. Three-fourths of a century ago, in that same poem, Campbell wrote:—

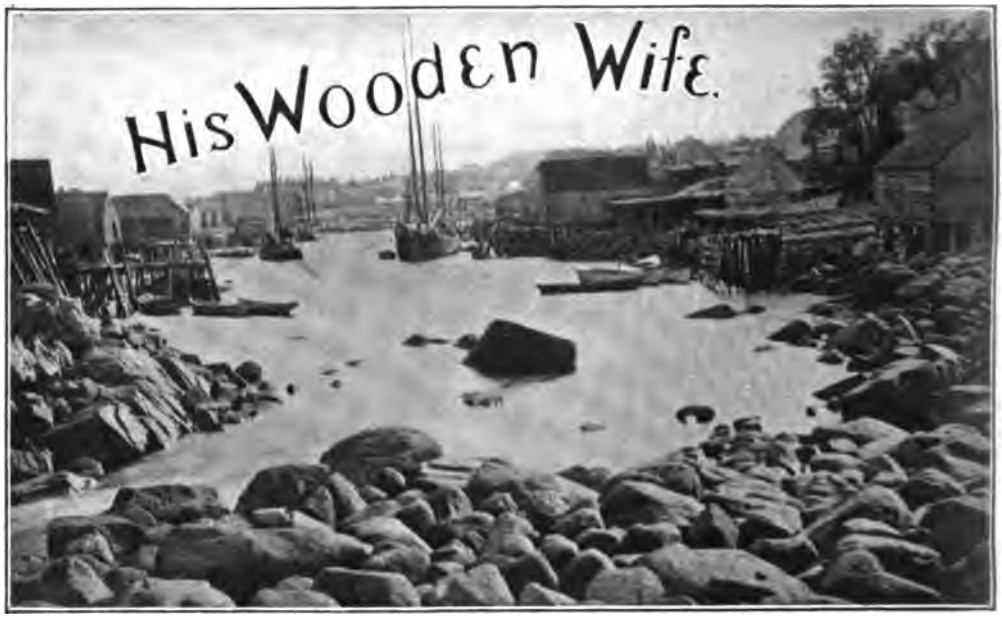
"When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!"

Darwin's account of the effect on himself of years given to scientific research is warning of the blindness and limitation that may follow any exclusive pursuit, but his individual experience is balanced by that of other minds, who have found in science not a destroyer but a revealer. It was a saying at one time often repeated, "An undevout astronomer is mad," yet the first telescopes saw but the fringe of that ordered Vast in which the world is now known to move.

Science is seen to be the subject of Nature, her interpreter compelled to speak still in the language that exalts imagination, and attuned in its own sphere to celestial harmonies. The law as revealed is often itself a "lovely vision"; it moves at other times with a sublime grandeur that lifts the mind, mysteries gather to the right and to the left as we gaze, and the soul is borne aloft on new wings that bring the infinite nearer. It may be the method of the Sovereign Ruler that we watch; it may be His very hand that points the way.

Of the three hundred and sixty-five passages quoted from English poets in illustration of the texts chosen as mottoes, a skilful selection, some few are quite new, and the most were written after Campbell. They make an interesting study, or, taken separately, supply a strain of refreshing thought for successive days. The rich imagery of Tennyson and our later men has suffered no change from the unveilings of science; no single leaf of the vast fields where poetry was wont to walk has shrivelled. But as to a blind man still belongs the most glorious description of light (*Paradise Lost*, Book III.), so many of the phrases of the Bible remain as the most magnificent expression of natural phenomena.—W. S.

[1] *Day unto Day uttereth Speech: a Year Book of the Bible and Nature*, compiled by M. Cordelia Leigh. With an Introductory Note by the Bishop of Stepney. Eyre & Spottiswoode.



BY EMILY P. WEAVER

"WELL, it comes to this. There was no other way—leastways after that promise. What's the use o' foolin'?"

Saul Borden jerked out this sentence with the raised impatient voice of a man determined to bring a vexatious argument to a conclusion. But he was alone on the boulder-strewn beach. His pertinacious opponent was no other than himself.

"It's got to be gone through wi'," he muttered, wiping his forehead as if grievously overheated. "A promise is a promise. There's no gettin' behind that."

In his little world—a lonely fishing-village on the storm-beaten Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia—Saul enjoyed a great reputation for wit and wisdom.

Many a time he had pointed his sarcasms at "them as didn't know their own minds." But now, as he realised with shame, the laugh might have been turned against him. He had come to a crisis in his life, and was hopelessly uncertain what to do. Slowly reviewing his past history, he could recall no other period when he had felt so little master of the situation.

The usual expression of his weather-beaten old face betrayed his conviction that he was favoured above the ordinary lot of man. A self-satisfied twinkle hovered in his keen grey-blue eyes, and his mouth was habitually pursed up as if he had said the last word on every subject worth discussion. He knew that his neighbours looked up to him, and thought that they had reason for so doing.

He classified his intellectual endowments modestly as "gifts," but openly claimed credit for the fact that all he owned had been earned by his own exertions. And according to the standard of Harriet's Bay, he was a man of wealth. He had two or three hundred dollars in the bank, and he possessed a snug cottage, and a schooner, named the *Alice B.*, but known in the village as "Saul's wooden wife."

The nickname had originated in Saul's solitary state, his gibes at womankind, and the suggestion of some daring wag that he was a bachelor because no one but a wooden wife would have him. But it gained appropriateness from Saul's affection for his boat. He was never tired of singing her praises and pointing out her graces, and, when he was ashore, she was always moored in full view from his cottage.

"Is there any road out from a promise? Tell me that, old girl," he muttered, apostrophising the schooner. "Blessed if I know what I'd ought to do!"

"What's the trouble, Saul?" asked a voice at his elbow.

Saul had not heard the rattle of wheels on the rocky road, which wound round the head of the little harbour. He turned with a start, upsetting a stream of white lead over the old dory which he was "fixin'"; but he

instantly tried to cover his unaccountable confusion. He met the fun-loving eyes of his boyish-looking pastor with a feeble pretence of unconcern. "Why, sir, it's a case o' talk o' an angel. I was just thinkin' o' sailin' up to see you."

"I'm glad I have saved you a useless journey then. What can I do for you, Saul? Or what are you thinking of doing for us?"

The old man made an impatient gesture. "It's not church business this time. Will you come inside, sir?"

"Can't we talk as well here?" said the lad.

He sat on a great boulder, but Saul stood before him, a quaint, thick-set figure, with his back towards the sea. He fumbled with his paint-brush, cleared his throat, made extraordinary grimaces, and at last spoke. "Shall you be home Thursday, sir?"

"Yes; all day, I believe."

"Well, if convenient, I'd like you to marry me, sir."

"Oh come, Saul. You're joking."

"That I'm not, sir. It's no case for jokin', an' I s'pose there's no law agin me marryin' more'n another?"

"No, no. Forgive me, Saul, but you see I wasn't prepared——"

A gleam of the old self-satisfaction crossed Saul's face. "We didn't mean folk should be prepared. Me an' Mary, we thought it wasn't no one's business but our own."

"Mary! Which Mary, Saul?"

"S'pose every one 'll have to know soon," muttered Saul ungraciously; "but, sir, for pity's sake keep it quiet till all's over."

"Certainly. Who is the fortunate lady?"

Saul had a sorry, shame-faced air. "Well, if you must know, it's Mary Newton," he answered gruffly.

"Mary Newton!"

The name conjured up the vision of a woman, young and slender, with wonderful dark eyes, and a face which would have been remarkable anywhere for its beauty, its vivacity, and its strange suggestion of conquered pain; it conjured up too the recollection of a tragedy, commonplace, on that coast, in its very sadness. A winter storm at sea—a disabled fishing-boat—a crew rescued too late to save at least one fine young fellow from death, and one young wife from widowhood.

"Mary Newton." Frank Garland repeated the name almost reverently.

"Yes," said Saul curtly, pursing up his lips more tightly than before. Garland's unspoken disapproval served the old man as well as open opposition, and he was his defiant masterful self again. "Yes, Mary an' me is to be married this week."

Garland had always liked Saul. Now he had a sudden feeling of repulsion. The short figure in its loose clumsy garb, the sharp cold eyes, square jaws, even the thin locks of silvery hair falling from beneath the battered felt hat, met with Frank's hostile criticism. How could he dream of marrying such a woman as Mary? How dare Mary, with her three riotous boys, marry him? Then Garland set himself at this eleventh hour to prevent the match. He tried to speak kindly, he flattered himself that he was speaking diplomatically, and he made the most and the worst of those boys.

"I ain't goin' to marry the boys," persisted Saul, "an' I've told their mother, fair an' square, that I mean to see they mind her."

"You'll find it harder than you think."

Saul sighed, as he cast a glance of martyr-like resignation towards his peaceful cottage; but when his eyes wandered to the *Alice*, gently rising and falling with the wash of the tide, his face brightened. Whatever happened, with his boat he would never be homeless.

Garland fancied that he was wavering. He dared not urge his true reason, "Give up the wedding for Mary's sake," but he depicted in the most dismal colours all the changes that it would involve.

"If there weren't goin' to be changes, where'd be the sense o' marryin'?" said Saul obstinately. "I've thought of all, but I'm goin' through wi' it, an' if you won't marry us, Mr. Garland, there's them as will."

"If it must be, of course I'll marry you," cried Garland. Then he cast diplomacy to the winds, and plied the old man with questions direct and to the point. *Why* was he doing this thing?

With his paint-brush, Saul slowly described a circle on the dory, then drew himself up and looked the clergyman in the face. "If I was to tell you I was lonesome, couldn't you believe it, Mr. Garland?"

"But you have always been so independent of other people, Saul."

"Well, a man changes wi' years. I'm not so young as I once was, and maybe——" he made a long pause—"maybe

now the grasshopper begins to be a burden there ain't no harm in fixin' things so as to have some one to do a hand's turn for me now and then."

"Mr. Borden, I have no sympathy with a man who marries merely to obtain a cook or a housekeeper."

"Sympathies change same as everythin' else," said Saul thoughtfully. "You'll look at many things different when you comes to my age. No offence, sir, it's natur; an' grey heads won't grow on green shoulders. We'd counted on you's tying us the knot, but if you don't want to——"

"Oh, of course, if you both wish it. But——"

"Say no more, sir," said Saul with dignity. "Some folk say as marriages is made in heaven; leastways this one is like as if it's got to be. I tell you I've said to myself all you can say agin it. I never looked to see myself a married man—anyway not since long before you was born—but what must be has to be. One thing leads to another, and like as not, when you think you's doin' the steerin', you's really actin' as foolish an' helpless as a lobster in a trap."

After this outburst, Saul again occupied himself with the decoration of the old dory. Garland watched him in puzzled silence. Presently the old man spoke again. "As the Bible says, when a man's passed his word, there's no place for repentance. Mind you never make a promise, sir, as you can't see to the end of."

By this time Garland began to have doubts of Mary Newton. "Surely," he said, "in such a matter no one would wish you to keep your word against your will. Tell Mrs. Newton all, and she will release you."

"'Tain't her as could do the releasin', sir. Besides, who told you I wanted releasin'?" he added with a sharp look. "Three-score years is a burden to the best of us, an' Mary is a kind, handy critter. Oh, I might do worse for myself than by marryin' Mary."

In this mood Saul was intolerable, and Garland tried to cut short the interview. But the old man seized his buttonhole. "One word more, sir."

Garland waited, but for some seconds Saul's mouth only opened and closed irresolutely. At last he jerked out, "Don't you go to think, Mr. Garland, that I blame Mary for settin' her cap at me, as the sayin' is. Mary ain't that sort. No, she didn't jump at me, not the first time I arst her, nor yet the second. It just had to be, that's all."

"Well, Saul, I'll be ready for you on Thursday," said Garland, mystified and silenced, but still unconvinced of the wisdom of the match.

This interview over, Saul returned to his work with a calmer mind, but a second time he was startled by a touch on his arm.

"Mary, where did you spring from, my—dear?"

Mary flushed at the unwonted term of affection.

"Mr. Garland has just been along," continued Saul, "an' he'll be ready for us Thursday afternoon."

"Oh, I did hope you had not spoken. I've been thinking it will never do, Mr. Borden. Let us leave well alone, and be friends, as we have always been."

"Why won't it do, Mary?" Saul put his hands on his hips, planted his feet firmly amongst the pebbles, and stared suspiciously into Mary's lovely face. "I'll have no one interfering between us," he continued, nodding his head fiercely, "not the parson, no, nor the king himself. If you don't want to marry me, say so plain, but I think I'd have a right to feel kind o' hurt, after all that's come an' gone."

"I would not hurt you for the world," answered Mary impulsively, "but me and my boys would be a burden to you. If it was me alone; but think—how will you ever bear it? Not but what the boys are good boys, if they are a bit noisy. It's only natural, Saul," she protested, in distress between her desire to do justice to her sons, and to prevent Saul's making a sacrifice that he might repent.

"Who's been putting all this into your head, Mary?"

"No one; but suppose you live to wish you had never been so foolish."

"Can't help that," said Saul gruffly. "Now, Mary, let's be reasonable. Haven't we turned this thing all ways round, and ain't it best for us both to get married Thursday? *I* want some one to look after things, an' *you*'d be the better o' more to look after—not but what them boys is a handful. Seems to me it all fits in as nice as pie. Has anythin' fresh turned up?"

"No," faltered Mary, "only—what an upset we shall make for you!"

"Can't be helped," repeated Saul. "I don't doubt you'll do your best, my dear, an' what is to be, will be, neither better nor worse."

"I came to say as I wouldn't be married."

"A promise is a promise," observed Saul meditatively. "Yours or mine, it's all one, Mary. It's too late now, to say you won't be married. Cheer up, my girl; I dessay even them boys will turn out all right in the long run."

Mary made no answer, but stood with her head bent down, nervously twisting her fingers together. In the five sorrowful, toilsome years which had passed since her husband's death, this man had been her one unfailing friend. His kindness, sedulously kept secret from others, had been burdensome to her, and she had constantly refused his help. In a way she had learned to love him, and though his proposal of marriage had shocked and distressed her, gratitude had prevented her refusing it.

"Tell me true, Mary, why don't you want to marry me?"

Mary lacked the moral courage to lay bare the revulsion of feeling that had seized her, and she said—she was not conscious of falsehood—"I do want to marry you, if you want, for your own sake, to marry me. Do you, Saul?"

The question re-opened for Saul the old harassing debate, and it was not without a sense of sophistry that he at last answered, "Yes." For his own sake, so he argued, he must be true to his word, and his marriage with Mary, as he saw now, was the only possible fulfilment of a pledge given years ago. "Yes," he repeated, "I—I s'pose it's for my own sake. Should I 'a arst you, if I hadn't wanted it?"

"Maybe you wouldn't," admitted Mary.

"Then it's settled, barring accidents," said Saul, with a melancholy attempt at jocularity. "We'll be married Thursday, 'less I'm burnt out or shipwrecked or break my leg 'twixt this an' then. Don't you try any more, Mary, to slip out o' it. Both you an' me is bound as fast as promises can tie us. But there, get away home, my girl, you'll catch your death shivering like that. I must be movin' too. It's time me an' my old wooden wife was off to Halifax."

Saul used the familiar phrase unthinkingly, then looked sheepish and tried to turn the matter off as a jest. "I'll have to get a new name for her, I'm thinkin'. It 'ud never do for a sober old fellow like me to have two wives, would it now? No, no; I must learn to call her *Alice* again, plain an' simple."

"Nay," said Mary, with a smile, "I shan't be jealous of your wooden wife. It's nature for a seaman to love his boat."

"Well, I do love her, and no mistake," admitted Saul, in a tone of wonder, as if the idea were new. "She's more like a human critter than a senseless block o' wood. I believe—though you may laugh at me for an old fool—that she knows my hand on the helm. I never see anythin' answer to it prettier than she did last Friday, an' you know the sea that was on. But there's the boys aboard already, an' I mustn't dilly-dally no longer. Morton wants his furniture an' grocery stuff at Roseport by to-morrow noon. You may look for me Wednesday night, or Thursday morning, bright and early, Mary."

Saul now set to work with energy, but there were many delays before the *Alice* was ready for her voyage. He lost his temper several times before he could arrange his miscellaneous cargo to his satisfaction, but his men only exchanged winks and glances of amusement, for the old bachelor's contemplated marriage was not the profound secret he thought it.

When at last the little vessel passed out of the harbour, the young moon had come up over a glassy sea, but a light breeze was blowing off the land, and she made fair headway.

Saul, at the helm of the softly-gliding boat, fell into something like a dream, and his mind flitted unsteadily between the past and the future. One moment, he felt almost overwhelmed with the thought of the coming changes in his life; the next, he was recalling the night five years ago when Jim Newton lay dying, and he had made that promise. Once more he felt the clasp of the dying man's cold hand, and heard the shaky tones of his own voice—"The God of the fatherless will care for them you's leavin', Jim, an' for my part I'll look after them *same as if they was my own.*" The white face, lighted up with a great thankfulness, seemed to come between Saul and the sea; but the old man shook his head.

"I little knowed where it 'ud lead," he muttered. "'Twas a big promise—to do for another man's wife an' boys same as my own,—an' Mary, she've stood persistent in the way o' my keepin' it. If it

hadn't bin for the young 'uns, I guess she'd rather 'a starved than bin beholden to no one. I never want a harder job than this has bin. You can't manage Mary wi' half measures, but I think I've fixed her now. I was a fool to try to do for her any other way. I might 'a known a weddin' was bound to come of it."

Saul sighed heavily. "Where's the good o' fightin'? It was to be," he broke out again. "Won't the folk talk though? Saul Borden married to a woman young enough for his daughter, wi' three o' the mischievousest boys in Harriet's Bay!" He chuckled grimly. "It's all along o' promising in the dark. Howsomedever, I never broke my word yet, an' I can't afford to begin now. Mrs. Saul Borden! I never thought, these thirty year, to see no such character."

Saul repeated the name as if to get used to it. "Well, *Alice*, your nose is out o' joint. You ain't my wooden wife no more. We's all got to put up wi' changes, you same as the rest. Hullo, my girl, what's into you now?"

Before the question was out of his mouth, there was a grinding crash, and Saul was flung violently into the furniture on deck. The *Alice* shivered from stem to stern, then suddenly slipped backwards and sideways, as if she meant to roll over.

The men shouted, and rushed towards a boat, but Saul only groaned.

"You've run her slap acrost Hurrell's Nose," cried his second-in-command reproachfully. "Her bottom's stove in, an' she's settlin' down. Can't you give a hand wi' this boat?"

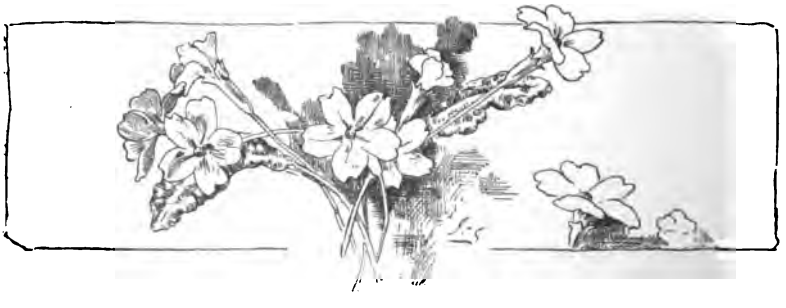
Saul was past helping even himself, but his men dragged him on board the dory, and pulled away from the sinking schooner just in time to escape her doom. Afterwards Saul declared that he had seen his wooden wife go down, but when his men carried him up the shingle to his cottage he was still unconscious.

Mary came to him at once, and nursed him faithfully. Sometimes his mind wandered, and thus she learned why he had asked her to be his wife. As soon as he could listen, she told him that she could never marry him, and Saul acquiesced in her decision, the more readily as he was now as poor as herself. His boat had not been insured, and the man whose goods had gone down with it had made a heavy claim for damages. This had swept away all Saul's savings and had obliged him to mortgage his cottage. His friends wished him to dispute the claim, but he refused, for he suspected that his own carelessness had been the sole cause of the disaster.

"I was wool-gatherin' for five minutes," he explained to Mary, "an' *Alice*, she made the most of it. I wouldn't 'a believed it was in her to act so spiteful, but she was bound to stop my marryin', an' she done it too."

"If that was all, you'd forgive her easy," said Mary with a saucy smile; "but she needn't 'a tried to ruin you too."

"There's worse things than bein' poor," said Saul philosophically. "It's a comfort your boys is growin' so nicely, an' I've got a job promised to go to, but I'll not deny I miss the old boat. Moonlight nights, I used to see her from that window, lookin' as pretty as pretty. Howsomedever, s'pose it all was to be, an' I guess she'd 'a said, if talkin' had been in her line, that I had ought to 'a knowed enough to keep clear o' Hurrell's Nose, even if it was so calm that there weren't a single ripple anywheres along it."



Exiles in the Arctic Zone

BY HESBA STRETTON

IT is now twenty-one years since George Kennan delivered an address before the American Geographical Society, frankly and emphatically declaring his belief that the Russian Government and the exile to Siberia of political offenders were greatly misrepresented by such exiles as Prince Krapotkine and Stepniak. In 1885 he started from St. Petersburg on an investigation of this system, armed with a letter from the Russian Government, giving him permission to visit all prisons and penal settlements at his pleasure. He set out with a prepossession in favour of the Government, which thus favoured and furthered his plans. He discovered after a time that his advent was anticipated at the prisons he was expected to visit, and at Tiumen he changed his route from the ordinary one taken by travellers to a course which would lead him through districts most closely settled by exiles.

The papers, "Siberia and the Russian Exile System," by George Kennan, published in the *Century Magazine*, sent a shock of horror and indignation, blended with intense pity, through the hearts of thousands of readers in England and the United States. Many of us will never forget the anger and disgust with which we read of the unspeakable sufferings and degradation of educated men and women, political prisoners, who were forced to journey, chiefly on foot, from one foul *étape* to another for thousands of miles, associated on equal terms with the vilest of criminal convicts.

In 1890 Harry de Windt undertook the task of refuting the statements made by Kennan. Madame Olga de Novikoff, who had lived in London for several years, and who was reported to lead captive Mr. Gladstone, as regarded Russian diplomacy, obtained from the Russian Government the selection of de Windt for this purpose. She was herself a prison directress. The report published by de Windt on his return from his investigation was in various points directly contradictory of Kennan's narrative. It must be remembered that he visited the prisons, *étapes*, and settlements as a Government official; whilst Kennan, abandoning the ordinary route, came upon places where he was absolutely unexpected and often unwelcome. De Windt's new volume, *From Paris to New York by Land*, is a very interesting account of a perilous journey through Arctic Siberia, where he spent the winter of 1901—1902 amid the savage, filthy, and degraded tribes of that terrible region. But the chief interest of his narrative to some of his readers centres in his incidental mention of the political exiles whom he met.

In the chapter headed "Verkhoyansk" de Windt says, "The exile of State offenders to Siberia is generally carried on by what is called the Administrative Process, or, in other words, by a secret tribunal composed of civil and military members. There are no press reports of the trial, which is held strictly *in camera*; and, as a rule, *the political 'suspect' vanishes as completely from the face of the earth as a pebble cast into the sea.* Usually the blow falls unexpectedly. A man may be seated quietly at home, in his office, or at some place of public entertainment, when the fatal touch on his shoulder summons him away, perhaps for ever. The sentence once passed, there is no appeal to a higher court, nor can a prisoner hold any communication whatever with the outer world. An exile's relatives, therefore, when ignorant of his fate, frequently ascribe his absence to voluntary motives, and years sometimes elapse before the truth is known. In some cases it never reaches his family, and the harassing thought that he is perhaps regarded by the latter as a heartless deserter has driven many a victim of the Administrative Process to suicide." Observe that this is the statement of a recognised friend of the Russian Government and the Siberian Exile System.

In Verkhoyansk, within the Arctic Zone, de Windt found under a dozen political exiles, of whom two were women. Abramo-

vitch and his wife were Polish, and as their term of captivity was nearly ended, they were babbling like children of their approaching freedom and return to Warsaw. In connexion with this subject I will quote again de Windt's own words: "I was told that the majority of suicides amongst the exiles occurs towards the end of their term of banishment, a fact which seemed incredible until I learned that sentences are frequently prolonged for an indefinite period just at the time when the exile is expecting release." A brother of Prince Krapotkine shot himself on hearing that he must remain a prisoner five years longer.

Verkhoyansk is thus described by de Windt: "Conceive the feelings of a Russian exile upon first beholding the squalid Arctic home and repulsive natives amongst whom he is destined perhaps to end his days. Forty or fifty mud-plastered huts in various stages of decay, and half-buried in snow-drifts. On the one hand a dismal plain of snow, fringed on the horizon by a dark pine-forest; on the other by the frozen river Yama, across which an icy breeze moans mournfully—such is Verkhoyansk as we saw it in February 1902." M. Abramovitch had kept a record of the temperature during the twelve years of his exile. In hard winters the thermometer had been frequently 75° below zero, Fahr., and once it had fallen to 81°. The mean temperature for the whole year was 4° below zero.

Yet the winters were preferable to the summers. In winter bronchitis and rheumatism prevail, but the autumn is especially unhealthy. From the time the snow melts under the fierce heat of the sun until it declines again, swarms of mosquitoes with poisonous stings prevent sleep for nights together, and children sometimes die from the irritation of the bites and sleeplessness. But the worst sickness is an epidemic catarrhal fever, the symptoms being oppression of the chest, noise in the ears, and headache. This epidemic occurs at any time of the year, but chiefly in autumn, and the fever may last for months. Besides these troubles, the continual daylight of two months—worse than continual darkness—made the winter with all its cold most endurable.

Yet the darkness was only a little less terrible than the constant glare of the sun. At Verkhoyansk, and still longer in the more northern exile settlements, all daylight disappeared for two months, and artificial light in the huts could not be afforded. The exiles had an allowance of eighteen roubles a month, and a pound of tallow candles cost a rouble. No light could be indulged in except that given by the absolutely needful fire-logs. For two months these exiles sit in perpetual darkness.

From Verkhoyansk to the next penal settlement, Sredni-Kolymsk, is a distance of 2000 versts, all within the Arctic Zone.

Sredni-Kolymsk is another Yakute village, with a street of squalid log-huts, and a suburb of about twenty still more ruinous hovels, the dwellings of the exiles. A desolate plain, fringed by grey-green vegetation, surrounds it, a frozen river crossing it, death-like silence brooding over it. "The most gloomy, God-forsaken spot on the face of the earth," says de Windt.

Here were twelve men and two women, two only having been guilty of actual crime. The others were quiet, intelligent, educated people of moderate political views, merely "suspects," and mostly quite young when banished. Those who had been there for some years had become quite vacant in mind. A novelist, exiled only three years before, was so unhinged by the maddening monotony of his lot that he really needed restraint. An eminent anatomist, well known in Europe, had lost all interest in the progress of science, and inquired only about the music-halls in Paris. There was not, with three exceptions only, a perfectly sane man or woman among them.

The lot of these exiles is still fuller of hardships than those of Verkhoyansk. Their allowance is nineteen roubles a month for every necessary, neither shelter nor clothing being provided. This sum is about £1 16*s.*; but here the necessaries of life are at famine prices. Every article was five times dearer than at Yakutsk, and there European prices were trebled. The exiles lived through the winter on putrid fish caught in the summer and stored unsalted, for salt was too costly. This formed their dinner; breakfast and supper consisted of a glass of weak tea and a morsel of gritty black bread. As for shelter, some of them lived in almost roofless sheds abandoned by the natives, and others, because of insufficient clothing, could not leave their huts during the long winter.

One hovel, occupied by a Polish gentleman, a type of the better class of dwellings, was a hut about 6 feet high, and 14 feet by 10 feet in space, one room only, with a slab of ice for the only window. Some planks on trestles formed his bed, and other planks and trestles his table. The only seat was an old kerosene tin. The floor was of beaten earth, glistening with accumulated dirt. A yellow light filtering through the ice-window served to show dimly the squalor of the dwelling. The host kindled a few sticks on the hearth, and after they had burned a few minutes he went outside and stuffed up the chimney with rags. This was the method for warming the huts at nightfall; but, in spite of it, de Windt says the temperature was 47° below zero by his thermometer during his visit to this miserable den, in which a barrister from Warsaw had spent eight years of his life.

But more dreaded than death by the exiles is a peculiar mental disease, unknown in other Arctic settlements. It seizes its prey unexpectedly. Suddenly a calm and sane person begins to dance, sing, or make a noise, with no motive, probably a form of hysteria, which leaves the victim permanently deranged. The gloom, the long winters, and the terrible silence of the whole country, combined with the utter hopelessness of their lot, appear to be the causes. An exiled medical student attributed the insanity to be "largely due to a total inertia of the reasoning faculties, which, after a time, become a positive torture to the educated mind." In the early stages a change of scene and surroundings will probably restore the balance of the brain, but there is no removal for the exiles. In less than four years, out of a score of these victims, there were no fewer than three suicides.

To reach this "Arctic Inferno" nearly 1200 miles have to be traversed by stages over a trackless desert of ice and snow, the course being shaped by compass. This journey must be made in the winter, for from early spring to early autumn the settlement is completely cut off from the world by swamps and shallow lakes, which encircle it for hundreds of miles. Every eighty miles or so there is a poor hut, somewhat similar to the shelters built along Alpine passes; but these are often buried in snow, indistinguishable from other drifts. Two hundred miles apart are larger erections. These rest-houses are often crowded with loathsome Yakutes, and the refuge swarms with vermin. The cold is so intense that inside the sheds during the night a layer of ice formed over the face, and the eyelids were frozen firmly together. The agony of a night thus spent is inconceivable, but the exiles, men and women, travel in uncovered sleds. De Windt accomplished the journey from Verkhoyansk to Sredni-Kolymsk in eighteen days, though four months had been predicted as its duration.

The exiles travel in couples, if one of them is a woman, under the escort of Cossacks responsible for their safe delivery to the police of the penal settlements. The horrors of such a journey are greater and viler than one can imagine.

No bars and bolts are needed for these prisoners. The grim gaolers, eternal ice and deadly cold, starvation and disease, keep an unfaltering watch over them; and behind these stands the spectre of insanity. "And yet," says de Windt, "every winter more miserable hovels are prepared for the reception of comrades; every year Sredni-Kolymsk enfolds fresh victims in her deadly embrace. 'You will tell them in England of our life,' said one, his eyes dim with tears . . . And the promise then made in that lifeless, forsaken corner of the earth, where, as the exiles say, 'God is high, and the Tzar far off,' I have now faithfully kept. For the first time in thirty years I am able to give an '*unofficial*' account of the life of these unfortunates, and to deliver to the world their piteous plea for deliverance."

The greatest number of these unfortunates are young, not old enough to know how to think, speak, and act under bureaucratic rulers and an autocratic Tzar. No trial has been accorded to them, no evidence taken in their favour. Thus does de Windt at last corroborate the statements of George Kennan, which not one of us who knew him disbelieved.

"Then I saw all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive."—Ecclesiastes iv. 1, 2.

Skansen, the Swedish Zoo

BY MARY M. SHARPE

"THERE is a charm," said Dick Swiveller as he peeled a potato boiled in its jacket, "about extracting a potato from its native element, so to speak, to which the rich and powerful are strangers."

Something akin to this is the charm of Skansen, the unique sensation which the visitor owes to its creator, the late Dr. Artur Hazelius. Skansen is a museum out-of-doors with every curiosity in its natural setting, a Zoological Garden where, instead of interviewing your bear or other fearful wildfowl in an imposing building surrounded by all the resources of civilisation, and with a keeper to play gooseberry, you experience something of the thrill of discovery, practically extract him for yourself from his native woodland.

ARTUR HAZELIUS

Dr. Hazelius, who died a little more than two years ago, was a man of indefatigable energy and of the most splendid historical and antiquarian genius. He founded the Northern Museum in Stockholm, an immense and unique collection of Scandinavian curiosities from the early Viking age down to the present. But Dr. Hazelius was something more than an antiquarian, he was a great historical artist. An inscription in the Northern Museum gives a clue to his feeling and to the spirit in which his work was done. "*The day may come when all our gold and silver will not be sufficient to form a picture of a time long past.*"

Such a picture rather than a haphazard curiosity-shop of antiquities he laboured to compose for his countrymen, and whilst engaged upon it, the original idea of adding an open-air supplement occurred to him, a park where many illustrations of the national life impossible in a museum might be assembled in their natural environment and under their native sky—the farmer's house and stack-yard, no dummy imitation, but the real house in which men have lived and loved, been born and died, with all its furniture and surroundings, the maypole, the church belfry and churchyard, the herdman's cottage with its outbuildings, the woodman's hut, specimens of the mineral products of the country, and last, but not least, representatives of the animals and birds of Sweden all living as far as feasible their natural life out of doors.

Before he died Dr. Hazelius had realised his idea, having spent upon it not only the whole of his own fortune but a large sum of money which he collected for the purpose; "he was the boldest beggar in Sweden," remarked a compatriot of his to the writer. He managed to secure an unrivalled situation, "one of the waste nearly forgotten rocky plateaux of the royal park Djurgorden, with a grand view across the city of Stockholm, but also with its crippled pines, its rocky clefts and its stony ground: the whole forming a little copy of a wild, uncultivated and neglected Swedish landscape in Dalecarlia or Norrland." This craggy headland, for such it is, its bases being washed by the Baltic, was in a few years converted into a park still named Skansen, or the redoubt, after the Skans (or sconce) built here by King Oscar the First when Crown Prince. Here the

LAPPS AT SKANSEN

with intelligent interest. Here by the wayside are some relics of barbarism, a rude wooden stocks and old beating-post with a heavy iron collar for securing the victim. Here too is a memento of a remoter past, a Runic stone carved with serpentine writing in the form of a dragon. To decipher it you must first find the head; but it goes without saying that only an antiquary could make either head or tail of it. A few more paces and you are "amongst the Swedish folk-festivals, national dances and revels are kept up, and here set deep in their native forest you come upon the cottage of the peasant, the windmill, the huts of collier, timber-hewer, charcoal-burner and tar-maker—in short, you find Sweden in miniature, not excepting the lair of the wild beast and the eyrie of the eagle. And all has been ordered by a single mind, the mind of an artist. The smallest detail harmonises: there is absolutely nothing one could wish altered.

Skansen is an ideal place to spend a few hours in on a fine day, say a morning of early autumn, when the first touch of frost has tinted the trees with colour as rich as the borders of an old missal, and the slim birches stand relieved against the dark background of pines like fountains of golden spray. For a scant consideration of filthy lucre, fifty öre, or about sevenpence, which you disburse at one of the entrances, you are free of the whole place, can wander your wild lone, play with the beasts and disport yourself after what fashion your nature will in a sylvan solitude. Except during the Spring Festivals, when it is like a fair, Skansen is practically empty on a week-day.

Stroll along one of the winding paths where a strongly-built woman in the white sleeves and gaily-striped apron of the Dalarne peasants is sweeping up the fallen leaves—an office performed by women in the Swedish parks—and look about you

BELFRY FROM HÄLLESTAD

REINDEER

the reindeer which are accommodated with a spacious enclosure containing a huge cairn of boulders, and an artificial lake. The pyramidal-shaped huts are built of logs, and there are tents too of a sort of felt stretched over a frame-work of saplings. Peep into one, and note the fire-place in the centre built of cobble-stones, with a chain hanger suspended above for the kettle, and

cold Hic Jacets of the dead"; an ancient graveyard confronts you of which the monuments and crosses are iron, with innumerable dangling ornaments of strange device.

Turning a corner you enter upon an open space where a party of Lapps are encamped with all their domestic properties, even to the floor thickly strewn with boughs of the spruce fir, no bad carpet neither. The murmur of children's voices attracts you to an adjacent hut where you find an entire Lapp family, "Pa, and Ma, and all of us" sitting sociably on the ground. You enter and do likewise. This hut is of wattled saplings, stuffed with moss in the crevices, and

INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE FROM LAXBRO

overlaid with larger poles. There is a bed in the corner of white bearskins, but nothing else in the way of furniture except a pot or two. The broad-faced, gentle-looking Lapp woman placidly continues her occupation of lacing her huge boots with brightly-coloured thongs of leather, crooning now and then in some soft sweet tongue to the tiny children who crawl about, gazing at you in round-eyed silence. You have recourse to the language universally understanded of childhood, and present them with ten öre apiece; at which, and after a word or two of stage direction from the mother, they arise one by one, take your hand, and drop queer little curtsies of acknowledgment and thanksgiving.

Leaving this gentle family you wander into a glade where the wood is thicker, and speedily find yourself leaning over a railing at the top of a high cliff. Beneath this the polar bears have their home in a cave hewn out of the living rock, opening upon a rocky platform beside a deep pool into which a waterfall perpetually tumbles, and from which a stream emerges, emptying itself down the glen. One of the immense creamy-white beasts is diving and playing about in the water; the other, panting a little in the heat, lies on his stomach in an ease-afore-ceremony attitude with all four paws spread out. Not far away, in an enclosure of strong iron bars, a huge grey wolf is keeping a bright look-out from the top of a stone koppy. You wonder if he has ever heard of Mowgli, and in this connexion it seems quite a natural thing to step up and greet him with the incontrovertible remark: "Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!"

Now you come upon birds and beasts of every kind: black bears and brown; shy-eyed little foxes; eagles; cormorants; gold and silver pheasants of marvellous plumage; drowsy-faced cat-owls, blinking in the sunlight and, like the sluggard, desiderating a little more sleep and a little more slumber; a spotted brown lynx with pointed and tufted ears and Mephistophelian expression; and a wee Igelkott, a tiny hedgehog no bigger than a rat, living all alone like a little Crusoe, who on the first accost of his interviewer rushes into his stone house and buries his grey and black quills in a bed of leaves and moss.

INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE FROM MORA

When you are tired of the animals, enter the cottage from Mora in Dalecarlia and inspect its old-fashioned furniture and

primitive arrangements. You will particularly notice the home-woven stuffs, some of them of really beautiful workmanship, and some curious tapestry representing Scriptural subjects. The Annunciation shows a well-nourished Mary, a striking contrast to Rossetti's green-sickly and neurotic Virgin, seated at table with her knitting and scissors, while the angel in a sort of Empire dress of red and yellow presents her with a flower as long as himself. Here is the Marriage in Cana, at which the guests are attired in knee-breeches and long-tailed coats with military braid and frogs; the Temptation, where the Serpent has the fruit in his mouth; and Adam and Eve leaving a Paradise of Scotch firs and cliffs, with the Serpent officiously going before to show the way.

OKTORPS-GORDEN

A much more imposing dwelling is the cottage from Laxbro, dating from the 17th century, with its high-backed carved chairs upholstered in wool-work, bedding chests and presses studded and inlaid with ebony, and choice assortment of drinking mugs.

Oktorps-gorden, the Swedish farm with all its outhouses complete, also deserves a visit, and so does Swedenborg's Summer-house, a more pretentious retreat than one would assign to a philosopher.

To see Skansen at its best, however, one must go there in the winter, preferably on a holiday afternoon, for then all the cottages are lit up and have fires in them. The frozen snow lies deep, and icicles hang by the wall and from the thatched roofs of Oktorps-gorden. The little grey fox, our playmate in the summer, has changed his coat for a white one, and the polar bear is doggedly walking his quarter-deck to keep himself warm. Every time he turns he slides a few yards on his right foot, exactly like an unwieldy school-boy, and a deep groove in the ice testifies to the regularity of his constitutional.

It grows dark, and lights begin to twinkle in the houses. Here and there in the open spaces high cressets of iron filled with bundles of wood steeped in tar are set alight and are soon burning fiercely, the contrast of intense scarlet and orange flame serving to bring out with pictorial effect the deep blue of the winter night, sparkling frostily with the cold sheen of stars. A Lapp on skidor (the long snow-shoes), drawn by a reindeer, whirls past along the snowy paths; and see! what is that? A procession all in white carrying something resembling a lighted Chinese lantern in the form of a star winds amongst the trees and disappears in one of the houses. It is the Star-boys, a cross between carol-singers and mummers, going their rounds. Entering the cottage after them you find several peasants in the national dress clustered about a wood fire. The Star-boys range themselves round the room and begin a carol. They are dressed to represent divers oddly-assorted Scriptural characters —the Magi, Pontius Pilate, and Judas Iscariot. Judas, as financier of the company, is always in evidence. He carries the bag, and, congenial task, takes up the collection.

It is as though Andersen's Goloshes of Happiness had suddenly transported you to the Middle Ages, and you rub your eyes at presently finding yourself back in Stockholm again, under the electric light of modern civilisation.

London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

VI.—Infant Schools

THE history of infant schools under the London School Board has been in great measure the history of the development of the Kindergarten idea. At first Kindergarten was very little understood. Having given their reading, writing, and arithmetic lessons in the old mechanical way, teachers would set the children building with cubes of wood or threading beads as a pleasant relief from the more arduous lessons; and these occupations they would call "kindergarten." It was only by degrees that the true conception of Kindergarten as a principle of education, which should govern the whole life of the school, not a mere addendum to the ordinary work, gained general recognition.

Naturally the Kindergarten or Froebelian idea of teaching has been worked out with varying degrees of thoroughness in different schools and with many modifications of detail. Consequently it is difficult to point to any one school as typical of the whole or even of a large number. But it is possible to indicate certain general principles which underlie a very great deal of infant school work in London, and to show how these principles are carried out by some of the most progressive and intelligent teachers.

A point which the most casual observer of infant schools could hardly fail to notice is that the utmost care is taken to make learning easy and pleasant for the children. They are led gently along a primrose path to the goal which former generations of infants only reached after much stumbling over stony ways. Often the lesson seems more like an exciting game, which the children would not lose on any account. And this principle applies not only to subjects that might be supposed to be more or less recreative in character, such as object lessons and singing, but to all the work of the school.

Take, for instance, the matter which most people will regard as the very first in a child's school education, though it is not necessarily so—the learning of the alphabet. How shall a baby of three or four years be taught his letters? There are more ways than one. In some schools a "Living Letter Alphabet," devised by one of the Board's head-mistresses, Mrs. Walker of Fleet Road School, is used. The children form themselves into living illustrations of the letters; they are provided with boxes containing straight and curved strips of coloured card, and out of these they construct each letter for themselves, afterwards drawing it on their slates; the letters are compared with familiar objects, and a verse

Photo by Henry Irving

FLEET ROAD SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD: LEARNING THE ALPHABET

Photo by Henry Irving

FLEET ROAD SCHOOL: A KINDERGARTEN GAME

is said or sung about each. Thus the reading lesson becomes at once a calisthenic exercise, a kindergarten game, a drawing exercise, a lesson in form, number and colour, and a conversation lesson introducing new words and ideas; and all the time the children are interested, busy and happy.

Or take a different system. Let us go to Montem Street School, Tollington Park, where the head-mistress, Mrs. Legg, is a lady of rare insight and sympathy, as well as of great experience. We will take our place in the "babies' room," and observe the very first steps by which tiny children of three or four years are taught to read. The teacher begins by drawing on the blackboard with a few bold lines a rough presentment of the domestic cat—a most invaluable animal in the infant school; it turns up in lesson after lesson. Then she and the children talk about cats for a while, and perhaps the children make their queer little attempts to draw a cat.

"Now," says the teacher, "every little boy and girl has a name. What is yours—and yours? Well, let us write the cat's name;" and she proceeds to write "c a t" under the picture on the board. "These," she says, "are called letters; how many are there?" (Here comes the first lesson in number.) "By and by I will tell you their names, but not now. Look at this first letter and see if you can find one like it in your little boxes." Every child has a small box containing the three letters printed on cards, and some of them, strange as it may seem, pick out the wrong letter. They have not yet the sense of form which enables them to distinguish between one letter and another. When at last all have found "c," the teacher tells them to draw it on their slates. The outlines produced may not appeal to the onlooker as particularly like the letter "c." But never mind; the little hands have been learning to hold a pencil; the children have been observing the form of the letter, and to-morrow they will pick it out without mistake; and all this has been done in a pleasant way. The next day perhaps the teacher tells the name of the letter that has been learned; then "a" and "t" are learned in a similar way.

Then one morning the letter "m" is added to the three in the children's boxes, and they are asked to pick out the new letter. The word "mat" is then taught; the children are shown a mat, it is drawn on the blackboard, and they draw it on their slates. Perhaps "h" is the next letter to be added, and the word "hat" is placed before the children. It is now pointed out that only the first letter differs in the three words, and the children are taught to recognise "at" as a kind of grammalogue. A syllable once learned is not broken up again, but used in building new words. Thus by the time the whole alphabet is known, a considerable number of words and syllables are known also.

The arithmetic lesson is made equally bright and interesting by giving the children counters, calling them children or soldiers, and inventing little stories or problems about them.

The principle of training the child to observe and investigate for himself—a principle which should apply to all education—is kept well to the front in the best infant schools. Obviously children could have no more fitting objects on which to exercise their powers of observation than the works of Nature, and so we find that in many schools Nature-study takes a very prominent place; in fact, it is sometimes the basis on which the whole curriculum of the school is founded. There are schools even in the poorest and most thickly-populated districts where the class-rooms are continually gay with flowers, the gifts of children as well as teachers; where potatoes, turnips, beans, and other vegetables and plants are grown in flowerpots and watched and tended from day to day; and where birds, frogs, snails, silkworms, and such small deer reside permanently in the class-rooms, while larger game—such as rabbits and cats — visit the abodes of learning when their services are specially wanted. The children are trained to observe as much as possible outside the school as well as in the class-room. Some teachers take their classes into the parks and open spaces—always with a definite object. The leaves and flowers shown in the class-room are not examined as complete and isolated objects, but are shown as beautiful and necessary parts of the plant or tree to which they belong. The study of the acorn, for instance, is not complete till the children have carefully observed an oak-tree.

Expression is the next great principle we observe in modern infant school work. The child must not keep to himself what he has seen; he must express the results of his observation. And this he may do in several ways. Drawing is the first and most natural method of expression, and drawing plays a very large part in infant school work. In some form or other it enters into nearly every lesson. We have seen how even the babies in their reading lessons draw the objects represented by the words they read. And the same principle applies throughout the school. An object lesson is seldom complete till the children have drawn the object under observation or some part of it. If, for instance, a lesson has been given on the harvest, an ear of corn may be given to each child, and every one will draw in yellow chalk what he himself can see. The results will be very varied, but in every case the exercise will tend to strengthen the child's power of observation.

Photo by Henry Irving

ALMA ROAD SCHOOL, BERMONDSEY: A SINGING GAME

In some schools they go a step further, and teach the children to express what they see with the inward as well as with the outward eye. A story is told to them, and they produce original illustrations of it with coloured chalks. No artist's portfolio is fuller of interest—artistic and psychological—than the collections of original drawings that may be seen in some of our infant schools. There is no sense whatever of proportion or perspective. The drawings are symbolical rather than realistic, reminding one strongly of the first artistic efforts

Photo by Henry Irving

SUNNING HILL SCHOOL, STREATHAM: PAPER FOLDING

of primitive peoples. Infants have, in fact, very much in common with the cave men, and the natural path of development for the little child is very much the same as that which the race has travelled. The recognition of this fact is proving very helpful to the intelligent treatment of little children.

Apart from its value as a means of expression, drawing as a means of hand and eye training is cultivated in infant schools with results which a former generation of teachers would have regarded as little short of miraculous. Free-arm drawing is being increasingly adopted. In some schools the children stand at blackboards and manipulate the chalk with remarkable vigour and boldness; in others prepared millboard is used, the children sitting back in their seats and holding the millboard at arm's-length. Brushwork is also taught in many schools, and the teachers go straight to Nature for their models. Little children of six or seven will draw a leaf or flower from nature with a little guidance from the teacher, and sometimes without even that.

Clay modelling is valuable as a means of expression and as an artistic exercise. Even in the "babies' room" many happy hours are spent with the soft, plastic material by means of which the natural child's delight in making mud-pies is turned to educational account. Trays of sand are used for similar purposes at some schools.

Photo by Henry Irving

ALMA ROAD SCHOOL, BERMONDSEY: SCARF DRILL

Other occupations in great variety may be seen in progress in infant schools—bead-work, paper folding, making wool mats and picture-frames, sewing, paper and straw weaving, and many others. But generally speaking, those occupations which are chiefly imitative in character are being rejected in our best infant schools in favour of those which call for initiative on the part of the child, or enable him to express the results of his observations in the nature lessons.

Kindergarten games and action songs find a place in all infant schools; and here again those are most valuable which are simple in character and afford the children a means of expressing themselves with some degree of freedom. London children do not know how to play; the old traditional games have, many of them, been forgotten, but when taught in the infant schools they are received with delight, as are many of the charming new games and songs that have been written for little children. The dramatic instinct, which is strong in nearly all little children, finds delightful expression in these exercises, and there is no pleasanter sight in London than an organised game in an infant school when it is part of the daily round, and not a rehearsal for an entertainment.

An interesting plan for inducing children to record their observations is followed at Clyde Street School, Deptford, and perhaps at other schools. Every morning the teacher collects the remarks of the children, elicited by questions, on any matters of interest that come under their notice, and records them in a diary. Here, for instance, is an entry in the diary of the "babies'" class for the first day after the return from the summer holidays—

"Monday: Our holidays are over now, and we have come back to school. Some of our tadpoles have changed into little frogs, and don't live in the water now. Some fresh little children have come to school to-day. We will show them our little frogs"

The ideal of expression rather than repression involves certain modifications in some old-established notions of school discipline In the best infant schools the discipline is not at all rigid. Watch the children as they march into school from the playground; they step in time to the music of the piano, but they do not suggest soldiers a little bit. Freely and easily they walk along with arms swinging carelessly and eyes wandering over the room, but the order is quite as good as is needed. In the class-rooms they are not told that they are "naughty" if they don't sit quite still with arms folded. A little fidgeting is recognised as inevitable, and if, as may sometimes be, a little child is sleepy, he just goes to sleep and nothing else happens. But for the most part the children are very intent on the lesson, eagerly answering questions, and even occasionally volunteering remarks. Modern methods of school management and of teaching make strongly for the happiness of the children, who are generally eager to go to school, and it may truly be said that the modern infant school is a place of many smiles and few tears.

Photo by W. H. Fawn, Deptford

CHILDREN FROM CLYDE STREET SCHOOL, DEPTFORD, SKETCHING IN DEPTFORD PARK

The Critic on the Hearth[1]

BY JOHN A. STEUART

"LONDONERS see nothing of London," said Solomon oracularly. "I mean," he proceeded to explain, as in reply to our looks of surprise and inquiry, "that the people who really do the sights as they are called—Westminster Abbey, Hampton Court Palace, the Tower, and the rest—are not the privileged metropolitans, but provincials and Americans coming to town for a holiday. A visitor staying in London for a fortnight sees more of our historic spots than the average Londoner sees in a lifetime. How is it?"

"Because," replied the Colonel gently, "people seldom appreciate the things that lie near at hand. A peasant residing within an hour's walk of Killarney often lives and dies without once setting eyes on the lakes which strangers travel thousands of miles to behold. Similarly to natives, the Trossachs and Loch Lomond are merely magnets providentially provided for extracting gold from the pockets of tourists with a so-called taste for scenery. The same law or principle explains why many an Englishman will describe to you with avid delight every cranny of Switzerland, every crook in the Roman streets, and unblushingly own his ignorance of Canterbury or Chester."

These remarks were prompted by the circumstance that the Curate and the young lady classic had in the course of the day visited the Tower together, whether to increase their knowledge of British history or for the tenderer pleasure of wandering by themselves, I will not presume to decide. At dinner they mentioned a few of the treasures they had seen—adding illustrative quotations from Shakespeare, and pity for innocent princes done to death by ruthless ambition. The young lady classic, true to the instincts of her sex, had been especially fascinated by the jewels. "It seems unnatural to keep them hidden away there," she said plaintively. "Surely they are meant to be worn." Probably she was thinking that if Fate had made her Queen of England she would array herself periodically in that resplendent Tower jewellery and make a sensation, a thing dear to the heart of every woman and most men. I reminded her that those jewels really belong to the nation, and that the nation is exceedingly jealous in guarding its trinkets. Because of that profound sentiment of jealousy, it deposits them in glass cases behind iron bars, and pays lucky officials large salaries to see that the owners, otherwise the taxpayers, do not lay a finger on them. In regard to such portions of its property as are in charge of beefeaters and other terrible descendants of Cerberus, who are hired as watchdogs, the nation is like a ward in Chancery or a minor under trustees—an owner of estates held and managed by others not always in an agreeable or satisfactory manner. Besides, I was obliged to point out that if a beautiful young lady (here the young lady classic blushed appropriately) went round laden with priceless jewels, she would merely excite the cupidity of the populace, who, being preternaturally clever because of its perpetual hunger, might give unpleasant illustrations of the art of appropriation.

"Hunger does sharpen the wits, doesn't it?" put in Solomon briskly.

No whetstone gives a keener edge, I responded. It has been surmised that one of the chief reasons for the heaviness of aldermen, corporation officials, and gourmands is the inimical effect of turtle soup and its accompaniments on the brain. But as touching the Tower jewellery, I repeat it would be an exceedingly risky proceeding to wear it much in public.

"Talking of jewels," said the young lady classic shyly, "do you believe that opals are unlucky?"

Conduct, I answered promptly, is the best evidence of belief. If any of my friends, seized with a fit of generosity, were to present me with opals, I should be prepared to take all risks by accepting them. We spoke some time ago of the enormous unsuspected influence of light literature. The prejudice against opals in the popular mind is but another example of that influence. If you have doctrines to promulgate, ideas to diffuse or even prejudices to spread, put them into the form of fiction.

"Why," cried Solomon, "was it fiction that started the prejudice against opals?"

Even so, I replied. Sir Walter Scott, who earned more money by his pen than any other

[1] Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

British author, and very nearly succeeded in making our modern world mediæval again, was the culprit. In "Anne of Geierstein" he introduces, for strictly dramatic purposes, a Mexican opal and a drop of holy water. These are so manipulated as to produce a sense of the "evil eye." Novelist-like, he pretended to have borrowed the idea from antiquity; but, as a matter of fact, the opal was held in especial reverence by the ancients.

"To be sure it was," said the Curate. "Doesn't Pliny tell how one Nonnius, a Roman Senator, went into exile rather than surrender a valuable opal to Mark Antony? In the Middle Ages a like sentiment prevailed regarding this much-slandered stone. At one time it was even thought to be a cure for blindness; and, to crown all, Queen Elizabeth doted on it. But Scott's casual use of it had greater potency with the popular imagination than the sentiments of ancients and Middle Ages put together, though supported by the example and influence of the illustrious Bess. Thus by the fancy of a novelist was a popular superstition rooted."

Let me give you the experience of a lady whom I am proud to count among my most intimate friends. She was travelling with her two children and a maid from South to North Wales. In changing carriages by the way her jewellery, which included some fine opals, was left behind on the rack in a handbag, without name or lock. When the loss was discovered some hours later there was, as you may suppose, furious telegraphing all along the line. But no trace could be found of the lost opals. A day passed, two days, a week, and the owner was abandoning hope, when there went out from Euston an inquiry concerning a certain handbag which had been found at some outlandish station in North Wales. It contained the lost opals. When returned to its owner, the bag had no appearance of having even been opened, though a touch on a spring would have revealed the contents. Now for the point of the story. My friend being imbued with that superstition about the unluckiness of opals, while mourning their loss, had solemnly declared that if ever she laid hands on them again she would sell them. That was ten years ago; a month ago I saw her wearing them. I remarked she had not yet sold her opals, and asked whether she was not afraid to keep them.

"Pooh!" she replied. "It's all nonsense about opals being unlucky. I lost mine through my own carelessness and stupidity; I recovered them by sheer good luck, and the good luck has followed me since. Listen to this. A year or two ago I lost my engagement ring on a stretch of loose sand at the seaside. I had put on gloves, and didn't miss it until I took them off hours later. You may be sure I slept badly that night. My husband was in London, and I was tortured by all sorts of nightmare fancies."

What did you imagine? I asked.

"Oh! things too horrible to mention. But morning came at last, and I hastened back to the place where I thought the ring must be; and there sure enough as I came up one of its jewels glamed on me like a welcoming eye. It was very nearly covered with sand. So you see I am really lucky."

Then you *are* superstitious, I remarked.

"Oh, well," she returned, in some confusion, "you know that only the bovine mind, which is absolutely without feeling or fancy, is quite free from superstition."

I agreed with all my heart. The superstitious races are really the imaginative races. Poetry and superstition go together. Perhaps, indeed, no high achievement is possible without a touch of superstition, because genius in its loftiest reaches implies awe which is reverence which rests for most part on what the superior contemptuously call superstition. Who are the writers that deal most with the supernatural? Homer, Shakespeare, and the Hebrew bards and prophets. Mark, I am not referring to the gapings of childish ignorance. But the feeling which makes a Highlander's hair rise on a haunted road at night is in its essence precisely the power which produces an *Iliad* or a *Hamlet*, since it is compact of imagination.

As I spoke the young lady classic looked down at her hand with a fond, wistful expression and smiled. My eyes instinctively followed hers; and lo! the gleam of an opal ring. Engaged, I said to myself, with an inward start, though why the discovery should make me start I don't pretend to understand. But her interest in opals was explained; it was evident she did not consider them unlucky.

How comes it that we all evince so curious an interest in an engagement ring? Some, you retort, are not interested. True. As a wise man has observed, some have all their attention concentrated on the region of the epigastrium, so that they cannot spare a thought for such trivialities as rings, sunrises, children, or kittens. No sooner is breakfast over than they begin to think of dinner; when dinner is done

they are immediately engaged with thoughts of breakfast. This zeal for dining is really the first sign of incipient old age and mental decrepitude. The alert, the fit, the enterprising, the men who miraculously keep young, and accomplish prodigies, are nearly always light trenchermen. (Of course, ladies constantly observe the golden rule of temperance. Assuredly the woman who wishes to keep her youth and beauty will avoid, as if they were the plague, the grossnesses miscalled pleasures of the table. Old ladies with whom temperance is a habit get the maximum pleasure, mental and bodily, out of life, and hale old men ever dine sparely.) Trenchermen and other deluded persons apart, mankind are strangely interested in the engagement ring. The reason, I suppose, is that sensibly or insensibly it typifies the eternal youth of the race. Dynasties come and go, but the race remains in everlasting vigour and bloom.

It was an education in happiness to watch the face of the young lady classic as ever and anon, in the old-fashioned phrase, she glanced furtively at that opal ring, the glorious symbol of an ineffable destiny. If Johnson was right in saying that nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife, since he prides himself on being the source of it, imagine the feelings of a lover just after presenting the sacred ring. The Curate was valiant in trying to appear profoundly unconscious of the strange new element in the atmosphere; but he succeeded little better than the wearer of the magic ring, whose bright eyes alternately sought her own finger and his face. I think we were all sympathetically glad over the Paradise that thrilled so obviously in their hearts. Even Solomon seemed to be visited by sentimental fancies, and looked on the Curate with the generous envy which is ready to blossom into emulation on fit opportunity.

We have many confessions in literature, from Rousseau's down, but one confession of rare promise is lacking, and if I were an editor I should try to procure it at any price, namely, "How it feels to be engaged." I stipulate of course for the inmost feelings of a girl's soul when she has drawn a prize in the great lottery. Don't imagine that anybody could write such a confession; for indeed the task would require an almost impossible combination of qualities —delicacy, culture, insight, and a tremendous courage. The experience, happily, is not rare. There are multitudes of engaged girls; *ergo* there are multitudes of supremely happy girls. But happiness is not enough; there must be the gift of expression as well, and it is for lack of this that love-letters read in courts of law, when happy couples fall out and there is an action for damage to wounded affection, so often provoke laughter and ridicule. Perhaps the genuine feeling, the divine bliss, is too sacred for a world given to scoffing. On the whole I withdraw my suggestion. Let the engaged girl enjoy her bliss in the privacy of her own heart, and may the celestial emotion that is too much for tongue or pen never be degraded to the commonplace.

The connexion between engagement rings and old age pensions may not immediately strike the mind. But the law of association, which so often seems no better than a freak yet is so rigidly logical withal, brought the subject into discussion. It is one which, like the fortune of lovers, very much concerns the future. The bravest, the most philosophic of us, the most secure in position and tenure, pauses at times to take breath, as it were, and cast a look ahead. The mother crooning to her babe dreams of things to come. How will it fall out for her and hers in that undiscovered country whither she and they are hastening? Will it be success or failure, happiness or misery? Will the skies be radiant or leaden? Will it be sunshine or tempest? You remember Sydney Smith's remarks concerning the fears which trouble a man at dead of night when he thinks of his difficulties and responsibilities, and mentally weighs them against his chances. How is one to climb this rock, or get round that sharp curve of the narrow ledge with the sheer precipice above and the waiting gulf below? Even the strong man, confident in his strength, must pause at intervals over the thought. How will it be with me and mine, five, ten, twenty years hence? Will those bright dreams be realised? or will the clouds return after the rain, bringing darkness while yet it is day? Sydney Smith, writing from experience, counsels short views. The difficulty that seemed insurmountable, he says, disappears, the sun comes out, the spirit rises. The human heart has a quite magical gift of perceiving the silver lining: the sunlight through the darkness. What were humanity without that eye of faith and hope? Nevertheless, weary or wounded people cannot help brooding on the future, though we are explicitly told to take no thought for the morrow. Generally speaking, man is truly philosophic only when he is safe from danger. Thus the reference to old age pensions

arose quite naturally out of the talk about opals. We discussed the doctrine of thrift, on which Dr. Smiles has written a whole book, and innumerable counsellors have advised with an air of deep wisdom.

"I observe one great fallacy in nearly all the discussions as to the best means of making provision for old age," said the Colonel. "The tacit assumption appears to be that a certain sum of money will make all safe against the time of need. That is by no means the truth, as I see it. Money, as the old proverb has it, is an excellent thing to go to market with. But it is far from being the panacea which so many suppose. Don't misunderstand me, please," he said, as Solomon gave tokens of dissent. "Our splendid civilisation has reached the point at which money is an absolute necessity. Age and want, as a great poet has said, are an ill-matched pair. A destitute old man is a sight to make the heart bleed if the heart were not hardened by the sight. Money means comforts which the poor alone miss. Therefore by all means let us save it against the rainy day that is sure to come. But other savings are even more essential, since they are more closely allied to life and happiness. The most pathetic of all fallacies is the fallacy that money procures all that man needs. When I was taking my walk to-day I saw a paralytic rolling by in one of the most gorgeous equipages you could find, even in London. I knew him; he is a millionaire, a man who once controlled Stock Exchanges and made his annual profits almost anything his own regal will dictated. I tell you there was little regality in the poor man's face to-day. He saved money; but he wasted his real capital, which was his health."

The Curate made some remarks on the moral aspect of the case, and the Colonel, assenting politely, went on, "Yes, the maxim 'waste not, want not' has a significance beyond the financial. For an old man needs just that particular kind of capital which the young man is most prone to waste. Nature is a relentless accountant, and the most ruthless creditor. She forgets nothing, forgives nothing; and one day, when the debtor least expects it, she presents her bill."

"Oh dear! you frighten us," cried the young lady classic, shivering a little.

"I speak not to frighten but, if possible, to caution," returned the Colonel suavely. "I see so many young people living on capital which they will need, and need desperately, by and by, that I feel impeled to give warning. It has been said that a bottle of wine at twenty-five may intensify the pang of rheumatism at fifty.

"Ah," said the Curate sadly, "the parable of the Prodigal Son has a wide and terrible significance. The end of squandering is beggary, though the beggar may be rolling in wealth. It has been well said that although Nature suffers the offender often for a long time, she catches him at last, and inflicts punishment precisely when, where, and how he feels it most. When she takes a man into the bankruptcy court, she exacts the uttermost farthing—which is generally his life."

"To the end of time," said the Colonel, "I suppose every man must taste and try life for himself, experiment, laugh, blunder, and regret—probably when it is too late."

"If those who are beginning," put in Solomon, not without a distinct suggestion of scorn, "were to mind those who are ending, the world would be exceedingly full of wise people. Appears to me, sir, that absolute perfection of wisdom might be oppressive. Personally, I like to find out things for myself."

"Rejoice, O young man, in the strength of thy youth," quoted the Colonel, smiling. "Yet know that for all these things thou shalt surely be called to account. To be sure, you may eat your cake like a glutton at a feast; but—and here is the crux of the whole matter—you cannot both eat your cake and have it."

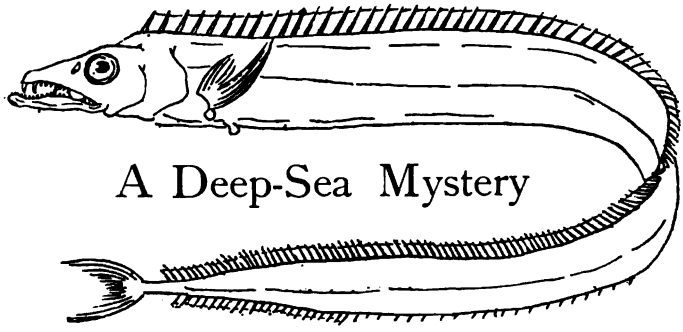
"And what provision would you have us make for old age?" asked the young lady classic wistfully.

"I would have you save your health," answered the Colonel, "whatever else you save or spend—not selfishly, of course, nor at the expense of duty: but providently as a reserve fund for the time when the fire burns low. An infallible authority tells us that he who loses his life in the right way finds it. But in that high sense the statement hardly touches our present argument. Towards the saving of which I speak, I would put good deeds and innocent pleasures, the love of friends, and that other love which surpasses even friendship."

"Ah!" cried Solomon, "wouldn't you run some risks of making invalids of us?"

"No," replied the Colonel, "certainly not. My plan of saving is to prevent invalidism and to prolong real pleasure; in a word, to make the old man at once hale and happy."

The Colonel spoke with much unction, but it was plain from her face that the young lady classic was off on thoughts of her own.



A Deep-Sea Mystery

THE FROST FISH OF NEW ZEALAND (*LEPIDOPUS CAUDATUS*)

BY JAMES BUCKLAND

OF all modes of fishing, highly curious and ingenious as some of them are, the most remarkable is practised in New Zealand, where the singular method prevails of wandering by the shore on a frosty morning to pick up a fish which, like the "dripping mermaid fair" in the ballad, springs "from the troubled main" and lays itself at the fisherman's feet.

Next to nothing is known of the habits of *Lepidopus caudatus*. It is subject-matter of dispute whether it is a deep-sea fish, or merely an ocean-ranger. Certainly it is widely distributed. Although most abundant about New Zealand, it is found on the coast of Tasmania, in the Mediterranean, and in the warmer parts of the Atlantic, extending northwards to the southern shores of England, where it is an occasional visitor and where it is known as Scabbard Fish. Nowhere, however, but in New Zealand does it cast itself upon the sands in the manner I have indicated.

This remarkable fish is a large animal, usually about four feet in length, yet so compressed is its tapering body it does not weigh more than as many pounds. A single fin runs along the whole length of the back. While the tail fin is well developed, those on the belly are reduced to a pair of scales. It is this latter structure which has gained for the fish the generic name of *lepidopus*, or scale fin. The snout is more than half the length of the large head, the lower jaw protruding. The rapacious look which this gives the fish is increased by the addition of several fangs to its long rows of lancet-shaped teeth. The great size of its eyes, too, adds to the ferociousness of its aspect. Despite this, it is one of the most beautiful inhabitants of the ocean, for in colour its ribbon-like body is like silver fresh run from the melting-pot—a shining brilliancy caused by a thin outer skin which envelops the body in place of scales.

The *hiku*, to employ its Maori name, is never netted or taken with hook and line, but is found on some sandy beach on a frosty morning. True, one will occasionally become entangled in the drag-net of a fisherman; but these accidental catches are few and far between, and occur only when the net has been let down to a depth of from two to three fathoms.

During the winter months considerable numbers are picked up at Purakanui, just outside Dunedin Heads, on all the beaches northward to Moeraki, and, in the North Island, upon the long stretch of hard sand between Otaki and Manawatu. Usually it comes ashore during the frosty nights, when there is a young moon and little or no wind. As a rule, it lands about dawn. It has been known, however, to cast itself up during the daylight in Clifford Bay, near Cape Campbell, but only when the weather was cold and the sea calm.

Since the Frost Fish is never caught, in the ordinary sense of the word, it is a fortunate thing from the epicure's point of view that it should thus deliver itself into our hands, for its melting flesh of flaky whiteness "holds the very soul of sweetness." A very good idea of the esteem in which it is held as a food-fish may be gathered from the fact that it is sometimes sold at prices up to 2*s*. 6*d*. per lb.

The *hiku* comes ashore in greatest numbers towards the end of June and throughout July. At the end of the latter month there is a considerable falling off in the supply. A few find their way to the market in August, and, on rare occasions, an odd one or two may be seen in September. After that no more occur until the following April, when, if the winter be early, the fish

begins again to make its appearance in the shops.

Although I have mentioned June and July as the months in which the luxury is most plentiful, it must not be thought that the supply is continuous. On the contrary, it is uncertain and irregular in the extreme. Some days fifty, or even more, will be brought from the vicinity of Purakanui to Dunedin, after which—although there be no diminution in the keenness of the frost—a whole week may elapse before another is found. The greatest number of days—not consecutive days, of course—in any one year on which the Frost Fish was offered for sale is twenty-eight, while whole winters—and by no means mild winters either—have been known to pass away without this much-prized delicacy having been once seen in the fishmongers' shops.

There is something very striking in the idea that a fish whose simplest habits are, at all other times, unknown to us, should thus arise from its hidden abode to lay itself at our feet. Yet, fascinating as this strange occurrence is as a field for observation, it is a problem which, so far, has baffled our efforts to solve.

The old-time belief that the fish pursued its prey too close to the shore and was left by the long swell during ebb tide, and the speculation put forward by Dr. R. von Ledenfeld in 1884 that the fish died from internal hemorrhage, following upon the bursting of the air-bladder, and was thrown up on the beach—the so-called "bladder theory" which for years was accepted and repeated in the Colony as the correct solution of the mystery—merit no more than passing mention. We now know that the Frost Fish is neither stranded alive nor cast dead on the shore, but that it commits what appears to be a deliberate act of self-destruction. Selecting a spot where the water is smoothest and most shallow—from which it may be fairly inferred that the fish knows exactly where it is going—it approaches the shore, preserving, as far as one is able to judge by the light of the stars, a normal condition in its swimming. On it comes until its deep, narrow body touches the ground, when, not been able any longer to maintain balance and steering power, it falls upon its side. A pause ensues. Then, as if something had of a sudden put it in a terrible fright, it curls itself up and begins to leap towards the shore. In a few moments it has gone up high and dry, and the prize, all glowing white, is ours.

When landing, the fish does not evince the least fear of man, nor does it appear that anything short of force could divert it from its suicidal course.

In recent years several theories have been advanced to account for this singular landing. It was suggested, for instance, a few years ago, that the fish might possibly come ashore to rid itself of some marine pest by grating its body against the sand. Careful investigation, however, has proved the beautiful outer skin to be free from parasites. Neither can it be pain arising from some internal disease which drives the fish madly on. If opened, nothing can be detected to show that it was otherwise than in perfect health immediately prior to its death. The delicate flesh, too, it should be remembered, is invariably in splendid condition. Nor is it through blindness that the animal leaves its native element. Conscientious observers have received ample proof that the great round eyes can see well enough.

From the foregoing it will be seen that in endeavouring to discover the reason of the Frost Fish casting itself ashore we find difficulty and perplexity on every hand. Yet, since the fish is found only in frosty weather, there seems good ground for assuming that it is the intense cold which is accountable, in some mysterious way, for the seemingly irresistible impulse which presses it shoreward, and which knows no abatement until the sands and death have been reached. Yet, if it be the frost which is fatal to its existence, would not the return of winter instinctively cause it to abandon the inhospitable shores of the South Island for the warmer waters of the North? It cannot be want of food which induces it to remain, for the sprats on which it chiefly feeds, and which come south during the summer, return north with the advent of winter. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that, bite the frost never so keenly, there are days, weeks—ay, years—when no *hiku* is found. Another noticeable fact is that all fish which come ashore are of uniform length, and, presumably, full grown. I have talked much with fishermen on this subject, and, to the best of my belief, there is no instance on record of the landing of a young fish.

Are we, in assuming it is frost which is fatal to the fish, pursuing the matter aright? No answer can be given.

The Laddie I love.

(Prize Music, Leisure Hour Eisteddfod.)

Words by Mary Farrah, L.L.A.

Music by Frederic W. Goodrich,
Organist and Choirmaster, Blechingley Parish Church.

Voice.

Piano.

Tempo di Marcia.

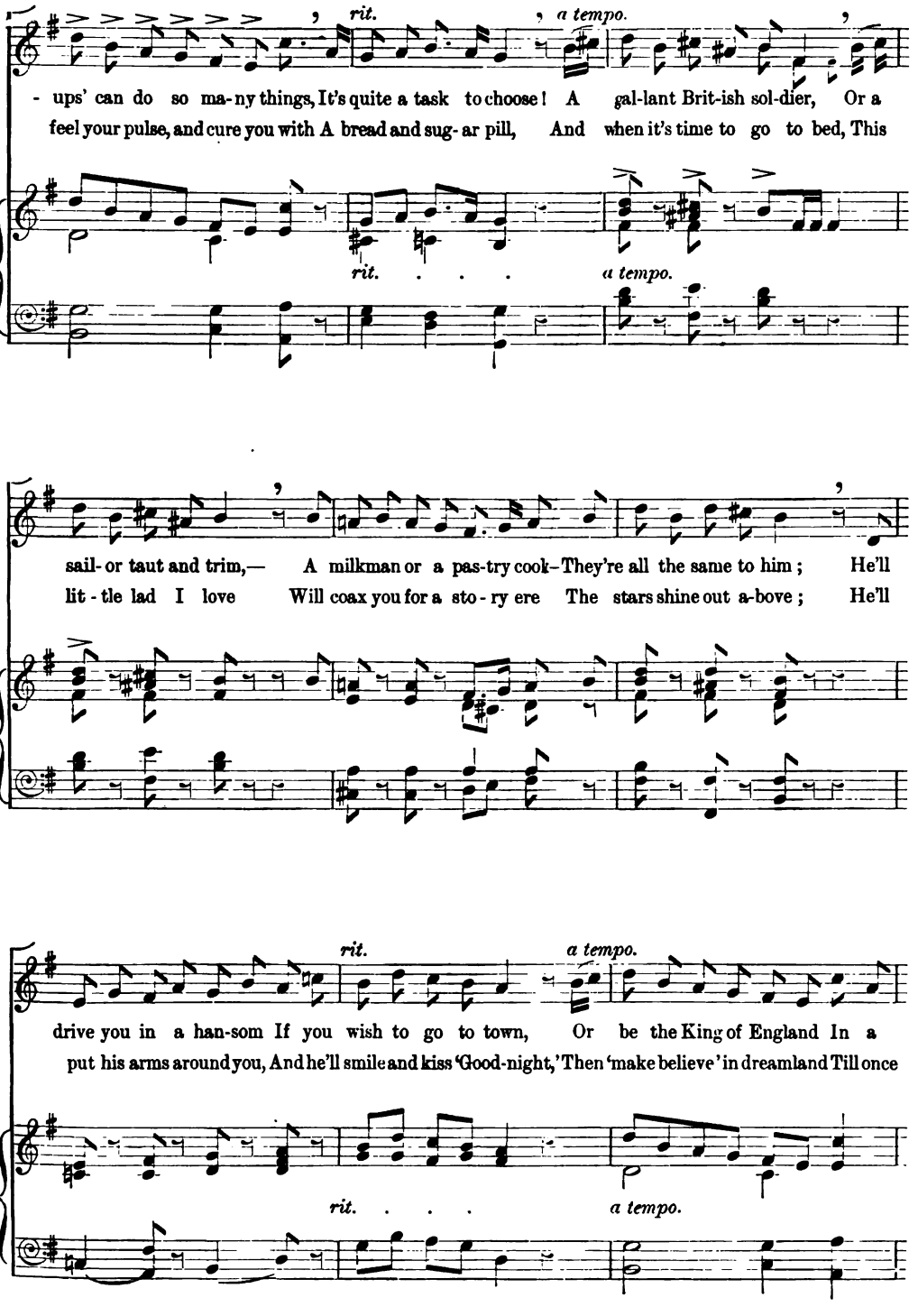
a tempo.

1. I . .
2. Per -

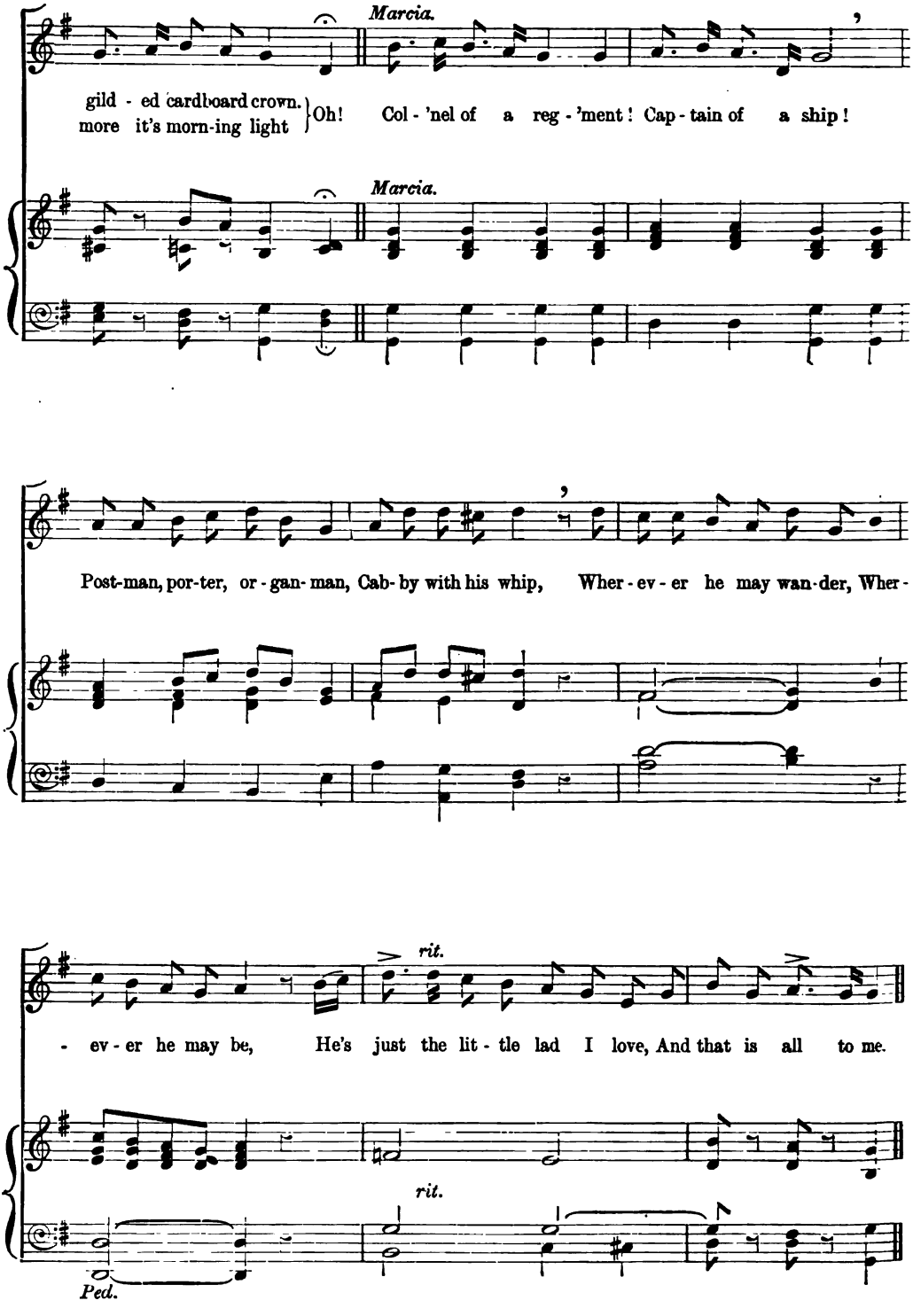
rit.

love a lit - tle lad - die Who is bu - sy all the day De - ci - ding his pro-fession When he's
- haps you wish to tra-vel? There's the Scotch Express at nine,—The guard will blow his whistle And will

grown too big for play. He's almost five years old you know, There's not much time to lose, 'Grown -
sig - nal 'Clear the line!' Or if your head is ach - ing He will say 'you're ve-ry ill,' And


rit.
a tempo.
- ups' can do so ma-ny things, It's quite a task to choose! A gal-lant Brit-ish sol-dier, Or a
feel your pulse, and cure you with A bread and sug-ar pill, And when it's time to go to bed, This
rit. . . .
a tempo.
sail-or taut and trim,— A milkman or a pas-try cook—They're all the same to him; He'll
lit-tle lad I love Will coax you for a sto-ry ere The stars shine out a-bove; He'll
rit.
a tempo.
drive you in a han-som If you wish to go to town, Or be the King of England In a
put his arms around you, And he'll smile and kiss 'Good-night,' Then 'make believe' in dreamland Till once
rit. . . .
a tempo.

The Laddie I Love



A Shakespeare Statue in Germany

THE Germans have long been noted for their interest in Shakespeare. The greatest Shakespeare commentary is, perhaps, that of Gervinus, a German scholar. For many years Professor Delius at the University of Bonn has devoted his attention almost exclusively to the study and exposition of the great English dramatist. Now Weimar is to have a Shakespeare monument. It has had for forty years a Shakespeare Society, the fortieth anniversary of which is to be celebrated on April 23, the date of the poet's birth and death, by the unveiling of the monument. It is the work of the celebrated Berlin sculptor Professor Otto Lessing, and is the first Shakespeare monument in Germany. The city where Goethe lived and worked honours itself by associating with it the name and memory of the English poet.—C. H. I.

The Papal Secretary of State

EVERY one will remember the curiosity and expectation after the election of the present Pope to know whom he would choose as his Secretary of State. As is known, the appointment of Cardinal Sarto to the Pontificate was due to a kind of protest against the late Pontificate in general, and Cardinal Rampolla in particular. It was therefore thought that, as a kind of recompense to those who had contributed to the supreme honour conferred upon him, he would choose among them his Secretary of State, and the candidates were many, as all the so-called diplomatic cardinals who condemned the policy of Cardinal Rampolla were in this group. On the other hand, it was argued that the new Pontiff, to show his fairness, would begin by giving a luminous example of it in choosing his assistant in the affairs of State from among the members of the Sacred College who had remained faithful to Cardinal Rampolla. The conclusion was that all the members of the Sacred College, without distinction, thought they might be raised to the dignity, which practically comes immediately after that of the Pope, and each one, of course, found plenty of reason to demonstrate that he was fit for the position.

It can, therefore, easily be understood what the feeling was when Pius X., after three months' suspense, which was really three months' agony, officially announced his intention of appointing Merry del Val, a mere Monsignor, who thus would be nominated Cardinal, the youngest, but at the same time the most important among them. There were attempts at protest and rebellion, saying it was an offence to the whole Sacred College to choose an outsider, as though among over sixty of them there were none capable of directing the policy of the Holy See, while—they added under their voices—they had just chosen Cardinal Sarto because he had never shown any great signs of being too intelligent. Besides, they added, fancy having a boy without experience as head of the complicated policy of the Vatican, whose only merit is that of knowing many languages, which seems a great thing to his Holiness, who does not know any—even his own.

It can easily be imagined how every act and every decision of the Secretary of State is carefully watched to catch him in some fault. A good occasion seemed to have come. Cardinal Merry del Val, notwithstanding his English mother and his Italian education, has not ceased to be a Spaniard, strongly disliking all that is American. One of his first acts was to create Monsignor Nozaleda as Archbishop of Valentia, with the intention of having him afterwards appointed Cardinal, to compensate him for the loss of the Archbishopric of Manila due to the American occupation of the Philippines. The young Secretary of State never imagined that this would almost provoke a revolution in Spain; but his colleagues in the Sacred College take advantage of it to denounce his incapacity.—I. C.

Arctic Cold in New England

In the early days of 1904, New England was visited by a remarkably cold wave. For a week the thermometer remained around the zero point, a little above in the daytime, a little below at night. Then came some colder days, and the mercury went lower and lower, twenty degrees below zero one night, and thirty-four the next. This marked the lowest point, except in a few isolated places where lower readings were made. The next night the lowest record was twenty below, and this was followed by a rapid rise and even by a short thaw. There was, of course, considerable suffering from the cold, especially among the poor, and even the wealthy had difficulty in keeping their homes up to what they considered a comfortable temperature. Fortunately the cold wave was not accompanied by wind, and throughout the whole period in the daytime there was continuous and brilliant sunshine. This combination of brilliant weather and extreme cold produced a remarkable effect on the spirits of the people. There were very few complaints. The weather was too remarkable to be the occasion of the usual grumble. Every one, even the poor who suffered most, seemed to enjoy and to take a pride in the severity of the cold. It was like taking an adventurous trip to the Klondike without having to encounter the difficulties of the journey. People congratulated themselves and each other on being permitted to undergo so extraordinary an experience, and each degree of greater cold recorded seemed to add a little glory to those who had to endure it. There was none of the depression and ill-temper that are induced by ordinary cold or gloomy weather. As the thermometer went down, men's spirits went up, and the bracing air enabled all who were in anything like good health to enjoy to the full an experience such as had not been known before for a full century.—A. G. P.

Trade Schools in America

The old-fashioned apprenticeship system has almost entirely passed away in America, and in those trades which still take apprentices few boys of American origin offer themselves. The places are filled by foreign boys, especially Swedes and Germans. As a consequence a difficulty is being increasingly felt concerning the education of American boys to be artisans and mechanics. There are training and technical schools in abundance for those who will direct the industries, for the engineers and the men in the front ranks of scientific and mechanical work; but the need is for more education and training for the working mechanic. It is admitted that the American boy is by nature the best mechanic in the world; but in the opinion of American employers, while he stands far ahead of any other nationality in natural skill and mechanical ability, he lacks reliability and the vigour that comes from rigorous training. To fill the need of training, a number of schools have been started, but as yet they are experimental and are not organised in connexion with the public school courses. There are excellent textile schools at Lowell and at Philadelphia, whose evening courses offer opportunities for boys of the operative class, and several other trades have special schools for their own work, such as the Williamson Trade School near Philadelphia for training in mechanical construction. In this case, one great drawback has been the expense of the school, as the products of the students have been put to no practical use; metal and other good materials being used to make parts of machines which are afterward put into show-cases or thrown on the scrap-heap.

On a more practical basis are the Washburn Shops of the Polytechnic Institute of Worcester, Massachusetts. These were founded twenty-seven years ago, with an endowment of £10,000, and have shown an average annual gain of a little over £500. During the whole period the products of the shops have been sold on their merits in the open market, and have realised £170,000, more than a quarter of which was profit over cost of labour and material. The aim of the school is, however, not profit, but practical training in a business-like atmosphere for the students, and these schools offer a model for those who desire to see American boys provided with more opportunity for mechanical training. Such schools would not supplant the public school system, but would offer a practical alternative to those who now drop out before taking the high school courses.

America does not need less education. She desires more, but the education given in the grammar and high schools does not entirely fill the need of the boy who is to make his livelihood as an operative mechanic. In the words of Mr. M. P. Higgins, who is at the head of the Washburn Shops: "Better educated workmen are wanted. There are complaints that workmen are dull, coarse and uncultivated, as well as ignorant; and there seems to be a general belief that education may remedy many of the existing evils among the

employed, evils which spring from selfishness, jealousy and narrowness, leading to all the bad effects of some forms of unionism. But it is a mistake to think that education consisting largely of learning facts will remedy those evils. Education *per se* is not a remedy any more than shop skill is a remedy. Learning is only one thing needed. The greatest need of the mechanic next to the knowledge of his trade is that something as well expressed by the word culture as any single term; culture, meaning the systematic improvement and refinement of the mind, which results in what we understand by the term gentleman, which means simply a man having courtesy and kindness and thus distinguished by a fine sense for honour."—A. G. P.

The most Liberal Franchise in the World

THE Australian Commonwealth has held its general elections, for both Houses, on the broad principle of adult suffrage over the whole continent. Every man and woman over twenty-one years of age has the right to vote both for the House of Representatives and for the Senate. And they have all been placed in the position of having their names on the various rolls without any effort on their part. For some months the police and other state and federal officers have been making a complete list of the whole of the adults in the Commonwealth, and this formidable list forms the basis of the various electoral rolls. In the State Parliament the elector who doesn't happen to be a rate-payer has to apply for a "right," *i. e.* a certificate, to enable him to vote; and although this certificate is now issued free, there are many who do not trouble to obtain it. But whether an elector wants a vote or not, he or she is placed on the Federal roll. The senators are elected by each state voting as one constituency, and every state—no matter what its population is—has six senators. The House of Representatives, however, is formed on a population basis, and each state is divided into constituencies. Electors record their votes for both Houses at the one booth, and booths are arranged so numerously, that no elector is deprived—by distance—of his vote. If he be ill, or away from his own district on election day, he can either vote by post or record his vote in whatever constituency he may happen to be; in the latter case of course he votes for a candidate in his own constituency, and his ballot paper is sent on to his returning officer. If he spoils one ballot paper he can, on delivering it up, get another. It will be seen then that the Federal Government has not only made the franchise as wide as possible, but that it has strained every nerve to make its exercise as free as it could.—F. S. S.

The Australian Labour Party

JUDGING from the London newspaper comments on the recent Federal elections which have been cabled out, there exists a large amount of misconception concerning the Labour party and its objects. English people seem to accept literally the statements made on the question by our leading daily newspapers, without allowing the usual heavy discount for electioneering tactics. In order to check the successes of the Labour candidates, the big papers print startling accounts of the revolutionary proposals of the Labour party; and it can be safely said that most of these alleged proposals are news to the Labour people themselves. For instance, it is darkly hinted that the Labour party will repudiate our loan indebtedness. This of course is a frantic misstatement. The main planks of the Australian Labour party are electoral equality (already obtained), a white Australia (mostly obtained), compulsory conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes, the betterment of social conditions generally, and the cessation of borrowing abroad. While there may be legitimate differences of opinion on these questions, it is both idle and mischievous to denounce those who support them as being everything that is bad. Almost invariably the Labour member is an abstainer, often a non-smoker, and always a man of strict integrity. Most of them are Socialists—Socialism meaning to them the steady absorption by the State of public and private services that are for the advantage of the people. Already our railways, post-offices, and telephones are managed by the Government, while New Zealand has, in addition, a Government land bank, life insurance and fire insurance departments, and a coal mine. It is, therefore, only a question of degree, for we are all Socialists to a certain extent. The Labour party will certainly, in an excess of zeal, do some foolish things; but it most certainly will not do anything wrong or unjust. In the present Parliament it holds the balance of power in the House of Representatives, while in the Senate it is within a vote of being in the majority.—F. S. S.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

WAVES ON A ROAD

Waves on Roads

REGULAR undulations on snow, produced by sledges, are familiar features in Canada. As a sledge moves steadily over a surface of snow, a wedge of detritus in front of the prow becomes compacted, and is then surmounted by the sledge, which at the same time pitches forward and furrows the snow in front. The sledge is thus alternately accumulating material in front, and then surmounting it with a rolling movement which assists to compress and bind the material, and so builds up the crest of a wave. In thus explaining these undulations, Dr. Vaughan Cornish has recently given an illustration, here reproduced, of similar wave forms observed upon the road to a slate quarry at Coniston, Lancs. He does not state whether these have been produced by sleds being dragged along the road, but slight undulations of the same kind can often be seen in country roads which have been made up of stones and then pressed in with a steam roller. The roller probably pushes some of the material forward slightly until it is so tight that it cannot be compressed any more, and then the heavy wheels roll over it, and proceed to push together another small hillock. A series of crests and troughs are thus produced in the road, or of hard and softer parts which eventually become ridges and furrows. Many country people hold that a machine-made road wears into holes sooner than one which has been hardened by traffic, and this seems to admit of a reasonable explanation.

A New Alphabet

SOME letters are much more readily recognised than others, both in written and printed words. MM. Broca and Sulzer have experimentally tested the speed of recognition of various letters, and their results are described in a paper presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences. The general conclusion arrived at is that the forms of the printed letters of the alphabet are badly conceived, from a physiological point of view. If they were composed of characters of simple construction, such as are the letters T and L, the speed of recognition of letters would be greatly increased, and the mental fatigue would be much diminished. The forms which the experiments suggest might be used for capital

CAPITALS OF A REFORMED ALPHABET

letters, if the alphabet were constructed upon physiological principles, are here reproduced. It is also suggested, as the result of the experiments, that the letters should appear white on black, as here given, instead of black on white in the usual way of printing; for the speed of recognition is about ten times less in the former style than in the latter. It seems probable, however, that the eye would tire sooner when reading white letters on a black ground, than when black letters on a white ground are used.

The Juice of Pine Trees

In the collection of crude resin from pines and other coniferous trees in the United States, the method hitherto adopted has been to chop in the base of the tree itself a cup-like cavity, the sole purpose of which is to receive the resinous liquid which flows from a scarified face of the trunk above it. From this resin many valuable products, such as oil of turpentine, pitch, and tar, are obtained by distillation, and as these are much in demand for the manufacture of varnishes, sealing-wax, etc., the industry is a very lucrative one. The method of obtaining the resin is, however, most destructive to the trees, and would ultimately lead to the exhaustion of the pine forests. To prevent this killing of the goose which lays golden eggs, the U. S. Bureau of Forestry commissioned Dr. C. H. Herty to make experiments with systems of collecting resin without harming the trees, and the results are described in a bulletin recently published. The method of collecting resin shown in the accompanying illustration was found to give much more satisfactory results than that of cutting a hole in the base of the tree. Two thin strips of galvanised iron are fixed into the tree below the scarified face, and the resin drains down these to a pot hung beneath. This plan is a modification of one which has long been employed in the pineries of Southern France, and it has many advantages over that usually adopted in America. The results of Dr. Herty's experiments are so convincing from a financial point of view that the method will certainly be widely adopted in the pine forests of the southern States, and thus prevent their extinction.

Dust and Rain

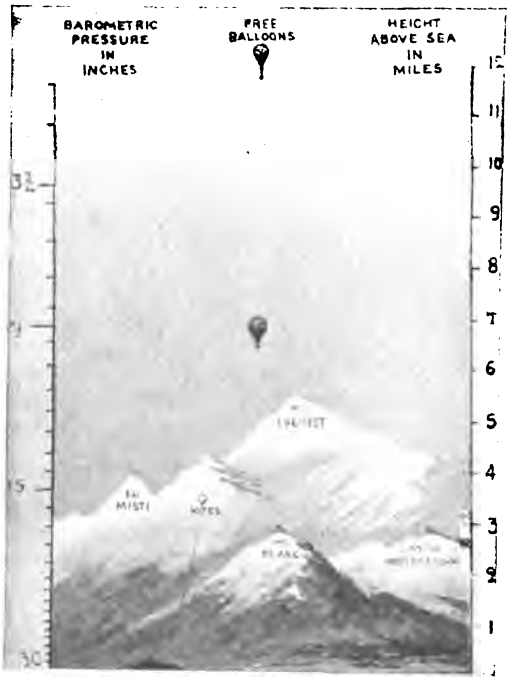
It has been suggested that the recent excessive amount of rain is due to the presence of a large amount of fine dust in the upper air, from the great volcanic eruptions of 1902. There is no doubt that immense clouds of dust are thrown out during a violent eruption of a volcano, and that the particles may be conveyed by winds to all parts of the world. The action of the dust upon sunlight gives rise to remarkable sunrise and sunset effects, such as were seen after the great eruption of Krakatoa in 1883, and less brilliantly in 1902-1903. It is also known that every droplet of rain must have a dust particle or some other nucleus upon which it can form. The skies of Italy and the tropics have a deeper blue than those of Europe on account of the comparative absence of these droplets produced by the condensation of water vapour upon fine dust particles in the air. Around our own islands dust particles in the air soon become larger by the collection of moisture upon them, but in warmer countries the moisture in the air remains in the form of vapour, and is not continually condensed as a liquid upon the dust. Whenever water is precipitated from the atmosphere,

CUP AND GUTTERS USED IN COLLECTING CRUDE RESIN FROM PINE TREES

minute dust particles constitute the nuclei around which the condensation of the vapour takes place. In a dust-free atmosphere there would be no fogs, clouds, rain or snow; when the air had as much moisture as it could hold, water would be deposited upon whatever surfaces were in contact with it. The wet would trickle down our clothes as we walked through the streets; and in a moist climate like that of the British Isles, it would be practically impossible to keep anything dry either indoors or out. Dust facilitates the formation of rain; and it is therefore not altogether improbable that an excess of dust in the air may have been one of the causes of the extreme wetness recently experienced.

Explorations of the Upper Air

It is of importance to meteorologists to know the currents and other characteristics of the air at great altitudes; for such information may enable weather predictions to be made more in advance and with a greater measure of success than at present. In recent years much attention has been given to this subject, and various methods of obtaining meteorological records at high levels have been adopted. At several mountain observatories, self-registering instruments which will run continuously for several months at a time have been installed, and they record automatically the weather experienced. The highest of these observatories is near Arequipa, Peru, at an altitude of a little more than three and a half miles. Balloons carrying observers with meteorological instruments have twice reached a height of nearly seven miles, but beyond that no human being has penetrated. Small unmanned or free balloons, carrying instruments which automatically register temperature, pressure, moisture, and other characteristics, have, however, reached an altitude of twelve miles, which represents the deepest sounding of the atmosphere yet taken. Systematic soundings of the air extending over several months have been made by these free balloons, and by kites, in various parts of Europe and America. When the balloons lose their buoyancy they fall to the earth, and the registers they bear are forwarded by the finders to the address given upon them, with a notification of the place of descent. As an example of the difference of temperature registered, it may be mentioned that three balloons sent up a few months ago from Trappes (France), Berlin, and Strassburg, registered from ninety to one hundred degrees of frost at a height of about six miles above the earth's surface, though the temperature at the surface when they started was about forty-five degrees Fahr. The greatest altitude reached by a kite is a little more than three and a half miles, but this was exceptionally high. Kites are, however, being used with success in determining the meteorological conditions of the air up to an altitude of about three miles.



New Rays

Unsuspected radiations having penetrative qualities continue to be discovered. The new field of study opened with the discovery of Röntgen rays in 1895. This was followed by Becquerel's discovery in 1896, that the salts of uranium emit invisible radiations; and then Madame Curie obtained from pitchblende, the mineral from which these salts are extracted, the wonderful element radium, which appears to be capable of giving out three kinds of rays perpetually. Dr. W. J. Russell has proved that some papers emit rays, so that if they are placed on or near to a photographic plate in the dark, they act upon it so that after ordinary development a picture of the paper is produced; and he has also shown that the separate materials of which paper is composed, such as wood pulp, flax, esparto, and cellulose, are all more or less active sources of invisible rays. More recently, Monsieur Blondlot has detected new rays in the light from the sun, an incandescent mantle, an ordinary Argand burner, and a sheet of incandescent silver, and also from tempered steel and unannealed glass. These rays pass readily through aluminium, glass, black paper, wood, cardboard and other substances, but are arrested by lead or by moistened paper. While studying these *n*-rays, as they have been provisionally termed, Monsieur Charpentier observed that emanations of a similar character were emitted by the human body, especially by the muscles and nerves. By using a sensitive screen to detect the rays, and noting the variation in luminosity which it exhibited, he found it possible to map out the area of the heart and to trace the course of nerves beneath the skin. These experiments, however, await confirmation by other investigators; and several possible sources of error will have to be eliminated before the scientific world will accept the almost universal radioactivity of animate and inanimate matter suggested by the work on *n*-rays so far published.

Varieties

Do Jesuits encourage Sin?

We have received a large number of letters thanking us for publishing the correspondence with Father Gerard in our February number. A lay correspondent, who is an experienced man of affairs, writes to us as follows:—

"I think the correspondence clearly shows that Jesuits may suggest or recommend a lesser sin in lieu of a greater. It appears to me that the adjectives 'lesser' and 'greater' in this sense are misleading and delusive. For the commission of the so-called 'lesser sin' on the suggestion of a man who poses as a priest of the most high God may be regarded as no sin at all; whereas in fact it is, to my mind, by far the greater. The committer may regard it as no sin at all when it is committed on the suggestion of a priest, whereas the fact is that it is really the greater sin, because two men instead of one are concerned in it, and one of them a priest."

President Roosevelt and the Private Soldiers

I had gone out to see him at Oyster Bay, heavy with the anxieties of mothers all over the land who had sons soldiering in the Philippines. There was news of fighting every day, but only the names of the killed or wounded officers came by cable. There was a War Department order against sending those of the privates who fell, or who died of cholera; and it resulted that when, say Company H of the Fifteenth Regiment had been in a battle, every mother who had a boy serving in that command went shivering with fear for six long weeks before the mails brought word whether her boy was among the "thirteen private soldiers" who fell, or not. I had been asked to put the case to the President, and get him to cut the red tape, if possible; but I found a tableful of soldiers and statesmen at lunch.

But, as luck would have it, I was put beside General Young, a fine old warrior, whom I had met before, and I told him of what was on my heart. He knew of no such order when he was in the Philippines, and we got into quite a little argument about it, which I purposely dragged out until there was a lull in the talk at the President's end of the table, and I saw him looking my way. I asked him if he knew of the order.

"What order?" said he; and I told him—told him of the mothers fretting for their boys all over the land. He looked up quickly at Adjutant-General Corbin, who sat opposite. It was what I wanted. *He* knew.

"General," said Mr. Roosevelt, "is there such an order?"

"Yes, Mr. President," said he, "there is."

General Corbin explained that it was a measure of economy. An officer had a code word, just one, to pay for, whereas to send the whole name and place of a private soldier might cost twenty-five dollars. The President heard him out.

"Corbin," he said, "can you telegraph from here to the Philippines?" The General thought he might wait till he got to Washington; he was going in an hour.

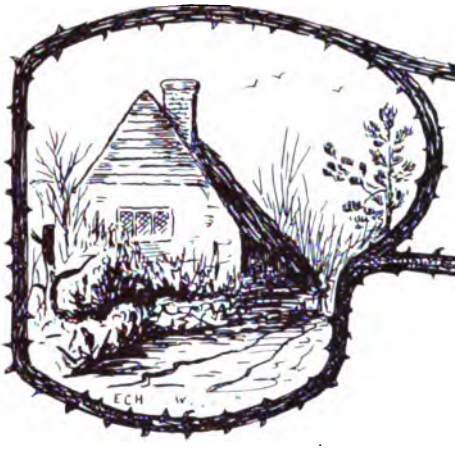
"No," said the President, "no, we will not wait. Send the order to have the names telegraphed now. Those mothers gave the best they had to their country. We will not have them breaking their hearts for twenty-five dollars or for fifty. Save the money somewhere else."

And he sent one of his rare smiles across the table that made my heart light, and many another from Maine to Texas. The order went out from the table then and there, and before we had finished our luncheon, was speeding under the sea to the Far East.—Jacob A. Riis, in the *New York Outlook.*

Astronomical Notes for April

The Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises on the 1st day of this month at 5h. 38m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 30m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 5h. 15m., and sets at 6h. 48m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 55m., and sets at 7h. 4m. In the middle of April the Sun passes the meridian at 12 by our clocks which keep mean time, so that he rises as much before that hour as he sets after it; from near the end of December he has been due south after 12 by an amount (called the equation of time) which increased until February 12, when it was nearly a quarter of an hour, and then diminished till the 15th of this month, after which he will cross the meridian before 12 o'clock until June 14. The Moon is in her Last Quarter at 5h. 53m. on the evening of the 7th inst.; New at 9h. 53m. on that of the 15th; in her First Quarter at 4h. 55m. on the morning of the 23rd; and Full at 10h. 36m. on the night of the 29th. She will be in apogee, or furthest from the Earth, at half-past 9 o'clock on the evening of the 10th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about half-past 6 on that of the 26th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be visible in the evening after the 12th, passing from the constellation Aries into Taurus, and being at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 21st. Venus is visible in the morning during the month, moving in a north-easterly direction through the constellation Pisces; she will be near the Moon on the 14th, and near Jupiter on the 23rd, when a close conjunction between the two planets will take place after daylight. Mars is not visible this month, setting too soon after the Sun. Jupiter rises earlier each morning, situated in the constellation Pisces; as already mentioned, he and Venus will be near together on the 23rd. Saturn rises about 3 o'clock in the morning (earlier each day), and is within a short distance nearly due west of Delta Capricorni, a star of the third magnitude.

W. T. Lynn.



The Fireside Club

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Sixth of Nine

WHOLE.

"A college of wit-crackers cannot flout *me* out
of my humour."

1. "When a soldier was the theme *my* name
Was not far off."
2. "So speaking as *I* think, I die, I die."
3. "Let not sloth dim *your* honours, new-begot."
4. "*Thou* art a gentleman.
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not."
5. "If *I* be left behind
A very moth of peace."
6. "Your being by *me*
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable."
7. "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And *thou* no breath at all?"
8. "*I*, that please some, try all."

Find the required names, giving Act and Scene for each of the above quotations.

Five Guineas' worth of prizes to be awarded for correct answers in this series. Each answer to be signed by short "nom-de-plume." Second list of Scores will appear in June. All answers must be received by 14th inst.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books received: HENRY HARLAND'S *My Friend Prospero*, John Lane, 6*s*. A. WARNER'S *West Point Colours*, Nisbet, 6*s*. MISS CONVERSE'S *Long Will*, Longmans, 6*s*. Little Gallery Series, *Hoppner* and *Romney*, both from Methuens, 2*s*. 6*d*. each. *Memories of a Sister of St. Saviour's Priory*, Mowbray, 3*s*. 6*d*. DR. GEIKIE'S *The Holy Land and the Bible*, Cassells, 2*s*. 6*d*. J. H. EVAN'S *Ornamental Turning*, 1st vol., Guilbert Pitman, 3*s*. 6*d*. *The English Woman's Year-book*, 2*s*. 6*d*., *Who's Who*, 7*s*. 6*d*., and *Who's Who Year-book*, 1*s*., all from A. and C. Black. MR. WELLS' *Twelve Stories and a Dream*, Macmillan, 6*s*.

My Friend Prospero is the name given by a little Italian child to the English hero of this story, whose prosperous fortunes she foretold; but it is also the name Mr. Harland's readers will incline to give him—so potent a magician does he prove himself. Again he has taken pen in hand, and presto! we are again in Italy, and it is April there.

"To right and left you have the tender pink of blossoming almonds, with sometimes the scarlet flame of a pomegranate: and then the blue-grey hills, mantled in a kind of transparent cloth-of-gold, a gauze of gold, woven of haze and sunshine; and then rosy-white, with pale violet shadows, the snow peaks cut like cameos upon the brilliant azure of the sky. . . . The hillsides resound with bird-songs continuously at this season, for the whole four-and-twenty hours. Blackbirds, thrushes, blackcaps, goldfinches, chaffinches sing from the first peep of dawn till the last trace of daylight has died out, and then the nightingales begin and keep it up till dawn again. And everywhere the soft air is aromatic with a faint scent of rosemary, for rosemary grows everywhere under the trees."

As you drive through this sweet spring landscape, you come on a village, sketched thus in one brilliant sentence:—

"A village with its crumbling, stained, and faded yellow-stuccoed houses, its dazzling white canvas awnings, its church and campanile, and its life that seems to pass entirely in the street: men in their shirt-sleeves, lounging, smoking, spitting (else the land were not Italy!), or perhaps playing cards at a table under the leafless bush of the wine-shop; women gossiping over their needlework, or, gathered in sociable knots, combing and binding up their sleek black hair; children sprawling in the kindly dirt; the priest, biretta on head, nose in breviary, drifting slowly upon some priestly errand, and 'getting through his office'; and the immemorial goat-herd, barelegged, in a tattered sugar-loaf hat followed by his flock, with their queer anxious faces, blowing upon his Pan's-pipes (shrill strains, in minor mood and plagal scale, a music older than Theocritus), or stopping, jealously watched by the customer's avid Italian eyes, to milk *per due centesimi*—say: farthing's worth—into an outstretched, close-clutched jug."

Above this village is an old castle with a garden, the scene of an idyllic love story—the lovers being great folks *incognito*, as it is Mr. Harland's wont to make them. Furthermore, there is Annunziata, a grave-eyed charming Italian child, whose poetic fancies and superstitions give unusual beauty to the story. Hear her wondering as to the name of a flower.

"It is a narcissus," explained Annunziata, "just as I am a girl. But it must also have its particular name, just as I have mine. It is a soul doing its Purgatory, a very good soul. If you are very good, then when you die you do your Purgatory as a flower. But it is not such an easy Purgatory—oh no. For look: the flower is beautiful, but it is blind, and cannot see; and it is fragrant, but it cannot smell; and people admire it and praise it, but it is deaf, and cannot hear. It can only wait, wait, wait, and think of God. But it is a short Purgatory. A few days, and the flower will fade, and the soul will be released. I think this flower's name is Cecilia, it is so white."

When Annunziata is ill we look on to the end, in dread that she will die. We are delighted to find her on the last page convalescent, and embracing the Princess in her own pretty fashion. "She kissed her four times—on the brow, on the chin, on the left cheek, and on the right." "That is a cross of kisses," she explained. "It is the way my mother used to kiss me. It means, may the four Angels of Peace, Grace, Holiness, and Wisdom watch over your sleep."

In *West Point Colours* Miss Warner gives a detailed and lively account of the life of a West Point cadet, Charlemagne Kindred by name. In spite of his somewhat pompous name he is a real

and lively hero, whose studies, friendships, difficulties, and, most of all, whose religious experiences, are made genuinely interesting to the reader. Incidentally, the American military college system is very well described. A capital book for boys' and girls' libraries.

Long Will is a conscientiously historical novel, of the early days of Richard II., Langland, the author of the *Vision of Piers Plowman* and the friend of Chaucer, being its title hero. But it is written in what has been well called Wardour Street English—alike uncouth and laboured, hence the story drags.

Messrs. Methuen in their Little Gallery Series, of which the *Hoppner* and *Romney* volumes lie on our table, are issuing a succession of very pretty little volumes, each containing twenty plates from well-known pictures. Of the Hoppner collection, the finest reproductions are, we think, the group of Lady Anne Culling Smith and her daughters, a spirited, characteristic group; and the sweetly pensive portrait of Mrs. Gwyn, the "Jessamy bride" whose name awakens echoes of reminiscence among readers of Goldsmith's life and luckless love story. In the Romney volume the first portrait is of George Romney himself—a striking, convincing work—while among the various portraits of Lady Hamilton, which form the bulk of the collection, the very charming *St. Cecilia* is eclipsed by a study of even greater beauty, *Lady Hamilton as Contemplation.* Note the long curves of the dress and scarf, and the wide-brimmed hat, of the seated figure, whose downcast face and folded hands express so eloquently the grace and repose borne out by the studied simplicity of the composition as a whole. This masterpiece has been specially reproduced for the publishers from the private collection of Sir Audley Neeld, its fortunate possessor.

In the *Memories of a Sister of St. Saviour's Priory* we have an account of many years of Christ-like work, chiefly among the very poorest of the lapsed men and women in Soho and Haggerston. The writer, whose anonymity is carefully preserved throughout, tells us how, more than fifty years ago, as a young girl in her country home in Cheshire, she first heard of a wonderful mission being carried on among the roughest and most sinful people at the London Docks. "Young ladies then," she tells us, "never dreamed of the wider possibilities open to them now; there were no Ladies' Settlements, no Lady Nurses, no Girton, Newnham, St. Margaret's. They gardened, sketched, rode, went to archery meetings, and were just beginning to visit their poor and teach in the Sunday-schools." Sisterhoods, now included in the organisation of Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist Churches alike, were then only making their first trial in the Church of England, and had to win their way in the face of bitter prejudices. After a short training at East Grinstead, the writer was sent in 1858 to work with another sister in Soho, in a slum district where Shaftesbury Avenue now is. Every chapter is full of interest. We read of the opening of the Newport market refuge in 1863, the small-pox epidemic in 1870, the first opening of clubs for girls, day nurseries for babies, and night schools, "Blokes'" suppers, country outings, and the experimental stages of many now established methods of good work. Incidentally character sketches of many types of East-end folk add to the interest of this heart-stirring record of happy and devoted work for our Saviour.

Dr. Geikie's book, *The Holy Land and the Bible*, now issued in a cheap, somewhat abridged edition, is a very paint-box of local colour for the Bible student or class-teacher. Every sentence is vivid, every page absorbing, open where you will.

Mr. Evan's first volume on *Ornamental Turning* is a book for the skilled amateur specialist in this branch of art. Tools, material, and designs are fully discussed, and illustrations of specimens of the work of such experts as the late Earl of Sefton, Captain R. P. Dawson, and the Rev. C. C. Ellison are given. Turning in relievo is illustrated by examples of great beauty, and the author intends in his second volume to treat further of this particular subject.

From Messrs. A. and C. Black come the new editions of their well-known books of reference, *Who's Who*, the supplementary *Who's Who Year-book*, and the *Englishwoman's Year-book*, perhaps the most remarkable compilation of its kind. No one can turn its 350 pages without being struck by the practical value of the information with which they are so closely packed. This is most noticeable in the section devoted to Employments and Industries, where every question bearing on every form of skilled and professional work for women finds itself answered in an up-to-date *précis*, under an indexed heading. Each section in its own way seems as intelligently written, and reveals the informing spirit of a most capable editor. Regarding that ocean of biography, *Who's Who*, no one can survey it. The reviewer can but venture forth along his own shores, dropping his little plummet of personal knowledge as far as it may reach, and finding the few literary landmarks he does know about are all correctly given, new books faithfully credited to their authors, and the tides of rising reputations duly noted, he wonders at and admires the unfathomable seas lying beyond him.

When Mr. Wells says "Once upon a time," we may settle ourselves with all the comfortable expectation of a nursery audience—sure that a good story is coming. In his new volume we have *Twelve Stories, and a Dream* into the bargain. They are all good—and some very good. The magicalness of the magic shop makes even a grown-up head turn. Here the Right Sort of Boy could buy boxes of soldiers that all came alive directly you took off the lid and said the magic word, or panoplies on cards for juvenile knight-errants, including a shield of safety, sandals of swiftness, and helmet of invisibility; but the shopman and the shop itself were more marvellous still than the stock-in-trade.

The tragedy of *Filmer*, driven out of life by his own success, and the romance of the village grocer's visit to fairyland, are persuasive to a degree, and the *Valley of Spiders* (suggested surely by Mr. Hudson's spiders in La Plata) is as weird as can be; but, after all, we like Mr. Wells best within the limits of the humanly possible. *Miss Winchelsea's Heart* is a little gem of this order, and we wish there were three volumes of it, instead of but thirty-one pages.

Women's Interests

Against Wind and Tide.

THERE are times when every thinking woman must feel that this is a world of forlorn hopes, so terrific is the struggle if individual desire sets against the tide. If a little chip said to other chips, "We are drifting, and I hear the roar of the cataract, we must combine and go against the stream," it is easy to imagine what would happen to that miniature fleet. There would be the blows of the breeze and the buffetings of the waves, and the derision of those that rode so easily and gaily with the current; there would be the moans of the half-hearted companions, "Was there not wisdom in the multitude?" and last and worst of all perhaps, arrival at the goal, to find it only a mudbank.

Women have made some gallant fights, both individually and collectively. Their temperance crusade and their suffrage crusade afford an index of the obstacles to any kind of movement that tries to lead out of the rut. In the cause of temperance women have effected a great deal. But the fact that temperance is an individual matter constitutes alike the strength and the weakness of the movement. Convince a generation and much progress results, but the next generation may revert. the pioneers are older and less ardent, less hopeful perhaps; then their opponents say, "See how they have failed. There is more drunkenness than if they had not spoken." If universal conviction could produce a legal enactment, something permanent would be effected; without that these perennial discouragements seem inevitable.

The Women's Suffrage movement differs from the Temperance movement in that it aims not so much at convincing the individual as at evolving a law. The workers ask that women's choice of lawmakers shall be permitted practical expression, that women shall be allowed to vote for their Parliamentary representatives. when, as owners of property or otherwise, they contribute to their nation's welfare. For some seventy years a section of the ablest women in the kingdom have worked steadily and fruitlessly to gain this reasonable concession. A curious detail is that Queen Victoria had no sympathy with the movement, though she, a woman, ruled the land and made hereditary legislators by the score during her lifetime, while humbler women merely aspired to be allowed to assist in electing temporary legislators.

That people do not collectively strive for what they individually admit to be reasonable, even desirable, is one of the details in social history that continue to puzzle observers possessed of the single eye. Why does the community, while admitting that existing things are bad, always oppose any one who suggests reform? Why is our governing body divided into two parties, one to be always called the opposition? Why does one party consistently obstruct all measures originated by the other side? This usage makes life very bewildering to the ardent, who would cordially strive, were their individual strength effectual, to rectify what is amiss.

Yet marvellous things have been done by individual women. Elizabeth Fry induced the reformation of the Prison System in England. Catherine Booth, labouring with her husband, established the Salvation Army. Miss Weston, acting solely on her own initiative, found anchorage and safety for the most forlorn and helpless of British subjects, the sailor sent ashore in strange ports with money in his pockets and no friends and no home available.

Looking over the successes attained throughout history, it would seem as if great things are only done by those who have become absolutely oblivious of self and self-interest. All self-consciousness is not unbeautiful, many sweet souls are so hampered by timidity, by doubt of themselves, by conviction that they cut but a sorry figure in the eyes of their generation, that they dare not inaugurate anything, would not venture into the open, sit silently patient under what they deplore, and silently thankful for what they appreciate.

But consciousness of a universal necessity carries some beyond that. There is a form of love for the race that becomes an obsession. All people cannot burn with this divine flame, it seizes the individual; did it seize the community, then something wonderful must result. Such pioneers are prepared to fail if needs must, and therein lies their strength. They will lead the forlorn hope, they will enter the plague-stricken city, they will gather the enemy's bayonets into their own bosoms, and if they perish they perish. In such a case defeat hurts far less than where hope was always half-hearted. To have tried to please, to have tacked hither and thither, to have said, "Lo, here is the port, or there," and never to arrive after all, that is desolating; but to have worked for the cause is to clasp hands with what is eternal, and to count all that is personal as dross.

A friend told me once at a period of national emotion that those who have failed to be smitten and buffeted for the right have never known the highest joy. But if to the smitings and buffetings were added the cold doubt that after all the stripes had been, perhaps, deserved, and that the battle had been waged in a bad cause—

"God save us all from a shock like this
On the reef of human woe."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LITERARY.

Lut-Zeka Ongley.—Your verses are promising, though they cannot yet be called excellent. The line "Slowly in mantle deep, silent night creeps" lacks dignity. Then the expression "Earth's way jars" is obviously used that it may rhyme with stars. The line "And low on the horizon blood-red Mars" is sonorous, but where is your verb? It is unusual to say that flowers pine, unless the necessity for a rhyme is very insistent. The sentiment in your verses is very good. To say what is impressive in a beautiful way is not easy, yet it is that which constitutes poetry.

Bel.—Your fairy tale is pretty, and might find a place in some of the children's magazines. As you say, some of the larger monthlies accept fairy tales, but in that case they are really intended to entertain the seniors. The *Strand Magazine* has always made a feature of the fairy tale, but hitherto the writers of these had previously produced a good deal of other literary work—F. Anstey and E. Nesbit for example. Mr. Anstey once wrote an excellent book which was not a fairy tale, *The Pariah*, but the funny public determined that he should be a merry man, and he tries to oblige, a fact which admirers of *The Pariah* deplore.

E.M.J.—The meaning expressed in your verses is always more or less nebulous. It is noteworthy how many beginners in thought, and possessed of merely elementary powers of expression, resort to religious metre as the easiest opening, unconscious that poetry is the most difficult literary form of expression, and religion the profoundest subject that can be handled. I feel more than sure that multitudes of prattlers, even among those who get into print, have not an idea of what they mean, even if they possess any definite meaning, when they refer to the Tree and bearing our sorrows and bearing our sins, and the narrow path and the solitary way. Those who have realised these conceptions do not speak of them often, and rarely versify them. The nerve that throbs at the very heart of life is not worn on the sleeve. No action ends with the doing of that action; drop a stone into the ocean, and the ocean will be different henceforward. Is not that a very impressive thought? Gabble about the most profound experiences in mental history seems sometimes as if it must drown the race. It is better not to repeat commonplaces, unless where they are forced from us by personal conviction that seems like new knowledge.

J.E.P.—The three middle verses in your little poem are inferior to the first and the last two, which I am glad to subjoin:—

"What is the voice that haunts thee all the day,
And will not cease or let thee be?
What mean the words it ever seems to say?
'Take up thy cross and follow Me.'

* * * * * * *

Ask not what mean the words or what the voice,
Get girded loins and lamp in trim;
He tells thee what to do, thou hast no choice;
Take up thy cross and follow Him.

It is an honour that He filled thy cup
With pain o'erflowing to the very brim;
Thou know'st Him better now, lift bravely up
Thy cross—His Cross—and follow Him."

EDUCATIONAL.

Queen Mab.—You might profitably consult a book entitled *Open Doors for Women Workers*, to be had post free for 1*s.* from the General Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9 Southampton Street, Holborn, London, W.C. This gives the latest and most practical information regarding every branch of skilled and remunerative work available. When a girl is grown up it is almost too late to decide what she shall be, her bent should be discovered in the growing time, and her education should be directed to preparing her for the career in view. Many girls do not think of an occupation, nor is it thought of for them, till at maturity they find home uncongenial, then their object is to discover some work that will maintain them, for a time at any rate. This system generally results unsatisfactorily, though there are instances of amateurs fully justifying their claim to be taken seriously. Many people have all their life a dream of something they would have liked to be, and though destiny may drive them in another direction, the dream calling always retains its attraction. Since I can remember I have thought that the life of the village schoolmistress has a charm about it only equalled by that of the village pastor. To live in a little community where one knows all the component parts so as to be able to practically serve each when necessary, without fear of misunderstanding, wears a millennial aspect. The ideal teacher has larger sympathies than belong to the average, and this scarcely makes for happiness in a world of averages. The pioneer of the natural system of education had his school broken up again and again by believers in the accepted system; it was only when he was dead that he was recognised to have been right.

A.B.C.—Miss Helen Blackburn's book, *Women's Suffrage*, published by Williams and Norgate (6*s.*), will give you an account of the movement from its inception to its present position. Other books and pamphlets on Women's Suffrage are *British Freewomen*, by Charlotte Carmichael Stopes (Swan Sonnenschein, 2*s.* 6*d.*); *The Woman's Suffrage Journal* from 1870 to 1896, edited by Lydia E. Becker; *The Subjection of Women*, by John Stuart Mill; *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, by May Wallstonecraft, with preface by Mrs. Fawcett (Fisher Unwin); *Women's Suffrage in the Light of the Second Reading of* 1897 (Williams and Norgate, 2*d.*); *Opinions of Leaders of Religious Thought on Women's Suffrage* (1*d.*). These and other pamphlets and leaflets can be obtained from either of the Central Women's Suffrage Societies, 20 Great College Street, and 39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

EMPLOYMENTS.

L.D.—The Liverpool Bureau for the Employment of Women has similar aims with that of London; the address of the secretary is 8 Sandon Terrace. It incorporates a Loan Training Fund. The occupations for which the applicants train are—teachers of plain sewing and dressmaking, teachers of plain sewing and millinery, hospital nurses, children's nurses, monthly nurses, housekeepers, clerks, etc. The Central Bureau for the Employment of Women in London is at 9 Southampton Street, High Holborn, E.C. Consultation hours at the office are 2.30 to 4.30, every day but Saturday, fee 6*d.* For prospectus regarding the Norland Institute for training ladies to be children's nurses, apply to the Secretary, 29 Holland Park Avenue, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M.—Mixtures of silk and cotton, or wool and cotton, do not dye satisfactorily, as they shrink unevenly. Better substitute new reversible cretonne.

Housewife.—The Arachne Club, recently established, undertakes the education of women of respectable birth—ladies, that is to say—for domestic service. The Club is residential, though it may be that daily instruction will be available. It is probable this attempt may bear good fruit; for so far lady servants have not been a great success, but those who are willing to go into residence for a couple of years to learn domestic work thoroughly are probably so sincerely in earnest that they may supply a long-felt want. Household work under desirable conditions is very pleasant. Doubtless the conditions would improve generally if middle-class women accepted the work, intending to pursue it permanently.

F.B.—Medical Homes are regularly advertised in the *British Medical Journal* and the *Lancet*. Many medical men take resident patients, but the terms are usually high; £2 2*s.* per week would probably be the minimum.

Mayra—One of the halfpenny morning papers recently supplied designs for a six-roomed house that would cost only £200; the house included a bath-room. Of course the rooms were small, ten feet by nine, or so; but possibly a small family could do with such. Three to four hundred pounds is the usual cost of a six-roomed house, though they may often be bought, after years of occupation, for much less.

Poverty Flat.—An article of twelve-carat gold is half gold, half alloy. Fifteen to eighteen carat is employed for the best jewellery; twenty-four carat gold would be so soft and pliable that it would be unwearable, if indeed it could be worked at all.

White Lily.—It is a very serious matter to marry an invalid, the engagement should not have been entered upon. As this was done with knowledge of all the present facts, it is difficult to advise. Marriage entails so much that an engagement should not be lightly made. But neither should a promise be lightly broken. Two wrongs do not make a right, neither do two foolish actions produce the same result as one wise one.

F.G.A.—There is an inexpensive application that is said to effectually remedy damp walls, when the damp is due to rain beating through the brickwork. This consists of a strong lye of soap and water applied evenly over the outer surface in dry settled weather. Great care should be taken that the application does not develop bubbles from the action of the brush. Next day a strong solution of alum and water should be laid on in the same manner. The two will form a substance almost as hard as enamel, which rain will not affect in any way. Sometimes dampness rises from the foundation, owing to the soil or system of drainage; sometimes it is due to the quality of sand employed by the builder, one kind being liable to absorb damp from the atmosphere.

G. Bingham.—Japan was converted to Christianity by Francis Xavier in the middle of the sixteenth century. The new faith was accepted with such enthusiasm, being welcomed and practised by nobles, scholars, peasants, and even Buddhist priests, that in fifty years it numbered over a million adherents. Subsequently, however, through the haughty conduct of Europeans, Japanese suspicion of the entire system was aroused, and suspicion quickly grew to impassioned hatred. A terrible edict was published on boards and set up throughout the kingdom, prohibiting Christians as a "corrupt sect," setting a price on the heads of all Christian teachers, and ordering extermination of all converts to the "accursed belief." These edicts were set up in the highways of Japan when Queen Elizabeth reigned in England, they were taken down only forty years ago. Copper gilt plates bearing representations of Christ on the Cross were set into the floors of public and Government offices, in which the people were obliged to present themselves at least once annually, the object being that they might "trample Jesus underfoot" in token of their continued practical repudiation of Christianity. At present the tendency of Japan is to welcome Western thought. The Roman Church, the Greek Church, and the Churches of Protestantism exist there in perfect security.

C.—A mother in the house of her married son would be considered as a guest, even if it were intended that her stay there should be permanent. No doubt some difficulties would arise if the wife arrived after the mother had been established, or if, as might be the case, the house was the mother's; but good sense and good feeling would surmount these. If the house were actually the mother's, but if for any reason she decided that it would be satisfactory for her married son to continue to live with her, she would have to make arrangements that would render her position as dowager satisfactory to herself, because virtually the son and his wife would be at the head of the establishment. These abdications of the chief place are inevitable. There is no reason why they need be bitter. It must give the sentimental a heart-pang to know that Queen Marguerita of Italy and the Empress Dagmar of Russia are both superannuated. But it is certain that the second place has also charms that those who have accepted it would not willingly forfeit, once they have learned the first strange lesson in self-subordination.

Ventnor would like to know who wrote the lines quoted in Dr. W. MacGillivray's *Life of Chrysostom*—

"In silence mighty things are wrought,
Silently builded thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky."

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

A New Competition

Five Guineas in Prizes

We offer

One Prize of **Two Guineas;**

Two Prizes of **One Guinea** each; and

Two Prizes of **Half-a-Guinea** each,

for the best Illustrated Article on

HOW I SPENT MY EASTER HOLIDAY.

RULES.

1. The article not to exceed 1000 words.
2. Not more than two photographs or drawings to accompany the article. The photographs or drawings, as well as the article, must be the competitor's own work.
3. Article and illustrations to bear, besides the coupon given on Contents page of this number, the competitor's name on back of each, and to reach the Editor, *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., not later than April 23, 1904.
4. The Prize articles and illustrations to be the property of *The Leisure Hour*.

ESSAY COMPETITION

AWARD, COLONIAL SECTION

ESSAY ON "FREE TRADE *v.* PROTECTION."

Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

LILIAN PRISTEY, Alster House, Goodhope St., Paddington, Sydney, Australia.

Photo by Mrs. R. C. Copeman

MARBLES

Our Chess Page

New Problem Tourney. Six Guineas in Prizes

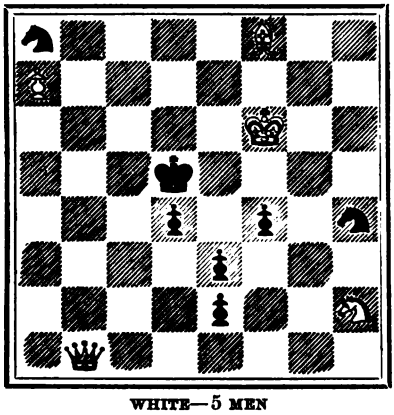
Problem Tourney. As announced last December, we are offering **Six Guineas** for the best two- and three-move problems submitted to us before April 15. Full particulars will be found on page 260 of the current Volume.

In addition to our quick-solving and other prizes, two Medals, Gold and Silver, will be awarded to the two solvers who deal most successfully with all the problems (Retractors excepted) published during the year November 1903 to October 1904 inclusive. Particulars on page 172.

PROBLEMS.

No. 14.—By F. W. Andrew.

BLACK—7 MEN



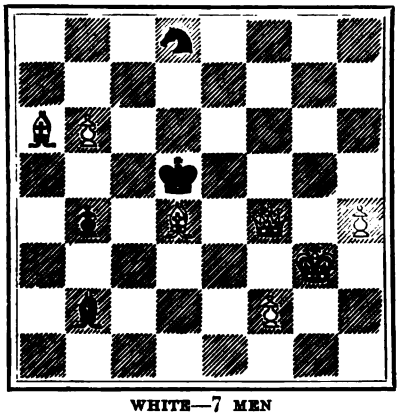
WHITE—5 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

The following problem has been entered in our current Problem Tourney. Comments are invited.

No. 15.—"*I leave it to you.*"

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

For the Medals Competition, Solutions to the above problems must be sent in before May 15, 1904.

One of eighteen games played simultaneously by Mr. Blackburne at the recent Brighton Chess Congress. The name of the winner is well known to our readers.

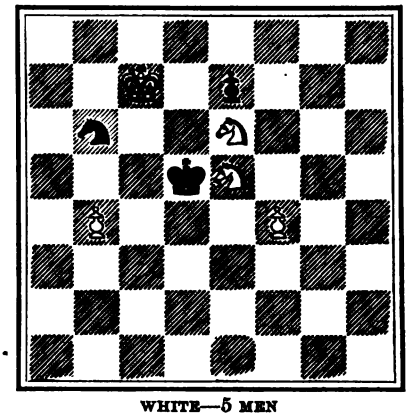
WHITE. Mr. Blackburne.	BLACK. Dr. C. H. Hemming	WHITE. Mr. Blackburne.	BLACK. Dr. C. H. Hemming.
1. P—K 4.	P—K 3.	10. P—Q B 3.	R—K sq.
2. P—Q 4.	P—Q 4.	11. Q—B 2.	B×Kt.
3. P×P.	P×P.	12. P×B.	Kt—K B sq.
4. Kt—K B 3.	Kt—K B 3.	13. K—R sq.	Kt—Kt 3.
5. B—Q 3.	B—Q 3.	14. R—K Kt sq.	Q—B 2.
6. Castles.	Castles.	15. Kt—B 5.	B×R P.
7. Kt—Q B 3.	P—B 3.	16. R—Kt 2.	R—K 8 ch and wins.
8. Kt—K 2.	B—K Kt 5.		
9. Kt—K Kt 3.	Q Kt—Q 2.		

It is not often that the master is caught napping in this way!

Another of Mrs. Baird's delightful "Twentieth-Century Retractors."

No. 3.—"*Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow.*"—*Hamlet*, Act III. sc. i.

BLACK—3 MEN



WHITE—5 MEN

1. White played last, but must retract his move.
2. White to play.
3. Black to play so as to allow
4. White to give mate.

Solutions sent in before May 10 will be acknowledged, and a prize—Livesey's Collapsible Chessboard—will be given for the first one received. Also, now that our solvers are becoming more expert with this form of problem, a Special Prize—Mrs. Baird's *Seven Hundred Problems*—is offered for the solver who, in the aggregate, most quickly solves this and the next two Retractors.

Retractor No. II. (February). Mrs. Baird's solution was published last month, but unfortunately there is a cook, *e. g.*:—

(1) K came from B 4. Replace.
(2) B played from Q 5 × Kt on B 4. Replace.
(3) B plays—Kt 7 or R 8 (dis. ch.).
(4) Kt (B 5)—K 4. Mate.

The prize offered goes to H. Hosey Davis (143 Sefton Park Road, Bristol), who alone gave both solutions.

Other solutions (the author's) have been received from—J. Chadwick, Colonel Forbes, Geo. M. Norman, P. Osborn, Basil Spooner, E. J. Winter-Wood, and Rev. Roger J. Wright.

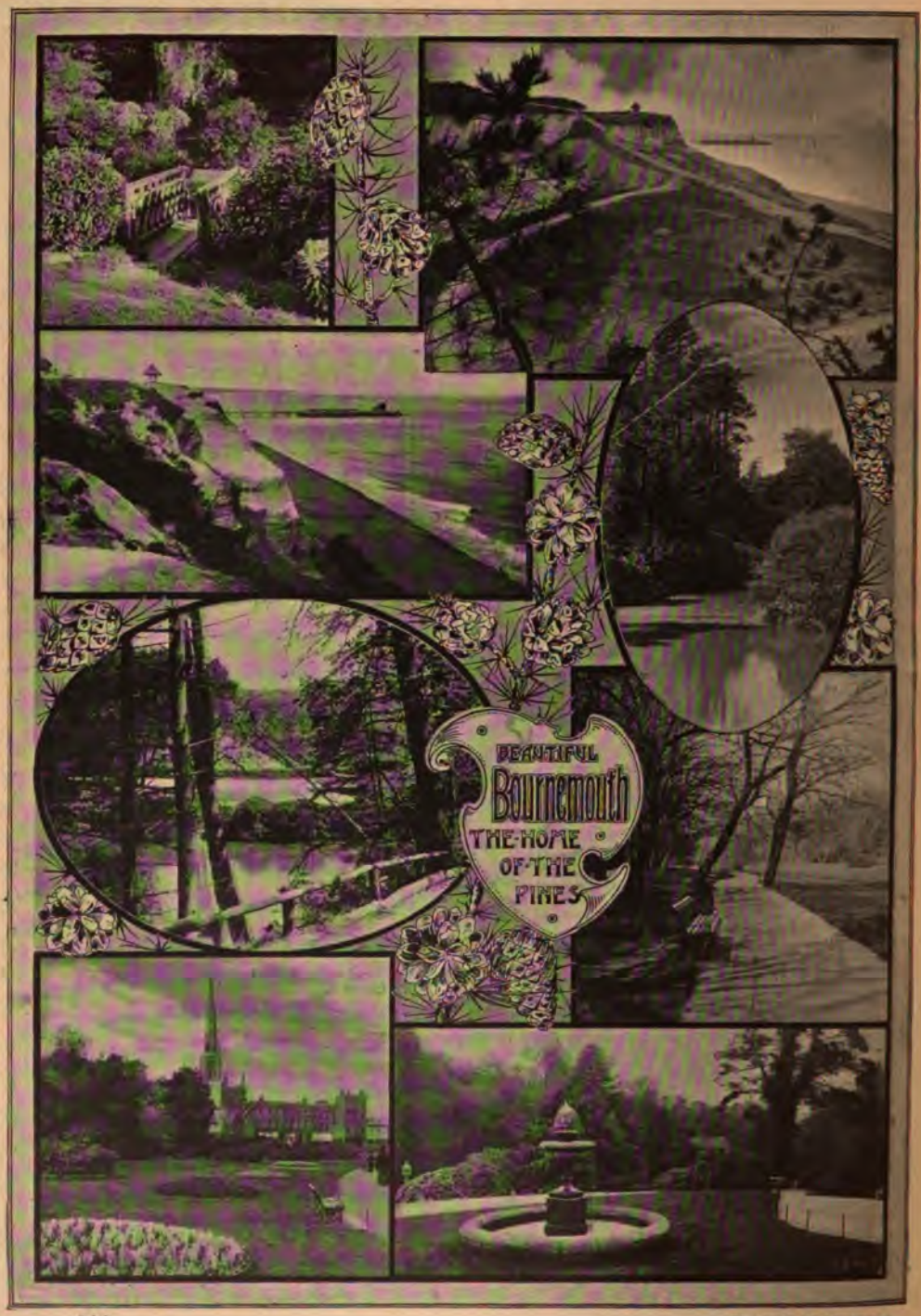
The following gave the "cook" only:—Arthur J. Head, R. G. Thomson and Fredk. U. Wilhelmy.

Mrs. Baird, whose reputation for avoiding "cooks" is surely second to none, points out that a black pawn on black's Q Kt 7 renders the position quite sound. [*See over.*

Our Chess Page

Solutions of ordinary problems (November to February) are crowded out for want of space. They shall appear next month without fail.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*



Photos by E. W. Jackson

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co. *From the painting by Briton Rivière*

WILL HE COME?

What it means to be a British Ambassador

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN

THE Diplomatic Service has great attractions to the young man of good family, and many younger sons of men of high rank are early destined for this profession, and educated accordingly. Very much interest has generally to be brought to bear to secure an appointment, even that of sub-rank, but an apprenticeship once served, a clever young fellow may reasonably look forward to a fairly quick promotion through the grades of secretaryship to that of *chargé d'affaires*. As such, he holds his credentials, not from the sovereign but from the Ministry, and he is accredited, not to the monarch of the country where he will now reside, but to the Department for Foreign Affairs. The next step is that of Envoy, and the diplomate who fills this office receives his credentials direct from his sovereign; but he does not represent his sovereign's personal dignity, only his affairs. Then he becomes Minister, formally accredited to a foreign sovereign or State, but with the same dignity as that appertaining to his former office. Finally, and generally only after several years' service, he may attain to the exalted position of Ambassador—a title, by the way, of French origin—that is, should a vacancy occur while he is yet of suitable age to take upon himself such onerous and important duties.

Photo by *Russell and Sons*

SIR E. MONSON

British Ambassador at Paris

It may, however, at once be conceded that it is only to the very few the distinguished position is available; for although the Diplomatic Corps of Great Britain is large, yet, out of the number, there are only seven personages who are holding the envied rank of Ambassador. The countries to which these are attached are France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, America, and Turkey, with salaries ranging from £4000 in Italy to £9000 in France—the latter of course being considered the plum of the Diplomatic Service.

The majority of Ambassadors spend a very large amount over and above the salary paid by the country, the demands upon their purse being numerous; and as a part of their actual duty consists in entertaining, enormous sums are often disbursed. Perhaps the most striking example of modern ambassadorial expenditure in the direction of hospitality is that of the British Minister to the Court of Russia at the time of the coronation of the Tzar;

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

SIR F. LASCELLES

British Ambassador at Berlin

an absolute necessity to a man who is the actual representative of his sovereign, and who may at any time be called upon to receive within his portals the monarch of the country where he is residing.

Few can appreciate how weighty and important are the duties of an Ambassador; he practically plays the *rôle* of a king. Also he can negotiate with foreign governments, for when he first arrives at the Court to which he is accredited he has with him a sealed letter from his sovereign to the sovereign to whom he is sent, saying that the former will approve of everything his representative does in his name.

Of course his Excellency must not interfere in any way with the Government at whose Court he is an Ambassador, and equally he must not side with any particular political party of that country; his is the difficult position of absolute neutrality and friendship with each leader. He must study all policies, and understand the trend of apparently unimportant events, in order that he may be fully prepared for any emergency; and he must keep his sovereign and his Government posted in all political and other happenings. In all functions he ranks next to princes of the royal house, unless when he is directly representing the King—as he often has to do—then to all

for his Excellency spent many thousands of pounds of his own money in one week in upholding the dignity and honour of his country, over and above the special sum voted by our Government for the purpose.

Of course every Ambassador has an official residence, and each one of these may be termed palatial in dimensions, and rich and beautiful in interior arrangements. Such accommodation is

Photo by *Mary Spencer Warren*

DINING-ROOM, BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN

intents and purposes he *is* the King. It may be said that no Ambassador can be sent to a country against that country's wish. It is an unwritten rule that the name of the personage designated by the British sovereign should be submitted to the Court for which he is purposed, and should the name be received with favour, an intimation to that effect is at once accorded; this custom prevents any possible unpleasantness on his Excellency's arrival.

Photo by *Mary Spencer Warren*

THRONE-ROOM, BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN

In days gone by, the journey of an Ambassador to a Court was an imposing affair, and it is only as recently as the year 1840 that the practice of sending their Excellencies in a man-of-war was discontinued. State carriages and horses were also sent from the foreign Court for their use, but now each Ambassador has in his own stables a semi-state equipage, in addition to a number of private carriages.

An ambassadorial staff when attending any State or formal ceremony makes a very imposing display, for each member is clad in uniform, and that worn by the Diplomatic Corps is very brilliant. At any palace or building at which the staff are visiting, a mounted guard accords them full honours; that is, arms are presented, and the British National Anthem is played on arrival and departure. It is *de rigueur* that until the Ambassador has been received by the sovereign of the Court to which he is appointed, he is not at liberty to call on or accept invitations from his fellow-ambassadors or any subjects, but when the royal reception is once over, dinners and visits are the order of the day. It is ambassadorial etiquette that *personal* visits are paid only to those of equal rank, on ministers of lower order a card is left.

An Ambassador has many privileges; he is entitled to either public or private audience with the sovereign of the Court to which he is attached, and he may, if he choose to do so, enter and remain in that

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

SIR FRANCIS PLUNKETT

British Ambassador at Vienna

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

SIR N. O'CONNOR

British Ambassador at Constantinople

sovereign's presence with his hat on. Naturally this is now an obsolete custom, at the same time it never has been repealed, and can be enforced. At all foreign Courts to which ambassadors are accredited, it is customary, when these diplomatists are acting in concert during any crisis, for the *doyen* to act as spokesman; that is, the one of senior service at that Court.

An Ambassador is exempt from the taxes of the country in which he resides, and may even refuse the payment of local rates. Moreover he enjoys perfect immunity from that country's laws, and not only he, but his family, his staff, and his servants. He and they cannot be arrested for debt, and he can import a certain amount of foreign goods free of duty, the amount varying in different countries; that is, some concede free importation for first six months of office with after annual concessions; others give periodical free importation up to a certain value.

Should his Excellency be guilty of any offence against the country, his recall can be demanded of the British Court, and, needless to say, if any member of an Ambassador's suite should offend the criminal law of the country, the Minister would promptly hand him over for trial—otherwise a grave breach between the countries might be incurred; but the emissaries of the law could not by any possibility enter the Embassy to make an arrest or serve a writ, as, once having crossed the threshold, they would be on English ground; every one living beneath that roof is amenable to British law only.

An ambassadorial residence is both palatial and comfortable, the larger saloons being eminently suitable for the official functions which from time to time are enacted there. As has been already stated, the monarch or princes at whose Court his Excellency is appointed must be often received, also distinguished English visitors passing through the city must be entertained, these often including princes of our royal house. As an Ambassador is expected to keep up the dignity of his sovereign and his country, it will be readily understood that so exalted an office can only be filled by a man of large means as well as of tact and thoroughly cosmopolitan political and general knowledge.

By far the greater number of ordinary callers at a British Embassy are received in a spacious apartment known as the chancery, one of the two or three secretaries being always in attendance to receive such callers; needless to say, the Ambassador himself could not be taxed with the reception of every visitor. Literally, people of all sorts and conditions pass in and out.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

SIR MORTIMER DURAND

British Ambassador at Madrid

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

SIR CHARLES SCOTT

The retiring British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, now to be succeeded by the Hon. Chas. Hardinge

sometimes in endless procession, from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. The diversity of their petitions and requests can hardly be gauged. And the correspondence of an Embassy is enormous. It is first dealt with by the secretaries, and afterwards placed before the Ambassador in brief. Of course the important documents conveyed thither by the King's messengers direct from London are opened by his Excellency himself. This alone, and the mass of correspondence which *must* be referred to him, take up a large amount of time. Then there are a number of visitors whose business is of such a nature, or who hold office of such importance, that it is only his Britannic Majesty's direct representative who can confer with them.

Another duty of an Ambassador is to present at Court all Englishmen visiting his place of residence, that is, of course, those who have been presented at St. James's, and he must also protect all English residents from violence and injustice, and procure for them the full benefit of the country's laws.

An Ambassador at one Court is occasionally transferred to another, but this generally means that his Excellency takes up more important duties and has an extended sphere of work. The recall of a minister for offence or unsuitability never now takes place, for every British Ambassador is a man of tried capabilities. If such an event should occur as either his withrawal or dismissal when there are grave differences between the countries, such a rupture of diplomatic relations is tantamount to a declaration of war.

BY MRS. NEWMAN

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "LAST OF THE HADDONS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—A HOME OF HER OWN

IN a very different frame of mind was James Morse. He had been defeated, and only escaped exposure by a lucky chance. But he knew the man he had been dealing with, and knew that no word against himself or his father would be spoken by Thomas May now that he had pledged his word that it should not. He could not, however, let the matter rest, hinting first to one and then to another that he had decided to take Thomas May's word about having paid the money although he could not produce the receipt, expatiating a little too pertinaciously upon his own largeness of spirit.

To his aunt, the cause of all the mischief, as he in his own mind termed it, he would have liked to express a little more of what he felt. But what could he find to say? How could he blame her for an act the object of which was to spare him trouble and expense? It was not possible to say he had been deceiving May and that she had undeceived him, thereby bringing about what every honest-minded man would desire to be brought about. Moreover, he had the strongest reason for not desiring that the subject should be again discussed before Barbara—Barbara so clear-sighted in the matter of motives. He could not help feeling that she would be likely to put a different construction upon the fact of his unwillingness to show May the book from that which had suggested itself to her mother.

Still he could not refrain from making one or two remarks sufficiently suggestive of blame to bring the tears into Mrs. Hurst's eyes, and to render her nervously anxious to once more explain her reasons and excuse herself.

"Dear James, I quite thought you wished him to see the book, though you were too proud to show it to him yourself after his speaking so sharply. You know you said as much the other day. And it *has* stopped the proceedings."

"It has stopped *my* proceedings and given him possession of those fields again, if that's what you mean. I could not—that is, I did not feel inclined to hold out when he came begging and entreating me to spare him, on account of his wife and family."

"Begging and entreating, did he now? It means a deal when Thomas May does the like of that! And of course it was all the more kind of you to give way."

"Some hundreds a year the poorer, anyhow, thanks to you."

At this, Mrs. Hurst gave way to a fresh outburst of tears and ejaculations of distress, retiring to her own room.

"Don't fret, mother," said Barbara, who

found her overwhelmed with remorse, and would know the cause. "If you made a mistake, which I don't believe you did, it was at least with the intention of doing him a service, and that ought to tell you something."

"It was on account of Thomas May's wife and children that he gave way, Barbara."

"But they were reasons that existed before, mother." And Barbara's mouth took the expression which Mrs. Hurst

"SOME HUNDREDS A YEAR THE POORER, ANYHOW, THANKS TO YOU"

understood well enough to venture no more.

"Good as she was, dear Barbara was always inclined to be a little hard when James was in question," thought the anxious mother, at the same time more than a little puzzled to understand why this should be since both were so good. "But there is Lucy, I must try what I can do with her."

Like her aunt, Lucy could not be brought to see that people are not always precisely what they appear to be. To these two

"But he says I've been the cause of his losing hundreds and hundreds a year, and that I ought not to have——"

"By showing the book! Dear mother, how could that be? No, James has not yielded to Mr. Morse without knowing it would be better for him to do so."

James Morse seemed almost stern in his rectitude, as indeed he was with regard to other people's, and they put their heads together to discover the best way of making his goodness better known.

In their endeavour to bring this about they created quite an opposite effect from that they had intended, not every one they met being just then in the vein to listen to their praises of him.

Thomas May had faithfully kept his promise to let bygones be bygones when questioned, merely repeating that everything had been satisfactorily arranged between himself and James Morse. Those, however, who were beginning to know something of the latter in his business relations did not quite believe the statement that he had not enforced his rights solely out of consideration for May's family. It was somewhat the same in the case of John Westbury, public opinion had for some time been steadily veering round in his favour. Wounded as he had been by the way in which his quondam friend had deserted him in the time of his downfall, he had at first given him credit for acting from a high sense of honour, and although his opinion about this had been a great deal modified, he did not believe him capable of doing what some were beginning to hint at.

But his honest attempts to combat the aspersions cast upon his old friend's character and motives had a precisely opposite effect to that which had been intended. James Morse's attacks upon him were too fresh in people's minds. *He* had not been known to utter a word in defence of John—*he* had not stood by his friend in the hour of need. In fact, people were beginning to form their own conclusions and judge for themselves, and two factions were springing up in the town, not the least strong being that in favour of John Westbury. The more this became apparent the more angry became Morse, and he did not spare his aunt, who he believed had, by her injudicious methods of attempting to improve matters, only made them worse. It was, too, characteristic of him to attack the weaker.

On recognising that her mother was taking the matter seriously to heart, Barbara came to the determination that the time had arrived for her to have a home of her own, and promptly acted upon it. Having quietly arranged matters so that there could be no going back, she told her cousin that she had taken a cottage on the other side of the town, nearer the Post-office—for her mother and herself.

In vain he expostulated, in vain her mother added her pleadings. Barbara said little, but quietly went on with her preparations.

"Is it fair to me, Barbara? Here has been and always will be a good home for Aunt Martha, and people will say—it will look as though——"

"One has to learn not to mind what people say, James, and the time has come for mother to have a home of her own."

"She would be satisfied for things to go on as they are, if you were, I'm sure of that."

"I am certainly not satisfied to know she is blamed, after doing her best for you and yours so many years."

"I don't say that she doesn't mean well. At the same time, she may not always be the best judge as to what will really help one. To go off to May with that book, now."

"She couldn't possibly know that was doing you an injury. How could she, when you declared you would not yourself show it to him, because he had said some unpleasant things about your father! I myself thought you were expressing a half-wish that some one else would show it to him."

He bit his lip. How was it that nothing she could do or say could prevent his caring for her, as he could care for no other woman in the world?

"Look here, Barbara. Just say what you want different, and I will try to do it. To begin with, I will promise to say no other word of blame, as you call it, direct or indirect, to Aunt Martha, if that's what you want."

"That's what I have wanted for many a long day, James. But I want a change now, and I only ask you to let mother and me go, without any anger on either side."

"My father little thought what would come of his generosity in giving her an income," he ejaculated, becoming angry again.

"Had he done what he solemnly promised grandfather on his death-bed to do, that is, fairly divide the property between my mother and her sister, it would have been no more than right, James. Knowing that, I allowed mother to take the twenty-five pounds as something of her own."

"My father never told me there was any such promise."

"It was given, all the same!"

"How can you know that?"

"Because I was present."

"Why, you were a child when grandfather died—not more than eight or nine years old."

"I was in the room when your father gave the promise."

"Of course, if you choose to say that—I only know there is the will all fair and square to speak for itself; and you must remember——"

"I will remember that your father is dead, and let the matter rest. No word of mine will be spoken to cast a slur upon his memory. Nothing would have been said now, had we not been alone, and had you not talked of his generosity to mother and me. All the same, I see that it is time for her to have a little home of her own now."

He saw that he would not be able to alter her decision, and sullenly left her, returning to his office, where he tried, although not quite with his usual success, to solace himself by going over his accounts.

CHAPTER IX.—"TOO YOUNG"

As soon as she recognised that the change was inevitable, Mrs. Hurst began to take some interest in arranging her new home—a great deal more interest than she would have believed possible a short time previously.

Barbara's little savings went for the purchase of what was necessary in the way of furniture, in addition to what Mrs. Hurst had of her own when she broke up her little home to keep house for Richard Morse.

When it became known that the mother and daughter were about to set up housekeeping for themselves—it was said on account of the probable marriage of James Hurst and his sister—many who had received a kindness from Mrs. Hurst were ready to lend a helping hand. Moreover, new and altogether unexpected help came in a mysterious way, and from an unknown quarter.

All kinds of things for use and comfort found their way to the cottage, now arriving a cosy, well-cushioned chair and couch, now a pretty clock, work-table, and whatnot, addressed to Mrs. Hurst, but with no intimation as to who were the senders.

"But we can easily guess where it all comes from, can't we, Barbara?" said Mrs. Hurst in high delight. "James was thinking I like my ten minutes' nap after dinner, when he chose that beautiful chair; and that work-table and the pictures seem to have been intended specially for you, don't they, Barbara?"

"Perhaps they were, mother," laying her hand caressingly upon the table.

"And his doing it like this, too, wanting to take no credit to himself, shows how kind he really feels to us. Haven't I always said——"

"Every one who knows you knows how much you think of a kindness done, mother dear. You see you have done so many yourself, and they have a way of coming home to roost. Best of all, you are beginning to enjoy being monarch of all you survey, now are you not?"

"I can't say it's unpleasant certainly, dear."

Her growing pride in her little home was, indeed, becoming evident enough.

"It is nice to have a little home of our very own, to be sure, and James seems to have thought of everything to make it pretty as well as comfortable for us; although he wouldn't let me try to thank him as I wanted to."

"You did try then, mother?"

"Why, yes, I thought I was in duty bound to do that. But when I began to tell him how much you admired the work-table, and the pictures, and the rest, he wouldn't let me go on, seeming not to like to hear it spoken of."

"I suppose not."

"That he should think of all those lovely things, even to pictures and ornaments. Why, the parlour looks as genteel as——" She paused, not finding a sufficiently eulogistic word to express her admiration.

After a while Mrs. Hurst had another surprise. The cottage was in the main road, which led to the iron-works about a mile distant, where John Westbury was employed, and it came about that he began to look in there on his way home in the evening. At first he came to offer his services in the way of knocking in nails, or assisting to place the heavier furniture, and what not; then it was a matter of course to offer him a cup of tea, and, later on, to expect him to look in more regularly.

"I think he is still harping on the old

story, Barbara dear, and hoping you will perhaps be able to help him with Lucy."

Lucy! Barbara smiled. "That is quite over and done with, mother. She must know, by this time, you can't play fast and loose with one like John. He is not likely to break his heart about that now, at any rate."

"He is very cheerful for sure, dear. Not that she'd have done so badly if she'd kept to him either. He seems to have got on wonderfully at the Works! Says he shall be able to save now he's paid all that off at the Bank. They were ready to take him back at the Bank, too, he says, but he can do better staying on at the Works, now."

"He seems to take you entirely into his confidence, mother."

"He really does, and I do like his ways, though I dare say he can be a bit masterful sometimes. You like him too, Barbara?"

"Yes;" in her heart of hearts wishing he were not quite so mistrustful of himself in certain directions. "He says no one makes tea as you do, dear."

"And that no one makes toast like yours."

Barbara laughed. "He is doing his best to spoil us both, I think."

Mrs. Hurst had noticed a wonderful change in Barbara of late. She was always so light-hearted, and ready to make the best of things, now. Only when her mother was inclined to launch out on the subject of James Morse's goodness did she become a little grave and restive.

"I must bide my time," thought Mrs. Hurst. "She will see more to like in him by and by. I think she does already. The care she takes of that table shows she can't pass it without giving it a kindly little pat, and no one must dust it but herself—not even I. The way she looks at that engraving, too. She told John the other day she was sure it came from some one who knew how she would admire it. Him saying it was not half good enough too!" Adding to her daughter—

"He is easy to get on with, is John. I never knew any one so pleasant and kind."

"Not even James, mother?"

"Well, you see it's not quite the same," a little confusedly; "and—there's different ways of liking people, you know."

"Now, mother, you really must excuse my saying it, but I am afraid I could not look up to John as a father. Of course, if it has to be, I suppose I must try, but it will be difficult."

"A father! how could that be?—Oh, Barbara, you are not thinking—you surely can't mean——"

"Don't look so frightened. I don't now, and never shall, think you are anything but a dear old mummie, who may be safely trusted to do what your kind heart prompts you to do, if you will only trust to your own judgment instead of to other people's. As to John,"—with a laughing glance at her mother's anxious face,—"when one comes to think of it, he *is* rather too young for you perhaps."

"Goodness me, yes! I should think so, indeed! If I thought—— But there, he would never be so silly. An old woman like me, indeed!"

"He certainly is not silly."

"No, of course not. He wouldn't be so welcome here if he were. And it really does us a world of good to see him come in his cheery way, doesn't it? Always so ready to do anything about the house for us too, and the talks you and he have together over the books he brings you. You look quite happy now, Barbara dear."

"Do I? You see things are so different for us now, mother. Of course it does me good to see you so contented in your new home."

Was a new hope growing up in her mind, that the greatest happiness she could conceive of might be in store for her? John Westbury had said no word as yet, more than a faithful friend might say. There was, indeed, a slight constraint in his manner when alone with her; but this notwithstanding, she could not help hoping that, in time perhaps, that which her heart hungered for might come. If not—should it never come—she told herself she would be better off a thousand times with him as her friend than with James Morse as a lover.

But the days passed on with no apparent change. John still went to the cottage two or three times a week, paying more attention to the mother than to the daughter. He was, however, beginning now to talk of some new prospect opening out for him in the future—a prospect which, but for the stain upon his name, a stain he seemed almost as conscious of as at first—gave promise of making him more prosperous than he had dared to hope for.

CHAPTER X.—"YES"

AS time went on Barbara began to notice that she met Lucy's lover, Mr. Bently, very frequently on her way to and from the office, and that he made occasion to say a few words to her. Under the impression that he wanted to talk about Lucy, she did not avoid him. But she very soon found that this was a subject he had ceased to care for, and at length his real motive became evident, and he asked her to be his wife. He was very quickly disposed of, but a consequence followed for which she was even less prepared.

Lucy was beginning to look in at the cottage more frequently, and, as Barbara noticed, generally on those days John Westbury was in the habit of going there.

"GOOD NEWS, BARBARA! THE ONE THING TO MAKE HAPPINESS POSSIBLE FOR ME HAS COME ABOUT"

Moreover, she took Barbara into her confidence. Mr. Bently had become less and less attentive, and, when her brother questioned him as to the cause, he said he had come to the conclusion that Lucy and he were unsuited to each other. Then they had words, and he had not gone to the cottage since. She acknowledged, too, with pretty blushing hesitation, that she was beginning to think Barbara had been right when she said that John ought not to have been thrown over as he was.

"Will you try to put in a good word for me, Barbara? You used to think I ought not to believe what was said of him, and I don't—now."

What could Barbara say? She knew that if John had no love for herself he certainly had none for Lucy, now. Being herself, she could only take the straight way.

"Is it not better to think no more of that, Lucy? Having once taken you at your word, he is not the man to change again."

"But I thought if you gave him a little hint, just say that you know there is nothing between Mr. Bently and me, John might come round. He *was* fond of me, and—I have fancied that his coming here so often may be because he hopes to meet me, perhaps."

"He and I have been fast friends ever since his trouble, Lucy."

"Yes, I know," anxiously adding, "Do you think he is beginning to care for you more than as a friend, Barbara?"

"He has not said so," replied Barbara, wondering what she could say if Lucy should ask another question.

But Lucy had accepted her reply as confirmatory of her own opinion. In her self-complacency it was difficult to imagine she could in any way have lost her charm in John's eyes, or that Barbara could compete with her.

"He doesn't want to seem too ready to come round, that is it," she thought. She therefore did her best to reassure him, going to the cottage again and again, and becoming so gracious that John Westbury began to understand, and changed the day of his visit there. Still she contrived to meet him. Nothing seemed to convince her that she was no longer charming in his eyes. In truth, she only succeeded in rendering him astonished at his past infatuation.

A fine sunny day in May, Barbara returned from her work to find John Westbury awaiting her at the cottage, but John Westbury transformed!

"You are earlier than usual, John!" she ejaculated, looking at him with not a little surprise as she recognised the change that had taken place in him since last they met. What had come to him? What made him look like this? his face radiant with happiness, as he met her going in, and took both her hands in his. And why did he open the door of the little parlour—the drawing-room as they termed it in jest at her mother's reverential care of everything there—and draw her in, shutting the door?

"Good news, Barbara! The one thing to make happiness possible for me has come about."

"That sounds rather mysterious," she said, white and trembling with sudden fear, her whole mind filled with the one thought—Lucy! Had she been mistaken—had he returned to his first love? She strove with herself, and bravely met his eyes, as she added in a low voice—

"Tell me what it is, John?"

"Let me say this first: will you be my wife, Barbara—my one—only love, as you have taught me to understand the word? Dear Barbara, do not keep me in suspense. Just one word! If you can care for me, I should like you to feel by and by that you have accepted me without knowing what I have to tell. Will you come to me, just as things are?"

She put both her hands into his, and simply replied—

"Yes."

"But what is it you have to tell me, John?" she presently asked, her head upon his breast.

"This. A man, imprisoned for another offence, has confessed that he and his confederates, knowing what I carried in my bag every week to the Works, planned to get it, and, rendering me unconscious with chloroform, stole the money. I did not bet, nor drink, nor go to the races, as they said I did, to the people gathered about me where I lay with the empty bag by my side. They had just kept me out of the way until I began to recover, and then drove me to where I was found outside the railway-station, propped against the wall, saying they had given me a lift from the race-course, where I had made myself incapable with drink, after betting and gambling my money away."

"But, dear John, I never believed you had done that."

"Others did, you know. My character was gone, and—— Well, I told myself it was not for me to ask one such as you to be my wife—not, at any rate, until I had righted myself in the sight of others. No, I felt that even my love did not warrant me in trying to win your love, until I had done something to set myself straight with the world."

"But it is known you paid back the money, working hard, and depriving yourself even of necessaries to do it, and a few knew, without evidence, that you had not taken it."

"That was not enough for me. I was not going to drag the woman I loved down to my level."

"Wasn't there a little pride in that, John dear?"

"Perhaps there was, but more on her account than on mine, I think." Taking her face between his hands, he added—"Guess what next I have to tell you, Barbara mine."

"As if it mattered—as if there could be any next. Oh, John, what will my hair look like! You really must try to remember that fluffiness has gone out!"

"We will bring it in again. Listen, Barbara, you have heard about my inven-

"RENDERING ME UNCONSCIOUS WITH CHLOROFORM, STOLE THE MONEY"

tion, enough and to spare about that, haven't you?"

She laughed.

"Fortunately you did not insist upon my understanding all the technicalities."

"It is a rather complicated affair, certainly; but it is a great success, and it will affect the whole trade, making thousands a year difference to the firm, to say nothing of the royalties to come from other firms, both here and abroad. Already they are offering me a partnership."

"A partnership! At the Works! Why, John!"

"If it hadn't been for that hundred you sent me, Barbara, I shouldn't have got out the working model and the patent, perhaps not for years, and by that time some one might have stepped before me. Although I would not use your money to get out of debt at the Bank, I thought I might fairly do so to get out the patent, making you my partner. So you see you have helped me to a fortune as well as happiness, darling."

"You are quite sure?"

"That you are a darling? Of course I am."

"Now, John, I meant——" She hesitated, conscious that Lucy had been in her mind, and smilingly added, "Oh, nothing!" It was, indeed, sufficiently evident that he was hers, as she was his, and she could not affect to think otherwise.

When Mrs. Hurst presently looked in to tell them that tea was waiting in the other room—it was her pride to keep the little parlour unused, a show-room Barbara called it—the latter said—

"I suppose John will expect to have tea in the drawing-room now, mother. He is going to be of some consequence in the world."

"Of consequence, dear?" repeated Mrs. Hurst; "has he come into a fortune then?"

"Better, he has made one for himself. Dear mother, there is good news all round," proceeding to explain how his character had been cleared, and to tell of the wonderful invention, finishing up with "John will tell you the rest."

He did this in a very few words, giving ocular demonstration of the fact.

"Oh, Barbara, my child, why, that is the very best news of all! I know now that's what will make you happy, for I do believe you've always cared for John in your heart."

"And you know now where all the pretty things came from, mother."

"The chair for me, and the pictures and pretty things for you. Yes, of course, I see now they came from John; that's why you set such store upon them, Barbara dear."

The home of the Westburys—a stately Elizabethan mansion—stands in the midst of a large well-timbered park, a mile or so from the town. A fine estate that was sold on the death of the owner, the last of a long line of his name. John Westbury is member for the county, a magistrate, and head of the large firm known the world over. They live simply, largely, and intelligently; using the wealth that has come to them, not only for the well-being of the employees at the Works, but for the advancement of the whole neighbourhood, and are looked up to by all the country-side. Their sons and daughters take their share in life's work with the healthy zest of those trained to use their physical and mental faculties. The mother tells her boys of the manly way in which their father strove against misfortune, and the father tells his girls he would not have succeeded but for their mother. Thus the sons learn to respect women, and the daughters to respect men, the leaven so much needed in the world—a leaven the importance of which can scarcely be overrated, considering the disastrous effects of a rivalry tending to neither real morality nor essential progress.

James Morse is also a wealthy man. If wealth renders him more content he gives no evidence of it, and he never appears more discontented and morose than when he has been brought into contact with the Westburys. It is then that Lucy is harshly reminded she might have been mistress at the Park had she been wiser; it is then she is reminded that she has lost all the prettiness which was her only charm. Poor Lucy finds her best consolation in her visits to the Park, where she is always made welcome. There, she is never made to feel herself forlorn and lonely; indeed, she is beginning to respond to Barbara's invitation to assist in some of her many schemes for the benefit of the poor in the town, and to think less of her own misfortune.

Meantime, the motto of both houses—with how great a difference in the interpretation—is, "Keep on the Safe Side."

THE END

Cape Pigeons and Whale-Birds[1]

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," ETC.

WHALE-BIRDS

I lay separated from my shipmates under the shadow of a great rock.

THE Pintado Petrel, as the Cape Pigeon is somewhat pedantically called by the naturalist, is a most delightful and cheery little bird, although his habitat is one of the very loneliest known. If I dared, I would say that the Cape Pigeon is the marine counterpart of the Peewit or Plover. But an unscientific observer does get dropped upon so for a casual remark like that, that perhaps I had better go no farther than to say that in colour, in flight, and in voice, yes, and in size also, there is a very distinct and striking similarity between the pretty white-and-black citizen of the great South Sea and the Peewit of the newly-ploughed land in our own dear home. In vivacity of movement the difference is in favour of the sea-bird—an overmastering energy seems to be continually impelling it to action, and I should be quite prepared to find that it does not sit quietly upon its eggs. But perhaps before I go any farther I must try to give a little description of this, to southern-going seamen, exceedingly well-known bird, though to naturalists hardly known at all. In size it is between an ordinary tame pigeon and a wood-pigeon, not quite so elegant

[1] Copyright in the United States of America by Frank T. Bullen, 1904.

in its outlines, and with a somewhat larger head in proportion to the size of its body. Like all the petrels, it has a hooked beak, which is really an absolute necessity, considering the rapidity with which it must seize its slimy food. Its plumage is just white and black—white as regards the bulk of the body, breast, neck, etc., with a curiously regular and conventional pattern of black across the upper part of the wings and body. Its head is like a ball of black velvet, its feet are like the wings of a little bat, so silky and nervously energetic. Like all its congeners, and for the same reason, it eats whatever it can get that is eatable. That is to say, eatable in its very wide ideas of what constitutes really edible food. It samples everything, rejecting only that which is obviously impossible, like wood or pumice-stone, of which latter produce of submarine fires there is often abundance floating in Southern Seas. But its chief characteristic is its cheery vivacity. In lovableness I cannot give it the place of honour, when I remember the little darling of all the wide oceans, the Mother Carey's chicken, but it is a close second. And I am filled with sorrow when I remember how many I have seen caught or wantonly shot by passengers for amusement. The necessity could never arise, except in case of shipwreck and consequent starvation, for these deep-sea birds are all practically uneatable except when overpowering hunger compels. Their flesh is rank, oily, and hard, the muscles being indurated by their amazingly active life.

The Whale-birds, so called from an utterly unfounded superstition among the whale-fishers that their appearance in large flocks heralds the approach or the immediate vicinity of whales, are almost mysterious in their aloofness from man. Whereas the Albatross, the Mallymauk, Cape Hen, and Mother Carey's chicken, with especially the Cape Pigeon, act towards passing ships as if they too realised intensely the grim loneliness of the vast Southern Sea, the Whale-birds are quite content with their own company, but that is always in large numbers. Again,—a great distinction from all other Southern Sea birds, who, while rarely abiding in entire solitude as regards their own kind, almost always confine their companionship to one or two chosen chums with whom to scour the wide free spaces of Antarctica,—Whale-birds are never seen but in flocks numbering some hundreds, and that only when there is much food about. Yet I never saw them feeding at such a time. I have often seen them hovering about above the crowds of vociferous roisterers assisting at the demolishment of a dead whale, but it seemed a pure absurdity to imagine them descending into that dread arena within reach of lethal beaks and mighty wings, for they are tiny birds, scarcely larger than the Stormy Petrel, and more elegantly built. The Sandpiper is, I think, the nearest of possibly familiar birds with which I can compare them. White and dove colour is their plumage, their main characteristic timidity, and their voice has a gently cooing note in it, as if deprecating their enterprise in thus apparently coming into serious competition with the far more strenuous inhabitants of the sea spaces. It is principally for this reason that I have called them mysterious. I cannot at all understand how they are able to hold their own, to live and keep plentiful in those stern regions.

In the particulars which follow I hope it will be understood that I am describing entirely from memory, my mind must reach back a quarter of a century for detail unobtainable elsewhere. Imagine a thrush, almost pure white except across the wings and the top of the head, and with wings half as long again, pointed almost like those of a swift. The beak is straight and nearly white, the eyes, in common with most sea-birds, full and dark. The legs are long in proportion, and of a yellowish hue, feet small with delicate webs, and tail slender and tapering. In spite of the shape of its wings, it does not fly with the darting sweep of the swallow, nor has it the bold, decided action of the thrush when on the wing. In company with a band of its companions it flies slowly, almost heavily for so slightly-built a bird, the whole flock rising and falling like a wave at a fairly level distance of some thirty or forty feet above the sea. Their movements are as unlike those of the ordinary sea-birds as one can imagine, they appear to have no objective, and to be so timid that they hardly dare to descend and feed. Yet, as far as one can tell, there is no ground for this excessive fear. They do not appear to have any enemies, as indeed may be said of most of the Southern Sea birds, among men or birds or fish, so that when they die it is almost always by the operation of some peculiarly natural force.

The only time that I can ever remember seeing these tiny sea-wanderers feeding was once when landed upon an outlying cay of the Loyalty Islands for wood and cocoa-palm leaves for making brooms. We had toiled very hard for some hours, and had at last been graciously accorded a short rest for a smoke. I lay separated from my shipmates under the shadow of a great rock out of the fierce noonday sun, dreamily puffing at my pipe, and gazing over the dazzling stretch of sand before me at the bold landward rush of the mighty breakers. Suddenly there appeared a small flock of Whale-birds gliding undulatory towards me from seaward, and with many a graceful flutter, settling and rising again, they finally folded all their pretty wings, and appeared content to remain. At the first I took them for Terns, but remembered their flight and also their voices, which, instead of being sharp and penetrating like the cry of a Tern, were soft and appealing; to one's imagination they were deprecating being alive at all. And then to my great interest they began to feed. Mincingly, delicately, they pattered about the sand near the sea-margin, prying with the fine points of their beaks into crannies, and evidently finding much food of some sort, and that greatly to their taste. For an hour I lay and watched them, until, with a hurried scampering together, they rose in a little cloud and swept away out to sea. It was a shipmate of mine who, strolling leisurely along beachward, had startled them, for which I felt I could willingly have flung a stone at him. As soon as he saw me he asked if I had seen the birds, calling them by the correct whaler's name, Whale-birds, and when I grunted assent, he inflicted upon me a foolish tedious yarn of there being something supernatural about Whale-birds. That they never ate and never rested because they had no feet, and other skittles of the kind. To which I replied that he might, had he used his eyes, have seen them both eating and walking a few minutes ago, and so have been able to enjoy the great pleasure of putting anybody right upon the subject who came to him with such a story. But he did not seem to see any advantage in that.

There can be no question about the right of the Whale-bird to be called one of the Deep Sea People proper, that is to say, as much so as the Albatross or Stormy Petrel, because it inhabits precisely the same regions as they do, although not so frequently seen. But there is a certain amount of mystery attaching to the little wanderers, from their never being seen to feed at sea or ever to alight on the water, although their feet are delicately webbed as if for swimming purposes. Added to all this is their apparently feeble, undecided flight, which seems so unnatural in a bird that is met with a thousand miles from land, and that does not avail itself, as far as can be told, of the rest afforded by the sea-surface. I have never been able to imagine what becomes of them in a gale. In theory they should be hurled along like dried leaves without power of direction whithersoever the storm-wind chooses to carry them. But knowing what we do of the truly marvellous way in which all sea-birds can and do manipulate their pinions in the tremendous presence of the tempest, it is utterly unwise to suppose that even the feeble Whale-birds are unable to maintain their position and prosecute their mysterious business, no matter how fiercely the gale may rage about them.

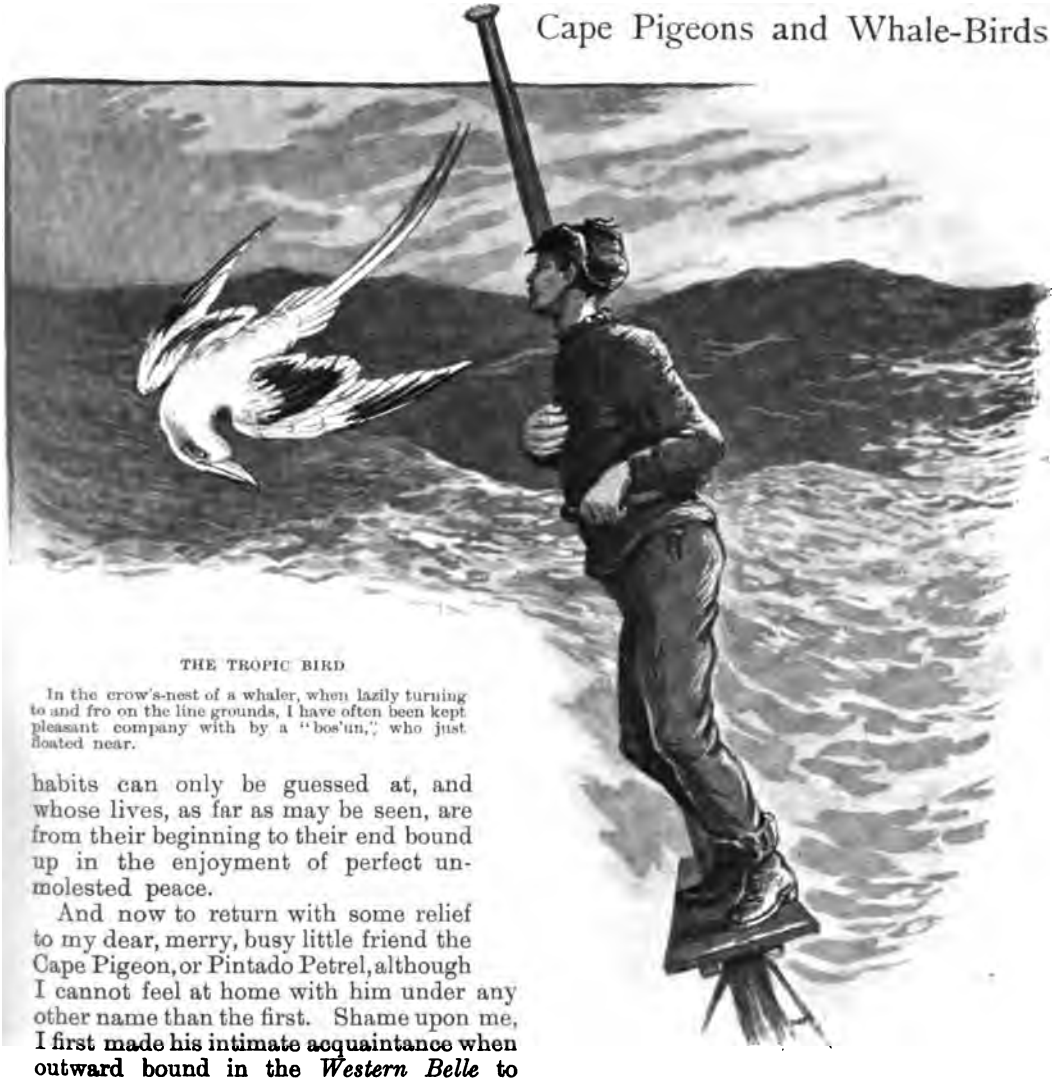
As to their place of resort for breeding purposes, I know no more certainly than that they frequent at breeding time the same islets in the Southern Seas as do the larger pelagic birds. Also they are to be found in warmer climates than the Albatross and Cape Pigeon, being in this respect indeed more like the dainty little Procellaria, which is equally at home on the Equator or amid the table-topped icebergs of the great lone Southern Sea. I should say, however, that they would breed in colonies, as they are so very gregarious, and that, judging from the little I have been able to see of their habits, they are as addicted to polygamy as is the domestic fowl, a circumstance which differentiates them at once from all the other really pelagic sea-birds.

Before we return to the Cape Pigeon, whom, after a very brief introduction, I left for a while in order to do ample justice to by and by, let us take a passing glimpse at a truly wonderful sea-bird which is frequently seen at great distances from land, but scarcely ever in company with another bird even of its own kind. I allude to the Tropic bird (*Phaeton etherius*), which all sailors used to know as the "bos'un," for they said "he carries his marlinespike for a tail." This is in allusion to the two long, slender tail-feathers which stream out behind the bird as he flies, if the term

flight can properly be applied to the stately and dignified way in which this beautiful lonely bird floats along in mid-air. In size it resembles a partridge, but in colour favours most sea-birds by being soberly clad in black, grey, and white—white as to the breast, neck, and head, and grey spotted with black on the back and upper surfaces of the wings. These latter are large for the size of the bird but somewhat narrow. They are rarely flapped by the bird, who, in common with the Albatross, prefers to float in the air, and uses that element to propel it wherever it wishes to go by dexterous steering, to the fussy flutterings of less dignified citizens of the upper atmosphere. Its legs are very short and its feet very small, which, taken in conjunction with the length of its curious and delicate tail, has led to the assumption that it spends most of its time on the wing. Yet it is supposed by naturalists that these birds make a point of visiting the rocks of lonely islets which are their homes every night, and this because they are not seen to feed at sea. That I cannot believe, from the immense distances which I have seen them from land, and also because on going aloft to loose a royal on a fine night I have often heard their peculiar low cry, and seen the shadowy creature flit past like an uneasy ghost.

But I admit that I have never seen them feed. In the crow's-nest of a whaler, when lazily turning to and fro on the line grounds, I have often been kept pleasant company with by a "bos'un," who just floated near, suspended in the clear ether, apparently fully engaged in the endeavour to decide what sort of strange bird I was. All the two hours' spell he would remain, hardly moving a feather, and when, after my four hours' watch below had been spent and I mounted to my lofty perch again, there he was still. I never saw such a bird descend more than a few feet; never saw him manifest the slightest interest in anything except the mastheads of the ship. And I have wondered, until my curiosity has been almost unbearable, how the pretty solitary lived, in fact, despite common-sense and reasoning power, there would obtrude a feeling of the uncanny, especially after gazing steadfastly into the deep dark eyes of the bird floating so near that I could almost touch him with my hand. I do not recall any instance where two of them thus accompanied a ship, but I do remember that whenever other birds came about the "bos'un" soon took his leave, just floated away and disappeared, with a fine aristocratic air of disliking any society but that which he had chosen for himself, a suggestion of being perfectly content with his entirely lonely life, and needing no external aids to comfort or happiness. In the tropical seas, however, at a distance from land, except for the tiny Petrel, bird-life is comparatively scarce, and apparently this is just what the Tropic bird desires and enjoys, with an occasional calm and serene criticism of the uncouth mortals who penetrate into his lonely realm. Except in calms or very light winds the Tropic bird is seldom observable from the masthead of an ordinary merchant sailing-ship, hardly ever from a steamer. The first may be accompanied until the breeze freshens, when the bird, apparently disliking the speed, quietly melts into the vast emptiness around; the second poisons the surrounding atmosphere so vilely that any bird, to say nothing of the dignified "bos'un," would find it an impossibility to retain even the semblance of fellowship and live; except of course those busy birds that fly low, and keeping thus out of the befouled strata of air, are able for a time to gather a little of the rich harvest of eatable scraps being whirled astern in the foaming eddy of the propellers.

I am exceedingly loth to leave the Tropic bird, for he possesses for me a fascination greater than that of any other of the deep-sea birds. But he does so persistently and successfully maintain his aloofness, his mysterious independence of all those external aids to living which we must look for in the creatures we study, that unless I were to invent something about him I must come to an end of my talk about his ways. The question of where he breeds, and how—unless he builds a nest in a tree, as suggested by some naturalists, but is to me a thing unthinkable of a sea-bird—he protects that long beautiful tail of his from defilement is an unsolvable mystery to me. Undoubtedly there is a species of Tropic bird which breeds Petrel-like in holes of the rocks, and while ashore is gregarious, but it is not the species of which I am now writing. Perhaps it is well that there should remain even to-day some creatures of the upper air whom the lonely sailor can meet and admire, whose comings and goings are without observation, whose



THE TROPIC BIRD

In the crow's-nest of a whaler, when lazily turning to and fro on the line grounds, I have often been kept pleasant company with by a "bos'un," who just floated near.

habits can only be guessed at, and whose lives, as far as may be seen, are from their beginning to their end bound up in the enjoyment of perfect unmolested peace.

And now to return with some relief to my dear, merry, busy little friend the Cape Pigeon, or Pintado Petrel, although I cannot feel at home with him under any other name than the first. Shame upon me, I first made his intimate acquaintance when outward bound in the *Western Belle* to Bombay, so many years ago that recalling the date makes me feel quite old. I had only known him to look at for a few days when there fell a stark calm, in which he and dozens of his kind flitted joyously about us, exhibiting every graceful poise of their trim little bodies, and now and then showing what they could do in the way of diving. With wide-eyed wonder I watched a couple who had swooped upon a pork-bone I had flung overboard, pursue it down through the limpid blue, their wings wide-spread, flashing back the sapphire light, and a whole stream of turquoise bubbles ascending as they sped downwards. They rose unsuccessful, the prize they thought of securing was too hard, too heavy for their efforts, but with hardly a pause they sprang into the air again and recommenced their mazy whirl about us, as if entirely unconcerned at the frustration of their keen desires. We have a monopoly apparently of the foolish occupation of fretting over what might have been. It was then that an evil counsellor whispered to me that I might, an I chose, catch one of those dear desirable birds and have it for my own. Not only so, but he placed the means to do this ill deed in my hand—a ball of roping-twine, a little hook attached thereto, and a piece of fat. The poop was deserted save by the drowsy helmsman, the second mate (my bitter enemy) having taken advantage of the skipper's Sabbath siesta and the utter absence of wind to go below and do something in his berth. So I stole up on the poop, and leaning over the taffrail, cast

my lure. It sank slowly but not out of sight of one of the busy little birds, which was presently in my trembling hands. I took it down on the main-deck and played with it, no doubt to its intense misery and the bewilderment of our two big dogs. The only excuse I can make for this cruel behaviour to one of the free and essentially harmless people of the air is thoughtless youth. But the bird was presently avenged, for an elderly American seaman whom I only remember as Nat came noiselessly behind me, and seizing my ear in one hand, took the pretty, frightened creature from me with the other, saying solemnly, "Boy, hasn't anybody told ye that the meanest and lowest thing ye can do is to worry, annoy, and kill these lovely feathered things? They do no harm, they're not good to eat, and they brighten up and make cheerful the great ocean solitudes." As he spoke he cast the bird into the air, and giving my ear such a tweak that I almost thought it had come off, stalked solemnly away. He was a pretty good man was old Nat. I ran to the side and peeped over to see what had become of my late prisoner, and there within a biscuit's throw of the ship sat my late captive calmly restoring his feathers to their usual unruffled condition after their disarrangement by my rough handling. I have never molested another Cape Pigeon, although I have often seen it done.

During a tremendous westerly gale the great company of sea-birds which had so long followed the lumbering, heavy progress of an old barque that certainly should not have been sailing in those stern latitudes at all, had gradually dwindled away until only one faithful pair of Cape Pigeons remained. Usually under such circumstances the last birds seen about a ship, nay, those that never desert her while she swims, are the Stormy Petrels, but now these Pigeons alone were left. As one by one the last rent fragments of canvas flew from her yards and disappeared into the deepening gloom like wisps of cloud, the position of the barque became more and more critical, and it was evident that unless almost a miracle happened, the enormous waves rolling up so relentlessly from the westward must presently overwhelm her, since she could not possibly under bare poles keep ahead of the sea. But the brave, bright spirit of the skipper never faltered, and with great skill and coolness he succeeded in getting, by the aid of his good men, a tarpaulin lashed in the mizen rigging. Then carefully watching for the smooth after a ninth wave, he let the old tub swing up into the wind, which caught and brought her into that comparatively easy position in a gale which we know as being "hove to." And as she lay there, sometimes almost head to the mighty waves, and rising upon their crests until it appeared as if her stern was about to be buried, or falling off into the deep trough between two billows, until it seemed as if she must be rolled bottom up, the two constant attendants upon her, the pair of Cape Pigeons, hovered about her as if they were guardian angels deputed to preserve her from the destruction which seemed imminent.

The old vessel now made such good weather of it, considering, that the skipper's wife brought up their little boy, who was very anxious to see what made the naughty ship tumble about so. And the first thing his bright eyes lighted upon was the pair of pretty birds hovering easily to windward over the broad, smooth eddies of the ship's sidelong drift, and watching keenly for scraps as usual. He clapped his hands with glee, and cried shrilly, "Dada, those little birds don't mind the storm a bit, do they?" "No, dear," said his father gravely, "the sea is their home, don't you see?" The child meditated for a few moments, and then, his face brightening again, he cried, "Well, dada, it's ours too, isn't it?" Then, without waiting for his father's reply, he said slowly, "If gentle Jesus can keep those pretty little birds in the midst of all this lot of water and big wind, of course He can keep us. I did feel 'fraid down in the cabin, but I don't now. I know what mumma meant by the story about gentle Jesus and the five sparrows sold for two fardens. Not one of them can fall in the sea without your Father."

The man at the wheel passed his oil-skinned sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the salt spray, the skipper turned away and cleared his throat, and the mother, tightening her hold upon her boy, felt a tear trickle down her drawn cheek; but all three realised the value of the message brought them by the child, entirely independent of their knowledge of the inexorable operation of natural forces. And it is safe to say that thenceforward, in spite of the walty state of the almost worn-

The man at the wheel passed his oil-skinned sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the salt spray, the skipper turned away and cleared his throat.

out old vessel, of their sorely hampered condition for fighting the stern elements in that rugged quarter of the globe, they had all gained immensely in the essentials for fighting the good fight which brave sailors are often called upon to wage, and, as in this case, with, metaphorically speaking, one hand tied behind them.

Within a few hours the gale blew itself out, and shifted capriciously with snarling squalls round against the sun into the north-east. And this change seemed to bring to the minds (or what fills that office in birds) of the two pigeons a duty that must be performed without further delay. For no sooner had the old barque been put upon the other tack, and all hands set busily to work replacing such sails as were essential, than they took two or three quick turns round her as if fixing her outlines in their memories, and then mounting high in air, poised for a moment, and shot off due south for Prince Edward's Isle. They reached it before dusk, and a bleak, forbidding, storm-lashed place it was, to all human ideas. But the pretty little seafarers swept together into a sheltered corner between two gigantic boulders quite out of reach of the biting blasts and fitful showers of snow, and there for the first time for many weeks they nestled down together on the firm earth in closest companionship away from the surface of the never - resting sea. Little twitterings sounded contentedly through the gloom of the place, and bright eyes twinkling from

snug crevices revealed the presence of many companions here on the same conjugal and familiar errand. And so the rugged savage rocks became beautified by the presence of happy life, and their usefulness as a shelter overtopped the sense of their exceedingly terrible aspect.

That night the little visitors slept soundly and unusually; for it is a peculiarity of the lives of fish and birds—at least sea-birds—that sleep, which is so urgent a necessity to all land animals, is with them a luxury which may apparently be dispensed with for long periods without causing them any inconvenience. At least in any reasonable quantity, for one can hardly call the exceedingly brief snatches of sleep taken, say, by sea-birds on the wing, or riding easily the surface of gale-tormented billows, by the sweet and restful name of sleep. Morning broke coldly and drearily. The low-hanging sky was full of snow, the moaning of the wind presaged storm, and the rocks bared their fangs like black icebergs. But in the tiny crevice, open to the heaven above, though shielded from the direct blast of the bitter wind, the two wee birds nestled side by side, cosy, content and warm. The beautiful garment of feathers and down wherewith Infinite Thought had clothed them was impervious to outer cold and wet, so long as fuel for the hot little body was forthcoming in sufficient quantity. And they had each other, a delightful companionship wherein every desire, every intention coincided, not one jarring note or cranny for unhappiness to creep in and kill peace. So since there was no need as yet for active search for food, they sat gently communing, in tinkling notes, quite unlike their shrill cries at sea, and frequently caressing one another with their beaks with a tender smoothing motion.

Meanwhile, outside, the tremendous elemental orchestra tuned up, until about noon the awful concert began. The sea, outstripping the wind, as it often does down in those latitudes, hurled itself mountainously at those sullen rock-bases, sending sheets of hissing spray hundreds of feet into the air, and uttering a deep earthquake note more pervading than thunder. Then the gale, angry, shrieking and searching, burst upon the island, tearing the crests from the billows, and drenching the whole area of land with briny spray. And simultaneously the deep-keeled clouds, torn into massy fragments by the frantic storm, cast forth their burden of water, which, passing through the bitterly cold air beneath, mingled with the flying sea-spray in the shape of large flakes of snow. By mid-afternoon the tempest was at its height, raging with utmost fury. And the pretty little hen-bird, fully occupied now with her maternal cares, looked appealingly at her sturdy mate, who puffed out all his feathers and chirped a brave response, as if he felt honoured with the commission to provide for his cherished one. Just a minute or two of careful preparation by sleeking down the close-lying feathers, a quick caress, and with a sudden fluttering spring he was gone, passing out around the precipitous rock barrier almost like a larger snowflake caught in a returning eddy and whirled backwards out to sea.

Here he was in the very heart and tumult of the storm, and no flap of his wings was needed, only careful and instinctive steering in order to keep in the right place for the reception of the propelling force to carry him whither he would go. It was a strange and strenuous quest. Now poised awhile in mid-air so thick with snow and spindrift that the seething ocean only a few feet beneath was invisible, now darting confidently along the green curve of a monstrous sea, unheeding the curling snowy crest above his head. Anon a meteor-like dash into the creaming smoot between the hollow of one sea and the broad round shoulder of the next, a poise with swift fluttering wings like those of a butterfly hovering over a flower in the momentary calm, a sudden plunge into the whirl, and forceful descent into peace, a delicious mouthful and a triumphant return. And all the while the keen black eyes never ceased their quest or grew weary. For over an hour this fierce search for needful food continued at utmost strain, then suddenly the brave little bird shot into the air from a wave-trough, a large squid squirming in the lethal hook of his beak. Almost instantaneously he got his bearings, and like an arrow from a bow, with drooping wings, but driven by the full force of the gale he sped shoreward, round the rock, and settled quietly by the side of his patient mate. She gently opened her mouth, and into it he dropped his prize.

And thus in the midst of storm and stress the tiny pair took their annual vacation from sea-wandering, and the stout-hearted little husband found his delight in ministering to

the wants of his dear partner, at present incapacitated from bearing her part in the ordinary business of daily life. He was supremely happy, for who can doubt that at times like these even what we are pleased to call the lower animals realise fully that it is more blessed to give than to receive? And she was happy too; for clasped closely to her soft, warm bosom were four precious treasures, smooth, rounded morsels of herself, upon which she gazed with eyes humid with love, as she turned them so that the sand beneath, though warmed somewhat by the overflowing heat of her maternal breast, should not chill them and frustrate her fond hopes. The quiet hours sped on, marked now and then by a heavenly day of tender blue above and placid sea beneath, teeming with easily-won food. But whether fair or foul, the sweet marital solicitude of the cheery husband never failed, any more than the motherly patience of the little mother.

BREEDING-PLACE OF CAPE PIGEONS

He sped shoreward, round the rock, and settled quietly by the side of his patient mate. She gently opened her mouth, and into it he dropped his prize.

And then came the climax of joy, when four odd little balls of down with wide-gaping throats suddenly appeared, and demanded with one querulous voice, "Food, food, food." Indeed the father, now somewhat doubtful of the feasibility of his task, had all his work to do, and do as he would he could not quiet that hungry wail, except at night, for more than a few minutes at a time. But gradually it became possible for his patient partner to accompany him for a little while, then for longer, until finally the whole family might have been seen out upon the restless billows, the children being taught their life-lesson. Then, as is right and inevitable in the lower animal kingdom, the natural affection of the offspring waned as the latter became fit to fight life's battle unaided, and one fine morning the faithful pair flew northward, while their children took independent paths and went their several ways.

CHILLON CASTLE, LOOKING EASTWARD

Francis Bonivard, the Prisoner of Chillon

BY THE REV. JOHN WILSON, M.A.

MOST visitors to the shores of the Lake of Geneva have made a pilgrimage to the famed Castle of Chillon; they have descended into its gloomy vaults and seen the hollows worn in the rocky floor by the feet of prisoners who were chained of old to the pillars; and have shuddered at the sight of the mysterious *oubliette* and other relics of mediæval cruelty. That grey pile, with its square central tower and round pointed *tourelles*, is not without its picturesque aspects, but its celebrity is mainly due to its historical associations, its matchless surroundings, and, above all, to Byron's poetry. Every reader of the poet knows the lines:

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
> A thousand feet in depth below
> Its massy waters meet and flow;
> Thus far the fathom-line was sent
> From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

It is unfortunate that Byron, when he wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon," was unacquainted with the story of Francis Bonivard, the real prisoner of Chillon, and that he drew upon imagination for the graphic details of his poem. That story belongs to a stirring epoch of the Reformation period, and is well worthy of being recalled. The mediæval and the modern spirit were then at deadly warfare, and this old stronghold, belonging at that time to the Dukes of Savoy, represented all that was despotic and merciless in feudalism. Though Chillon looks upon a landscape whose main features are essentially unchanged—the mountain-range of Naye and Arvel still rising abruptly behind it, the grand craggy contours of the Savoy Alps looming dark in front across the smooth mirror of the lake, and the snowy slopes and glaciers of the Dent du Midi, with its seven summits, overlooking it on the south—yet it has a tale to tell of mighty change which has come over the social and political condition of the district. In the conflict which brought about this happy change Francis Bonivard played a part of considerable importance, and the racy narrative he left behind him shows him to have been a man of keen insight and quaint humour as well as of bold patriotic spirit.

Bonivard was born in 1493 of a noble Savoyard family, and being destined to succeed his uncle, who was Prior of St. Victor, near Geneva, he received a superior education. His mind was further matured by foreign travel: he studied law for a time at Freiburg in Germany, and he lived for some time at Turin as well as at Rome. His uncle having died in 1514, he had barely attained the age of twenty-one when he became Prior of St. Victor. A high-born, high-spirited youth, with superior mental endowments and training, eager to

take part in the great movements of the time, he was one likely to win distinction in almost any sphere, though he was more fitted to shine in the political than the religious arena. At that period Charles III., Duke of Savoy, whose territories surrounded those of Geneva, was encroaching more and more on the liberties of that city with an eye to its complete absorption. From the first Bonivard identified himself with the Genevese in this struggle, and his part in the drama was to begin very early. On his arrival at St. Victor he found, among other inherited chattels, three culverins which the militant prior, his predecessor, had used in war with a neighbouring baron. These cannon, in accordance with the deceased prior's will—he having been evidently smitten with some remorse about them on his deathbed—were about to be melted and transformed into church-bells; but some of the Genevese leaders, foreseeing the coming storm, begged that they should be handed over for the defence of the city. It was by agreeing to this that young Bonivard first incurred the displeasure of the Duke, who vainly demanded the cannon for himself.

An association, headed by Philibert Berthelier, was straightway formed for the maintenance of the liberties of the city. Charles, seeking to lay hold of its leading members, was only able to seize upon one Pecolat, who was tortured and "lifted several times a day by a rope put round his neck." By the skill of Bonivard a warrant was procured for this man's trial at the archiepiscopal see of Vienne rather than the episcopal see of Geneva, but the difficulty was how to "bell the cat," and deliver that warrant into the hands of the Duke of Savoy or his tool the Bishop of Geneva. Both these dignitaries chanced to be attending mass at the church of St. Peter's in Geneva, and a clerk was deputed to deliver the warrant to one of them on retiring from church. When the critical moment arrived, the clerk took fright and was about to hurry off, when Bonivard, then only twenty-three years of age, standing by him with a drawn dagger, compelled him to deliver the warrant into the hands of the Bishop, who was as much frightened as the clerk. Straightway a high quarrel arose between the Archbishop of Vienne and the Bishop of Geneva, who was instructed by the Duke to refuse compliance with the warrant, but in the end Pecolat was set free.

Bonivard, writing of this period, says that in his youthful rashness he feared neither Duke nor Bishop; but Berthelier, with more experienced insight, prophesied that he himself would lose his head and Bonivard his benefice in the cause of Genevese liberty. As many of the leading citizens had entered into a bond of alliance, called *combourgeoisie*, with some of the warlike Swiss cantons whose pikemen were at that time so formidable on the battlefields of Europe, there was danger of stirring up a hornets' nest if Charles openly attacked Geneva. Therefore, as Bonivard, using a different metaphor, quaintly puts it in his *Chronicle*, "the Duke tried every means of catching the fish without wetting his paws." He tried to get the ecclesiastics of Geneva on his side, but in this he was circumvented by Bonivard; then he intrigued with the Swiss cantons, and at a favourable moment invaded the Genevese territory and seized the city. Bonivard was thrown into the prison of Grolée for two years and Berthelier

CHILLON CASTLE, LOOKING WESTWARD

BONIVARD'S PRISON

was arrested and beheaded; but on tidings of the advance of a Swiss army, the Duke prudently withdrew his forces.

On the 25th March, 1529, the famous "Journée des Échelles," which is still annually celebrated at Geneva, the Duke tried to carry out a plot to capture the city by means of a force disguised as peasants and furnished with cannon and scaling-ladders. The details of the plot, however, did not work smoothly, and the Duke was baffled in this *coup d'état*. In the following year Bonivard, who was now at large, had been furnished with a safe-conduct to go to Moudon to visit his mother; but in spite of this he was waylaid and captured by an armed band under Antoine de Beaufort, captain of Chillon, who waited in ambush among the wooded heights of the Jorat near Lausanne. He was bound and carried "garrotté" to the Castle of Chillon, where he was imprisoned for the space of six years.

In 1532 the Duke of Savoy paid a visit to Chillon, where his private chamber and that of the Duchess are still shown. He found his prisoner more considerately treated than he approved, and gave orders that he should be chained to a pillar in the dungeon. Here, in the words of the old writer Froment, "in the depths of the fortress beneath the rock near the water, Bonivard wore a pathway in the rock whilst walking (round the pillar) and composing many detached thoughts and ballads in Latin and French."

Meantime the Reformation doctrines were being preached at Geneva by William Farel, and the Bernese, having also embraced the reformed faith, were still more disposed to thwart the Duke of Savoy in his projects against Geneva. In 1536 they concluded an alliance with the latter city at a time when the Duke of Savoy was embroiled with his nephew, Francis I. of France. In the same year the Bernese, aided by the Genevese, laid siege by land and water to the Castle of Chillon. A flotilla was prepared, many of the boatmen and vessels being provided by Geneva; and, after a brief siege, the garrison capitulated. Bonivard and several companions were found in the vaults and restored to freedom. On returning to Geneva he found a new order of things prevailing: the Reformation had been established; the monasteries had been destroyed, and their revenues confiscated to the State. Bonivard, however, was received with honour, and a compensation was voted to him in the form of a pension of one hundred and fifty golden crowns.

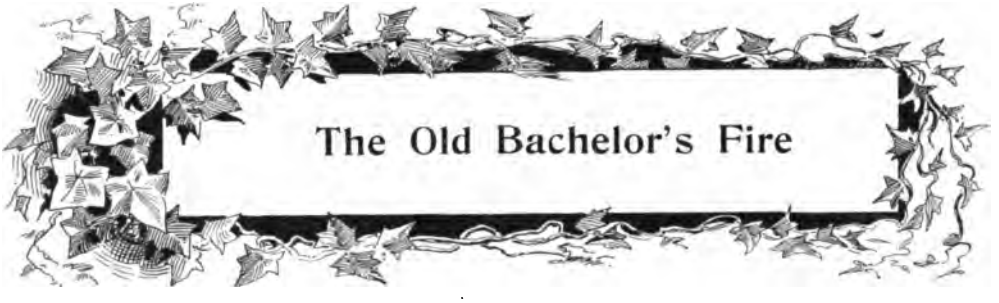
That was a memorable year in the history of Geneva and of the Reformation, for it was in it that John Calvin arrived there and began the work which resulted in the memorable attempt to establish a Christian state with laws directly drawn from Scripture to regulate the lives of the members of a Christian community. It must be noted, however, that this idea did not originate with Calvin, for on the 21st May of the year 1536, shortly after the return of Bonivard, a General Council held at Geneva under the influence of Farel entered into a

Solemn Engagement to give effect in the lives of the citizens to Evangelical doctrines and morals. It was Calvin, however, who sought to carry out the idea with rigorous logical consistency. The preachers were to expound the Scriptures; the magistrates were to carry them into effect in the laws and penalties of the republic; and the people were to give due obedience in their lives down to very minute details.

How then did Bonivard comport himself under this Calvinistic *régime?* He found himself in sympathy with it so far as opposition to the papacy and adoption of popular representative government were concerned; but he was a humanist and a lover of good cheer and pleasant company, rather than a religious zealot or an austere ascetic. There were thus elements of natural antagonism between him and such a man as Calvin. Accordingly we find him absenting himself from the preaching, and not seldom cited before the Consistory for irregularities. He occupied himself with literature, and wrote controversial and other works, and in 1542 the City Council employed him to write the history of the struggle against the Duke of Savoy. This work was undertaken by Bonivard in the true historical spirit: he faithfully consulted the official documents, besides drawing on his own personal knowledge. The *Chronicle* of Bonivard is the work no doubt of an ardent partisan, but it displays graphic power of narrative. A hint of its racy character has already been given, and another example may be cited in connection with the disappearance of the Duke of Savoy's coat-of-arms, which had been affixed in a prominent position in the city. Who had removed it could never be discovered. "Perhaps," remarks Bonivard slyly, "St. Peter, the patron saint of the city, was jealous of that emblem, having no wish to see a secular prince reigning in Geneva, and had therefore miraculously removed it."

Calvin, on examining Bonivard's *Chronicle*, found it "*trop vif et familier*" in style, and it is remarkable that the manuscript lay unpublished for nearly three centuries. It did not appear in printed form till 1831.

Such in outline is the story, and such were the times of the real "prisoner of Chillon."



WHEN Summer's a forgotten song,
When days grow short and nights are long,
What compensates for all that's wrong?
My fire.

When howls the wind and pelts the rain,
When snowflakes freeze the shivering pane,
What makes them spend their rage in vain?
My fire.

When home I come from weary tramp,
With soaking boots and spirits damp,
What bids the threatening chill decamp?
My fire.

When moping dumps the brain confuse,
What will a genial warmth diffuse
And cheer the eye with brighter views?
My fire.

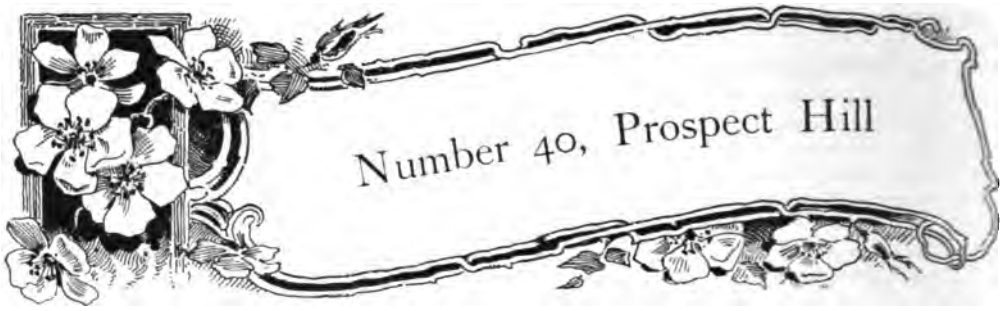
What makes my lonely soul to glow
With quickened pulse and warmer flow,
From bachelor heart to bachelor toe?
My fire.

What dares the future to unfold
In fairy sparks of red and gold,
Or kindle memories of old?
My fire.

The playful smile, the brow of snow,
The cheek where rose and lily blow—
What wakes the dream of long ago?
My fire.

Ah, let me still thy secrets learn,
And, if the past can thus return,
Oh mayst thou never cease to burn,
My fire.

C. DU PONTET.



BY MABEL QUILLER-COUCH

MISS PIDDICK is prone to revel in sentimental melancholy, a thing which irritates me beyond measure. One meets with melancholy enough without going out to meet it, as she does. But what annoys me most of all is, that one is expected to pity those who look the picture of misery, though knowing quite well that they are thoroughly enjoying themselves. It is amazing how many do really *enjoy* bad health and bad spirits!

I am very attached to Susan Piddick, but she does irritate me at times.

On this particular occasion I met her coming down the hill with a woe-begone face, and the walk of one bent under the weight of care. I was obliged to stop and ask her what was the matter.

"Only my thoughts, dear," she answered, with a lugubrious shake of her head. "It occurred to me just now with great force, how like our Prospect Hill is to life. A gradual descent, a turning one's back on youth and hope, on the gaiety and zest of life, on luxuries, all that money can buy—on——" Well, on everything that, in that frame of mind, she chose to consider worth having.

I am afraid I cut her short rather crossly. In the first place, her musings were not altogether pleasing to one who happened to live near the foot of the hill in question. In the second, I dislike very much to hear people admitting that they have turned their backs on the best of life. For my own part I think there is nothing in the unrest and high hopes of youth to compare with the calm and restfulness of—of—well—of later years. In the third place, I had been feeling unusually cheerful and content when she, metaphorically, dashed her cold water over me, and gave me a chill which would last for days.

"Indeed," I said tartly; "and how does your metaphor apply to the open, green common at the bottom of it, where, instead of dust and crowds and weariness, one can get peace and beauty and fresh air by merely walking a few yards? For my part I see no resemblance whatever. There are no deceptive curves, or difficult crossings, or dangerous corners to get round; no obstacles——"

"No," she said; "but you must admit that the best of the houses are at the top, and we get smaller, and shabbier, and gloomier, and—and older and duller as we go down."

"Then turn round and walk up the hill," I said snappily, "and your theory is done for. We begin at the bottom in a modest and humble way, and we climb up and up to bigger houses, finer gardens——"

"That's just it," she interrupted with a note of sad triumph in her voice, "we don't; the older people are all——"

"At any rate," I said, "it rests with ourselves whether we grow gloomy. Good-bye," I added, holding out my hand. "I must go; you are too depressing. You need toning up," I stepped back to add. "Take a tonic, and I am sure you will agree with me, that the calm and content which comes with middle age is far more to be desired than——"

"I only hope," she said coldly, "that I shall live till middle age to discover all these joys;" and with that she turned away.

It showed a nasty spirit on her part to make such a remark and then leave. It placed me in rather an embarrassing position, for I did not like to burst at once into explanations to Maria Smale, who was with me, that there was but a trifling difference of five years between us; it would have looked as though I had been annoyed by what Susan had said. However, I managed at last, after some thought, to meet the difficulty by remarking casually that Susan

had been subject to low spirits even when we played together as tiny children.

But to return to our hill. After Susan Piddick's remark I paid more attention to the outward aspect of the houses, and the inner one as regards the inhabitants, and I could not help being impressed by some of the things I observed.

It was quite true that the top of the hill began with larger houses, carefully painted and kept in excellent repair, with gay, well-kept gardens, guarded by handsome iron railings with florid ornamentations and much gilding; that young people, young married couples with new babies, or more experienced married couples with babies not so new, but all prosperous and well-to-do-looking, dwelt at the top. Then came a middle section, where neither railings nor houses were kept so well repaired and painted, and the gardens bore signs of spasmodic amateurish attention. The curtains and flower-beds, and indeed everything about these houses and their inhabitants, were less monotonously conventional, and more interesting. Artistic and literary and musical people mostly dwelt in them. People with small banking accounts, perhaps, but many merits, and a courage which allowed them to have blinds and curtains of their own choosing.

Then, after these, the houses and gardens grew smaller, a neater, better-tended air clung to curtains and blinds and gardens, but the railings were severely simple, and, for the most part, not only had no gilding, but very little paint, and as often as not, as one approached the end of the hill, the latch, or the spring, or both, would be broken; and—yes, I must admit, some of the houses showed on their faces, as do human beings, the signs of a struggle for existence.

The difference in the servants too was as marked as the difference in the houses and railings, and I have seen Miss Titteridge's Emma, who is really a nice creditable servant, almost slink past Mrs. Samuel Moss's overbearing housemaid, glancing up at her with a wondering, deferential awe never called up by her mistress or mistress's friends. It made me really angry to see how overbearing assumption can command a respect never paid to real worth.

Susan Piddick was right in another respect too. Out of a dozen houses at our end of the hill, at least eight were occupied by solitary, elderly, or old, men and women —mostly women. I wonder why it is one meets with so many more lonely old women than men, as one passes through life!

With some of the eight I had become more or less acquainted by one means or another. Mrs. Gamble, who lived at number 40, the last house but one on the opposite side, and I had become friendly over cats. Her tabby, amongst others, had shown a decided predilection for my garden. Perhaps had I followed my instincts and driven him away with the energy I devoted to others of his kind, I might never have known his mistress. Certainly I should not have known her as intimately as I came to do.

While still resenting Susan Piddick's depressions I met Mrs. Gamble. She was bustling about the street, flitting from shop to shop, her arms full of parcels, her face bright with smiles, a large bunch of flowers in her hand.

"Why, Mrs. Gamble," I cried, with real relief, "it quite cheers one up to see you so brisk and smiling. You look as though you had been hearing good news."

"Do I?" she said, all pleased and excited over even the telling of it. "Well, so I have, my dear. I've had a letter from my daughter this morning, and she's coming home to-morrow. I expect she is having her holidays now. She is in a shop, you know;" with a keen glance at me. I did not know, but I only nodded, and the old woman went on. "I couldn't afford to keep her at home, and she wouldn't have stayed if I'd wanted her to, she was anxious to be living her life her own way. So I spared her a—a little every year, and by taking a lodger I could keep on the little house here, so that she should have a home to come to if she was ill, or out of a situation, or anything. And I'm sure nobody could have been more fortunate, for Mr. Harris, the gentleman who lodges with me, *is one* of *the best* and *noblest* gentlemen any one ever *could* meet with."

In her excitement Mrs. Gamble dropped half her flowers, but failed to notice it until I picked them up and handed them to her. Having started her talking I seemed to be at once drawn into intimacy with all her family history. "He *is so* thoughtful," she went on enthusiastically. "This morning, when I told him Florrie was coming, he said he would stay in and look after the house if I wanted to go shopping, and glad enough I was. He said he would manage to be away all day to-morrow, so I wouldn't have his meals to get, and extra trouble

WITH A SUPERCILIOUS, BORED EXPRESSION SHE WALKED AT LEAST THREE PACES AHEAD OF HER MOTHER

when I was expecting my daughter; but I wouldn't hear of his putting hisself out so, for I know he's so busy with his writing he doesn't know how to get through with it before he goes for his holiday. He is so kind and thoughtful I don't know what I should do without him, in fact I couldn't have got on all this time without him."

I congratulated her on her good fortune with her lodger, and her good news about her daughter, and went on my way.

A few days later I saw Miss Gamble and her mother—as marked a contrast as daughter ever was, and in every particular inferior. She was one of thousands of the type peculiarly common to London. Masses of hair supported masses of hat, serpent-like skirts swept the dirty streets, her bare throat was encircled with trumpery necklaces and chains, her wrists with jingling bangles on which, apparently, every coin and trinket she possessed had been hung. But what disappointed and disgusted me most was the attitude she adopted towards her mother. With a supercilious, bored expression she walked at least three paces ahead of her, never speaking if there was a passer-by to see her. While behind her, still with a smile on her face, though vaguer, and somewhat troubled, with apology in every line and curve, hurried on the mother. In those

few days she had learned, apparently, that that was her rightful attitude.

The next day I met her out alone. Her smile was gone altogether, except when she made it come. "Well, Mrs. Gamble," I said laughingly, "you are having a holiday, I suppose, with Mr. Harris away and your daughter home to keep house." To my astonishment the poor old lip quivered instead of smiling, and the eyes, usually so bright and brave, filled with tears.

"What is it?" I asked, stung with compunction. "I hope you are not in trouble?"

Instinctively we turned and walked away together, but for a moment or so she did not speak, neither did I. At last she pulled herself together and began. "I'm losing Mr. Harris," she said brokenly. "At least I've got to write and tell him he must find rooms elsewhere." Her tears began to run again. "Florrie won't stay at home if I have a lodger; she says it isn't lady-like, and she'll never be taken notice of by anybody if they know her mother takes lodgers; and she says we haven't got any drawing-room for her to bring a friend home to—and so I've got to part with him. I'm sure I don't know what I shall do," she sighed.

"Probably Florrie is in a position to help you, and she doesn't want you to work so hard," I said, trying hard to think of something comforting to say.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said doubtfully. "I haven't heard anything about it yet. And it wasn't any harder work looking after Mr. Harris than looking after her. I was glad to have something to do, and very glad of his company, and—and with his money coming in so regularly every week I felt I didn't want for nothing."

I agreed so heartily inwardly with the poor old soul's arguments, it was hard to find anything to say.

"I don't know how to put it to him in my letter without hurting his feelings very much." Here her handkerchief was surreptitiously applied to her eyes.

"Perhaps I can help you with the letter," I said, glad to be able to relieve her in some way.

She received my offer with much unnecessary gratitude, and we parted for the time.

Between us we concocted a letter which, though it expressed only a tithe of the regrets and lamentations Mrs. Gamble confided to me to be reproduced in ink, conveyed to the recipient, I hope, the fact of his dismissal with as little hurt as possible to his feelings. I longed to be able too to give him some further idea of the circumstances of the case on my own responsibility, but this I could not do then. At last, when the agitating epistle had been read over at least three times to the troubled old woman, and made, after each reading, a little more regretful, and a little less coherent by additions, it was posted to him, and a few days later I saw Mr. Harris's belongings conveyed from No. 40 to No. 5 on the opposite side—an added pang to Mrs. Gamble. After that life settled down to its usual quiet.

For about a week I was vexed at least twice daily by the sight of Miss Florrie Gamble serpentining along the road, her hair, her hats, her chains, and sweeping skirts becoming, it seemed to me, more and more aggressive and vulgar every time I caught sight of them. Then I went away for a long round of visits, and all the time I was absent I heard nothing of mother or daughter, for I had not told Susan Piddick, or any one else, of the foregoing facts.

But on the very evening of my return, old Mrs. Gamble herself came to see me, though it might have been her ghost, or her own elder sister, from the change in her appearance.

She was so thin and aged, and shabby and miserable-looking, I could hardly help exclaiming.

"Oh, I am glad to see you back, ma'am," she said tremulously. "These three weeks past I've been looking every day to see if your house was open."

"Oh," I said regretfully, "I wish I'd given you my address, then you could have written to me. Nothing wrong, I hope, Mrs. Gamble." I noticed she had been standing awkwardly, her arms hidden, and her cloak bulging out. Now suddenly from under it she produced a large parcel, and pushed it across the table towards me.

"Everything's wrong, ma'am," she said. "I wanted to—I wanted to ask——" Then she dropped into a chair and burst into tears.

"You want to sell these?" I asked gently, troubled by the revelation which had burst on me, for when I undid the cloth which wrapped the things round I found inside a plated teapot, a jug, half-a-dozen old silver teaspoons, and a couple of old china dishes. There was something so pitiful in the sight of those few poor

treasures jumbled together there, so incongruous, so precious, yet of so little real worth, I felt myself crying too at the sight of them.

"What is it? What has happened?" I asked, trying hard not to sniff, and surreptitiously wiping two tears off the plated teapot. "Come, tell me all about it. I can see you are in trouble—perhaps I can help you. Where is your daughter?"

"Home," she sobbed, "home," her tone unconsciously conveying the impression that therein lay the crux of the whole trouble.

"Surely—she is having a very long holiday," I ventured. I was really a little shy of thus intruding on another's domestic secrets.

"She's left. She was dismissed, and they won't—she spoke as she shouldn't to the manager—and—and he won't give her a character."

"Has she tried for another place?"

"Not till yesterday. You see, she intended to live at home—that's why Mr. Harris was sent away—but she says home isn't good enough for her. You see I—I hadn't very much money for two to live on, and—and she wanted a little from time to time. She's young, and young folk look to go about a bit, and get a few new things now and again, and now I haven't got my rent."

"Hasn't your daughter done anything all this time?"

"She thought of setting up as a milliner."

"Thought of it! Has she had any experience?"

"She trims her own hats."

I recalled the "confections" I had seen on the befrizzed head, and I am afraid my manner grew more sombre. "Now-a-days one needs to learn a trade, and take some trouble with it to make any success," I said. "And to keep things together you have been parting with your things? Florrie ought really to be ashamed of herself."

"I think she's only ashamed of me," Mrs. Gamble said miserably, flushing hotly. "I have to do these things, and she gets more and more ashamed of me." Her voice and manner pained me so I wished I had held my tongue.

We had some supper together before I let her go back to her comfortless home, and then I locked away my poor little new possessions for the time.

After that for a while I rarely saw Mrs. Gamble, she was never to be met in the street as of old, probably she was too shabby to go out. The next time I did see her was weeks later. She came at night again, and this time with her cat under her arm. "I was going to ask you if you'd take care of my Kitty," she said in a weak, tremulous voice, evidently with no idea of the strain she was putting on my friendly feelings. She was thinner and shabbier than ever, and ill and worn. I was quite anxious about her, and could not bring myself to refuse to take in Kitty.

"I'm come to say good-bye," she went on in a dull, broken-spirited way.

"Good-bye!" I cried. She nodded; I saw she was almost incapable of speech.

"You are going? But why—where? Where is Florrie?"

"Gone!" she cried. "She went yesterday. She's got a place of a sort, 'tis poor pay, and a fourth-rate shop; 'tis a terrible come-down."

"Never mind," I said, infinitely relieved: "that's better than doing nothing."

"She'll want help from me, she say."

"Rubbish!" I snapped tartly. "Scores of young women have to manage without help."

"She'll have to," she cried, tears coming at last, "for I can't keep myself even. I'm leaving because I'm being sold up, I've got no 'ome. She's had all I've got, and now my furniture 's got to be sold to pay——"

"Why couldn't Florrie get work before?"

"She wouldn't hear of doing such as she's doing now."

"But she'll do it when she's brought you to ruin rather than share the ruin," I was going to add, for I have no patience with the airs and graces girls of that sort give themselves; but I restrained myself, it was only cruel to impress the girl's heartlessness upon her mother. "And you—where are you going?"

She was silent for a moment. "I—I wasn't going to tell any one," she said at last. "I want to go where no one won't know me. I can't go to the workhouse"—in a tone of bitter hopelessness—"for they'd bring me back here, and I couldn't bear it where I'm known, but I dare say I shall find a place somewhere."

"Oh!" I thought; "and you think we are going to let you go like that! We are not as bad as that, even in London!"

"Anyhow, you are going to stay here

now and have some supper with me, and then go to bed. You'll be better after a night's rest. To-morrow we'll see about things." She demurred at first, but finally consented to stay to supper if she might go home to sleep. "I can't sleep properly anywhere but in my own bed," she said pitifully. "The men ain't going to take anything till to-morrow."

While we were having our supper, my little maid Hannah took over a note to Mr. Harris, asking him to call on me at nine-thirty, when I knew Mrs. Gamble would be gone. I did not stay to think if the step I was taking was within the bounds of propriety or not, or what Hannah might think. I only remembered those things later on.

Punctual to the moment Mr. Harris appeared, listened with interest to my story, and discussed the matter with me for some time. He really was a young man in a thousand, so thoughtful and considerate and gentlemanly, so touched by his old landlady's plight. I couldn't help thinking how proud some woman must be of such a son. But he told me he had no parents, they were dead. It is so often the way with parents whose sons would be a real comfort to them if they'd only been alive.

With his help we soon settled matters for poor old Mrs. Gamble. It was only her rent for a quarter and a half that was owing, and one or two little bills in the neighbourhood which that daughter of hers had been the main cause of her running up. The rent I happened to be able to settle with a little odd sum of money I had in the Post Office Savings Bank, which I kept there in case of need. The other debts we were to arrange should wait awhile. A big millinery bill was to be sent straight to Miss Gamble to settle for herself.

"I'll go back to-morrow, if she can have me," said Mr. Harris enthusiastically. "I have given notice at No. 5, and shall be glad to leave quickly. And if she has got more rooms to let, I know a man who would be only too pleased to take them; she can't live on what I pay her." And so it was settled.

The next day Mrs. Gamble went herself to pay the money and arrange with her landlord to stay on, a business which I calculated would take her some time, and while she was absent—the key having been left with me—I opened her house and

HELPED HER INTO HER NEWLY-RESTORED HOME

admitted Mr. Harris and a man with Mr. Harris's books and luggage, etc., and that delightful young man immediately took possession of his old rooms, which were perfectly neat and clean, and looked as though they had not been used since he last used them. Oh, how we flew round; I am sure I never worked so quickly in my life before. Then I hurried out to give orders at two or three shops for a few necessary supplies to be sent at once, while Mr. Harris proceeded to light a fire in the kitchen.

I was not absent long, but Mrs. Gamble completed her journeyings more quickly than I had calculated, for as I came down the hill I saw in the distance the familiar little figure come out of my gate—she had been, probably, to get her key—go slowly down the road, and turn in at her own. I followed at a greater rate than I had walked for many a long day, conscious that I did not look dignified, that Philida Minchin was signalling to me from the opposite side, that Susan Piddick was in her window looking at me with a gaze which could not fail to observe every defect in my appearance, but I paid no heed to either. I wanted to spare Mrs. Gamble a shock.

But I was too late. When I reached her gate I heard a little glad cry, and saw her being admitted by Mr. Harris himself. He was in his shirt-sleeves, his cuffs turned up, a thick smear of smut across his hand, and more than a suspicion of it on his sleeves and face. But his smile—well! when I saw the way he looked at her I thought again what a thousand pities it was that his mother was not alive, and present.

"I came over to see if you would have me back," he said jovially, before she could speak. "I can't find any other place to lay my head in. I've never been comfortable since you turned me out, and when I found you were out I took the liberty of bringing in my things and staying. I am turned out from over the way, in disgrace, this time. Come in and shut the door," he added abruptly, "I don't want every one to see me like this. I've been lighting the kitchen fire for you, it was out." And he laid his smutted hand on her little bent shoulder and helped her into her newly-restored home.

I waited for a moment before I knocked, and then I had to knock three times. "This door has kept me busy," I heard a pleasant voice say as footsteps at last came through the hall, "ever since Miss—Oh, there you are," in a lower tone of relief as he saw me. "She seemed overcome with joy at first, and then I could manage her—but when her eyes fell on the groceries on the table, and the old teapot I had put on the stove, for some reason or other she began to cry, and I—I didn't know in the least what to do. Will you go to her now? and I'll go and have a wash."

I found her sitting in the kitchen surrounded by a confused medley of groceries, vegetables, etc. A bright firelight shone on her worn face and showed the gladness in her eyes and the tears.

"Oh, my dear," she gasped in a broken voice, "oh, my blessed dears, what can I say to 'ee, or do for 'ee, you and 'im? And just look at the stove; if he hasn't actually put the old teapot down to warm! Was there ever any one like him? When I saw that I could have sat down and cried my eyes out, bless his heart!" And then we both began to cry, and then to laugh, and so the situation was saved.

The New "Sayings of Jesus"

BY J. R. H.

WHEN Paul was giving his farewell address to the elders of the Church at Ephesus, he exhorted them "to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35). Now when we are called on to remember anything that Jesus said, we turn to the Gospels for the very words. But we look there in vain for these which Paul now quoted. They are not recorded anywhere else in the Scriptures. They are, in fact, part of many of the sayings of Jesus which were afloat, either written down by those who heard them, or preserved in their memories. That this one was well known to those whom Paul was addressing is manifest from his simple appeal to their memories.

That there were many such sayings of our Lord, authentic and notable, handed down from one to another for generations after the Lord's ascension, was to be expected. What we have given us in the Gospels is clearly but the most condensed outline of what He spoke. John, at the close of his Gospel, plainly tells us as much when he says, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." The object of the Scriptures was not to make us wise about a thousand things, but to make us wise unto salvation; enough was recorded, then, for this specific end, as John reminds us again at the close of the 20th chapter: "And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book; but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through His name."

These references to other words and deeds said and done by Jesus open up an interesting aspect of the way in which the Scriptures were compiled. It was a common belief at one time, and is, I have reason to know, very wide-spread still, that the Scriptures were dictated to the sacred penmen much as we might dictate a letter to a swift writer. How far from this was the case the Scriptures tell us themselves. Laying aside the doctrine of inspiration, which is a theme in itself, it is easy to see that while explicit and divine illumination was needed on matters concerning which the writer could not possibly have any personal knowledge—as in giving an account of Creation, or foretelling events, and such-like—yet this was less needed in the same high sense on matters which the writer himself had seen and heard. What was required then was simply honest testimony and a faithful statement. It was so the Gospels were written: they are the testimony of eye and ear witnesses of the things which they record.

Luke makes this clear in his opening sentence. Writing to some person of note of the name of Theophilus, he explains, by way of preface, that his object had been to gather together and put in proper order of events the many notes and reports which were about concerning the sayings and doings of Jesus—to collate and edit them, in fact—he being qualified for this task by personally "having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first," his prime purpose being "that thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed"—instructed, presumably, by the notes of those who had heard the Lord speak, or by the oral word of those who had kept His sayings in their memories.

And, just so, Mark seems to have received much of his Gospel from Peter, for Peter's hand is everywhere found on the hand of Mark. Matthew and John seem to have been independent, writing their Gospels as the memoirs of their own experience—as things they had themselves directly seen and heard. All the Gospels, in fact, are but the condensed reports of witnesses.

The New "Sayings of Jesus"

The oldest manuscripts of the New Testament hitherto discovered date from only somewhere about the fourth century. But the originals, from which these were copied, were far older, for as early as the second century they are spoken of, alluded to and quoted from, in one book and another, and were so well known in that century that the universal Church subsequently accepted them in the form we have now.

It was almost natural that the originals should disappear, because of the very care taken of them in times of persecution; they would, for the most part, be concealed from those who would have destroyed them, and their place of concealment, I make little doubt, will yet be found. However interesting such a discovery may be for the very handwriting of the apostles, it will, I am convinced, have little other interest, for it will be found that the copies which the Church has possessed during all these centuries are faithful to the originals.

Of the many notes which thousands of disciples must have made on their own account of what they themselves or others had heard Jesus say as He went about preaching and teaching, the most interesting "find" is that which has been made lately in Behneseh, a village in Middle Egypt, about 120 miles south of Cairo, on the Nile, and about equi-distant from Jerusalem on the one hand, and Alexandria, the ancient seat of Eastern learning, on the other. Where this squalid Arab village is now there stood once the important city of Oxyrhynchus, the capital of its district, and famous for its learning; all that represents its former greatness now, however, are but heaps of sand. It was here that Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt, while making excavations, came on what was evidently the ruins of an old library, finding a store of manuscripts so rich as almost to include the whole of the ancient Greek literature, besides thousands of other documents of the usual commercial character, such as the buying and selling of land, private correspondence, wills and contracts.

As might be expected, the first sampling of these had to be hasty work, as it would take years to go carefully over them all, and there was just a chance that some rare and valuable manuscript might for many a day have to be cast aside owing to its true worth not being noticed at the first, but, happily, on one little piece of paper, not larger than a *carte de visite*, Dr. Grenfell's eye lighted on the Greek word *karphos*. This at once appealed to the keen instinct of the Bible scholar; *karphos* means a mote—a mote dancing in the sunbeam—and at once he remembered the New Testament reference to "the mote in thy brother's eye." This led him to pause in his hasty sampling, clean the scrap carefully and examine it leisurely, and he soon had his reward. He had come upon the oldest reference we have to the sayings of Jesus!

There were eight of these, four of which call for little remark, being but copies or echoes of what we have already. Piecing together the torn and decayed fragment, these sayings are—

1. "Jesus saith: And then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote which is in thy brother's eye."

2. "Jesus saith: A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither does a physician work cures on them that know him."

3. "Jesus saith: A city built on the top of a high hill and firmly stablished can neither fall nor be hidden."

4. "Jesus saith: Thou hearest with one ear, but the other thou hast closed."

It is easy to see that these four, if they vary in an expression here and there from what we have recorded, are yet in substance the same as what we have, and are just such as an honest listener might jot down after hearing the speaker utter the words.

The other four sayings, however, contain much that is new. These are—

1. "Jesus saith: Except ye fast from the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and unless ye keep the Sabbath as a Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father."

It is not difficult to catch the meaning here. To fast from the world is to abstain from its spirit—the injunction which we have in one form or another on page after page of the New Testament. And the keeping of the Sabbath as a Sabbath—as a rest of soul unto God—is at once one of the most urgent needs of our own souls and one of the most elementary proofs of our obedience to God. But the selection of this saying from the lips of Jesus almost conclusively proves the writer of these jottings to have been a Jew who had become heartily and thoroughly a convert to Christ.

The next saying is full of sad pathos—

2. "Jesus saith: I stood in the midst of the world, and in flesh I was seen of them; and I found all men drunken, and not one did I

find thirsting among them. And I feel travail of soul for the sons of men, for they are blind in heart and see not, poor and know not their poverty."

If these be the very words uttered by Jesus, is it hard to guess when they were spoken? Would it not be on the eve of the day of the great Atonement, when He had lifted Himself up in the throng as the waters of the Jordan were being borne in triumph to the Temple, and cried, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink"? Had none come? Were the crowds but as men debauched, none thirsting for a higher life? Was it then that He had to sigh sorely and say, "I feel travail of soul for the sons of men"? To say the least, it is not unlikely. And do not let us overlook the statement that He knew whence He came: "I stood in the midst of the world, and *in flesh* was I seen of them." Here is a witness to the incarnation.

The next saying is broken, and almost undecipherable; the fragments read thus—

3. "Jesus saith: Wherever there are . . . and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and there am I."

With fine, sanctified discernment the scholars who have pondered over this broken bit have pieced out the meaning in this wise—"Wherever there are two, they are not without God's presence, and if anywhere one is alone, I say I am with him." That this is but a beautiful variant of the Lord's promise to be with the two and the three gathered in His name, graciously bringing the mercy down even to the one, is further suggested by the next sentence which speaks of the Lord's presence everywhere—"Raise the stone and there shalt thou find Me; cleave the wood and I am there." In other words, that is—"Do not abandon your ordinary secular callings in order to find me; rather, ply your tasks with the more zeal; if thou art a builder, raise the edifice; if a woodcutter, fell the tree: I am there also—in all honest work." Some take the meaning to be—"Raise the stone"—that is, the altar; "cleave the wood"—that is, the fuel for the burnt-offering—"and I am there." This too is both beautiful and true, but I am inclined to think the drift of the whole passage is concerning every place being hallowed ground where the heart is seeking for Christ. Yet the thought is too suggestive not at least to be mentioned, that some scholars interpret this saying as meaning—Raise the stone from the grave itself, and there shalt thou find Me; cleave the wood of the cross, and I am there. A most comforting sermon might be preached from this text for mourners and those who stumble at the cross.

These seven sayings are all that are written on the little scrap, but later another portion was found on the same spot, containing these words—

"Jesus saith: Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom, and when he reaches the Kingdom he shall have rest."

This is a very sign-post for seekers on the way to God. In one sense it but repeats what we have recorded in our Scriptures about "every one that seeketh findeth," but there is a new note struck, and that too a most important one—the value of the sense of wonder as a help to our spiritual progress. It is "wondering" he shall reach the Kingdom. There never was a time when this message was more needed than the present; bit by bit the materialism of our age is driving out of us the blessed faculty of wonder. We are growing less and less able to admire, adore, stand at gaze on the rare, the beautiful and the mystic; we want everything now put into scales, measured with the yardstick, or tested by the reagents of the chemist, and so, priding ourselves on our keen-sightedness, worlds on worlds are hidden from us. "Even so, Father; Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes"—to those in whom the sense of wonder is freshest. "Wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom."

But now, gathering all up, even as we waft back our thanksgiving to this old, unknown scholar who, being dead, is thus speaking to us afresh to-day, let us get to the heart, the central value of this "find."

This, I take to be, is the fashion in which each of these sayings is introduced. It is quite unique, not being found in any other manuscript which has come to our hands. Each of the sayings begins with the words, "Jesus saith." Not, mark you, "Jesus *said*," as is our habit in referring to one who is dead, but "Jesus *saith*," as is our way of speaking of the living. Does this mean that the writer took the words down from

the very lips of Jesus? It might, in which case the manuscript becomes invested with a more thrilling human interest than that of any other which we possess. But, on the other hand, as has been pointed out, it might be but the loving way in which the dead are often still spoken of by the living, as Dr. Pusey used to refer to his dead son Philip, "Philip says," rather than "Philip said," or "used to say." On this presumption, as well as from other indications, experts are in tolerable agreement in deciding that the writing is about two generations after the ascension of Christ; within the time, that is, when men were still living who, as boys, might have seen and heard Jesus. But, oh! the blessed lesson there is for us in this way of regarding our risen Lord, not as One who *was*, but as One who *is*, for "He liveth and abideth for ever." "Jesus saith:" let us get this into our hearts as we ponder the Gospels, and they will be invested for us with a new power and inspiration.

Summing all up, do not discoveries like these scatter much of the mist through which we are apt to look on the form of Jesus? They bring home the reality of His presence among men. He Himself wrote nothing, yet as He spoke, moving up and down the land, we see again the eager audiences listening, some taking notes—everything just as it might be with any great and healing preacher of our day; and see too how by these notes and recollections the glad tidings were scattered about everywhere. If something of this sweet reality be deepened in our hearts by this unknown scholar of the long-past day, then fresh encouragement will be given to us to pass the word of life, in season and out of season, believing that no word of the Lord shall finally perish unfruitful.

Scotland in the days of Queen Anne

I

OW-A-DAYS, on travelling northward across the border, one cannot tell where England ends and Scotland begins. The one kingdom melts into the other so harmoniously, that all seems, as it now virtually is, the same country. Not so was it in the time of Queen Anne. You could not have passed under the grim gateways at Carlisle or across the fortified bridge of Berwick without finding that there were huge iron doors to be unlocked, before you could get from the southern to the northern dominion.

"The hideous road along the Tyne," says North in his life of Lord Guilford, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, "for the many and sharp turnings and perpetual precipices was, for a coach not sustained by main force, impassable; his lordship was forced to take horse, and to ride most part of the way to Hexham." The people are described as a comical set, with bristly beards, short cloaks, and long broadswords with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts and touching the ground. Every one in his turn came up "cheek by jowl," and talked with my Lord Judge. Of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which, though, according to Acts of Parliament, neither Scotch nor English, yet historically and in character belongs to both, we have a curious notice in Dr. Calamy's Diary, on his way to Edinburgh in 1709. He arrived in the evening, when the gates were shut, and the bridge drawn up, and the keys carried to the Deputy-Governor's lodging. The traveller gave half-a-crown to the sentinel to drink the Queen's health, who took his name down, and went to the deputy and obtained permission for the stranger and his companions to enter—"a circumstance so odd at that hour, that the people took lights to their windows and doors, to see who and what was coming."

The first thing which arrests attention on looking at Scotland in the days of Queen Anne is the union of the two kingdoms, which was effected shortly after her accession. The two crowns had been united on the succession of James I. to the English throne, but the two countries remained disconnected in many respects, each having its own parliament, its own system of taxation, its own trade principles, its own political interests. The two machines did not work well together;

differences of organisation and differences in the motive power which kept them in action produced contrary results, which led the quick-sighted hero of the Revolution to desire the termination of the existing arrangement. In 1702 William III., in a message to the English Commons, stated his conviction that nothing could more contribute to the peace, security, and happiness of England and Scotland than a firm and entire union. What was desired by William was effected under Anne. Scarcely had she been addressed as her Majesty—indeed, on the third day after her accession, when for the first time she lifted up her pleasant voice before the English Parliament—she opened the question of Union as one demanding immediate attention. Within less than two months a Bill passed appointing commissioners to undertake the business.

The measure originated with England, and in response the Scots Parliament appointed its own commissioners to meet those of the sister kingdom and negotiate the terms of the proposed union. But what had been foreseen speedily appeared. It was not likely that a race, or rather a union of races, which had for ages occupied the northern plains and hills of our common island, with their proud spirit of independence, with their fondly-cherished traditions, with the remembrance of battles fought to resist an English yoke, should readily and at once consent to the obliteration of their political individuality and merge themselves thoroughly in the same Commonwealth with their old southern antagonists. Whatever might be the Lowland sentiment—and that was not altogether friendly—a blaze of patriotic opposition burst out in many a Highland bosom. But, in spite of resistance from these and other quarters, the matter was brought to a successful end in 1706, when it was provided that the two States should form one united kingdom of Great Britain, of which the armorial bearings were to be determined by the Queen. The churches of the two countries were to remain distinct and intact; Scotland was to be represented in the Parliament of Great Britain by sixteen peers and forty-five commoners; the laws and customs of each country were to be preserved unaltered, unless the united Parliament should in particular cases determine otherwise. The Queen herself seems to have taken much interest in the proceedings, and even attended some of the meetings of the commissioners; and perhaps, as she watched the discussion and hailed the final results, there would cross her mind reminiscences of Edinburgh and Holyrood Palace, which, as a girl, she had visited with her father when Duke of York.

On approaching the subject of the union, an inquiry presented itself to the mind of an illustrious historian, now no more, how it was that, though the union was notoriously unpopular in Scotland, yet there were symptoms of Scotch pressure in its favour. Macaulay proposed the puzzle to another historian. "I believe," said Mr. Burton, "you will find a simple solution in the urgency of the Scots for participation in the *English* trade, and that you will find your way to this solution in the laws of the Protectorate and those of the Restoration." Lord Macaulay wrote to Mr. Burton, saying, "I have looked into the question of commercial relations between England and Scotland after the Restoration. You were quite right, and the subject is full of interest." No doubt we have here a clue guiding us through certain perplexities waylaying the path of the historical student in matters connected with the days of Anne. If, on the one hand, romantic sentiment had its play in Jacobite and Cameronian bosoms, some wishing to support the Stuart cause and others to unfurl the Covenant flag, principles of commercial policy more effectively influenced the judgment of Edinburgh and Glasgow merchants. They saw the advantages of free trade between the two countries.

The story of the Union has been differently told by different authors, according to their respective partialities and prejudices. Daniel De Foe was an advocate on the side of the English Government, and paints his picture so as, by dark colouring in the Scotch background, to throw into brilliant light the English friends of the Union. Lockhart is a counter authority, who imputes bad motives to England, and glorifies the patriotism and independence of his own countrymen. Sir Walter Scott takes side with the latter, and throws the fascination of genius over his own rendering of Scottish annals. Between these contending historians Burton holds the balance, as it appears to us, firmly and fairly, whilst he extenuates nothing, and sets down naught in malice.

It is very well known that charges of bribery at the time were brought against the negotiators of the Union, and that the English Government paid money to Scotch officials to buy their support. Lockhart makes bold accusations of this kind, and Sir Walter Scott supports him in this respect. But Burton sifts the matter as far as possible, and comes to the conclusion "that the statesmen of the day, English and Scots, thought it a thing to be regretted that whilst so delicate a piece of statesmanship as the passing of the Scots Union Act was in hand, there were debts due by the Crown and arrears of salary to public officers unsatisfied; and that the transfer of money from the English to the Scotch exchequer was a temporary loan for the removal of these causes of discontent."

In attempting to present the state of things in Scotland under Queen Anne pictorially and socially, we begin with the city of Edinburgh.

Picturesque archæology delights in ruin, decay, and filth; strange though it be, who can deny that not merely the Dryasdust fraternity, but men and women who are under the inspiration of poetical sentiment, feel an interest in poring over engravings of old tumble-down houses, of courts and alleys, closes and wynds, broken windows and dilapidated doors—such as abound in the illustrations of Wilson's Edinburgh in the olden time. With such helps we frame to ourselves some idea of the appearance of the Castle, the Grass Market, the High Street, the Tolbooth, and Holyrood Palace in the days of Queen Anne. We must not forget that some things which seem to us as very old were not so then; casements now rotting in their frames were then good pieces of painted joinery; walls now revealing an inner skeleton of timber and lath were then well plastered; sculpture and decoration now defaced and begrimed then stood forth distinct and cleanly; staircases now so rickety that it appears perilous to trust one's foot upon them were then firm and steady. To the eyes of ladies and gentlemen at that day they were no more picturesque and interesting than are like homely and familiar objects to us now. The citadel which crowns the city heights was then a landmark of considerable antiquity, telling of historic conflicts. The houses of noblemen stood in the High Street, redolent of associations with the Civil Wars and the Reformation. John Knox's house, then as now, called people's thoughts to Queen Mary and the Regent Murray. The Tolbooth gathered round it a thousand ancient memories, and Holyrood stood a memento of ecclesiastical and political history, which ran far into the Middle Ages.

In dwellings old and new, close together near the Canongate, there lived at Edinburgh in the middle of the last century two dukes, two countesses, sixteen earls, seven lords (including lords of session—altogether fourteen), besides thirteen baronets. Hence we may conclude there were as many as, if not more, so grouped in the days of Anne, and in them occurred scenes such as Scott has chronicled with amazing witchery—assassinations and seizures, intrigues and plots, struggles and duels, accompanied by preternatural dreams, and followed by thoroughly believed apparitions.

Taverns in obscure places—in courts and closes, away from public thoroughfare—were places of resort noticed in the Latin lyrics of Dr. Pitcairn, who lived in Edinburgh in the first quarter of the last century. He speaks of bowls at the Cross Keys, huge cups at the Ship, and scalloped oysters at Buchanan's and Tennant's. He mentions a suite of underground apartments in Parliament Square, approached by a descending stair opposite the oriel window of St. Giles's Church, in a mass of buildings called The Pillars. Ladies as well as gentlemen frequented such haunts, and sat there eating oysters and drinking punch.

We do not know whether in Anne's time tricks were played by lawyers, like those of "High Jinks," under Counsellor Pleydell, described in *Guy Mannering*. But dissipated young fellows, going home from their orgies in the taverns and cellars, would tear off from the doors the new and handsome knockers which were coming into fashion—"brazen-faced articles," as Chambers calls them, "which received the full share of odium always conferred by Scotchmen of the old school upon tasteful improvements." These knockers took the place of, and gradually superseded, the old *risps* or *clappers* or *ringles*, as they were termed, being small iron strips or bars projected from the door and supplied with a ring, which, being rasped roughly along the serrated edge of the projection, produced an unpleasant sound.

Now the reader may fancy himself walking

in the city as it was 170 years ago, and marking some of the notabilities to be met with on his way. There, under the arch of the "Netherbow" (taken down in 1764), you see the second Duke of Queensberry, leader of the Government party—indeed, Lord High Commissioner—a man of great ability, and well qualified to steer the bark of the Union just launched amidst the rocks, shoals, and eddies which imperil its voyage. He lives in a huge mansion by the Canongate, where his miserly father lived before him; and there he keeps court, and gathers together not only numbers of the nobility and gentry, who agree with him in opinion, but, much to his annoyance, crowds of the baser sort, who, ignorantly opposed to the recent measure, testify their sentiments by hisses and hootings under his Grace's windows. There also goes the Duke of Hamilton, chief of the anti-Unionists, premier peer of Scotland, of immense wealth, proud of his ancient descent. He is riding in his sedan-chair to Holyrood House, followed by troops of apprentices and a good many excited citizens, who cheer their leader. Next appears Lord Belhaven, bluff and burly, "looking like a butcher," his opponents say. He lives in Mint Court, near St. Mary's Wynd and the Cowgate; and, though he fought for William III. at Killiecrankie, he is now opposed, heart and soul, to this union, which he looks on as a newfangled scheme, tending to the ruin and dishonour of his beloved country. Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, is another notability you meet with in your ramble—a low, thin man of brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern look, and fifty years old. He is a gentleman steady to his principles, of nice honour, with abundance of learning, sharp as the sword he wears, and bold as a lion; a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy, he would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it. His thoughts are large as to religion, and could never be brought within the bounds of any particular sect. Nor will he be under the distinction of a Whig or Tory, saying those names are used to cloak the knaves of both. Next, observe the Marquis of Tweeddale, who lives in a fine mansion by the Netherbow, with gardens descending "by a succession of ornamental terraces to the Cowgate." "Mean and degraded," says Mr. Wilson, "as this ancient thoroughfare now is, there are not wanting traces of those palmy days when nobles and senators of the capital had there their palaces, whose magnificence excited the admiration of strangers, though now its name has almost passed into a byeword." The Marquis of Tweeddale is a well-known personage, leader of what is called the "Squadrone," who had been in office and then turned out—a party, to speak plainly, who seem to have waited to see what course of conduct would best serve their own interest. A very different man is Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, "a very honest gentleman of no extraordinary reach"—zealous for the divine right of presbytery, which hurries him often to act in a hard way to men of less confused principles, thinking it doing God service.

We must put an end to this secret review, only pointing out some peculiarities of dress in the people passing to and fro in the great thoroughfares. We read of calashes, capuchins, négligées, stomachers, stays, hoops, lappets, pinners, pads, fans, busks, rumple-knots, etc., as worn in the last century; but, as fashion is changeful, we cannot determine precisely which of these articles were common in Anne's days. At all events, ladies then sometimes wore black velvet masks in the street, and probably, in walking, carried the skirt of their gown over the arm, so as to exhibit a gay petticoat. The town guard might be observed every night, at eight o'clock, dressed in a dingy red uniform, with cocked hats, and carrying Lochaber axes, beating their drums between the Lucken booths and the Netherbow.

On the north side of the Tolbooth, Dr. Calamy, who visited Glasgow on the sovereign's birthday in 1709, says of it: "It is as pleasant a place as any I have seen. The city is well built. The College is a good building, and so is the Tolbooth or Town House. It has a lofty tower, with melodious bells, which chime every two hours. The chief church is very large, and of the Gothic sort. The churchyard has as many odd epitaphs as one shall commonly meet with. The College library has a good collection of books and some MSS. In it are also preserved several stones, taken out of the old Roman wall in the neighbourhood, and kept in very good order." He describes a new church built in the Roman form, without pillars, like the theatre at Oxford. On the left

hand of the pulpit, when he preached, were divers of the nobility who lived in or near the city; and we can see them, with their long, flowing perukes, their laced neckcloths, their embroidered waistcoats, their broad-buttoned outer garments. On the right hand were the masters and scholars of the University, with their leaders; and in front sat the magistrates in great state and order. Amongst the magistrates we can fancy one of the Bailie Nicol Jarvie type, with his short-curled wig, well-buttoned cuffs, spacious lappets over his waistcoat-pockets, and a silver-mounted cane in hand.

II

STIRRING scenes were exhibited in Edinburgh in the reign of Queen Anne. It must have been a gorgeous spectacle when, in 1703, a new Parliament of the old *régime* was opened for the last time. Military footguards lined the way from Holyrood Palace to the Netherbow Port. Thence the road up to Parliament House was kept by the Civic Guard. Along this avenue marched the members, each name being called as its owner proceeded to take his place. All wore heavy doublets. And after the Commoners came the nobility, in splendid robes, attended by train-bearers. Lackeys waited on the High Commissioner, and they wore velvet coats with armorial embroidery. The crown, the sceptre, and the sword of state were carried by officers richly attired. Heralds and pursuivants glittered in the procession, and the High Street rang with the clangor of trumpets. All the important persons were on horseback, and special arrangements were made to assist in mounting and dismounting—as some of the good burghers, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie, were not much accustomed to the use of stirrup and saddle. In consequence of the procession being a cavalcade, it went by the name of the Riding.

In the Parliament House, with its oaken rafters—the walls hung with portraits of Scottish sovereigns—the proceedings were solemnly opened, and Scotch tongues were then let loose to debate on important questions rife in the public mind, especially matters connected with the forthcoming Union.

If a less splendid, yet a still more heart-stirring scene was enacted in Parliament House when the grand and decisive debate on the absorbing Union measure took place in the autumn of 1706. Then it was that the Duke of Hamilton delivered his famous speech—the talk of all Scotland, full of appeals to national patriotism, and allusions to Robert the Bruce, and the ancient Douglases and Campbells, enough to make a Scotchman's blood tingle—and all to rouse enthusiastic opposition against the sons of Caledonia who were mean enough to surrender their independence dearly bought on fields of yore. Then it was that Seton of Pitmedden calmly reasoned out the question, and showed his excited fellow-countrymen that the Union was a cure for existing evils, and would prove a source of advantage to their children's children. Then it was that Lord Belhaven, "bluff and burly," poured out his feelings in a passionate torrent of theatrical invective, wrought up to the highest tones of classic declamatory rhetoric, against the Government measure, a speech pronounced to be "an event in the history of Scotland."

There was immense excitement out of doors during and after the debate. Inflammatory pamphlets were published, fiery appeals were made to the population, lies of all sorts were told to create a riot, and mobs assembled denouncing vengeance. Less mischief followed than might have been looked for. The ex-Provost's house sustained a sort of siege, but his brave wife screamed out of the window, and the town guard came to her assistance. The affair was much exaggerated by Daniel De Foe: "A more formidable riot happened at Glasgow, where the rabble were masters of the city for some days;" but here again the historian of the Union seems hard put to it to substantiate his sweeping allegations of mischief, and has to sum up a terrific general description with the words "except that there was no bloodshed, they acted the exact part of an enraged, ungoverned multitude."

Alarms as to a French invasion obtained amongst the Edinburgh people in 1707, when the Jacobites were busy intriguing on behalf of the Pretender. Vessels from France approached the Firth of Forth, and were sighted by Scotch sailors on the look-out. No doubt there was plenty of talk about the enemy in the closes and wynds; but happily the foreign ships lost the tide, and, finding an English fleet close behind,

Photo by MELVILLE CASTLE, MIDLOTHIAN *George Thow*

In olden days Melville estate was owned by Queen Mary of Scotland's secretary, and it was to his delightful country house that she hied when worried with cares of State and wearied by the homilies of John Knox. But the present stately castle is associated with that Viscount Melville who was First Lord of the Admiralty during Pitt's administration. He was impeached for malversation of office, but acquitted by the House of Lords. That magnificent monument, the Melville Monument, in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 100 feet high, was erected by admirers of Lord Melville in appreciation of reforms he effected in the Royal Navy. The castle is about eight miles from Edinburgh amid lovely policies, with the river Esk winding its way close by. At present the Earl and Countess of Rothes have the castle on lease.—GEORGE THOW.

the leader of the expedition was glad hastily to cut his cable and set sail northwards.

Amusing incidents occurred in connexion with political affairs. There was a Lady Effie, daughter to the Earl of Eglintoun, and the wife of "Union Lockhart." Lady Effie plunged into curious intrigues to help her husband. Suspecting that Mr. Forbes, a zealous Whig, had got hold of papers implicating her spouse, and intended to hand them over to the Government, she dressed up her two sons in fardingales and masks, patches and jewels, and sent them out to play the part of fashionable street-walkers, and to decoy the Whig gallant into a tavern, where they made him drunk, and robbed him of the dangerous documents. This anecdote, related by a grand-nephew of Lady Lockhart, furnishes a graphic picture of the manners and notions of the age of Queen Anne.

The history of religious affairs supplies further notices of those times. Presbyterianism is the established religion of Scotland, in a deeper and wider sense than Episcopalianism is the established religion of England. It is not only established by law, but by the influence of history, of tradition, and of education, to an extent perhaps which can scarcely find a national parallel.

At once we had better turn our attention to the General Assembly, the history of which, as to real power and popular interest, presents a striking contrast to the English Convocation at that time. The Assembly, at the epoch of the Union, met in state within the walls of St. Giles's Church. There, in the presence of the Lord Commissioner, sat the following ecclesiastical celebrities of the age—Carstairs, the friend of William III., a man fitted by nature and habit for ecclesiastical statesmanship, in point of ability and skill taking high rank amongst historical personages of the spiritual order; Boston, author of *The Fourfold State*, a very different person, but one who possessed power of a certain kind, or he never could have made the mark he did on the sentiments of his own times—he may be taken as a type of the old-fashioned Evangelical Presbyter; Wodrow, archæologist and historian, as well as divine, comes between the two—not so broad as Carstairs, not so narrow as Boston, but most faithful to the spiritual interests of his country, and much more disposed to a charitable judgment of others than some of his brethren. These, and other celebrities, sat, row behind row, under the roof of St. Giles's, ready to debate the questions of the hour; and, one after another, they rose to address the moderator in speeches which moved the House more or less. They discussed the Union and the abjuration oath, patronage and toleration. Ecclesiastical discipline became a puzzling problem. The want of it was lamented. "When the golden snuffers of the sanctuary were taken away," it was quaintly said, "the lamps and lights could not but burn dim;" and curious cases calling for Church discipline are recorded by Wodrow. It is plain, from what he has written, that the old Covenanting spirit was on the decline in the upper classes and in the larger towns, but that it lingered in country presbyteries with persistent force. The secession epoch did not begin under Queen Anne, but it was being prepared for by earnest desires after discipline, cherished by some and checked by others.

Wodrow abounds in lamentations over evils with which he and his brethren had to struggle. "A lax gentry and nobility;" "attempts to restore patronage;" "the Church placed in a perilous juxtaposition with malignants on one side and *separatists* on the other;" "the hurt done by Quakerism, then on the increase, in Scotland;" and above all, "the extraordinary growth of Popery,"—these are vexations which the good man particularly specifies.

From papers in the possession of Lord Panmure, brought to light by the Historical MSS. Commission, it appears that there was a gentleman, the Honourable Henry Maule, an ardent Jacobite out in 1715, a non-juror of the English Episcopal type, who had much correspondence with the Rev. James Greenshield, a clergyman in English orders, who, at the instance of the Edinburgh Presbytery, was thrown into prison for using the Book of Common Prayer. Out of his imprisonment arose the Act of Toleration under Queen Anne, for the benefit of Scotch Episcopalians. In one of Mr. Greenshield's letters to Mr. Maule he deprecates the design of printing the Scots Prayer-book, that raised the Edinburgh tumults, saying it would divide the clergy and be of ill consequence. The non-jurors in Scotland boasted that they did not tie themselves down to any particular liturgy; and, indeed, between the

Restoration and the Revolution the service of the Scotch Episcopal Church had been mostly in the way of extempore prayers.

In the papers just referred to a scheme is detailed for the establishment of a ladies' convent, without the known inconveniences of foreign nunneries. The scheme expresses the longing of devout people amongst non-jurors, and contains rules for the government of the House—division of time, exercise, visits, diversions—the whole prospectus filling a small octavo volume in the handwriting of Queen Anne's time. Papers belonging to the Earl of Strathmore further disclose a strange provision made by one of his ancestors for a service at his grave every day at twelve o'clock. Four men, wearing a white-cloth coat lined with blue serge, were by turns to read a form of prayer over the deceased, and if any of them could not read they were to learn the form by heart. As mention is made of the parish church, it would seem his lordship had professed the established religion of his country. As he died in 1695, we may suppose that this strange ceremony went in the days of Anne.

We conclude what we have here to say of the Church by stating that among the clergy at that time there were no literary men like the Robertsons, Blairs, and Campbells of a later generation. Indeed, Wodrow, a principal author then, whose style is excruciating to a modern reader, remarks: "A little more acquaintance with *Bell letter*, natural history, and gentlemanly bearing might be very useful, if prudently used, to carry on the ends of religion, even in conversation." Certainly many of the theological books of that day are very hard reading now, and altogether literature in Scotland was at a low ebb. The English Augustan age of letters, so commonly coupled with the reign of Anne, did not extend beyond the borderland; and besides Allan Ramsay—poet and bookseller, living at the sign of the Mercury, opposite to Niddy's Wynd—the chief person in the polite book world of that period was the eccentric Archibald Pitcairn, who wrote some amusing descriptions of contemporary objects and scenes in Latin verse.

We must now try and catch a hasty glimpse of the Highlands.

We sometimes speak of the unalterableness of natural scenery in contrast with the changeful aspects of civilisation displayed on its surface, but the fact is that nature itself, under the hand of human industry, becomes so transformed that it may be questioned whether one who knew the Highlands a century and three-quarters ago would know them now. Highlanders, as soldiers, were unsettled, undependable, impulsive, brave, impatient, ready to die, or, if opportunity offered, to take to their heels. In case of war it was said of them, by the Master of Sinclair, first, if they were long without being brought into action they would fire and go home; secondly, if they fought and were victorious, they would plunder and go home; and thirdly, if they fought and were beaten, they would run away and go home. The outlines of hill and valley, of moor and glen, are undisturbed; but roads and plantations, hedges and walls, the improvement of agriculture and the increase of buildings, have so revolutionised many a landscape, and created so many new features, that identity of appearance is almost lost; and we may rest assured that—taking into account the romantic touches given by the Wizard of the North to the places described in *Rob Roy*—Loch Lomond and Inversnaid did not strike the Highland hero as they do the modern tourist.

Traditions of second sight were common amongst these people. Stories of wraiths or apparitions were told by old men and women to their children and grandchildren crouching round the peat fire, which filled the hut with smoke; and Burton goes so far as to say that incantations and material heathen sacrifices were known as late as the last century.

There were castles inhabited by noblemen, and goodly mansions tenanted by lairds, amidst the picturesque and sublime rocks and mountains which diversify Scotland, and at the time of which we speak the power of the Highland chief was struggling with the straits of poverty, and he found it hard work to make ends meet. The incomes of landlords were miserably small, compared with the revenues yielded by English rentals. Might and right were often in antagonism, and Highland chiefs lost control over their followers. Sheepskin titles, as deeds were termed, were not always available to secure the loyalty of a clan. With a disputed succession to the crown, with the chief families in several counties divided into Jacobites and the upholders of the Revolution, feuds were rife, and intrigues were carried on to bring

back the Stuarts. Plot after plot was concocted by lords and lairds disaffected to the existing Government, and scores and scores of letters passed to and fro between Highland Jacobites and the court of the exiled Pretender. The Stuart papers printed in Macpherson show how busy were certain agents of "King James the III of England, James VIII of Scotland," as they called him. The number of regiments and the number of men drawn up on paper ready to bear their liege lord up to the throne are truly wonderful, and many a romantic story got interwoven with that intricate network of diplomacy, in which there was often more of poetry than policy.

Some of the peasantry, no doubt, retained a spirit of independence, together with a bond of loyalty to their chieftains; but Mr. Burton describes the condition of some of them as no better than that of prædial slaves; and what must have been the huts in which they spent cold winter nights, when even the Highland gentleman was content with a creel house—that is to say, a dwelling of wicker-work so laced together as to resemble the pattern of old runic stones.

Rob Roy and the McGregor clan, as sketched by Scott, are types of people who lived in those days. Documents of the period recently brought to light, illustrate the character of the renowned Highlander. In a letter by the Duke of Montrose, dated November 1716, it is said, "This fellow has now of a good while put himself at the head of the clan McGregor, a race of people who, in all ages, have distinguished themselves above others by robberies, depredations, and murders, and of consequence harbourers and entertainers of all the vagabonds and loose people in the country. He has, from the time of the Revolution, taken every opportunity to appear against the Government, rather as a robber than as acting from a principle. Some three or four years before the late rebellion broke out—that would be about two or three years before Anne's death—being overburdened with debts, he quitted his ordinary residence and removed some twelve or sixteen miles farther into the Highlands and put himself under the protection of the Earl of Breadalbane."

The Justices of the Peace at Ayr, in July 1715, complain of lawless proceedings of rather a different kind from those of Rob Roy. Irish cattle were brought over contrary to law, and were accordingly seized by the officers. The Justices declare they were afterwards taken by the mob and driven to the mountains, whereby, say they, "the whole species of our money is carried off, and our breed of cattle rendered useless."

What was the condition of the border country may be gathered from scattered notices in *Waverley*, *Redgauntlet*, and *Guy Mannering*—which, though they relate to an after period, reflect much of the appearance of the district, and the habits and customs of the inhabitants, at the opening of the last century.

Is there a Revival of Irish Poetry?

SOME time ago we had the pleasure of noticing the work of an Irish poet of to-day, Mr. Savage-Armstrong, whose charming *Ballads of Down* had recently appeared. Now we find that Antrim has its poet also. There lies before us a dainty volume entitled *Pat McCarty, His Rhymes*, by John Stevenson.[1]

The poems are written in the Antrim dialect, which is really Lowland Scots with some local modifications. They are divided into sections, according to subjects, such as "Home and the Man," "Wife and Wean," "Visitors," "The Winds and the Sea," "Love," "Death." Each section is introduced by an explanatory preface, in which, with great skill and accurate knowledge, the author shows us the attitude of the Antrim farmer to the various aspects of nature and human life.

Many of the poems recall Burns, and yet there is no slavish imitation, for Mr. Stevenson strikes a chord which is quite his own. Some of them, especially "The Abbey Tales," recall Scott. But humour is the prevailing characteristic. Take, for instance, the poem called "The Artist." The artist is painting a landscape, in the foreground of which he places Widow Peggy Martin's

[1] *Pat McCarty, Farmer, of Antrim. His Rhymes, with a Setting.* By John Stevenson. Edward Arnold. 6s.

cottage. But after the manner of too many English artists, he must needs represent the walls all tumble-down and the windows stuffed with rags, while, of course, a pig stood at ease inside the kitchen door.

"The picter finished to his taste the puir consaited wretch
Invited Peg, then passin' near, to come and see the sketch.

She cam' wi' smiles, her can o' suds she sat doon by the way,
And apron-wip'd her airms a bit, for it was weshin' day.

She look'd, she grunted, grunted mair—the smilin' face was gone;
It didna need a seer to see a storm was comin' on.

'And wha's pig-stye is that?' quo' she, 'wha's pig-stye may it be?
Is that my hoose? noo answer that just straight to me.'"

He tries to pacify her, but in vain.

"'And *that's* my thanks, my gintleman, an' that's the way ye trate
A puir lone widdy that has got to arn her bit o' mate.

Ye winna hae the pleesure, tho', to send abroad yer cheat.'
Wi' that she dash'd her dirty suds right ower the pented sheet.

'Ye ca' it wather-colour work, I ca' it trash instead,
But wather-colour it will be in arnest noo,' she said."

"The Managin' Wife" is a clever poem in the satirical vein, and "James McWha, Esq-u," is of the same character.

The love of nature and the recognition of the great Creator's power and goodness burst forth constantly. Take these lines from a poem "To the Lark"—

"Bonnie birdie, brown o' feather,
Often do I wonder whether
God, who made ye rise and sing,
Gave that power o' throat and wing,
That the dullest souls amang us,
Might, o'er all the woes that thrang us,
Learn from ye to rise and wait
In the sunshine at His gate."

JOHN STEVENSON

There are many pathetic lines on death and old age. Perhaps no poem in the whole volume is more beautiful than that called "Second Youth," in which the author contrasts life's early youth, when years were long, and "castle-topp'd was every distant hill," with the closing years—

"O sweeter second youth o' shorter years
That sees behind us scene o' storm and strife,
The fallen castle and the shrunk estate,
The trodden pathway wetted wi' our tears,
And sees us no' the agéd endin' life,
But schooléd children comin' to its gate."

Our readers will thank us for introducing them to a new poet with a genuine human heart, with many a musical verse, with the merry twinkle of Irish fun in his eye, and withal with a faith and hope which triumph over difficulties, and conquer death and the grave.—C. H. I.

Varnish and its Manufacture

BY JOHN R. JACKSON, A.L.S., ETC.

LATE KEEPER OF THE MUSEUMS, ROYAL GARDENS, KEW

AMONGST the thousands of advertisements that surround us and bewilder us at our railway stations and along our railway lines, as well as in our newspapers and periodicals, many refer to articles of trade that to an unthinking mind are of very slight importance, but when the details of their manufacture and the statistics of the materials used in their preparation become known, the character of the special product springs into a magnitude but little dreamt of. It is some such position as this that varnish occupies in the minds of the general public on the one hand, and the makers and users of the preparation on the other, and it was with the view of making the subject better known that the writer made a pilgrimage to West Ham Abbey in the county of Essex to be instructed in some of the arts and mysteries of varnish-making.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with this favoured locality, we must explain that West Ham Abbey is not a name applied at the present time to an ecclesiastical edifice in some remote part of the county, but that it refers to a locality which is really contiguous to, if not actually a part of, Stratford-atte-Bow, though in the Middle Ages a noble Abbey did exist here.

Mr. Robert Ingham Clark, the principal partner in the varnish works we were privileged to inspect, and who favoured us with a "personally conducted tour," combines with his business acumen an intelligent and scientific knowledge of the sources of all the materials used in his works, together with a love of archæological and antiquarian lore, so that, referring to the site now occupied by boiling furnaces, tall chimneys, and varnish tanks, he says—"To those acquainted with the West Ham Abbey of to-day, its factories, mills, and distilleries, the busy life and constant railway traffic, a vigorous effort of the imagination is required to realise that upon this very ground, 'amidst green meadows, and watered by abundant streams,' stood the famous Cistercian monastery of Stratford Langthorne, and that for more than four centuries—indeed, until the suppression of religious houses by Henry VIII.—it was the tranquil habitation of hooded monks, who, in the seclusion of its cloisters, orchards, and gardens, passed their lives in devotional exercises and the worship of God." It will suffice for our purpose to say that the works stand on the very site of the old Abbey, a fragment of which yet exists in a portion of a wall in which are two well-defined windows.

RHUS VERNICIFERA

Leaving the antiquity of the neighbourhood, we must say a few words on the antiquity of the use of varnish itself, which has been traced to the early Egyptians. Varnish in some form is considered to be coeval with the art of painting or decorating, though probably in its earliest stages the protective coat of the painting or decoration consisted only of the natural resins or balsams as collected from the plants which furnished them.

Mr. Ingham Clark, who has paid considerable attention to

the early history and composition of varnish, refers in an elaborate treatise on the subject to a statement of Pliny to the effect "that Apelles invented a varnish, the composition of which was known only to himself, and it is also certain that the varnishes which had been made for centuries by the inhabitants of the eastern parts of Asia were in part known to, and employed by the Romans."

He further says, "It may readily be believed that the discovery of varnish was the fruit of repeated trials, and though those who made it had continually in their hands the essential materials, yet there was still a motive wanting—that of sustained demand—which was, however, soon created among peaceable and industrious nations by a taste for luxury, and extended by commercial intercourse."

The widespread use of varnish, or what is synonymous with it—lacquer—in different parts of the habitable globe is an indication of the attention that has from early periods been given by people of distinct habits to a preparation that, at one and the same time, preserves the decorated surface from atmospheric action and gives a gloss to it, thereby heightening the effects of the colour or the design. As illustrations of this, we need only point to the wonderful lacquer-work of the Japanese, the basis of which is the juice drawn from the stem of the *Rhus vernicifera* by a process of tapping, and prepared in a variety of ways to suit the kind of work it is intended to embellish; or again to the Indian lacquer, which is prepared from a resinoid secretion formed on the twigs of species of Indian figs (*Ficus*) and other plants by the punctures of a small insect (*Coccus*); or again to the lacquer-ware for which the Burmese are noted, and which is prepared from the juice of a big tree allied to the Japanese *Rhus* and known as the Thitsi (*Melanorrhœa usitata*). But all these are more or less the crude products of the plants which furnish them, with but little manipulation. As understood in Europe, however, varnish-making at the present day is a totally different matter, and consists, as Mr. Clark says, of discovering and practically applying certain formulæ of composition the results of which unite the essential characteristics which constitute high-class quality, viz. brilliancy, transparency, and durability.

"When a manufacturer has successfully and with regularity accomplished this desideratum, he endeavours to keep his knowledge and the means employed profoundly secret. A thoroughly practical experience is absolutely of primary importance, for the volumes of so-called workshop recipes, etc., that have been written on the subject, are not only useless for the object sought to be attained, but are often purposely misleading."

"The manufacture of varnish in the present day is conducted on so vast a scale that the fossil and semi-fossil resins, which form its base, are brought from every quarter of the globe to feed the requirements of the trade—about 3000 tons being yearly consumed in England alone. By far the larger portion of this—Gum Kauri—comes from our Colony of New Zealand. The remainder is shipped from different points of the east and west coasts of Africa, the Philippine Islands, Brazil, etc., under the general names of Anime and Copal."

The principal use to which varnish is applied at the present time is undoubtedly

MELANORRHŒA USITATA

TRACHYLOBIUM HORNEMANNIANUM

for railway and other carriage panels and external and internal house-work, but besides these uses we are informed there is a great demand for varnish among basket-makers, straw-hat manufacturers, bookbinders, slate-marble manufacturers, lithographers, and show-card makers, all of which require varnishes specially adapted to their own use, but which must have an exquisite gloss, be practically permanent under varying conditions of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, and should also possess elasticity to allow of the constant bending to which some of the articles have to be submitted, without the possibility of cracking. Every condition of climate, too, has to be taken into account, and special articles prepared to suit each market; for it is a fact, which, in these days of intense competition and foreign rivalry, should afford some gratification, that in the art of varnish-making, at least, our British manufacture stands *facile princeps*.

But let us now direct our attention to some of the raw products from which these results are obtained, and for this purpose we must visit what is technically known as the "Gum Warehouse," for be it known that what in scientific terms would be called resins, in the parlance of a varnish-maker are all called gums. These vary considerably in their appearance, quality, character, and melting-point, and consequently in their value, some approaching much nearer the fossilised condition than others, very few indeed being what are called recent resins, or those that have not been buried in the ground for some long period. In the Gum Warehouse or store we see resins from all countries contained in baskets, bags, mats, and cases of all shapes and sizes. Here we find Gum Anime from Zanzibar, Benguela, Angola, and Sierra Leone; Copals from Central and Western tropical Africa; Kauri from New Zealand; besides Damars from various places in the East. The first of these, namely, Anime, is by far the most costly, as the market value in London ranges from £200 to £350 per ton. The botanical source of this valuable resin was for a very long time unknown. It is dug up from some distance below the surface of the soil, which is for the most part of a red sandy character,

HYMENÆA COURBARIL

on the east coast of Africa, in localities where no trees at present are found. Sir John Kirk, Captain Burton, Dr. Welwitsch, and other travellers and botanists have all paid considerable attention to the sources of Zanzibar Anime, and it is to the labours of Sir John Kirk that science is indebted for proving that the tree known to botanists as *Trachylobium hornemannianum* is that from which the fossil resin, now dug up in such large quantities and known as Zanzibar Anime, at one time in distant ages exuded and buried itself in the ground, to be discovered and to furnish us in these days with a most valuable varnish basis. To show the hardness of this resin it may be mentioned that the melting-point is about 450° Fahr. Masses of concrete resin are often found upon the growing trees of this species of *Trachylobium*, but, in this form, owing to these not having been buried and become hard or semi-fossilised, they are of but little value to the varnish-maker. Insects, such as ants, flies, spiders, etc., as well as flowers and leaves, often become embedded in these resins or gums while in a soft state and thus enclosing them. When the gum becomes hard the insects are perfectly preserved. The tree belongs to the Leguminous family of plants, and a closely-allied species, known as the locust tree of British Guiana (*Hymenæa courbaril*), yields a similar resin known as Demerara Anime. This is also dug from the ground in large masses, one fine lump in Mr. Ingham Clark's collection weighing nearly 60 lbs. This, we believe, is the largest block yet discovered. Though the melting-point is about that of the Zanzibar kind, Demerara Anime has faults which prevent its being a favourite resin with the varnish-maker.

AGATHIS AUSTRALIS

GUM WASHING AND CLEARING

The true Copals, which are nearly all shipped from ports on the west coast of Africa, are furnished by species of *Copaifera*, allied plants to those already referred to and belonging to the same natural order, namely, Leguminosæ. It is, therefore, not a little remarkable that the resins or gums most highly valued by the varnish-maker are the produce of one natural order, and it is further remarkable, that notwithstanding the opening up of a good part of Africa by Europeans, little or nothing has resulted in the discovery of new sources of hard resins suitable for varnish-making, though it would seem beyond doubt that there are tracts of country containing rich deposits of fossil resin that are yet to be brought to light. The latest discovery of any importance in this respect was so far back as 1882, when a communication was made to the Foreign Office by the British Consul at Mozambique, to the effect that a considerable tract of Copal forest, some 200 miles long, had been discovered at Inhambane in Eastern Africa, and that the discoverer had collected six tons of this resin with the intention of sending it to England, where, however, it seems never to have arrived, unless it entered the market under the guise of an old-established name to ensure its sale. Small samples, however, were received at Kew, through the Foreign Office, accompanied by fragments of leaves and bark, from which the plant was found to be the *Copaifera gorskiana*, a close ally to those already described. A sample of this gum was submitted to Mr. Ingham Clark for practical testing, and he found the characters of it similar to those of Accra Copal, and the melting-point about 337° Fahr.

Several other resins known under the term of Manila Copals, from the fact of Manila being their principal port of shipment, are now in the trade. Referring to these particular resins, Mr. Ingham Clark says:—"There are no fossil resins that require more care and experience in the buying and using than Manila Copals. Some are so exceedingly soft that practically they are but little better than ordinary resin, others are so hard that great difficulty is experienced in melting them, while they all have some tricky characteristic, peculiar to their particular variety, which causes trouble to manufacturers who melt them, even months after the varnishes are made." Notwithstanding that large quantities of these resins come into the European markets, little or nothing is known as to their botanical origin, though they are probably produced by plants belonging to the natural order Dipterocarpeæ, nearly all the members of which are resin producers.

GUM CHOPPING AND SORTING ROOM

A very important varnish-maker's resin is Kauri, which is brought from New Zealand, in such large quantities that it is feared the supply will at some not very distant date be exhausted, and though the trees which furnish it still flourish in New Zealand, the yield from these trees can only benefit future generations, as the resins cannot become sufficiently fossilised for varnish purposes in an ordinary lifetime. Notwithstanding that the New Zealand

MELTING AND MIXING ROOM

Government have recently instituted experiments by marking off about four hundred trees in which incisions are to be made in the barks to induce the resin to flow more freely than by natural fractures. It seems, however, that the aim is to allow the resin to concrete on the stems and to collect it when hard. Though this process may increase the quantity of gum at present available, the gum itself will be of a lower commercial value even if the process does not injure the quality of the wood from which it is drawn.

The Kauri Pine is the *Agathis australis* or *Dammara australis* of the botanist, and furnishes besides Kauri gum the well-known Kauri pine timber which is so valuable to the engineer for pattern-making. The gum or resin is found a few feet below the surface of the ground, and the locality where it is deposited is discovered by the diggers, who thrust a pointed iron rod into the ground until they find a deposit, when they set to work digging. The pieces so dug up vary in size from that of a small round marble to big lumps up to 50 lbs. in weight, and Mr. Clark has one lump in his possession which weighs 220 lbs. Kauri gum digging was originally an exclusive industry of the Maoris and they still hold the best finds. The result of their diggings is brought into Auckland for exchange and barter. At the present time "some thousands of white people are engaged in this occupation, which, in fact, serves as a kind of refuge for the destitute and broken-down. Camps are formed by a party of some half-dozen or so, who scour the immediate district and bring their finds to a central store kept often by an agent of some Auckland merchant. The collecting proceeds till the particular field is exhausted or change of season stops work."

"Altogether up to the present time some fourteen or fifteen districts in the province of Auckland are being worked under lease and otherwise by gum diggers; the annual collections represent an approximate value of from £400,000 to £500,000." Kauri, though it has a high melting-point, varying from 300° to 460° Fahr., is easier to manipulate than any other resin, as it unites with linseed oil quicker and at a lower temperature. Space will not allow us to discuss the sources of other varnish resins such as the Damars, Lacs, etc., but we must proceed to describe as briefly as possible how these crude materials are converted into some of the various forms of varnish, without which the wood-work of our carriages and other vehicles would look dull indeed, and the grain and figure of many of our finest timbers, indigenous and foreign, would lack much of their

A WARM CORNER

attractiveness. In the Gum Warehouse before referred to, the contents of the packages as they are opened present anything but an attractive appearance, the lumps of gum themselves being covered with a whitish or greyish dust caused by the rubbing of the pieces together. In the opening of these packages and in the subsequent handling, a large quantity of finely-powdered resin—absolutely dust—is left as a residue all over the warehouse and on the floor. In course of time it becomes deposited as thickly as sand on the seashore. So far as varnish-making

MATURING HOUSE—CAPACITY 50,000 GALLONS

is concerned this resin dust is a waste product, but it is turned to account in another branch of manufacture, and is disposed of to firework manufacturers. After the packages are opened, many of the resins, though roughly cleaned before shipment, have to undergo a process of scraping, washing, and drying before they can be used for the fine kinds of varnish. It is, in fact, absolutely necessary that every detail should be conducted with great cleanliness, or the resulting varnish would be gritty and not flow freely when applied to a flat surface. When the resins are so cleaned they are, together with those that have arrived in a sufficiently clean state, taken up to the floor above by a lift, and carefully picked and sorted into the different grades of colour, chopped into pieces of the required size by machinery worked by steam, and stored in huge bins—each kind in its own separate bin—when it is ready to be conveyed to the melting-pots. Each charge for these pots is very carefully weighed, and then emptied into a shoot by which it is conveyed direct to the pots in the melting-house, which is separated from the store by a wall of five feet in thickness, in order to diminish any risk of fire between the two buildings, for the greatest danger would be found in the melting-house. But before leaving the Gum Warehouse or store it will be necessary to give some idea of its capacity and the value of its contents, and this will be gained from the fact that, at the time of our visit, there were between 300 and 400 tons of resins stored there.

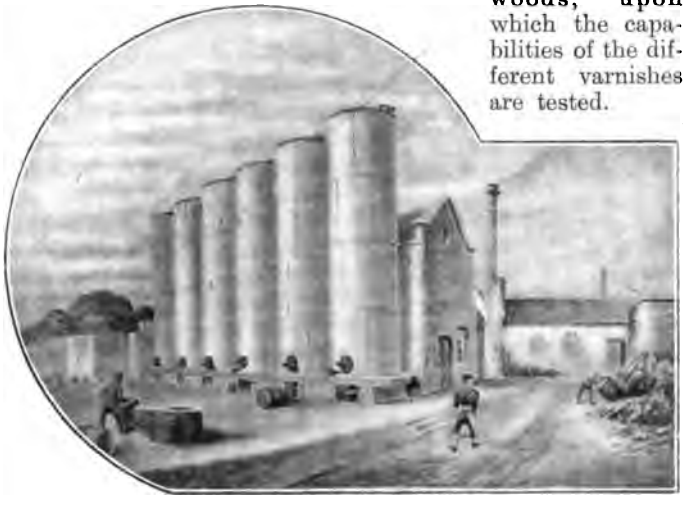
In all the hard resins used by varnish-makers a certain proportion of oil is naturally present, but this is a non-drying oil which in the melting process is given off, and linseed oil and turpentine added in proportions known only to the makers themselves. Both these inflammable materials are therefore stored in tanks of enormous sizes, and are conveyed over the works, or rather underground, through iron pipes as freely as a water supply in any ordinary establishment, and ball cocks are fitted to the tanks to regulate the supply. To melt the resin it is put into huge copper pots, each holding about 100 lbs., and placed over a fierce furnace. Nothing is added in the first instance, as the intense heat alone causes it to "run" or melt, but during the melting it is continually stirred to prevent burning or charring. The linseed oil is then added and the whole contents poured down a kind of drain, from whence it runs into tanks in the thinning house, where it stands for twenty-four hours to allow all impurities to settle. It is here that the turpentine is added and the varnish otherwise manipulated, after which it is strained and filtered and delivered to one of the maturing houses, where it is pumped into tanks and allowed to stand for a considerable time. In one of these houses, as many as 50,000 gallons are often stored; and there are several of such houses fitted with tanks, the capacity of each house ranging from 30,000 to 40,000 gallons.

The oil-tanks are huge iron cylinders, not connected with any building, but standing alone and towering high in the air. There are eleven of these tanks, and they contain 6000 gallons of oil.

As might be supposed, every precaution is taken against the possibility of fire, where every ingredient is of the most inflammable description. Every store and department is an isolated building, and the floor of each is sunk about eighteen inches below the level of the ground, so that should a tank leak or a fire take place, the contents would, in a measure, be confined to its own building. Outside every door are piles of sandbags and huge boxes of loose sand, and every man is thoroughly drilled in the use of the fire apparatus.

From the dense fumes that arise from the melting resins, and from the powerful odours of varnish, turpentine, and linseed oil which pervade the whole area of the works, one would be led to suppose that the men engaged in this peculiar industry would suffer much inconvenience if not actually ill-health, but we are assured that the trade is, on the contrary, a remarkably healthy one, and that the employés are particularly exempt from epidemic diseases and the risk of contagion.

We cannot leave these interesting works without a reference to the well-appointed laboratory where delicate tests are carried on, and to the museum and final testing department, where there is a fine collection of magnificently-figured slabs of foreign woods, upon which the capabilities of the different varnishes are tested.



OIL AND TURPENTINE TANKS

Curiosities of Words

Island.—The Old English (Anglo-Saxon) word was *igland*, a compound of *ig*, "isle," and *land*, "land." The *g* of Old English has not become *s*; the change in the word has proceeded step by step, thus—*Igland* was changed into *i'land*. Now there was a word *ile* with the same meaning from a French word *ile;* but the French *ile* was often spelt *isle*, and Caxton, who translated many works from French into English, introduced this spelling. People began to look upon *iland* as being made up of *ile* and *land*, and when *ile* began to be written *isle*, of course *iland* followed suit, and was written *island*.

Jenneting.—This being the name of an apple, ordinary folk have wondered whatever it could mean. In the last century people imagined there must be some mystery concealed under the word, and altered it into *Juniting* or *June-eating*. An apple that could be eaten in June must have been something wonderful. The real explanation is that *Jenneting* represents the French *pomme de St. Jean*, "St. John's or Midsummer apple," a thing possible in France.

Jeopardy represents in a somewhat altered form two French words, *jeu parti*, "divided game." The change of *t* into *d* can be accounted for as a natural process, but it has led some people into imagining a connexion with the French *perdu*, as though the meaning was a "lost game." The sense, of course, is an "even game," a "draw," and so the position often described as "anybody's game"; hence a toss-up, risk, peril.

Jerk, meaning "to dry" (meat). Native Peruvian had a word, *echarqui*, meaning "flesh dried in strips." From this a Spanish word, *charque*, *charqui*, was made; and from that a verb, *charquear*, "to dry meat in strips," which appears in English as *jerk*. Perhaps *jerkin*, supposing it to mean a garment of dried leather, may be from the same source.

The Critic on the Hearth[1]

BY JOHN A. STEUART

OLOMON one evening remarked (not the builder of the Temple but our own Gamaliel) that a smile is not seldom a synonym for enigma, a dangerous form of ambiguity. "The smartest cannot always make out," he said, "just what a smile signifies. I suppose that's why it is so popular with the ladies. If language was meant to conceal thought, smiles were certainly intended to hide meaning. I've no doubt Eve smiled when she handed the apple to Adam. You may imagine the smile—unfathomable, a mystery like herself. When all other problems are solved woman will still be a riddle. The last man will own with a sigh that the last woman baffles him."

My readers will perceive that these are the sentiments of a very young man, one in fact not long accustomed to the use of a razor. People talk of the glorious ardours of youth. Rubbish! Compared with your cynic of twenty, Timon, living on roots, was a sweet and pleasant fellow, and Diogenes full of innocent trust. In the same way your poet of twenty insists on seeing the world as one vast desolation. Like all infants he begins with a wail. That, however, is by the way. It pleased Solomon, as I have indicated, to turn the searchlight of his intellect on woman, or rather on the modern girl, averring with a little cackle of derision that she has lately achieved conspicuous success in the great enterprise of calling public attention to herself.

"Politicians and other pushing self-advertisers are not in it," he affirmed.

I made haste to say that if the modern girl be at all susceptible she stands in danger of that mortal disease euphemistically called swelled head. The young lady classic turned on me an eye half of wonder, half of reproach. "Another Daniel come to judgment," her expression seemed to say. "What is it now?" "I have known men to suffer terribly from the ravages of the complaint you mention," she said with a tartness unusual in her. "May I ask why you think the girl of the period is especially exposed to its evils?"

For the reason, madam, stated by our young friend (here I glanced at Solomon) when he referred in his own inimitable manner to the public attention she receives. This is an age in which woman divides the honours with motors and Rand magnates; or rather hers is the triumph of the time. Rand magnates are obliged to go to parliament for laws: she transcends law, making the law-makers themselves captive. From being the weaker vessel she has become the superior power, the dominant partner. She has broken her bonds, and with the curiosity of novelty is exploiting her freedom.

"You speak metaphorically perhaps," put in the young lady classic gently.

On the contrary, I responded, I speak literally. It is a blot on civilisation that woman should have been so long a mere domestic possession, a sort of animated chattel to be reckoned among minor things like children and trinkets. Indeed it is not long since Englishmen abandoned the barbarity of selling wives like beasts of burden, if indeed the practice be yet extinct. The plot of a novel by a famous living novelist turns on such a sale. Only a short time ago too, according to newspaper reports, a true-born Briton sold his wife for half-a-crown and seemed to think he had made a good bargain. All the same, woman has certainly accomplished her own emancipation.

"Wherefore," said Solomon, with an exceedingly wise look, "we have now the newest new woman using her freedom like a wild colt."

I begged of him not to be so sweeping. You can never get at the truth by the system of unqualified statement. When Carlyle said there were forty million people in Great Britain, mostly fools, a good many persons thought he exaggerated. As to David in his comprehensive pronouncement on liars, it has been surmised that the old man repented. Truth to tell he had many things to repent of in a very painful fashion. But as touching the modern girl, some hold with Solomon that, as commonly happens with the newly emancipated, liberty has taken her head. She is accused of various breaches of the old Salic

[1] Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

law which man first enacted for his own convenience. Thus it is affirmed she is frivolous and extravagant, turns up her dainty nose at darning and mending, which she leaves to her mother while she goes in quest of pleasure. You are of course to understand, I explained, noticing the colour mounting in the cheek of the young lady classic, that this is so to speak but the report of the market-place. Yet from the rule we may perhaps deduce the exception. Fortunately in this case the exceptions are numerous and some of them easily named.

"I agree with that," said the Colonel. "There is a spirit among a section of the young womanhood of to-day which I cannot help admiring, I mean the spirit of what may be called intelligent and rational independence. Weaklings complain that the woman now competes with the man in nearly all the callings of life. Well, let the man prove his better mettle, that is all. I'm beginning to think that the feminine brain was for centuries under-rated. Recent history proves that in many departments of activity, into which it was thought, even in my youth, woman could never enter, she has entered and is bravely holding her own. A woman shares the honour of the very latest scientific discovery. A woman has beaten a senior wrangler on his own ground. Many women," and here he bowed again to the young lady classic, "have shown themselves accomplished and elegant scholars. In literature and art woman has made her mark, and she'll go on extending the sphere of her usefulness. They haven't got her in the army yet, fighting being perhaps one of the things specially set apart by Providence for man, because of his superior savagery; and, so far as I know, she has done nothing in seamanship, either for war or commerce. She's been refused admission to the law, too, in our insular island; but she'll be in yet, and I can well imagine her reducing a jury to tears."

Solomon smiled meaningly; he could imagine it also, and the spectacle would no doubt edify as well as purify the sources of justice. He owned, however, there were many workers among the butterflies; one had only to mark the City trains morning and evening to understand that. Nevertheless, he held to the opinion that the girl of to-day is at once selfish, frivolous, and extravagant.

"And there's another thing," he cried. "It's pretty generally understood that the marriage market is at present more or less in a state of stagnation. Men are blamed for not marrying, charged with being selfish, and all that. I tell you, sir, they're afraid. Unless a man can afford to keep the new kind of wife as a lavishly dressed dummy for the display of fashions that change every third day, he durst not marry and hope for peace of mind. So far as I can make out, the girl of to-day—the girl who imagines herself in the swim—is just a swaggering advertisement, maintained at the expense of husbands and fathers, for the milliner and costumier. If there is anything more important in heaven or earth than dress and empty-headed pleasure, it does not seem to have come within her ken. Well, all I've to say is this, that unless she draws in sail a bit, there will presently be an outrageous number of old maids in this merry England of ours. In France a proposal has already been made to subsidise eligible bachelors in the enterprise of getting married."

"Or tax them for not getting married," said the Colonel quietly.

"Amounts to pretty much the same thing so far as despairing elderly young ladies are concerned," returned Solomon. "England may one of these days be reduced to the extremity of marriage by conscription. I'm waiting with immense interest to see the issue of the present debauch of pleasure among women; how long it will last, and what regiments of spinsters it will leave high and dry, beached like superannuated or worn-out hulks. Girls may fool themselves with mistaken ideas of fun, but they don't always fool the other side, and it appears to me that is something to remember in considering the marriage question."

I thought the curate and the young lady classic exchanged looks of intelligence at this. The Curate had listened to the discussion with an air of almost religious detachment, as though conscious that there still existed one girl of ineffable excellence, and that he had been fortunate enough to secure her for himself. Now, however, as if prompted by a vicarious chivalry, he struck in:

"The charge as I understand it is that the girl of the period runs to seed; in other words, that she is for the most part a vain and empty creature, a giggler, a spendthrift, and as much a slave to pleasure as the drunkard to his cup."

"Unless she's vastly slandered," quoth Solomon. "That's somewhere in the vicinity of the truth."

"The question of pleasure," pursued the Curate, "is by no means new. Some four hundred years before the introduction of the Christian religion a seeker after truth, one

Plato by name, spoke of two kinds of pleasure, the necessary and the unnecessary. One he pointed out degrades the soul; the other elevates it. The necessary pleasures are those of which the satisfaction is a benefit to us. For illustration he mentioned the eating of wholesome food as one of the necessary pleasures; luxuries he called unnecessary, because they hurt the body and hinder the soul in the pursuit of wisdom and virtue. There is a kind of drone, he indicates, who is surfeited in pleasure."

Solomon laughed. "A kind of drone he'd find multiplied many times if he were alive to-day," said he.

"No doubt," rejoined the Curate. "Plato indeed teaches that the tasting of drones'-honey, as he calls it, is one of the most perilous experiences of youth, since every imaginable error and debasement of conduct may flow from it. He describes the progress of the young man under its influence to the fatal country of the lotus-eaters, where he is puffed up with vain conceits. There modesty is called silliness, and temperance unmanliness. In consequence insolence and anarchy, waste and impudence become the guiding principles of life; but under changed names. Insolence is termed breeding, and anarchy liberty; waste becomes magnificence, and impudence courage."

"Why," responded Solomon, "your man of two thousand three hundred years ago seems quite up-to-date."

"As up-to-date," said the Curate, "as if he were on the staff of that great halfpenny newspaper, *The Daily Blazer*."

The young lady classic began to laugh.

"Plato and *The Blazer*," she cried in great merriment. "You have compassed incongruity at last."

Why incongruity? I asked gravely, taking up the Curate's plea. I can very well imagine Plato contributing special articles to the stupendous organ of public opinion you have just mentioned. I can also imagine the enterprising editor taking a free hand in revision. The private editorial judgment would probably run something like this:—"Yes, I made a hit in securing Plato. He's full of ideas, but he wants snap and go, and he's inclined to be much too long. No man ought to go over a column on any subject whatsoever. His stuff's good, though inclined to be a little Prayer-booky. We don't want to offend him; he gives tone to the paper, suits the elderly section of our readers, who like to console themselves with seriousness. All the same we must see if we can't stir him up to be a little lighter." Whereupon the enterprising editor would call his secretary, and dictate a note in this manner.

"My dear Sir,

"Are you aware that in writing for *The Daily Blazer*, you are privileged to address 2,267,543 of the best, that is to say, the keenest, cleverest, and sanest intellects of the day? These are the latest figures of sale according to the certified statement of our public auditors, and I think they are enough to put any writer on his mettle. Your contributions are much appreciated, but I trust you will forgive me for saying that our readers would relish a little more sparkle. Virtue, my dear Mr. Plato, shines best when it is polished. May I beg of you to bear this in mind. People can get sermons anywhere; they look to *The Daily Blazer* for morality blended with wit and pleasantly spiced with sensation. Regret to hear of the tragic fate of your friend Socrates. The proceedings seem to have been disgraceful, to say the least. Packed jury I should imagine. His misfortune was that he did not understand the public taste; his error to be prosy. Had he been in closer touch with the spirit of the age he might have lived and prospered. His fate has a moral for us all.

"Yours very truly,

"J. Dunciad Hustler,

"Managing Editor.

"— *Plato, Esq.*

"P.S.—If you care to send me an article, not exceeding a thousand words in length, on the last scene in the death chamber, I will pay you at our special rates for writers of established reputation. I should mention that in this sort of thing our readers do not dislike sentiment. This on condition that the article reaches me in time for to-morrow's issue. Stale stuff is of no use to *The Blazer*.—J. D. H."

They began to laugh, but I assured them I was indulging in no caricature.

"Let us suppose then," said the young lady classic, "that Plato placed his soul on the anvil and beat it out for *The Daily Blazer*, in other words, that he sent the account of the trial and death of Socrates as we have it in the *Apology*. What would be the consequence?"

The consequence, I answered, would be exceedingly summary, and would be delivered in this wise:—"Our readers will never stand this sort of piffle. Does the fellow imagine that

we want to send them all to sleep, or what does he think a newspaper is for?"

The young lady classic opened her eyes. "Then," she said, her voice charged with astonishment, "the tone and contents of a newspaper depend on the taste of its readers. They are to get not the most wholesome fare procurable, but confectionery and fire-crackers, if I may so express it. I thought the mission of the Press was to raise the public taste, to enlighten and refine the public mind—in a word, to give the public culture."

When one comes across genuine pristine innocence one must treat it tenderly. In an age so sophisticated that the occupants of perambulators are ancients in worldly wisdom, it is sweet and refreshing to come plump, as it were, upon a glimpse of Eden. As gently as possible I explained to her that her doctrine was once fashionable; but owing to the enormous strides of civilisation it was grown in these late times a little rusty, was in fact antiquated and out of date. Once upon a time editors, having dined wisely and well, set themselves nightly to the task of inditing two-column homilies on ethics, dissertations on first principles, sermons on conduct, and the like.

As you suppose is still the case, I said to her, the good men made serious attempts to educate their readers, and their readers snored and were content. But some four-and-thirty years ago it came to pass, that at the waving of a magician's wand there arose the Board school, and very soon things began to hum, as the Americans expressively say. The old world rubbed its eyes, wondering what was the matter. The new order without any ceremony kicked its predecessors overboard and took possession. Everything was changed. New ideals came into fashion, new methods, and, as a consequence, astounding results. No youngster from a Board school needed education from a spectacled old fogey sitting invisible in an editorial chair. So the old editor died and was buried, or was ignominiously dismissed, which is many degrees worse than death and burial, and a gay youth, flushed with his own extraordinary merits, stepped briskly into the vacant place. "No back numbers now," said the youth lightly, and the present unexampled prosperity of the newspaper press of our country is due to his energy, his dauntless courage in sweeping away historical rubbish.

"Yes," remarked the Curate thoughtfully. "The aim of the newest new editor is not to lift his readers to the level of Plato, but to bring Plato down to the level of his readers. If that is an achievement to be proud of, then the new editor is greatly to be congratulated. One thing only remains to be done, and that is to write a new Bible embodying the new gospel according to the law-givers of Fleet Street. I'm awaiting it with an immense curiosity and interest."

We might have gone off on the dazzling track of the new editor had not Solomon deftly switched us back to our original subject, which he irreverently called the "eternal feminine." Privately I suspect Solomon is beginning to smart from what are poetically called the darts of Cupid. I infer this from his tremendous cynicism when any allusion to the tender passion is made in his presence. He laughs at it; but the laugh does not come from the heart. In Carlylean phrase, it is merely a grin from the teeth outward. Presently, poor boy! when he can no longer hide the wound, he will make a clean breast of it, perhaps in the scented summer twilight, when even cynical young men are not afraid of committing themselves sentimentally. Then, doubtless, two more people will feed on honey-dew and breathe the air of Paradise. But for the present his tone is high and cutting.

The Colonel, who had listened not without amusement, having seen so many cynics brought to their knees in the course of his career, broke in on one of Solomon's fierce tirades.

"I pray you not so fast," said he. "As the good Mr. Marvel has it in those matchless dialogues in which Landor makes him take part, 'Who, whether among the grave or less grave, is just to woman?' Give me the book," he cried; and when it was put into his hand, opening, he read thus, his face shining in elation: "'There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough? Is it not above all merit? Yet, if ever the ardour of her enthusiasm subsides; if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn; if between the sigh and the blush an interval is perceptible; if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder; what an outcry is there, what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy, what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart.' There you are. These are the sentiments of a master of human nature. The author of the divine tribute to Rose Aylmer knew what he was about in writing of true womanhood. Woman may content herself, for revenge lies close to her hand at any moment

she may choose to take it. That she takes it so rarely is due rather to her generosity than our merit. Men criticise, cavil, and condemn, and she smiles self-contained as Fate, knowing they are at her mercy. She guides their first faltering steps; she is the companion of their prime; she is the nurse of their old age. And my honest opinion is, that if she were to turn critic, she could find at least as many occasions against us as we find against her. As for the sins laid to her charge, she has no monopoly of frivolity, levity or extravagance. Let us be just; in the end it is the sole receipt for happiness."

"Thank you," said the young lady classic demurely, "that is very nice," and her eyes sought the Curate's.

Two Seasons hath the Year

TWO Seasons only hath the Year for me.
Thou art my Summer; when thou comest, Sweet,
The woodland wakes to song; the skies o'erhead
Are deep as Love, blue as the summer sea,
And in my lonely heart, and at thy feet
The tender fragrance of the rose is shed.

Two Seasons only hath the Year for me.
Chill Winter reigns when Summer takes her flight
With thee; no songs are heard beneath the sad,
Grey skies, no roses bloom; nor can there be
Sweet Summer in my heart, and Hope's dear light,
Until once more thy presence makes me glad!

MARY FARRAH.

Drawn by *M. P. Dunlop*

"LONDON BRIDGE," BACK BEACH, SORRENTO, NEAR MELBOURNE

The New Act for Wage-earning Children

BY PRISCILLA E. MOULDER

TO the untiring efforts of the Committee on Wage-earning Children is mainly due the credit of successfully engineering the Bill through Parliament.

It will interest all lovers of children to try and understand a little what this new Act will do for the little ones.

But first it will be best to glance back a few years, and see what has led up to the passing of the new Act.

There has gradually grown up in many of our large centres of population a system of child labour which not only has become a very serious matter to deal with, but demands legislative action in order that it may be dealt with properly.

The subject of street trading has been prominently under notice for many years past, and efforts have, from time to time, been made to regulate and control it; but attention has only recently been drawn to the evils surrounding the employment in other ways of children of tender years who attend the public elementary schools.

In 1899 a Parliamentary Return showed that out of the three and a half million children in the elementary schools, no less than 150,000 attending full time were employed out of school hours, and that of these 40,000 were working over twenty hours a week in addition to the twenty-seven and a half hours spent in school.

An Inter-Departmental Committee was therefore appointed to inquire into the whole matter. This committee made a most careful study of the state of affairs in London, Liverpool, and other cities, and in many country districts, considering the question from the moral, social, and intellectual, as well as physical, point of view. It is not my intention to harrow the feelings of readers by detailing the worst cases of child labour unearthed by members of the Committee, but, instead, I will quote from a pamphlet, "Wage-earning Children," by Miss Nettie Adler, who read the paper at the Conference of the National Union of Women Workers, on October 29, 1902. Miss Adler is the Hon. Sec. of the Committee on Wage-Earning Children, and has been most indefatigable in her efforts on their behalf.

Says Miss Adler, "The appointment by Mr. Ritchie of this Committee of Inquiry was the direct outcome of the action taken about six years ago by the Women's Industrial Council, at the instigation of the late Mrs. F. G. Hogg, whose name will always be remembered as one of the pioneers of the movement. Owing to representations made by a deputation to Sir John Gorst, organised by the Council, a return was obtained by Parliament from Elementary Schools in England and Wales, showing the extent of the labour of children, their ages, occupations, number of hours worked, and the pay received. The return was avowedly incomplete, but it contained such evidence of the existence of over-work and over-pressure that Sir John Gorst spoke of the paper as 'a painful and sickening document,' and as 'throwing a lurid light upon the social conditions of large classes of the population.' The need for further investigation having been clearly demonstrated, the Inter-Departmental Committee began their deliberations in January 1901, and was composed of Commissions representing the Home Office, the Board of Education, and the Board of Trade. Among the witnesses examined were members of the London and the great provincial School Boards, the Public Control Officer of the London County Council, representatives of Trade Associations interested in the employment of child labour, school teachers, managers, and school attendance officers."

From this mass of evidence it is obvious that only a few extracts can be given.

Miss Adler, herself, was busily engaged making personal investigations, and tells how she "found five boys in one school, all of whom were out every morning at

half-past four. But the most undesirable of all forms of work is that of lather-boy in a barber's shop. The hours of employment are longer than in any other trade. I do not think that I have ever met a barber's boy who was at work for less than forty hours weekly. They are engaged usually from 5 to 10 every evening, all day Saturday up till midnight, and from 8 or 9 on Sunday morning until 1 or 2 in the afternoon. The long confinement in a close and vitiated atmosphere is, of course, injurious physically, but, unfortunately, there is too much reason to fear that in some districts barbers' shops are centres for betting and gambling transactions. Many of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Committee were of opinion that this is one of the forms of employment which should be entirely prohibited."

Again, look at the evils attendant on street trading by boys and girls, but more particularly girls.

A Town Clerk reported that his officers gave evidence as to cases where children were afraid to go home lest their parents should punish them for not having earned enough money. The result of this was that the children often slept out, gambled or stole, and the girls often sunk yet lower in order to raise sufficient money to take home.

The Chief Constable of a large Midland town brought forward particulars of 163 girls trading in the streets at the time of the inter-departmental inquiry. He stated that thirty-nine of these girls had been prosecuted for various offences within the previous six months, and that in three other instances girls had been sent to homes without prosecution having been instituted.

Then, again, numerous instances of child labour might be culled from "The Employment of Children," which is the report of an inquiry conducted for the Scottish Council for Women's Trades, but space forbids.

It is now time to see what the new Act, the Employment of Children Act, which came into force on January 1, 1904, has actually done to better the condition of the children.

Let us consider the position of things which the Act has brought about—what it does and what it does not do. Summing up its scope roughly, it may be said that it makes regulations for children who earn money in the streets and in places of public entertainment, thus following in the steps of measures dealing with children in factories, workshops, and mines. There is a division of the Act into two parts, one of which lays down the law itself as regards certain matters, whilst the other gives power to local authorities to draw up by-laws, which must, however, receive the approval of the Home Secretary.

Here are the four chief features of the Act—

No child under eleven shall be employed in street trading.

No half-timer shall be employed in any other occupation.

No child shall be employed in an occupation injurious to its health.

No child under ten shall be employed in a place of amusement.

These commands have been promulgated by Act of Parliament, and it is now left to County Councils and Town Councils to carry out the law. Their by-laws can be made to apply to all children under fourteen, and they may notify from what occupations the children shall be excluded. As an alternative, the Councils can allow children to earn money under certain rules —to work, for example, between certain hours of the day. As concerns trading in thoroughfares, they have power over children up to the age of sixteen, and the Act tells the Councils to have special regard to the employment of girls in the streets.

Such is the change that now comes into our social life as the outcome of various reformers, and notably of Mrs. Hogg, who used to worry respective Governments with facts concerning children who laboured under the sweating system. Mrs. Hogg, unfortunately, died before she could welcome the answer to her appeals, but her good work will live for ever.

No doubt many will complain that this sort of legislation is of the most grandmotherly type, that it multiplies officials, and takes pence out of the pockets of the poorest. So far, true. But put these statements at one end of the scale, and the advantages at the other end. The advantages, I fancy, will weigh the heavier by far.

Just consider an average case from every-day life. A boy goes into business on his own account, selling matches, or newspapers, or flowers in the street. Pause a moment, however. Is he in business on his own account? More often than not he is in business on his parents' account,

for, as a rule, the parents receive the profits he gets. The benefit to them is small, the damage to him great. He is forced by law to attend school, but his education is injured, because he is tired and spiritless after his work in the street. All the time he is losing the chance of learning a really good trade. The street is also bad for his health in most of the great varieties of weathers, and it contains enough elements of wickedness to turn an innocent boy into a hooligan of the most approved type.

Sometimes we lose sight of the fact that each boy must be regarded as the young man, husband and father, workman, citizen and voter of the future.

The evil to the boy is not the only evil. Here and there a widowed mother is a gainer from the earnings of a child; but parents, generally speaking, ought not to live on anything that is detrimental to the health or morals of their offspring. If the child is as young as the Act specifies, the father will be in his prime—say, thirty to forty-five. It is not a question of aged parents, for their children are, presumably, adults, or at least in the later "teens."

A case was mentioned just recently of a little girl who had proved very successful as a pantomime fairy, and her salary was £3 a week. What was the result? The child's father simply gave up his work and lived on his child. The little bread-winner was the father's beer-winner.

Turning to the opposite side of the question, there is no doubt that the local authorities will take care to avoid extreme restrictions where such are uncalled for. In the country districts the Councils' by-laws will no doubt allow children to work at harvesting and fruit-picking. A few weeks of out-door labour need not ruin a child's education. A farmer's boy of thirteen or so might deliver milk for a couple of hours without breaking school-time or injuring his health.

What is wanted is to stop the system under which children in towns are made to run errands during the whole of their out-of-school hours or kept up to midnight. Dr. Macnamara tells of a case in which a boy gets out of bed at three in the morning to go to Covent Garden, and is back in the East End at nine to attend school, where, of course, the poor little chap can do little but sleep on his desk. From the same source comes the story of the little fellow employed to measure dead bodies as an undertaker's lad. The evidence of our own eyes daily shows to what a late hour children stand about on the pavement with goods to sell.

Not so often seen, but still fairly numerous, are the circus children and the poorer types of touring theatrical children, dragged from town to town, often underfed, uncared for, and uneducated. Thus we evolve a race of degenerates. Thus it happens that our recruits are rejected as physically unfit. Thus is Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Cry of the Children," in as great a need of being driven home to the public conscience as when it was written in 1843.

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

And the last verse of the pathetic poem is still true in spite of all our much-vaunted progress.

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they 'mind you of their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity;—
'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!'"

All lovers of humanity must wish every success to the new Act, while remembering that though legislation can do much, public opinion can do still more. Many men and women realise more and more thoroughly that the true strength of a nation lies in securing happy and healthy lives for young children, in providing them with that which is their rightful possession—a happy and innocent childhood.

DOWSABELL

"This mayden in a morne betime
Went forth when May was in her prime
To get sweet Catywell,
The Charlocke, the Lily and the Ladysmocke
To deck her summer hall."—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Courage in Misfortune

BY J. ROGERS REES

"The virtue of adversity is fortitude."—BACON.

WHEN Lord William Russell was brought to trial, in July 1683, before a packed jury and a brutal judge, and was refused the assistance of counsel in his defence, he craved permission to have some one to write for him, to assist his memory, to which request the Lord Chief Justice replied: "Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please;" and the favour was acknowledged by Lord Russell, who simply said: "My wife is here, my lord, to do it." But this, together with the sentence which followed, has become a matter of history; as also that final farewell in prison, at the end of which the great-hearted man exclaimed: "The bitterness of death is now past!"

In a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, some two years after the death of her husband, Lady Russell wrote: "If I could contemplate the conducts of providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone. I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people also to pray, that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at His darkest providences, but remembering continually either His glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all His works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see."

If our troubles are carefully considered, they will, I think, separate themselves into two distinct groups, namely—(1) Those which are clearly traceable to our own acts, and (2) Those with which we cannot be said to have had any previous connexion. The first should teach us lessons of avoidance, as the fire does the burnt child, showing us at the same time the direction in which our own peculiar frailty lies. Under the visitations which seem to come more directly from the hands of Providence we should bow submissively; and, whilst exercising all the fortitude called for, we should reasonably look to God either to remove the trouble or to show us wherein its blessings exist.

Perchance our present afflictions are intended to teach us lessons of faith; to draw our too-greatly engrossed attention from things material and fleeting to those that are unseen and eternal. A simple faith, for instance, in God's great love will lead us to see that the blackest day may have a bright to-morrow in its train. If there is no fair side to our sorrow of to-day, the sweet influences of a coming morning may bring healing balm together with other overpowering evidences of the continued fatherhood of God. "All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes."[1] Even were all these tribulations necessary in order that we might learn the sweet lesson of unfailing faith in the righteousness of God's eternal purposes, the magnitude of the worth of our new acquisition is sufficient to cause the experiences we have struggled through either to

[1] Jeremy Taylor.

Photo-lith. printed by H. E. Robertson

VISIT OF LADY RUSSELL TO HER HUSBAND JUST BEFORE HIS EXECUTION, AFTER THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT, 1683

resolve themselves into a vision of high pain

"Which passes into beauty, and is merged
In one accordant whole, as discords merge
In that great Harmony which ceaseless rings
From the tense chords of life,"

or else to assort themselves, in the perspective of years, into their place among the many ups and downs which make life so varied. All the privations of a miner's past life are forgotten in the moment he lays his hand on the diamond of great value.

It might be that the trouble which just now appears to us so gigantic has been sent to save us from a greater sorrow that would more completely have overwhelmed us. A tumble into a ditch of nettles has, before to-day, stopped the wanderings of a child who, if he had gone further, would probably have fallen over the cliff into the sea. What has been as gall and wormwood in the mouth has often brought warmth and healing to the afflicted: the bitterness was but temporary, whilst the benefit remained.

However great our troubles may be, we must not for an instant imagine that they are peculiar. To some extent they are, for only the heart knows its own bitterness. But there are thousands of homes, beside ours, in which sorrow is found, and in which a memory comes with the sad twilight and grows with the deepening darkness. And if we look away from ourselves for a little while, we shall surely see many with afflictions far greater than ours.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!"

But why grieve inordinately over the dead lamb? The rest of the flock remains to us; and many have no flock of any kind. Our hearts will linger sorrowfully over the vacant chair; but, at the same time, we should count with gladness the other chairs around the hearth in which our loved ones sit—and many have no cheerful home, no loved ones left to them on earth. Above mountain-top and cloud and storm there is the eternal love of the Master.

We cannot reasonably expect to live our life, gathering the meanwhile this blessing and the other, without losing somewhat of it all; for

"Sorrow is
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
Not to be laid aside until one lays
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being and doing."[1]

In a letter to a friend, Leigh Hunt once wrote: "I have had a great many enjoyments in the course of my life and a profusion of animal spirits; and I have often thought that had I not had an unusual portion of troubles, my lot as a fellow-creature would have been unfair and far beyond my deserts." The reasonableness of such a view of life is very helpful: sometimes to complete the manhood of one who has hitherto breathed strength and careless vigour, it is absolutely necessary that he should be "crowned with a new crown of suffering."

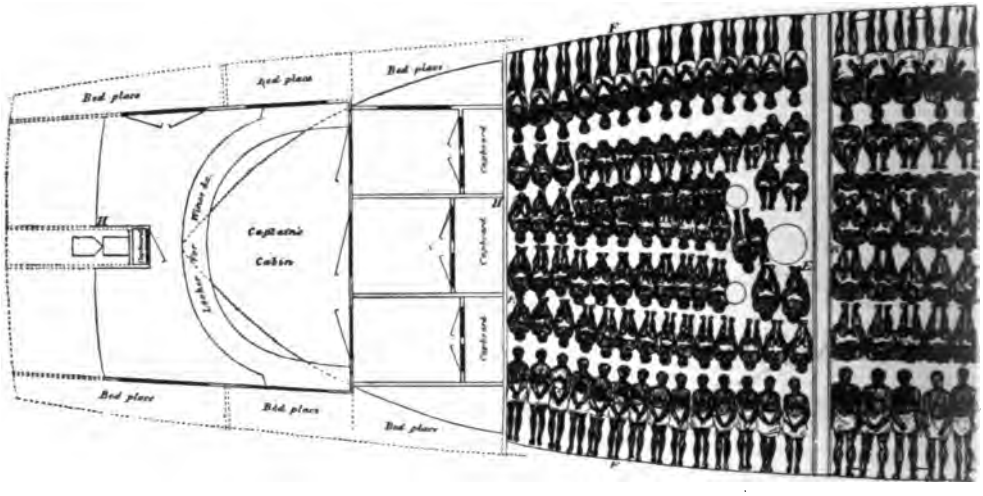
Then, again, the effects of our troubles may be by no means so disastrous as we fear. We see so darkly into futurity that we really know not whether our present experience be a reason for rejoicing or lamentation, for the worst appearances have often blessed results, whilst the most pleasant sometimes lead to the direst misfortunes. Let us rather be patient!

"These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps."

Moreover, it is possible for a life that is attended with pain and trouble to be remarkable for cheerfulness. The worth of cheerfulness is inestimable, for through it a man becomes possessed of happy hours unknown to one with a sour temper under like circumstances. And cheerfulness can be cultivated like other virtues until it becomes habitual. I call to mind just here the case of at least two of our most widely-read English authors whose pages have been written in much bodily pain and anguish; but you will find no trace of it in their volumes, which abound with healthy optimism and all kinds of evidence of the fortitude of the writers. I seem to read everywhere, in what they have given to the world, the cheery words of a thoughtful man—"Let us keep our pens, brethren, for scenes of happiness. We may, perhaps, give a glimpse of it to some poor wretch who is but little acquainted with such a theme;—but who is not acquainted with sorrow?"

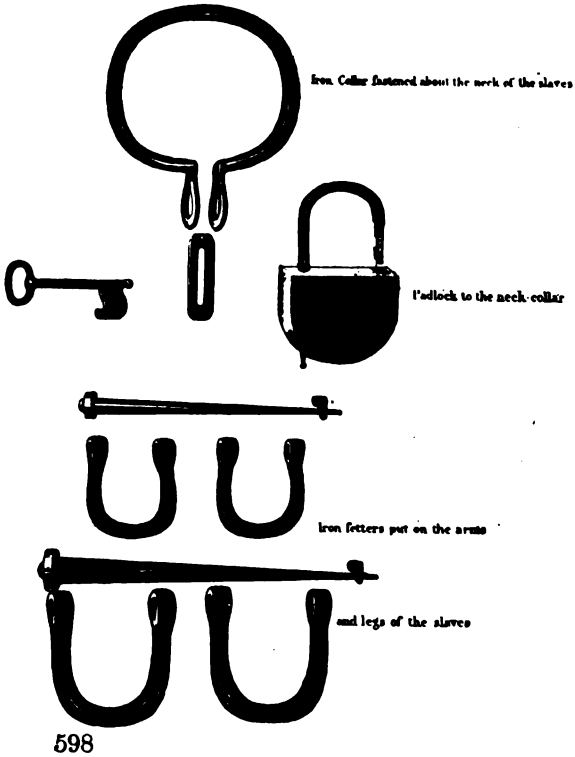
[1] *Light of Asia.*

The Story of a Slave-ship

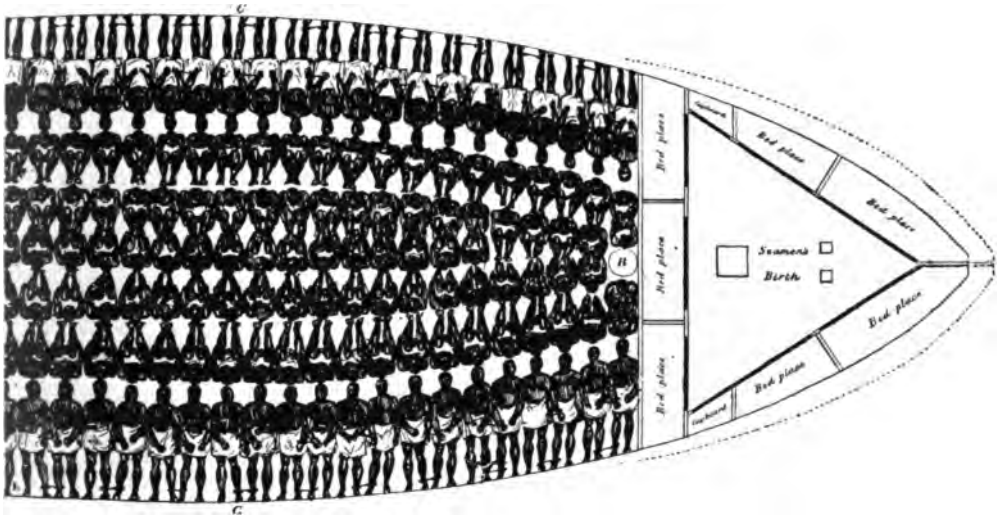


PLAN OF THE LOWER DECK

THIS picture takes us back a hundred years and more in the history of civilisation. It reminds us of the awful traffic in slaves between West Africa and our Colonial possessions. In 1790 more than half the slave trade was in British hands, and there were about a million slaves in the West India Islands. The hunting and stealing in Central Africa to keep up the supply of slaves for the European Colonies was something awful. Villages were fired at night, and the terror-stricken inhabitants captured while trying to escape. Then came the long journey to the coast. Men and women were chained like cattle, with iron collars round their necks and driven with whips and goads. Numbers died on the road, and lay unburied to be eaten by vultures. Then came the horrors of "the middle passage." The pictures will show how the slaves were packed. The outer rows lay nearly all full length. The five rows in the centre sat up during the whole voyage, extending over six weeks, or more according to the weather. During calm weather they were sometimes allowed on deck. But all the rest of the time they lay below with arms and legs manacled so that they could not move, in darkness, filth, and nakedness. No wonder the mortality was great. It was estimated that thirty per cent. died on the land journey, twelve per cent. of the survivors during the passage, five per cent. in harbour before the sale, and another third in "seasoning." So that of every hundred shipped only fifty lived to be labourers.

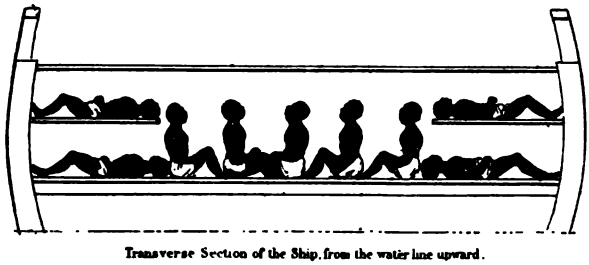


But brighter days came. In 1811,



OF THE SHIP *VIGILANTE*

Lord Brougham carried a Bill through Parliament making "traffic in slaves a felony punishable by transportation;" and on August 1, 1834, all slaves in the British dominions were emancipated for ever.



Transverse Section of the Ship, from the water line upward.

The Marble Sleep

In Memoriam

HOW tranquil is this marble sleep,
In dreams beyond the earth's control,
Of life where eyelids never weep,
Within the kingdom of the soul;
Where sight awakes to golden light
Whose morning breathes a healing kiss
From lips unpoisoned by the night!
Who would not sleep to dream like this?

Where all things harmonise with truth,
And truth and love compose all life;
Where age takes on the strength of youth,
And youth and beauty make no strife;
Where every sense that rules the soul
Pervades the atmosphere with bliss,
And no dark clouds of sin unroll:
Who would not sleep to dream like this?

Where mortal shadows never fall
To flood the heart with tearful rain,
Where long-lost voices give the call
To sweet re-unions once again;
Where we shall learn to spell aright
The word which here we read amiss,
Where death means *Life* in Heaven's light:
Who would not sleep to dream like this?

G. HUNT JACKSON.

Working Girls' Meals in Paris

WE all know how much good and wholesome food has to do with satisfactory work, and also how difficult it is for young girls in daily employment and who have only an hour at middle-day—and not always that—to get both a nourishing and appetising meal at a moderate price, without having to go far afield to obtain it. Latterly, in Paris, have been established dining-rooms supplying this want, and of which I should like to give a short account.

About five years ago the growing need of comfortable rooms where meals could be served to working girls, and thus avoid the temptations that come to them by having to go to the lower-class restaurants, weighed heavily on the minds of a few good and influential people of the French Reformed Church. After much thought and advice from those who knew most of the needs and temptations of the great band of female workers in a large city, a committee was formed; and rooms, with every convenience necessary, were obtained in the Rue d'Abourkir, a street which lies between La Bourse and La Place de la République, a very busy industrial centre; another on the north bank of the Seine in the Rue de Bac; and shortly after, one in the midst of the "West End" shops of Paris, namely, in the Boulevard des Capucines, between the Opera House and the Madeleine. The latter being the one I know personally is the one more especially described.

Passing under the archway of No. 35, Boulevard des Capucines, you will see at the farther end of the courtyard a plate with the inscription, "Le Foyer de l'Ouvrière" and "Cercle du travail féminin." Ascending the stairs to the second floor, you pass through an entrance lobby fitted with hooks for cloaks and hats, and a frame of numbered pigeon-holes, containing the serviettes, into a large room furnished with long tables, which seat about 100 persons. At the farther end of the room are lavatories. The dining-room is lighted by four windows, has good pictures on the walls, and a mirror over-mantelpiece; the long tables with their white cloths, and their rows of little red wine carafe trays, look cheerful and inviting. You pass at once to the little table of the lady manageress, and pay for what you intend having, she giving you in exchange a "jeton" (a token, *i.e.* a piece of metal stamped with the different prices), which you give at the buffet for what you wish, and take it to your seat. The jeton for "la portion," the plate of meat and vegetables, is given when at the table. There is one servant for each table. The system of having jetons was adopted during last year, so as to ensure each person having only what she paid for. Before this system came in, the wine and sweets were placed down the centre of the tables before the diners came in, but it was found that the items consumed did not nearly correspond to the money received, accordingly the temptation to dishonesty was removed. The tariff is as follows:—Plate of meat and vegetables—either together or separate—6*d.*; soup 1½*d.*; vegetables alone 2*d.*; omelet 4*d.*; two poached eggs 4*d.*; plain boiled 2*d.*; bread ½*d.*; small carafe of wine 1*d.*; any sweet 1*d.* Pastry is too dear to be given except occasionally, so "le dessert" consists of a small portion of stewed fruit—in summer fresh—preserve, grapes, biscuits, blancmange, bread-pudding, and several sorts of cheese. An English girl can obtain something very like strawberries and cream by having two sweets, fresh strawberries and sweet cream cheese with a little extra sugar—½*d.* worth in two days! Thus, for 8½*d.* or 9½*d.* a well-cooked, substantial meal can be obtained in comfort. One penny a week is charged for the serviette, which no French girl, however poor, will dream of having a meal without, though in their manner of eating they are not so refined as the English. Another feature connected with French meals is amusing as well as rather disgusting to English tastes, and that is, the perfectly raw state of the beef that is eaten; "bifstek saignant" is the order

given, and although they say we are the nation who eat beefsteaks raw, an English person can hardly bear to look at the "bifstek saignant," much less taste it. There are two kinds of meat daily; fish on Fridays. The hours for meals are: 11 to 1.30, and 7 to 8; tea can be had in the afternoon for 4*d*. Owing to the cheapness of the tariff (for Paris) the work was for some time—nearly two years, I believe—partly philanthropic, but as the dining-rooms became more widely known, the numbers frequenting them rapidly increased, so that to-day the rooms are crowded, and consequently self-supporting.

The ladies at the head of these restaurants take a personal interest in the work, and quickly get to know the girls and what firms they work for; they are always willing to give advice, to arrange exchange lessons, or to help in any way. Now and then in the evenings are given lectures, or entertainments, also on Sunday afternoons. Most of the French who make use of the restaurant in the Boulevard des Capucines are from dressmaking and millinery establishments; the English and Germans, typists or other clerks; there is also a good sprinkling of ladies in other employments, who, avoiding the crush at twelve o'clock, find No. 35 a comfortable place to take lunch at.

Adjoining this dining-room is a very useful society called the "Cercle du travail féminin"; it was started for female workers who wished to ameliorate their life by mutual help in study, recreation, and social relations. It is open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and on Sunday afternoons. There is a library attached, and study or correspondence can be carried on there. There are free courses in cutting out, "la coupe," book-keeping, foreign languages, and stenography; Thursday evening social gatherings are held. On Sunday afternoons there are given several times in the month musical or other entertainments,—the object of the Sunday afternoon entertainments being to keep young girls from the more objectionable Sunday amusements without, so much indulged in abroad. There is also connected with the society a "Holiday Home" resort. The entrance fee is only 50 centimes, with a yearly subscription of 5*s*., which can be paid weekly if preferred.

Before concluding, I should like to mention the Foyer du Roule, at 170 Faubourg Saint-Honoré, which, besides the restaurant part, has a limited number of beds, and boarders have the use of a pretty sitting-room, with piano, also a small library. The lady at the head of this home is a French Protestant; so that if English workers are fortunate enough to obtain a bed there, they will find the life most agreeable and economical. Only those who are working for their living are received as boarders; primarily established for the French worker, it has come to be more frequented by the English and German ones, the French girl, preferring more liberty, betakes herself to a small apartment "au sixième." The rules are quite simple; the most irksome to the young and gay being that of being indoors by 10 P.M. Of course permission for extension of time is readily given when necessary, and for theatres or concerts a few times during the winter. This restaurant, being so near the most aristocratic residential part of Paris, between the Church of St. Philippe du Roule and the Arc de Triomphe, not nearly so many working girls come in to the middle-day meal as in the more commercial centres, but it is more patronised by artists and governesses; it is also most useful to any English having their own apartment near, and who find it pleasanter and more economical to have their meals there than in their own room. This home is the last established, and has only been working a couple of years or so, and is not yet entirely self-supporting.

These Foyers are most useful in benefiting a class of workers who, while working long hours and earning small wages, would otherwise fritter away money in unsubstantial and unhealthful meals. It may well be that restaurants for working girls alone may be established in our large towns and cities, with a like benefit.

R. J. WEYMAN.

NOVEL COMPETITION

RAILWAY PUZZLES TO BE SOLVED BY BRADSHAW

TWENTY-ONE SUBSTANTIAL PRIZES

ONE of the greatest of living English humorists has recorded his opinion that, according to Bradshaw, there are three kinds of trains:

Firstly, the trains that start and arrive.

Secondly, the trains that start but do not arrive.

Thirdly, the trains that arrive but do not start.

Truly, the mysteries of that wonderful book are well-nigh inexhaustible; and a life-long study is not always sufficient to unravel them.

And yet it is possible for the painstaking to find out how to get from any given place to any other, though it is often far more difficult to discover the shortest route, that is, in point of time. We therefore propose, as a novel competition, to indicate certain journeys (twenty-four in all) during the next three months, and to reward those of our readers who most successfully discover the quickest way of getting from place to place, according to the times given in Bradshaw.

The following conditions must be strictly observed:

1. Foolscap paper must be used.
2. Only one side of the paper must be written upon.
3. Each sheet must be headed with the name and address of the sender.
4. The answers to the first set of questions must be sent to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., not later than May 15, 1904.
5. The coupon to be found on the Contents page of the Magazine must be affixed to each set of answers.

For the best answers to each set of questions four prizes will be awarded: **Ten Shillings; Seven Shillings and Sixpence**; and two copies of *The Leisure Hour* post free for one year.

At the end of three months **Five Special Cash Prizes** ranging in value from **Thirty Shillings** downwards will be given to the five competitors who have been most successful in the aggregate.

N.B. No competitor will be allowed to take more than one prize, so that, in order to avoid complications, none of the prizes will be announced until the close of the Competition. For instance, supposing A to be a winner of a ten-shilling prize in the month of May and also to be a winner of a larger prize for the whole competition he would receive only the latter, while the smaller prize would go to the next on the list of the May winners not otherwise entitled to a larger prize, and so on.

THE FIRST LIST OF PUZZLE JOURNEYS:

What is the quickest way of getting by rail from

1. Aberfoyle	to	Abergavenny
2. Berwick-on-Tweed	,,	Bideford
3. Cardiff	,,	Cambridge
4. Derby	,,	Dereham
5. Edinburgh	,,	Exmouth
6. Falmouth	,,	Filey
7. Grantham	,,	Gwyddelwern
8. Haddington	,,	Helston?

N.B. State—

1st. The route, naming all stations where change has to be made.

2nd. The times of starting and arrival.

3rd. The whole time occupied.

Of course competitors must choose the particular train from the starting-point by which the quickest journey can be made. For the purposes of the competition, punctuality may be assumed, even on the most notoriously unpunctual lines.

Empire Day

LORD MEATH'S PROPOSALS FOR OUR SCHOOLS

THE Earl of Meath is a man who keeps pegging away. He pegged away at the necessity of open spaces for the crowded population of London, especially as playgrounds for the children, and the numerous public parks and gardens of to-day are the result.

For some time past he has been pegging away at a plan which concerns the children also, and which has already been adopted at his suggestion in many of our Colonies, though it has not yet received in the United Kingdom the support he desires. Briefly, it is this, that on May 24, the birthday of our late beloved Queen Victoria, in all State-aided schools throughout the King's dominions, the morning shall be devoted to examination in such matters as the history, geography, products, and manufactures of the Empire, and the characteristics of its peoples, their religion, habits, and customs; and that the afternoon shall be a half-holiday as far as lessons are concerned, but shall be enlivened by magic-lantern lectures, addresses, music and singing, and by ceremonies of a patriotic character, such as are practised in all the schools of the United States, and which are known as "saluting the flag."

To some people the very word Empire savours of jingoism. It is a word which, like "the grand old name of gentleman," has been "soiled by all ignoble use." It suggests the blatant, the aggressive, the "hustler." But there is nothing of this in Lord Meath's proposal. Take the ceremony of "saluting the flag." Lord Meath's idea is that the children should be drawn up facing the teacher who holds the flag, and sing a song called "The Flag of Britain." One verse of that song runs thus:—

> "Flag of Britain! 'mid the nations
> May it ever speak of peace,
> And proclaim to farthest stations
> All unworthy strife must cease:
> We salute it, and we pray
> God to bless our land to-day."

And is there not need for instructing our children in the greatness and responsibility of our Empire and its people? As Lord Meath pointed out in his speech on the subject in the House of Lords, "roughly speaking, the population of these islands is 40 millions, and the population of the British Empire is ten times as great. Now out of these 400 millions there are only 50 millions who can be said to be self-governing, 40 millions inside these islands and 10 millions outside. Consequently there are 350 million people dependent upon the goodwill of Parliament, and Parliament is elected—by whom?—by the men who have been educated in our State-aided schools. They are in the majority. They have it in their power either to govern this Empire well or ill, and to bring either happiness or misery to these 350 million people who are dependent upon their voice; and unless they are educated so as to know something about these people, where they live, and their customs and habits, how possibly can they influence Parliament to govern righteously and properly? . . . . What does the ordinary elector know of the past history, experiences, customs, and habits of thought, of the people over whom we rule?"

Up to the present moment, Lord Meath's proposal has been adopted in Canada, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal, besides several Crown Colonies and dependencies. So far, the English Board of Education have taken the view that it is a matter for the local educational authorities.

We heartily commend the proposal to the earnest consideration of school managers and teachers. It is patriotic, not partisan. It makes for peace and brotherhood, not for aggression and strife. And it recognises, and would teach the children of our land to recognise, that without the blessing of the Almighty and obedience to His law, all our Empire-building is in vain.

C. H. I.

Foreigners in German Universities

AMONG the 37,881 matriculated students in German Universities are 3093 foreigners attracted to the Fatherland from all quarters of the globe. At no previous time has the number of "Ausländer" been so great. Of the foreigners 729 belong to the philosophical faculties of philosophy or history, 722 to the medical faculty, 651 are studying mathematics and nature sciences, 366 jurisprudence and other branches of law, 231 national economy and forestry, 178 agriculture, 135 Protestant theology, 32 Catholic theology, 26 dentistry, 13 pharmacy. The number of foreign students studying Protestant divinity is gradually increasing, although the number of native theological students tends steadily to decrease. From the European countries come 2620 students, and 473 from other continents. Russia sends by far the greater number—986, Austria-Hungary comes next with 588, Switzerland 318, England 162, Bulgaria 73, Roumania 69, France 64, Greece 59, Servia 55, the Netherlands 49, Turkey 47, Italy 43, Luxemburg 33, Sweden and Norway 33. There are two from Montenegro and one each from Monte Carlo and the Principality of Liechtenstein. From America come 319, mostly from the United States; from Asia 133, mostly Japanese; from Africa 19, and from Australia 2. In addition to these matriculated students, over 2000 foreigners attend lectures, of whom over 80 are from England.—M. A. M.

Emigration from Russia

FROM the Crimea, which was once an exclusively Tartar khanate, the Mohammedan population is emigrating at a considerable rate. The Tartars, who originally possessed the land, are being gradually driven out of their holdings by the large German and Russian farmers. Every week the ships leaving Sevastopol for Constantinople are filled with these people, men, women and children. During the past few weeks 700 left the Eupatoria district, which is now almost denuded of its Tartar population. The same desire to emigrate to Turkey is manifest also on the eastern shore of the peninsula. Arrived in Turkey their troubles really begin. The Ottoman Government consign them to remote districts where land is bad and the price of living dear, and the pittance they receive to keep body and soul together until they can reap their first harvest is altogether inadequate. It is said that in many of their settlements in Northern Asia Minor all the Tartar children suffer from disease, and that the mortality among them has been terrible.

From the Caucasian provinces comes news that the Armenians are also emigrating in large numbers across the Turkish border. The attitude of the Russian authorities towards the Caucasian Armenians has caused so bitter a feeling among this race, that they prefer to emigrate to Turkey rather than be any longer subject to Russia. In an especial degree the action of Russia in placing the property of the Armenian Church under Russian control has deeply wounded all classes of the Armenian people.—M. A. M.

The Desiccation of Central Asia

THE enormous tracts known as Russian Central Asia may or may not be of great strategic value. Their economic value is certainly doubtful, and it is highly improbable that any expenditure of capital will make Central Asia pay for its keep. One of the most serious questions which its Russian masters have to face is, How is the rapid drying-up of huge areas to be prevented? From time immemorial vast deserts have existed beyond the Caspian, but it seems to be the generally-received view that these deserts are increasing in extent, and that their sands are encroaching on territory which has hitherto been under cultivation. In the fertile province of Ferghana and along the course of the two great Turkestan rivers, the Syr Darya and Amu Darya, the desert is gradually narrowing the belt of earth which is capable of production, and, what is worse, is filling up all but the most considerable

streams. The Russians have been considering the important questions connected with irrigation on a large scale, but they are no nearer their solution than they were twenty-five years ago. Proposals have been made for afforesting large districts, and some attempts have been made in this direction, but the unfortunate trees have only a short life in the dry shifting sands on which the sun burns with such unpitying intensity. A project which has the favour of the present Minister of Railways and Roads, Prince Khilkoff, and which has been more than once before the Tsar, is that for diverting the stream of the Amu Darya (the ancient Oxus) from its present course to the sea of Aral to its former channel to the Caspian. If this splendid conception could be realised it would be possible to irrigate a territory twice the size of England. A party of Russian engineers recently returned from exploring the ancient bed of the stream, and their report says that at a comparatively moderate cost the river could be made to flow again to the Caspian. It is questionable, however, whether Russia will be able to spare the money for projects of this kind, at any rate until the present war is over.—M. A. M.

Berlin—a twc-million City

BEFORE this note is read by the readers of the *Leisure Hour*, Berlin, the principal city of the German Empire, will contain two million inhabitants. German statisticians have calculated to a day, almost to an hour, when this event will take place. By nicely balancing deaths and births, by allowing for removals and arrivals, they have come to the conclusion that on the 2nd of April the population of Berlin will be exactly two millions. It is perhaps the time to ask, How does Berlin strike the traveller used to the great capitals of the world, and especially to that city which surpasses them all in majesty—London? Well, the first criticism I must make is that Berlin is certainly not majestic. It is too new, too spick and span, too irritatingly in order, too lacking in historical associations, too shoddy and meretricious to be majestic. It is not even picturesque like most German cities. Its streets are monotonous. The skyline of its houses never varies. One asks, Has the universal drill to which its inhabitants have been subjected influenced its architects? The churches, which are usually the architectural glory of most cities, are ludicrously unimposing buildings in Berlin. Most of them are cheap brick erections, glaringly red, an eyesore to any one who is acquainted with the beautiful ecclesiastical architecture of London and Paris. The only church worthy of the city, in size at any rate, is the unfinished cathedral, but here also it must be said that the gaudy and the meretricious which disfigure so much of the secular architecture of the city is seen to the worst advantage. It is to be feared that the Emperor does not exercise the best influence on the external appearance of Berlin. It is said that the odds and ends of ornament on the new cathedral which strike the æsthetic eye as being so superfluous are his Majesty's work. A still more palpable example of his style is seen in the famous Sieges-Allee, when a most noble avenue in the Thiergarten is disfigured by thirty-two white marble statues of the Kaiser's ancestors, most of which are indifferent as works of art, and nearly all of which are the figures of men whose only claim to notice is that they had Hohenzollern blood in their veins. In its way, perhaps, Berlin is one of the best-governed cities in the world, and its municipality is a pattern of all the virtues. The lighting of the streets is better than in London, the water supply more copious and purer, the cleansing of streets and public places more thorough and frequent. There is an elevated railway which is a model, and the electric cars in which you are carried any distance for a penny are better than anything of the kind in London or Paris or Vienna. For those also who don't mind roughing it, and for students, Berlin is one of the cheapest cities in Europe. Well-furnished rooms and comfortable eating-houses are to be found in every quarter of the city, and the Berliners, if rough and somewhat boorish in their manners, are usually an honest and kindly race of men at heart.

M. A. M.

The Vatican and Germany

THE persons and the organs interested in surrounding Pius X. with an atmosphere which may gain him popularity have tried to represent him as a reformer Pope, who will be, under many aspects, the opposite of his predecessor, abandoning the great dream of taking a chief part in international politics, participating in diplomatic intrigues and petty conspiracies. But whoever follows sufficiently closely what takes place in the Vatican will easily be convinced that, as the Italians say, if the conductor is changed the music is always the same. One example will be quite enough to prove this assertion. Under Leo XIII., when the Francophile policy of Cardinal Rampolla went, as his

opponents say, completely bankrupt, all the efforts of the Holy See were directed to gain the favour of Germany, and taking advantage of the personal relations which existed between the late Pope and the Kaiser, the latter was induced to send several times to Rome a person enjoying his complete confidence, Baron von Hertling, Member of the Reichstag, to directly discuss with the Pontiff the questions pending between Berlin and the Catholic Church. This, of course, displeased very much the Prussian Minister accredited to the Vatican, as it was a slight, and the mission never had any practical result, as Leo XIII., in his constant desire to restore in every way possible a shade of Temporal sovereignty, insisted on establishing a papal representative in Berlin, in the person of a Nuncio, such as the Holy See keeps in Vienna, Paris, Madrid, and Lisbon.

Considering the ideas attributed to the new Pope, depicted as the pastor merely, all this should have ended. Instead, a year has not yet passed since his election, and Baron von Hertling is again in Rome. Of course, one might think that he is here merely to treat of religious affairs connected with his country. Not in the least. Pius X. has augmented the political pretensions of the late Pope, and not only asks to accredit a Nuncio to the German Court, but insists on having the present Prussian Legation to the Vatican transformed into a German Embassy to the Holy See. This demonstrates that not only is nothing changed in the direction given by the Vatican to its policy, but that the same lines are followed in an exaggerated form. It may, however, be predicted that Pius X. will not be more successful with Germany than was Leo XIII., as even the Roman Catholic Bishops of Germany object to the presence of a Nuncio who would exercise surveillance over them.—I. C.

Australian Parliamentary Reform

When Federation was being consummated, one of the stock arguments of the Federalists was that the cost of governing the various states would be largely reduced. This, however, is being done more slowly than the average elector likes. Victoria has just rearranged its constitution, cutting down its Assembly from 95 to 68, and its Upper House from 48 to 35. In December a referendum of the N.S.W. electors was taken on the question of whether the Assembly should be reduced, and the result was an immense majority in favour of a reduction from 125 (the present number) to 90—the lowest number on the voting-paper. South Australia has also reformed its Parliament. Prior to these reforms, Australia had actually—including the Federal Parliament—no fewer than 770 members legislating for less than four million people. The total cost of these parliaments—including the expenses of the elections—runs into just half a million per annum. Of this large amount over £130,000 is represented by the Federal Parliament. The members of the latter alone draw £54,000—in salaries and travelling expenses—while the Governor-General costs £15,500 a year. The States governors cost over £35,000; and the fact that the salaries of the various governors, with their extra expenses, run into some £52,000 a year, has caused a feeling in favour of the appointment of well-salaried local officials—at nominal salaries—to act as State governors. All over Australia there is a strong sentiment in favour of economy in the working of the Government machine, which has become altogether too unwieldy, too complicated, and too expensive for such a comparatively small number of people.—F. S. S.

The Occupations of Australian Politicians

In Australia the occupations of the labour members have ranged from shoemaker to lawyer. Mr. Trenwith, who headed the poll in Victoria for the Senate with 102,000 votes, is a shoemaker. Mr. Tudor, who obtained the largest vote cast in Victoria for a constituency in the House of Representatives, is a hatter. The new Federal Parliament contains several miners, shearers, and mechanics, while one of the Queensland senators is a wharf-labourer. Mr. Spence, who represents a country constituency in the House of Representatives, is the President of the Shearers' Union—or, as it is now known, the Australian (Bush) Workers' Union—a very large and powerful association. The Rev. J. B. Ronald, the labour representative for South Melbourne, is a Presbyterian clergyman. He resigned his charge when elected, but is still connected with his church. The labour candidate who came within 45 votes of the Lord Mayor—in a poll of over 14,000—for the city of Melbourne is a doctor. Mr. Higgins, the unattached labour representative for North Melbourne, is the leading equity barrister of Victoria. To most of them the salary of £400 per annum, which both members and senators receive, is a big increase in their income; but it is rarely that they get "above their position."—F. S. S.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Star Trails

If observations are made of the positions of the stars seen when facing north on a fine night, at intervals of an hour or two, the aspect of the star-groups visible will be found to change. The whole celestial vault seems to turn in a direction opposite to that in which the hands of a watch or clock move; and the centre around which this apparent movement takes place is a point near the North Star. This apparent rotation of the heavens is due to the daily spin of the earth on its axis; and the centre of the star-circles described is directly above the North Pole. The position of this point can be precisely determined by means of photography. A camera is directed towards the northern sky on a fine night, and is left with the lens uncovered for two or three hours. The sensitive plate receives the light of each star in the field of view; and as the stars slowly change their positions, they trace luminous trails upon its surface. The accompanying photograph, taken by Mr. G. W. Ritchey at the Yerkes Observatory, was obtained in this way. Each of the bright arcs upon the picture represents a star; and if it were possible to photograph the stars throughout the whole twenty-four hours of a day, each arc would be drawn out into a circle, and the centre of every circle would be the north pole of the heavens. The picture affords a striking demonstration of the apparent rotation of the heavens.

Natural and Artificial Ventilation

The natural method of ventilating a room is to provide inlets for the free admission of fresh air from the outside and outlets for the escape of warm vitiated air. In our country, however, the fresh air supplied from outside is too cold in the winter, and arrangements have to be made for slightly warming the air before it reaches the breathing level. Unless this is done, all the ventilating arrangements will probably be closed on a cold day. For large buildings mechanical contrivances must be used to assist the circulation of air, and provide for efficient ventilation both in winter and summer. Powerful fans may be used to extract the air, or the reverse plan may be adopted. On the latter system, known as the Plenum system, air which has been warmed and filtered from impurities is forced by revolving fans into the rooms of a building through inlets near the ceilings, and as it cools it sinks to lower levels and escapes through outlets near the floor. This system thus provides a means of warming and ventilating a building by one operation. For hospitals, where it is desirable that the warmth and purity of the air should be under control, the Plenum system appears to offer decided advantages over any method of ventilation by which cold air is admitted from the outside. An essential condition of the system is that all windows be kept closed, and that no doors be left open for a longer period

STAR TRAILS PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A CAMERA

A WARD IN THE BELFAST ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL

than absolutely necessary for entrance or exit. Many persons in health object that the air gets stuffy when they are unable to open windows, but in the wards of a hospital, especially in a town, the Plenum system, with closed windows, has been proved to be successful. The new medical buildings opened by the King at Cambridge on March 1 are ventilated on this system; and among large hospitals in which the same plan has been adopted are the Victoria Hospital at Glasgow, the Royal General Hospital at Birmingham, and the Royal Victoria Hospital at Belfast. The adoption of the Plenum system of ventilation throughout the Belfast building has enabled the architect, Mr. W. Henman, to design a hospital on lines entirely different from those usually accepted. A description of the design and equipment of the hospital, by Mr. Henman and Mr. H. Lea, was given before the Royal Institute of British Architects at the end of last year. The accompanying illustration of one of the wards shows the arrangements of lantern or clerestory lights adopted, consisting of slightly sloping fixed windows glazed with half-inch plate glass. Most of the building is lighted in this way with very satisfactory results both for doctors and patients.

Desert Plants

A REPORT by Mr. F. V. Colville and Dr. D. T. MacDougal upon the plants and soil of arid regions of the United States has just been published by the Carnegie Institution, and contains a number of striking illustrations, three of which are here reproduced. Most deserts owe their existence to inadequate rainfall, and desert conditions may arise in any region in which the supply of rain is markedly less than the amount of water evaporated. Where these conditions exist the plants which thrive are those which are capable of storing water in their

SAGUARO, OR GIANT CACTUS (*CEREUS GIGANTEUS*), NEAR TUCSON, ARIZONA

About 40 feet high. Birds nest in the cavities of the trunk.

TREE YUCCA (*YUCCA RADIOSA*) IN THE TULAROSA DESERT, NEW MEXICO

The large plant, which is in fruit, has lost some of its lower leaves by the nibbling and rubbing of cattle. The two small plants are young ones.

tissues, and possess devices of structure which prevent evaporation and much loss of heat by radiation. Trees with leaves presenting large surfaces from which moisture is continually diffusing into the air give place in desert regions to plants like the cactus, yucca, and others with fleshy shoots capable of resisting drought, and very long and extensive roots. The amount of water in these plants is very considerable. From a barrel cactus Messrs. Colville and MacDougal saw an Indian extract two or three quarts of clear water. The top of the plant was cut off, and the white part of the trunk thus exposed was pounded to a pulp, which was then squeezed into a bowl. The water, though slightly salt and bitter to the taste, was of far better quality than a desert traveller is occasionally compelled to use. A botanical laboratory for investigating desert plants and soils has been established near Tucson, Arizona, by the Carnegie Institution, as the result of Messrs. Colville and MacDougal's report. As the deserts of North America cover more than one million square miles, accurate knowledge of plant life upon them is of national importance.

Early Flowers produced by Anæsthetics

By subjecting plants to the vapour of anæsthetics such as ether and chloroform, it has recently been found that they can be forced to flower at an earlier period than is natural to them. The plant is placed in an air-tight case containing a small cup in which ether or chloroform is poured, and is exposed to the influence of the vapour of the anæsthetic for about forty-eight hours. On the removal of the plant from the chamber the leaves fall, if they have not already done so. The plant is then placed in a cool house, and gradually subjected to forcing in the ordinary manner. By this treatment the expansion of the blooms is hastened, the plants producing flowers several days before those forced in the usual way. Lilacs, azaleas, spiræas and other flowering shrubs have been successfully experimented upon, and several horticulturists are developing the process on a commercial scale, in order to place early blooms upon the market. The effect of the anæsthetic is to shorten the resting stage of the plants; so that the plants wake up from the period of repose, and push forth their buds, earlier than those in which artificial sleep has not been introduced.

PAPAGO INDIAN DRINKING FROM A CACTUS (*ECHINOCACTUS EMORGI*), WEST OF TORRES, MEXICO

Varieties

How to secure the Mule-drivers

Of the China war of 1860, says Lord Wolseley, "In the early morning before we began our second march to Tientsin, I heard a considerable commotion in camp, and upon inquiring the cause, was told that every Chinese driver had decamped during the violent thunderstorm and heavy downpour of the previous night. I sent for my duffadar of cavalry and said, 'Are your mules and drivers safe?' With a broad grin he answered, 'Yes, sahib.' Mine were, I found, the only drivers and mules in camp. Subsequently I asked him what measures he had taken to secure them. He said, 'You told me, sahib, you would hold me responsible for the mules and drivers, so at nightfall I collected the drivers in my tent, tied all their pigtails together, and fastened the knot thus formed to my tent-pole, beside which I slept.'"—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley.

Schoolboy Blunders

The following list of amusing mistakes made by schoolboys in their examination papers is compiled by the *University Correspondent:*

Iron is grown in large quantities for manufacturing purposes in South France.

The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south, and east.

The diminutive of man is mankind.

Question: Define the first person. Answer: Adam.

Blood consists of two sorts of cork-screws—red cork-screws and white cork-screws.

Asked to explain what a buttress is, one boy replied, "a woman who makes butter," and another, "a female butcher."

An emolument is a soothing medicine.

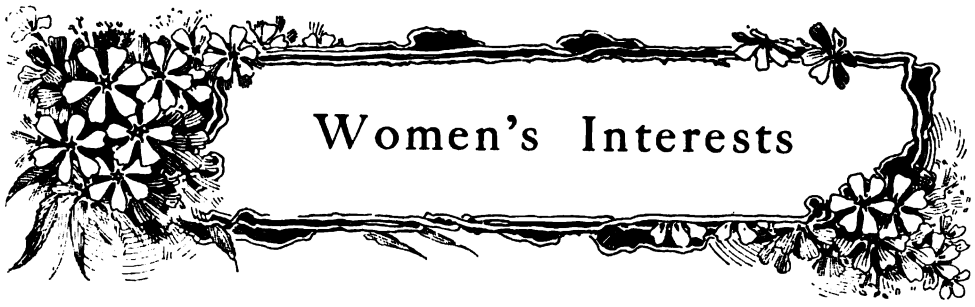
In the United States people are put to death by elocution.

Keeping Gold Mines dry

Gold mines in Australia are of great variety. In some the gold is found in small slugs near the surface. These are simple alluvial workings. In others, such as the famous Bendigo mines, it is found impregnated in hard stone called quartz. The quartz mines vary greatly in depth. Some are even in mountains, above the ordinary surface, and the gold is obtained from tunnels. A third variety, and very common, is the deep alluvial mine. These mines consist of a big shaft which is sunk until the gold-bearing stratum is reached. The gold is in the shape of various-sized particles, mostly small, and is deposited in what is called the "wash." The wash is just the old bed of a prehistoric river, which has, in the process of ages, been covered up to the depth, perhaps, of six or seven hundred feet, or even more. The great trouble in these mines is to keep the water down. There is usually a huge quantity of water which accumulates by soakage; and the only way to work the mines is by keeping immensely powerful pumps constantly at work. These pumps have to be kept going night and day, seven days a week, or else the water would gain on them; and even with the most powerful pumps it has been found impossible to cope with the water in some mines which are known to have plenty of gold-bearing wash. As the water has to be lifted often from a great depth, great ingenuity in economising expense is shown in the construction of the pumping works. A big English company, which has several miles of wash in the Loddon district, has lately installed a series of electrically-worked pumps. It has spent large sums of money, and has not even yet completely mastered the water. Where three or four mines are on the one "lead" of "wash" they help each other; and if one mine stops pumping the others are promptly affected. Sometimes a rush of water comes and drowns the miners. Victoria has a long roll of deaths that are due to this cause. But if the water can be mastered the gold results are usually splendid, and some of these alluvial mines—such as the Berry group at Creswick—have paid dividends running into hundreds of thousands of pounds. —F. S. S.

Astronomical Notes for May

The Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises on the 1st day of this month at 4h. 35m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 21m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 18m., and sets at 7h. 37m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 3m. and sets at 7h. 52m. The Moon enters her Last Quarter at 11h. 50m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 7th; New at 10h. 58m. on that of the 15th; First Quarter at 10h. 19m. on that of the 22nd; and Full at 8h. 55m. on that of the 29th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about a quarter-past 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th; and in perigee, or nearest us, at half-past 10 on the night of the 22nd. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 13th, and will scarcely be visible this month, except perhaps quite at the end of it, for a short time before sunrise, situated in the eastern part of the constellation Aries, near its boundary with Taurus. Venus continues visible in the early morning, moving through Aries into Taurus, and passing about five degrees to the south of the Pleiades on the 30th; she will be near the Moon on the 14th, and near Mercury on the 22nd and 23rd, north-west of him on the former morning and north-east on the latter. Mars is not visible this month, being in conjunction with the Sun on the 30th. Jupiter rises earlier each morning; he is now near the star Epsilon in the constellation Pisces, and moving slowly in a north-easterly direction. Saturn rises about 2 o'clock in the morning, and is situated throughout the month a short distance to the west of the star Delta in the constellation Capricornus.—W. T. Lynn.



How can the Nation be helped towards Temperance?[1]

A HUNDRED and eighty millions per annum, that is what the national drink bill now stands at, or about fifty millions more than the rent of all the houses and all the lands in the kingdom. Liquor costs fifteen times as much annually to the community as all our schools and all our universities, and almost as much as the luxurious diet of the wealthy and the meagre bread of the poor. Unfortunately it is those who have least to spare who devote most to this destroyer.

The national outlay on drink is increasing, and that in spite of the vehement efforts of individuals and organisations.

The drink question will only be adequately dealt with when Government treats the manufacture of intoxicants as a crime against the nation, but that period seems remote, since almost a third of our law-makers are drawn from the whisky and beer-producing fraternity. These naturally sneer at "Grandmotherly legislation," as a thing directed to restrain man's noble freedom.

Total-abstinence movements are, for mingled reasons of good and ill, no longer popular; a politician would injure his prestige in the eyes not only of the drunken but of the sober, who to-day made himself the apostle of this cause. I fear some measure of reproach for this fact lies at the door of total abstainers themselves. Where opportunity offered they were not just, their conclusions were not temperate. It is well known that ten or twelve years ago the question of buying up and closing many public-houses was before Parliament, but the total abstinence party generally were for confiscation, not for purchase of the publican's rights, and to such an injustice the nation could not assent. Rights of property are those which it is the business of all national law to enforce, and no wrong action can justifiably be done, no matter what the good result aimed at may be. Granted that the publican's work is evil, it affords him his livelihood, and we have no right to take that from him unless we put into his hands provision for a better career. Even the publican has his rights; and spoliation is sin, whether it be committed racially or individually.

Again, it is seriously believed by many that the dismissal of all barmaids in Scotland is not a good action. There are 5000 of them. There is no proof whatever that, as a class, they are in any wise below the average of money-earning women in towns. To displace one sex for another does not touch the root of the drink evil, while to throw a large number of women out of work, women for whom another kind of employment would not be easily available, is to commit an action in itself scarcely justifiable.

Again, temperance advocates tend to be too vehement over scarcely allied issues. Temperance papers would increase their circulation and influence if they treated of other than temperance topics exclusively. Any organ that is too parochial restricts its circulation. What is narrow cannot fail to be dull. It was a calamity when *The Woman's Signal* was withdrawn from publication, and yet for business reasons it was bound to go, its area was too circumscribed, some of its subscribers too ready to fight or to drop the paper if it diverged on any question from their point of view. What Lady Henry Somerset, with her enthusiasm, her high social position and her wealth, failed to effect no other woman need attempt.

Is there then no remedy? I am disposed to think that this lies in the hands of the clergy. The young are their field of operation if they could only be brought to see that fact. Every untaught young person of either sex is a heathen; if left untaught he will become a savage. A man's influence is over those who come after him, not over those who precede him. The mature have made up their minds; if teachers express the hearer's views these approve, if they do not do so the hearers become indifferent or contemptuous. But the unformed are willing to be taught, and a man whom, individually, the young admire and believe in might lead them to scale any mount, to storm any fort. I can bear practical testimony to this fact, having often witnessed it. A manly, sincere young clergyman who recognised that his business was with the heathen in his own congregation, and who admitted the truth of the vulgar old proverb, "You cannot teach your grandmother to suck eggs," would come into his kingdom with less difficulty than meets any other class of invader. All boys and girls could be convinced that the influence of all intoxicants is baleful, often destructive; inspired by a man who held this faith each would become an apostle in his turn. What personal conviction and enthusiasm can effect when each convert has the missionary spirit, the Salvation Army has proved. One of the first points conceded by its original opponents—and most of the race was in this category at the start—was that the Army did induce total abstinence, did convert to temperance. It is excellent to get children into our Bands of Hope, but it is the adolescents that are of primary importance. They move quickly, they are approaching the cross-roads. Life tingles in them, they want to do something, they need not only counsel but a field of labour. Their names and promise are not enough, they must have also an outlet for their energies, they must be given a section of the world to conquer. Let them when converted make converts, and let each new convert make another, and let them unitedly help in establishing the new temperance hall, the local mission centre for our own heathen. Then let each who has done something be made to feel that he or she counts as an individual with opinions and influence; that would attain results worth effort, and methinks it crowds about our doors.

The way to save barmaids is to let girls see that the work is undesirable, that at the best it is only remunerative for a few years, that an old barmaid scarcely exists. The way to close the public-houses is to convince the community that their money might be better employed, and for that purpose the attractions of the public-house without its dangers must be placed within their reach. The atmosphere of most temperance halls is cold, they contain no room where people can stand in clusters and be noisy if they like, the inmates do not seem at their ease, they appear conscious of being under supervision, and personal comfort cannot co-exist with that. Modern Christian leaders seem to do too much for their disciples, to make their work easy, while individual effort is what is essential. If Parliament will not close the public-houses by force, and if temperance advocates will not permit the purchase—for suppression—of the publican's rights, then the Church must step in, and begin the reform. But it must work with clean hands, and must look to the future with the single eye that identifies God's glory with human good.

[1] We have thought it right to allow our esteemed contributor to state her own view on a very complex question. But it is fair to remember that on some of the points indicated very different views are held by advocates of temperance.—ED. *L.H.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

Pauline.—An English teacher going to a foreign country whose language she does not know, would receive no remuneration whatever until she had acquired some measure of proficiency in the language of the people. How could she teach when neither she nor her pupils had a common medium of communication? Even to obtain an engagement as pupil teacher she would require to know a good deal of the language of the people about her. As you know no French or German, your best plan would be to apply for an engagement in a school or family where your assistance might be needed for pupils who already know some English, and where for teaching English to these, you would receive lessons in French or German. You might apply to Mme. Aubert, 141 Regent Street, London, W., a Foreign and English Governess Agent, who has a large connexion, or you might write to the editor of *Le Conseil des Femmes*, 79 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, through whom you might obtain an engagement as governess pupil. Why did you not make some attempt to learn French in your own country? At Dover there ought to be considerable facilities for its acquisition. It was not possible to answer

your letter in last month's issue. The educational qualifications that are most esteemed abroad are the B.A. and LL.A. degrees The *Leisure Hour* is on sale in Paris.

H. M.—The Joint Agency of Women Teachers is probably one of the best mediums through which to obtain situations at home. It is under the management of a Committee appointed by the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, the College of Preceptors, the Headmistresses' Association, etc. The address is 74 Gower Street, London, E.C. The fees are as low as possible, 2*s.* 6*d.* affords a registration fee for six months. The hours of interview are from 10.30 A.M. to 5 P.M. The registrar is Miss Alice M. Fountain.

Alice and Hilda.—The Paris Lodge of the Girl's Friendly Society is at 50 Avenue d'Jena. The address of the Diocesan Secretary of the G. F. S. is 8 Holbein Place, Sloane Square, London, S.W. Many of the members are young daily governesses, seeking to improve themselves in French, with a view to teaching in schools or private families on their return home. On Sunday the Club Rooms in the Lodge afford a home and resting-place to any member in Paris. A free tea is provided by the subscriptions of various associates and members. On week days luncheon and supper can be had on moderate terms. Some of the members reside in the Lodge, which contains eighteen sleeping apartments.

EMPLOYMENTS.

Helen F.—I read somewhere recently of girls in your position desirous of useful occupation yet not thinking it right to work for payment, as their parents are in comfortable circumstances and able to provide for their future, who took each a year's training as paying probationer in a Nursing Establishment, and then gave their services to the genteel poor in their own neighbourhood, sufferers who could neither pay for skilled attendance, nor resort to the parochial nurse, clerks' and small tradesmen's wives, and elderly and broken-down people of a better class. Only sympathy can acceptably approach these, whose needs are often none the less urgent for being unexpressed. To sick children in large impoverished families, to ailing mothers unable to get up and do the household work, to bedridden old people, these two sweet-souled sisters devoted the morning of every day, calling to wash and dress the baby, to prepare the sick woman's breakfast, to talk over things in general with the bedridden, who grow so tired of watching the shadows change as the sun moves, and find a world very dull in which they seem forgotten. Sometimes our beneficence strays far afield when it is urgently needed at our own gates. Does not the above little sketch suggest a delightful family, the parents willing that the daughters should undertake such hard service, the daughters loving all that had need of them? At Abbots-Langley in Herts there is an industry whose object is partly charitable, partly commercial. It is marmalade manufacture, which affords employment to ladies and surplus village hands, produces a pure article of diet and affords a surplus profit to be distributed in charity. There is an interesting account of the industry in the March issue of *Women's Employments* (1*d.*).

Agatha.—Pillow-lace-making is taught in the Lace Revival School, 56 Lower Sloane Street, London, W. Lace making and mending might become a remunerative occupation, as it is now becoming a cottage industry for which teachers are required. Particulars can be had on application to the Principal, Miss Penderel Moody.

LITERARY.

Little Puss.—Your story is by no means bad for a beginner. For readable stories of from 2000 to 4000 words there are countless openings. But observe the adjective. The unknown writer must offer work better than the average if it is to find acceptance. Once your name is known you need not be so particular if you are built on these lines. If you have got the knack of the short story you can present the same plot over and over again. I do not advise this, I merely observe that I have seen it done. I was recently reading a volume of short stories that made fame for its author, and there were just three plots in the book from cover to cover. The characters in these, the pert, pretty girl, the amazingly susceptible man and the bat-blind parent, trod their measure over and over again. Sometimes the bat-blind father, when his vision quickened, was irate, and sometimes he was beneficent, and sometimes the pert, pretty girl fell promptly on her swain's neck, and sometimes she said "Imperent" and walked away. But it was always the same girl, and which course she would take could never be determined by the reader beforehand. Still the book kept one smiling till two-thirds of it were read, and the yawns accorded to the remainder were not of a vindictive order.

Thyra.—Your poem begins beautifully, and there are several good verses in it, but the meaning of the whole is too involved and obscure. When you become very famous that kind of obscurity will call for a school of admirers to explain what you mean. I subjoin the first verse with pleasure—

"The music that I heard with thee
Haunts me yet,
All hope, all joy that might not be
All regret."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A correspondent has been kind enough to write that *The Parents' Review* is published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

Joan.—You could not sell your old magazines except to second-hand bookstall people, and from them you would receive scarcely anything. Magazines are so abundant now and so cheap that there is no inducement to invest in them at second-hand. Were the postage not so prohibitive you could effect exchanges easily, but it is only newspapers that are generously dealt with by the G.P.O. There is no reason in circulating colossal weeklies for a halfpenny, and charging a penny for any other kind of publication over two ounces in weight, but law is law. I am grateful for your kind opinion and regret that I cannot give you the information you desire.

Arno.—1. The lion's head on silver originated as the king's mark on metal containing only 18 dwts. of alloy to each pound troy. Edward I. gave goldsmiths their first charter, Edward III. enforced the assaying of all silver and the marking of that up to standard. On old silver the lion's head is crowned; the leopard's head is the London mark, the sovereign's head approximately fixes the date; it was first added in the reign of George III. in 1784. The heraldic lion and the leopard had the same head. The letter is the maker's mark. The heads of the lions and leopards on early silver were fierce and bearded, on modern silver the face is mild and often has its tongue out. Seven towns in the fifteenth century were permitted to assay silver, and as in lawless times provincial silversmiths could not travel with their precious wares, wardens from the assay towns visited the provinces to test and mark the silver. All the marks except the silversmith's own mark were on a lozenge or escutcheon. Goldsmiths and silversmiths had a very bad time of it during the Middle Ages, despoiling them being somewhat of a noble or royal pastime. Edward IV. almost put a premium on their spoliation, as he permitted the wardens to retain for themselves half the silver seized as being below standard, the other half to be given to the sovereign. When men could enrich themselves and win favour at court at the same time, it is conceivable that the poor silversmiths sold their wares unassayed when they found customers who could trust them, for who could be sure that the warden might not prove a robber? 2. A verge watch is one with the old balance where the balance arbor has two pallets which alternately engage with teeth on the opposite sides of a crown wheel whose axis is at right angles to that of the verge. The verge itself is the spindle or arbor of the watch balance.

Blanche.—I will give you a recipe for home-made furniture polish next month, there is not space in this issue. Meantime I can highly recommend the Komo Furniture Cream, supplied by the Matchless Metal Polish Company, Leeds Street, Liverpool. It is worthy of the Metal Polish, and that is saying a great deal. I have just cleaned a bicycle and a typewriter (white parts) with the latter, and am delighted with the result.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Woman's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY

THE following contributions have, in response to the article in our March number—"Problems of Bible Translation"—been sent by our readers for the Centenary Fund of the British and Foreign Bible Society:

	£	s.	d.
1. M. J. B.		2	6
2. Pat		7	6
3. From a believer of the Bible		10	0
4. Collection at St. Luke's Hospital, per the Rev. G. Smith	8	0	
5. Jno. Armitt	5	0	

POSIES FROM POETRY

I

1. "Some rich hyacinth . . . a tower of purple bloom."
2. "The lilies in their dew."
3. "The scarlet poppies."
4. "Fresh-pulled violets."
5. "The gold-flowered broom."
6. "Sweet-smelling myrtle."
7. "Stocks in fragrant blow."
8. "Clumps of primroses."

From what poet's work are these quotations taken? Trace each. A book prize for first correct answer.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Seventh of Nine

WHOLE.

A happy busy-body, now a friend at court
To one, and now obedient to another.

1. In *this* alone they were alike, whose rivalry
   Prepared the doom of love.
2. About to die *he* thought he saw a vision,
   And heard his duty told.
3. Mingled of love and fear, and all unable
   To show *her* heart in words.
4. As Jonah's gourd was by a worm devoured,
   In silence perished *this* ill-fated plotter's hope.

Observe that the above lines are not quotations. Find the words and passages referred to. Scores for fourth, fifth, and sixth Acrostics will appear next month. Answers to above must be received by 15th inst.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S *Poems*, Macmillans, 7*s*. 6*d*. *The House of Quiet* (Anon.), John Murray, 8*s*. BROTHER LEO'S *Mirror of Perfection*, D. Nutt, 2*s*. GENERAL BOOTH'S *Training of Children*, S. A. Publishing Dept., 6*d*. E. W. WILCOX'S *Poems of Power*, Gay and Bird, 3*s*. 6*d*. *Poems of Charles Wolfe*, A. H. Bullen, 3*s*. 6*d*. S. A. CAULFIELD'S *Home Nurse*, Stock, 3*s*. 6*d*. MRS. YOUNG'S *Housewife's Manual*, 2*s*. 4*d*., and *Home-made Cakes*, 1*s*. 2*d*., published by author, Hurston, Cambridge, etc.

That *Christina Rossetti's Poems* should at last be collected into one volume, and included in Messrs. Macmillan's uniform series of English poets, is matter for rejoicing to the many lovers of her writings. The editor, her brother, Mr. William Rossetti, contributes a short memoir, which serves to illuminate and explain many characteristics of her style. Some of her lyrics have been set to music and are well known, such as "My heart is like a singing bird," "Unmindful of the Roses," "Come to me in the silence of the night." Her hymns, well adapted for congregational as well as private use, are still more numerous. Several of these were sung at her funeral. While her poetry covers a considerable range of subjects, as shown in *Goblin Market*, *Maude Clare*, *Mirrors of Life and Death*, and the English and Italian *Poems for Children*, most of her work was religious in tone, often following the suggestions of the Christian year—very frequently counselling endurance and aspiration; as in this, which we quote as fairly typical of her short poems—

"Heaven overarches earth and sea,
  Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.
Heaven overarches you and me:
  A little while and we shall be—
Please God—where there is no more sea
  Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
  And all earth's gardens and her graves.
Look up with me, until we see
  The day break and the shadows flee.
What though to-night wrecks you and me
  If so to-morrow saves?"

The House of Quiet is the title given to a series of discursively autobiographical papers containing many suggestive pages. If identity of style counts for anything, J. T. who signs the editorial preface also wrote the book, and, we may hope, still lives to write another. The slight framework of the story, and descriptions of such types as the mother, the squire, and the old and new parsons are rather conventional and unconvincing, but are easily outweighed by the genuinely autobiographical matter—much thoughtful analysis of the religious experiences of school and college days, and many fresh and original studies of social life from a later point of view. The writer has travelled far in speculation only to return to the simple faith of childhood in "the absolute power, the infinite energies of the Father . . . belief in the Spirit of God, the thought of inner holiness . . . then came the further step after some study of the systems of other teachers of humanity . . . the knowledge slowly dawns upon the mind that in Jesus of Galilee alone we are in the presence of something which enlightens man not from within but from without." "Surely," he says elsewhere, "the whole teaching of the Gospels is to loose human beings from the tyranny of detail, and to teach them to live a simple life on great principles." In quiet philanthropy our author learns "how much more emotion and experience go to make up a platitude than I ever suspected before in my ambitious days."

To the literature about St. Francis of Assisi, which M. Paul Sabatier has done so much to introduce to his fellow-Protestants, there has lately been added by the same editor *The Mirror of Perfection*, a memoir of Brother Francis written during

the eighteen months immediately succeeding his death by his devoted friend and companion, Brother Leo. M. Sabatier's version of the Latin text has been translated into English by Dr. Sebastian Evans, whose little book has already reached a third edition, so great is the interest awakened by what its translator rightly calls a document "appealing directly to the heart of humanity." It is impossible to read unmoved these touching records, noting how faithfully this ardent Christian set himself to learn of, and follow the meek and lowly Christ in His Humility, Obedience, and Poverty. From the date of his conversion to a religious life, at the age of twenty-four, until his death twenty years later (on October 3rd, 1227), St. Francis "made it his highest and chiefest study to teach the brethren the things that they had to do or to avoid rather by his deeds than by his words." "Moreover," we are told, "he exhorted the brethren that they should judge no man, nor think scorn of them that live delicately, and are clad proudly in superfluous bravery, for that our God is their Lord also, able to call them unto Himself." Among practical reformers of religion in all ages of Christianity, many have had like zeal, and as intense a devotion to God's will, but Francis of Assisi stands alone, we think, in the Christ-like lowliness of his mind, and uncensorious spirit.

It seems at first sight a long way from the thirteenth to the twentieth century, and from St. Francis to General Booth (whose book on the *Training of Children* has just been republished in a cheap edition), yet these men of God have much in common in their ideals of a religious life. Poverty, whole-hearted obedience, and devotion to the Saviour, these form the rule of the Salvation Army now, as of the Brothers Minor long ago; humility alone seems somewhat lacking now-a-days. General Booth's advice to parents is given in the form of a catechism, and ninety per cent. of his teaching could not be bettered. He touches shrewdly on difficulties likely to occur, and urges young parents to qualify for their duty by guarding against their own faulty tendencies, whether to favouritism, sanctimoniousness, bad temper, worldly pride, selfishness, or unwillingness to be at trouble. But we think he errs in generally estimating religious life and methods outside his Army as being formal or sentimental, and in either case inefficient. In urging an incessant expression of religion on the part of children, he ignores those laws of psychical as well as physical reaction after stimulus which are as certain as any other divine ordinance. Like Savonarola's Little Inquisitors entrusted with powers too high for them, are his Little Soldiers not in danger of exhausting the energies of the still immature soul, and—

> "Changing the pure emotion
> Of her high devotion,
> To a skin-deep sense
> Of her own eloquence"?

E. W. Wilcox's new book of verses, called *Poems of Power*, is prettily bound in white linen, and contains a fine series of initial letters. Her range of subjects is wide, and almost every one neatly points some moral for the reader's benefit. Though so didactic, Miss Wilcox's style is musical and pleasant, and the book is likely to be as popular as her earlier volumes have proved.

Admirers of (and who does not admire?) his lines on the "Burial of Sir John Moore" will eagerly examine the *Poems of Charles Wolfe* recently published. The portrait and the life are alike pleasing and welcome, while the other poems, though slight in themselves, give pleasure for their author's sake. "He was," his biographer remarks, "one of the might-have-beens of English poetry." Nay, that is too mournful an estimate. Bulk of achievement is not, as Ben Jonson reminded us, essential to greatness—Wolfe's one perfect creation suffices to itself. In a pocket inside the cover of this little volume the reader will find a hidden treasure in the shape of a marvellous reproduction, in facsimile, of the original MS. of the famous elegy.

The Home Nurse is a practical handbook on a fast-disappearing art. Home baking and preserving, home education, home nursing alike, will soon be matters of tradition only in most of our homes. As we look through this cheery and sensible treatise, full of adaptable suggestions, we recall the home nurse of childhood ere the profession was organised. How mercifully in those days were powders masked in whatever kind of jam one chose, senna tea was but a medium for softly stewed prunes, and the heroic enduring of a mustard plaster had a monetary value increasing with every minute after the statutory ten! On the ordering of the sick-room the author of this book writes with the wisdom of an experienced and observant mind, enforcing five essential rules, of Punctuality, Cheerfulness, Cleanliness, Gentleness, and Patience.

Mrs. H. M. Young, well known in housekeeping circles as a demonstrator of cookery, has published a fifteenth edition of her *Domestic Cookery: the Housewife's Manual*, with added recipes and many photographs. In this excellent manual, while well-known dishes are taken as known, many new adaptations are described, and savouries are as fully treated of as modern needs require. The ardent housewife will also know how to appreciate the novelties in Mrs. Young's little book on *Home-made Cakes and Sweets*, said to be as instructive and practical as it is up-to-date, and also illustrated with many photographs of various *tours de force*.

Also received: W. S. FURNEAUX'S *The Sea Shore*. Longmans, 6*s*., with over three hundred illustrations, an invaluable handbook for those boys and girls who would be seaside naturalists. W. C. HAZLITT'S *Studies in Jocular Literature*, reprinted in the Book Lovers' Library series, Stock, 1*s*. 6*d*. R. L. ANDERSON'S *Story of Extinct Civilizations of the West*, Newnes, 1*s*., a succinct account of the Aztecs and Incas. T. F. TILING'S *The Promise of Life*, Stock, 1*s*., an argument in proof of conditional immortality. MRS. BELL'S *My Friends in the Fifties*, Guilbert Pitman, 3*s*. 6*d*., pleasantly-written sketches of old-fashioned people and their surroundings. MARK LEMON'S *Enchanted Doll*, De La More Press, 1*s*. 6*d*. This reprint will be welcomed by all collectors of "Dicky" Doyle's drawings, of which it contains many charming examples. J. M. HOGGE'S *Betting and Gambling*, Simpkin, Marshall, 6*d*., an ably-written little book of statistics and instances showing the fatuous waste of British money going on in these pursuits, upwards of fifty millions being the annual turnover of bookmakers alone. MR. HUGH'S *Boken*, a privately printed volume from America chiefly in rhyme, and all in phonetic spelling.

Our Chess Page

Solving Tourney Solutions.

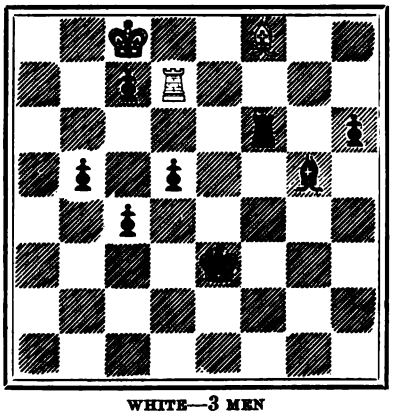
NEXT month we shall inaugurate a Summer Solving Tourney, to run during June, July, and August, with the offer of suitable Prizes.

"Twentieth-Century Retractor."

No. 4.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

"Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee."
1 *Henry VI.*, Act IV. sc. ii.

BLACK—8 MEN



WHITE—3 MEN

1. White played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play so as to allow
4. White to give mate.

Solutions received before June 10 will be acknowledged. A special prize is offered for the solver who, in the aggregate, most quickly solves Retractors Nos. 3, 4, and 5. [See page 527.]

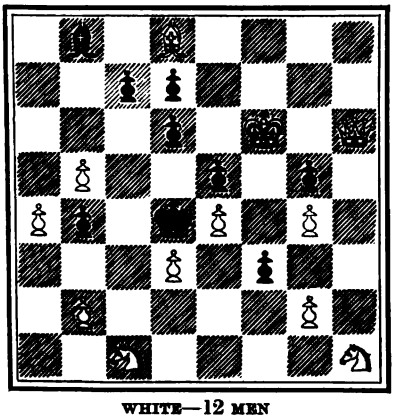
Retractor II. Further solutions received from —F. W. ATCHINSON, A. W. WATSON, and W. MEARS (The Author's), E. THOMPSTONE (The "Cook"), H. OSBORNE, M.D. (Both).

PROBLEMS.

The two following problems have been entered in our last Problem Tourney. Criticism is invited.

No. 16.—*Pathfinder I.*

BLACK—9 MEN

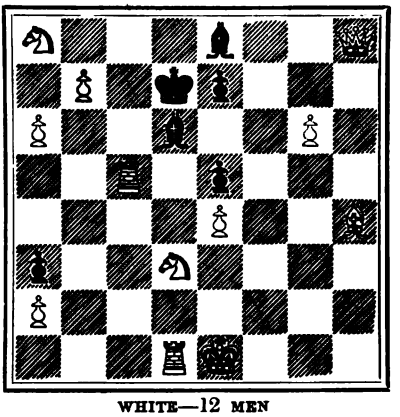


WHITE—12 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 17.—*Pathfinder II.*

BLACK—6 MEN



WHITE—12 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

For the Medals Competition solutions to the above must be sent in before June 15, 1904.

SOLUTIONS.

Problems Nos. 2[1] to 10.

No. 2. *Liliputian.* R—Q 3.
,, 3. *Coquette.* R—Q 5.
,, 4. *The Unknown.* Q—Q Kt 7.
,, 5. By C. H. H. R—Q Kt 5.
,, 6. By C. H. H. Kt—K 5.
,, 7. Q—B 5.
,, 8. R—R 7.
,, 9. K—K sq.
,, 10. No Solution, the author's intention Kt—K B 5 being defeated by R—Q 3.

Solutions received up to time of going to press from—

Nos. 2 to 10: F. W. ATCHINSON, H. BALSON, COLONEL FORBES, A. J. HEAD, W. MEARS, PERCY OSBORN, R. G. THOMSON, JOHN D. TUCKER, A. W. WATSON, F. W. WHILHELMY, and REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT.

Nos. 2 to 9: E. THOMPSTONE.

Nos. 2 to 8: T. W. ALLEN, S. D. FRESCO, and H. OSBORNE, M.D.

Nos. 2 to 7: A. FAIRHURST.

Nos. 2 to 6: ED. ATFIELD, F. H. CREBBIN, E. J. GEORGE, JOHN A. ROBERTS, and JAS. WHITE.

Nos. 3 to 6: DUNCAN PIRNIE and MRS. F. WILSON.

Also: ED. ATFIELD (9 and 10), F. T. BRADBURN (2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9), SHRI GOPAUL (India) (2 to 5), H. W. HOLLAND (India) (3, 6, 7), J. JONES (2, 3, 4, 7, 8), JOHN A. ROBERTS (9), A. SCHORN, M.B., W. J. STABLES, and J. P. STANDFAST (2).

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

[1] No. 1 was a Retractor.

A LESSON ON THE SUN-DIAL

From the picture by R. Blair Leighton — *Berlin Photographic Co.*

MARKET DAY

His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

CHAPTER I.—LORD MENLOE RESOLVES TO GIVE A DINNER-PARTY

LORD MENLOE laid down his pen to kindle his pipe, which for some minutes he had been smoking unlighted. Butting against the rain, which lifted and shook in the wind like a sheet upon the line, he saw a small boy and a large basket. It was the butcher's son, and his father was lord of the herds that were slowly seeking shelter behind the pledged ricks of Menloe. His Lordship was struggling for a rhyme—the fourth rhyme of a sonnet—and he beheld with intense, abstracted gaze the approach of the boy-attended basket.

A moment afterwards, Thady Clancy burst into the room—a small, fierce, white-jacketed figure, diffusing a genial climate of whisky.

"He wouldn't lave it widout the money. That the——"

Menloe lifted his hand, and a fountain of strong English was stayed.

"AH, THIN," HE CRIED, "THIS IS LIKE OULD TIMES"

"Leave what?" he asked, adding, as a general truth, "Thady you have been drinking."

"Is it me dhrinking? Faith, your Lordship might know a way to get dhrink widout wages, but not wan o' Thady knows."

This seemed plausible to Menloe. "Indeed, Thady," he said, "I understand well enough——"

"Don't give it mention, my Lord. A thrifle o' wages, I hope, wouldn't be parting me and your kind Lordship; but to be accused of dhrinking!". . . Thady's red-blue eyes grew dim; he blew his nose on his jacket. In a moment, however, his face cleared. "Faith, I'm just afther breaking a bottle of sweet oil, and, if you wasn't taking very particular notice, you'd often mistake the likes o' that for whisky."

"Well, that's it, I suppose." Menloe had got his rhyme, and was in an agony to finish his octave.

"Sure, my Lord, he won't leave it, though, dear knows, there's only two o' them; och, the days I seen, whin two spring-carts wouldn't carry it!"

Lord Menloe looked round with eyes of far-away reproach. "Leave what?" he said; "carry what?"

"Musha, the mate, man," Thady burst out in a screech of irritation. Instantly, however, he recalled himself. "Your Lordship's honourable dinner: the little boy have orders not to lave it widout the tinpence—I wish he had it, and it was the tin plagues o' Jordan."

Lord Menloe flushed angrily.

"How big is the boy?"—he had never seen the being upon whom his gaze had been fixed—"big enough to kick?"

"No, thin," said Thady decisively; "but I'd say he was of a size to put under de pump."

The flush passed from Menloe's cheeks. "After all," he said, "it isn't the boy's fault. Here, give him this, for himself, and tell him to take his meat back, and 'tis the last meat I'll trouble him for." Lord Menloe's face grew thoughtful; then it flashed out into the sunniest, most whimsical, most irresistible smile: "There's a great old bull," he said; "faith, an Irishman can always keep himself in meat."

Thady surveyed the coin which lay in his palm. "Is it give the b'y a crown-piece?" he said; "sure, 'tis madness and timptation. Why, wid all that in his pocket a man would be for breaking out, and an innocent child——"

"Give it to him," said Menloe.

"But your Lordship's dinner? there's nothing in the house at all at all, but the end o' bacon, and the colour on it is very rich entirely——"

"*Go*," said Menloe.

Thady wavered, and went.

In a moment Menloe was back at his sonnet. Generally he poetized, as the Scotchman joked, with deeficulty. He was still pondering "many a musèd rhyme," when Thady's face struck upon him like a sunbeam that has kissed a spirit-shop. Beside the writing-table he set down a large basket.

"Ah, thin," he cried, "this is like ould times: a hind-quarther o' lamb, a lovely sirloin, fower kidneys, and two pair o' oxtails."

"Who's going to pay for them?" asked Menloe; "that crown was an only son."

"Is it pay for them? Why, wouldn't you look at the card?"

Thady thrust into his master's reluctant hand a slip of paper. It was decorated with a picture of an earnest cow, and a wool-gathering sheep, and was inscribed by one whose trade was not left to the imagination.

Scowling in his short-sighted fashion, Menloe read: "With the compliment of a few elegant Thrifles, hoping the Worshipful Lord Menloe will study his own convenience about the little bill. (Signed) P. J. Hourigan, Victualler to the Nobility and Ginthry. —P.S. You was to kind altogether. He have it in his money-box."

Thady bathed lovingly in the elegant thrifles. "'Tis mate for an Imperor," he said.

Lord Menloe whistled; then he walked up to Thady, and laid his hand on his shoulder. "Faith, Thady," he said, "we'll give a dinner-party."

CHAPTER II.—THE INVITATIONS ARE POSTED

LIKE all superior vertebrates, Lord Menloe loathed afternoon tea. Why a reasonable being should go where he cannot smoke, Menloe could never understand; nor why he should forsake the company of good books for the gabble of the gossips. Far better, he would say, to stay at home and *read about* apes and peacocks. But a good dinner he rather enjoyed. On those occasions there was less of the monkey-house, and the coffee and cigars made a soothing half-hour. Yet Lord Menloe had not dined out for two years. Twice he had accepted invitations, but on one occasion he had gone on the wrong day—finding a miscellaneously attired but uniformly-glaring company at high tea —and on the other he had lost his dress-coat. It is true that he finally found it on his

back, but that was not till presumably the dinner was digested. Notwithstanding his failure to achieve the intended hospitalities, Lord Menloe had always regarded them as demanding a return. Like most Irishmen he had an invincible objection to the weight of unreciprocated benefits. To pay off these futile dinners would be an inestimable relief. Therefore, on the spur of the moment, he sat down and wrote three notes of invitation. One to the Martins, who belonged like himself to the broken-down county families—it was these that he had surprised at sausages and marmalade; one to the Harts, who were rich and new, and from whose factory those sausages had come; and one to Johnny Blake. There was no reason for asking Johnny except that no one had ever had an inventive faculty equal to not asking him. Thirty years ago he had been a young desirable bachelor, obviously a person to be secured, and that reputation had never left him. When he had written those three notes, Menloe thought he had done all that was required of him, and, getting up, he lit his pipe as a man whose anxiety was over.

Then quite suddenly—he had not the least idea why, unless it was some latent pressure of the hoarded meat—he sat down again and invited the Bishop and Dick Armstrong and his wife. Dick was a baronet, a good fellow who sang a good song; probably he was put in to counteract the Bishop. Aware that if he left the letters about for even an hour, they would inevitably be swept into the great heaps of unsorted papers that closed in upon his writing-pad and very often defeated his purposes, Menloe put on his hat then and there, and holding his budget in his hand, set out for the post-office. The postmistress was called in from her washing in the little patch at the back of the grey cottage by an excited cry from her eldest little girl.

"Oh, mother, they'se just teeming in; you niver seen sich a sight o' letters."

"Who is it that's posting them?"

"'Tis his poor Lordship, mother."

"Ah, then, I'll come in and attend to them at once. What would his poor Lordship be doing with all them letters, when 'tis scarce a postcard out of him for months together?"

Mrs. Molony, forgetting to dry her hands on her apron, set an unofficial seal on the letter addressed to the Bishop.

"No stamp," she cried. "'Deed, there'll be a fine to-do when they axes him for the twopence, for his Lordship begritches a half-penny as much as I would myself. Is the kettle on the bile, Ellie?"

"It is," said Ellie. "Why, mother, there isn't no stamp on any of the letters."

"Ah, that's his poor Lordship all over! God bless him, for Thady does be saying he's like a little doll about the house."

In an experienced manner the good postmistress held the lappet of the envelope to the steam. At that moment Mrs. Daly came in from over the way, and behind her was the bland and portly policeman. In a second more, Jim Cavanagh, the grocer, thrust in a red head and a squint.

"Six letters, they do be telling," he said, "and more betoken he had one of them dropped in a puddle.—Come in, Mrs. Slattery, she has them very near ready."

The company took what seemed accustomed places. Jim Cavanagh, in the armchair, put on his glasses.

"There," said Mrs. Molony, as the envelope quietly yielded to the treatment; "now what does his poor Lordship say to the Bishop?"

"He deserves b'ating for writing such a fist. Sure a man in his position owes it to the public to write a decent hand. Here's something about Home or Rome, and then there's what might be plain dinner or great sinner, and 'eight o'clock.'—Would you think he's seeing the error of his ways?"

"Troth, an ould Prodesdan family like that! I wouldn't be aisy with him in the chapel at all."

"'Tis more likely," remarked Mrs. Slattery, "to be dinner after all, for if he was embracing the true Church, sure 'tis to our Bishop he'd be writing."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Molony had got open two other letters—one of them not without tearing.

"'Deed then," she said, "I'd hardly remember his licking a letter before; 'tis troublesome he's growing. Now, Mr. Cavanagh, what d'ye make of this at all?"

"More illegibility and disappintmint! But here's 'eight o'clock' again, and 'great dinner,' or whatever it is, and all to that."

"If 'tis to Johnny Blake he's writing, I'd say it is 'great winner,' for Johnny have bets on all the races."

"D'ye tell me that!" said Mrs. Slattery, lifting up astonished hands. "Sure 'tis a

sweepstake, and they're all in it, and the Bishop wid 'em."

"And him letting on that 'twas charities that keep him poor. Wasn't he the great ould schemer?"

"Whist, woman, here's this one to Sir Richard, and the 'dinner' in as clear as anything at all. His poor Lordship is for giving an entertainment to the quality."

"'Deed, then, he have the mate to make a great display."

"Where would Tim get so many oxtails? Sure there is but one to the baste, and how——"

"Wasn't he in Limerick on the day and got them through the officers' mess disappinting?"

"Well, then, he has soup. But won't he have to give them fish? I wouldn't like to see his poor Lordship shamed."

"There'll be fish." Jim Cavanagh nodded emphatically.

"I don't hould wid taching childher to be poaching on his Lordship's ground; but when 'tis for his poor Lordship's own dinner, —faith, Father Griffin would put no pinance on us."

"I have some nice apples in the house," said Mrs. Daly. "It was very lucky altogether that we——"

"Found the letters open," said Cavanagh.

The letters were now carefully licked, and to the torn one was attached the departmental notification—"Found open and officially sealed." Then, after a courteous word, the little company dispersed.

Lord Menloe's intended party was pretty well advertised in Kilbooby, and convivial interest was aroused. Several of the more ardent spirits announced their intention of attending in the avenue to see the quality arrive.

CHAPTER III.—LORD MENLOE ENGAGES A CONFIDENTIAL MAN

WHEN Lord Menloe reached home, he realised that in issuing invitations one has not achieved a party. He had hardly settled himself at his writing-table when, in that sudden and yet ghost-like manner in which his appearances were generally couched, Thady stood before him.

"How many will there be of them?" he asked.

"How many what?" said Menloe.

"Billies," Thady explained, not explanatorily.

"'Billies'? what are 'billies'?—oh, I see." Thady was rubbing the lower part of his waistcoat. "I don't know exactly, Thady. I have asked eleven or twelve, I believe, but they may not all come."

"But if the half of them comes! why, how many plates does your Lordship——"

"Oh, people must rough it when they dine with a bachelor."

"Will there be soup, my Lord?"

"Oh, yes, Thady, we'll give them some of your famous soup."

"Will I sarve it in mugs or jugs?"

"Are there no soup-plates, then?"

"One, and I have the dripping in it."

"Well, then, I must order some soup-plates. That service of ours will not be hard to match."

"Faith, my Lord, I think it will, for there is siven shmarl plates, all the colours of the rainbow."

"Ah, we'll manage. I suppose that's all, Thady?"

"'Deed, my Lord, 'tis out o' rason al-together. Is it me wrestle wid all thim quality, and a Bishop, and, maybe, ladies?"

"Ah, Thady, *you* won't quarrel with the ladies, anyhow—an old cavalier like you!"

"I would then," Thady answered, quite unmollified. "If it was min I might make a way through it, but ladies and Bishops!"

With that the white jacket flicked away like the scut of a rabbit, and, with a doubtful smile, Menloe took up his pen again. To tell a little secret, he had written at odd times a good many lyrics and sonnets, and it was the secret ambition of his life to see them in print. A little quaint book like Andrew Lang's *Ballades in Blue China*—that vision haunted his dreamy, short-sighted eyes. It was only a dream—and yet he had begun to save. Stowed away—he believed he knew in what recess—were half-crowns, even half-sovereigns, straws towards that Parnassian nest. He was plotting a dedication—a secret dedication—to Maurice Maeterlinck, that great magician who turns all the gross world to spirit; and even as Menloe touched the pen two lines welled up to him from the very fountain of things. Hurriedly, tremblingly he began to write; suddenly the spiritual air turned spirituous.

"I have a little list made out," the voice of Thady was saying, "agin to-morra."

Menloe sighed, and took up the little list, which ran to two jam-papers and a luggage-label. The first item was enough

for Menloe. It was this: "2 waiters, 3 Mades, 1 boy."

"Get out," said Menloe, and Thady vanished in a weeping mist.

But his apparition had knocked a hole in the dedication, and forlorn Lord Menloe rose and looked out upon his neglected flower-beds and the sloping lawn bordered by beds of flags, where his butcher's cattle grew fat, and the dark outline of the river.

He knew the child—it was Molly Slattery, a good little girl, and, probably, one that might wash out pretty.

"Dear me," Lord Menloe remarked after a scowl of scrutiny, "she *is* washed. I hope nobody is dead."

He threw up the windows.

"D'ye want me, Molly?" he asked. "What is it, my girl?"

"Mother tuk the liberty of sending a

A MAN WHOM MENLOE NEVER HAD SEEN

Somebody was fishing there—impudently, right under his windows. He did not mind being poached upon, so long as people showed some little tact in the matter. Muttering angrily, he was about to put on his hat and duck the angler, and confiscate the fish, when his eye was caught by a small figure patiently bobbing. Now he observed her, he remembered that a few minutes ago he had seen her untie a blue handkerchief containing go-to-meeting boots and stockings, and, sitting on the stump of a tree, put them on.

couple of nice throut for your Lardship's reception," said Molly, bobbing again. Then she put her arm under her cloak and brought forth four large plump trout on a dish.

"Where did they come from, Molly? Why, they are alive!"

"Limerick, my Lard," said Molly; "we had them in water in the thrain."

Lord Menloe screwed up his eyes and stared at the river.

"Who is that fishing?" he asked. "It is very like Jim Cavanagh."

"I wouldn't say he was fishing, my

Lard. I think 'tis a butterfly-net he have."

Menloe burst out laughing.

"All right, Molly," he said. "Thank your mother for the beautiful fresh fish, but they will hardly keep for the party." Molly curtseyed, and lingered.

"Would I tell Thady, my Lard, that you have me engaged?"

"Engaged! As what?"

"Kitchen-maid, my Lard," and Molly blushed and shone delightfully.

"Upon my word," said Menloe, "I think you may tell Thady that—— Why, what on earth is this?"

A few yards from Molly stood a man whom Menloe never had seen. His face was decorous, almost prim: his whole manner deferential and responsible; but he wore a hat that would have scandalised a scarecrow, a ragged frieze coat without a collar—and very possibly without a shirt—coarse grey trousers and broken boots.

"Who is he?" asked Lord Menloe, for he felt sure that Molly had introduced the man.

"He is——" Molly was beginning, when the stranger, stepping forward, put her gently aside. Raising his battered hat with an air at once distinguished and reverential, "Might I have a private word with your Lordship?" he asked.

Lord Menloe led the way into his library. "Now," he said, as soon as the door was closed. "My Lord," the man replied, in the well-groomed voice that was so oddly at variance with his battered garb, "will your Lordship give a poor fellow—who doesn't deserve it—one more chance?"

"Drink?" asked Lord Menloe, with an interrogative jerk of the hand.

"Drink, my Lord," the man answered with a bow of sad suavity.

"Was it pretty bad?"

"Very bad indeed, my Lord. I had been an abstainer for eighteen months, and then I had a little money left me. I think I must have been at it for about a fortnight, for when I came-to I was all shakes and rags."

Lord Menloe eyed the man and liked him; his confession was so unflinching and so calm.

"Do you think you can keep off it now?" he asked.

"I think so, my Lord; I mean to try hard."

"Well, then," said Menloe, "I'll give you a start." He drew a little sigh, for his nest-egg for the poems would have to furnish the start—wherever that might be.

"How much will do it?"

"Oh, my Lord," said the ragged man, "I don't want money. If I may say so, it would not be wise to trust me with it."

"Then what do you want?"

"A chance of rehabilitating myself. For eight years I have been a confidential servant. My Lord, take me for your valet, and you will never regret it."

"Valet!—valet to me! Why, I black my own boots as often as not, and, if I remember right, I have only eight shirts. Besides, I can't pay Thady his wages—at least, he says so. You see he draws the money as he wants it, and I don't keep accounts, and Thady chalked his on the sole of one of my boots, and when it was re-soled we had nothing but abstract principles to go upon."

The man smiled respectfully. "I don't want any wages, my Lord; there is still a small balance at my bankers':—all I want is a chance."

Lord Menloe set his back to the empty grate. He stirred the fire, and found that there wasn't any. He took two short turns, and then returned to the rug.

"To tell the truth," he said, with a deprecatory smile, "I am going to give a dinner-party."

"So I understand, my Lord."

"How do you understand? where do you understand? The subject has not been mentioned outside the house."

"Well, my Lord," the man answered like a gentle oracle, "these things get about."

"So it appears. It looks, doesn't it, like telepathy? Thought gets into the air."

"It does," said the man. "No doubt of it, my Lord."

"Well, look here; have you a character?"

"No, my Lord; I couldn't expect it; I made a fool of myself—I might say a beast."

"There are worse folk than beasts. Were you ever a butler?"

"Yes, my Lord, when there was anything to buttle."

"Well, it would be convenient to have a man for this dinner-party; you see, I have asked the Bishop."

The man bowed with reverential intelligence. "So I understand, my Lord."

Lord Menloe stared in wonder. "Ah, you

understand that? Upon my word, this is very singular; I don't remember anything just like this in any of the Psychical Research Transactions—I wish poor Gurney could hear of it." Menloe had been talking almost to himself; he now re-addressed himself to the man and the question in hand. "I say, what about clothes? You ought to have a dress-coat, oughtn't you? and——" Lord Menloe looked the man over with an unspoken apology—"you are not quite dressed for Piccadilly, are you?"

The man looked at Lord Menloe. "I fear I take a liberty," he said, "in being about the same size as your Lordship. Your Lordship is the broader man by ——I should say gentleman—but an old suit of your Lordship's——"

"Ah," said Lord Menloe: "that's it. I can rig you out. Come along, and we'll see what the property-room affords."

Menloe led the soft-stepping man upstairs—past the faded Italian frescoes, along the great corridor where the thick-piled Persian carpet was frayed into holes connected by strings, and caught at the careless foot. It was all empty and sad, and it smelt of mildew and moth. At length Menloe turned the handle of a rasping angry door, and displayed a great room where lumber had accumulated for half-a-century.

"Permit me, my Lord," said the man, and, as though he had been familiar with the place from his boyhood, he put his fingers on the things which Menloe wanted.

An old dress-coat, lichened down the silk lappel, with waistcoat and trousers to which the fashion had just come round again; a morning-suit renovated by rest and now rather better than that which Menloe wore; flannel shirts, ties, an overcoat, a bowler hat.

"What do those trousers of yours remind me of?" Lord Menloe inquired, fixing his eyes, with a sudden flash of observation, on the stranger's tattered continuations. "They look as though something had been cut out of them—yes, and I ought to know what?"

The man's pale face flushed very slightly. "Not cut, my Lord,—torn: I had to sleep out more than once."

Menloe felt that he was hurting his butler's feelings. "Of course—of course," he said. "You'll find a room down that way"—he pointed to the back-stairs—"in fact, a dozen of them. Make yourself comfortable. By the way, I did not ask you your name?"

"James, my Lord, James James."

"Shall I call you by your Christian or your surname?" inquired Menloe, with his sweet smile.

"It's quite the same to me, my Lord," said the man.

When Menloe got back to his den he found quite an assembly before his windows. Three nice girls, a shy and solemn boy, and an old woman—who said that she was twenty-four—desired to be taken upon the staff. The boy could do anything with horses, and when Menloe pointed out that his establishment did not include a specimen of the horse—

"Oh," said the boy, "your poor—I mean your Lordship—will be for starting them now."

"Why?" asked Menloe.

"For the deception, then," said the boy.

No more girls—though two of them bore compliments of hen-eggs, and the third a turkey's egg—were engaged.

"The Bishop," said the last, before she gave up the attempt, "wouldn't think he had his breakfast taken unless he'd have a turkey-egg."

The old woman was a little deaf, and when Menloe shouted, "I can't engage you," broke into a profusion of blessings, and arrived an hour later with her box on a wheelbarrow. It cost eightpence to see the back of her.

When Menloe sat down to dinner that evening in his frayed old coat, a soft gentleman in correctest evening garb lifted a silver cover. His bread lay like an egg in a damask nest. There were flowers, and there was claret. For a minute or two Menloe ate in silence; then he wheeled round upon the mysterious power that, after fried trout and eggs and spinach, was handing him a broiled chop. "I say," he said, "how did you get all these things?"

"I just looked round, my Lord," said James.

CHAPTER IV.—EARLY ACTS OF THE REIGN OF JAMES

ALL next morning, while he copied from old exercise-books and odd scraps of paper the verses which he thought worthy of admittance into that possible yet improbable collection of poems, Menloe

was sensible of a soft pervasive presence. Dirt and mildew were being dispelled; order, harmony, responsibility were springing into light. Now and again, as he looked out, Menloe beheld a singular sight. Once it was the hasty retreat of a fat goose before the threatening besom of James. Frequently it was a discharge of spurting cats, who fled up trees or into bushes. Once it was an old woman of almost incredible antiquity who, led by an elderly man smiling with cheerful vacuity, somehow suggested a miniature eviction. She was looking back upon the castle in a vague forlornness, and she clutched a band-box, which moved and seemed to be excited. Menloe threw her a shilling, and she limped away, muttering an absent-minded blessing. When, a little later, James glided in on some soft-footed errand, Menloe inquired the significance of the old woman.

"She is Thady's mother, my Lord," said James, "and the man is his father. I found them squatting in one of the sculleries, with twelve cats, three dogs, and a goose."

"Good gracious! Had they been staying there all night?"

"Longer than that, my Lord. From what I could gather they must have been staying some years."

"What has Thady got to say to that?"

"He said, my Lord, they had quite escaped his memory. He only *asked* them to take a cup of tea."

"What about the birds, beasts, and fishes?"

"The old woman took the goose in her trunk, as she called it. The dogs have kettles to their tails, and I'm weeding out the cats."

James spoke with bland seriousness, and only smiled perfunctorily when Menloe lay back and shrieked.

Throughout the rest of the day there was a quiet restoration. The little maid whom Menloe had engaged either was ubiquitous or had been numerously supplemented. There was enough of her to be beating carpets out in the courtyard, travelling down the back-stairs on hands and knees in the company of a muffled pail, and sitting on the ledge of two separate windows swabbing invisible glass into light. Once, indeed, she was very busy at a sham window, and Menloe heard her remark that you could see your face in it now. A little sense of duty to James prompted him now and then to grope his way to the end of a passage and to murmur "Famous!" or "Dear me!" He was sensible, however, that charing made a great deal of dust, and if James ever hinted that his study needed maid or mop, he was resolved to stand firm.

Menloe dined again in luxury and state, and this evening in a dress-coat. When, having gloriously wrought out his dedication, he went up-stairs to his room, he found two tall candles set in silver candlesticks burning upon his dressing-table. Near them lay a pair of razors with an edge of perfect finish. His hot-water can was covered with a soft towel; the room was full of the smell of some pleasant old garden flower. His shirt lay on the bed; his evening clothes lay on the ottoman; his evening shoes stood on the rug. Not far off there was a little review of boots all snug and correct, each dominated by its impressive tree. Without any recognised consciousness of departing from his usual custom, Menloe shaved and dressed and descended the stairs. Again James conducted him through a delightful little dinner.

"You seem to manage Thady very well," Menloe remarked, as James handed him a little savoury; "he is rather touchy. Did he not object to the cats and relatives being weeded out?"

"No, my Lord, he showed more philosophy than I should have expected."

"You have a wonderful way with all of them—men, maids and matrons—now I think of it. Generally they clank their pails like a cavalry charge."

"Indeed, considering I am a perfect stranger, they have received me with the greatest kindness and consideration. I think the Irish, my Lord, are a very warm-hearted race."

"Then *you* are not Irish? Although you have no brogue, I thought I detected an Irish intonation now and then."

"That is strange, my Lord, as this is my first visit to the country."

"And surely there is rather a Gaelic turn to your nose. It reminds me——" Lord Menloe's thoughts, following perhaps the suggestion of two lamb-chops, glided a little aside. "How shall we get rid of all that meat, James? We have half a butcher's shop."

"Oh, my Lord, there will be the Bishop."

ONCE IT WAS AN OLD WOMAN OF ALMOST INCREDIBLE ANTIQUITY

"Your face reminds me of somebody, James."

With a faint, struggling recollection, Lord Menloe looked at him hard in his short-sighted way. James turned to lower the lamp; under his dark skin Menloe fancied there had been just the hint of a flush. But a moment later James showed an absolutely reposeful face, and Menloe decided that the light had played him a trick.

"Let me see," the young man said, after a short pause, "there's that blessed dinner—the day after to-morrow, isn't it? You'll be wanting a few things, I suppose, or Thady will. Hadn't you better go into Whitecastle to-morrow?"

"I think there will be no occasion, my Lord. I took the liberty of ordering what was necessary—only what was absolutely necessary—and almost everything has already come."

"But I don't like running up bills——"

"Oh no, my Lord, I took the liberty of paying for them."

James had already found so many things—silver and Sheffield plate, and shirts and dress-suits—that it hardly seemed surprising to Menloe that he should have found money. He felt, however, that James' habit was useful, and not to be discouraged by questions. Therefore, with a pleasant sense that when you had a good, confidential man things went all right, he let the subject pass.

The next day James and his operations had passed into higher air. Hardly a distinguishable sound announced their combat with spiders and the other invading powers of decay, but Menloe realised, in some obscure spiritual region of his being, that sweetness and light were spreading above.

About eleven o'clock Menloe went out into the avenue to clear his brain, and there he found a gaunt, footsore tramp with a hungry face.

"I haven't touched food for days," he said; "if your Lordship would help a poor man that's on the road."

That affluence of meat came upon Menloe like a crime. Here was he owning—hoarding—keeping out of circulation—a hind-quarter of lamb, kidneys, oxtails. True, there was the Bishop, who seemed, in general belief, to imply a high expenditure of roast and boiled. Still, he was only one man, after all.

"Come with me," said Menloe. Secretly and circuitously—for he felt that James would hardly applaud his intention—he led the tramp to the larder. "There," he said, waving a welcoming hand, "help yourself."

"That you may reign long, and that the heavens may be your bed. And indeed, my Lord, I'd want it—but wouldn't your Lordship——" He looked at the meat with voracious eyes and watering chaps, and stopped short.

"No, help yourself," said Menloe, declining to allowance the man's hunger; and, that he might not shame his appetite by criticism, he turned and lounged away. "I wonder where he will cook it," he thought, loitering for a second; then, assured that some hovel would be open to him, Menloe went back to his study.

CHAPTER V.—THE GUESTS ARE DISAPPOINTED

THE day of the dinner dawned like any other day. There was nothing lurid in the light, nothing ominous in the air. To Menloe this seemed unsympathetic, for his soul was heavy. That evening, instead of having his feet upon the little study sofa, and his back deep in the old caravan of a chair, that would accommodate pipes, books, and other conveniences, and where he often found interesting things, listening to the all-challenging wisdom of Thoreau, the gay despair of Omar, or the heavenly stutter of Charles Lamb, he would be sitting in the small drawing-room, recently excavated by James, trying not to sigh as the Bishop lumbered up for the discharge of some ancestral joke. There would be women, probably there would even be music; though the piano was blessedly mute, Mrs. Martin was quite capable of bringing her mandolin, and Mrs. Hart and Armstrong sang unaccompanied duets. He had further a dreadful lingering shadow of memory that Mrs. Bennett, the Bishop's wife, recited *Hiawatha*, or large tracts of it. The sense of wrong was sharp within the bosom of Menloe. It seemed revengeful in the Fates that people whom a weak moment had betrayed into the folly of issuing invitations should have to abide, in cold blood, the coming of the guests. Once, for an instant, the idea of flight did occur to Lord Menloe, but he thought of Casabianca, Jim Bludso, and others of like flesh, true to the burning deck, and he would not go.

Then in a sudden flurry he hunted out

an old collection of recipes, neatly copied out in the hand of his Aunt Fanny, and carried the book to Thady.

"Here, Thady," he said to the little unearthly figure, that was beginning to move about in short incantatory dances between the range and the mysterious places where he kept his vessels and his sauces: "here, Thady, you'll find some good things in this book."

"Sure, thin, my Lord, it isn't of jokes I'd be thinking, wid de Yarkshire relish broke on me, and the boot missing where I kept my cayenne."

"Oh, it will turn up all right. Look here, Thady, what do you think of this for an *hors-d'œuvre?*"

"Is it taich myself out of an alphabet-book of cookery? Wid pardon to your Lordship, I wouldn't condiscind to the likes at all. If your Lordship would have any complaint, 'deed this 'ud be a handy day for me to be going."

Thady moved to a press, and, taking out a tall hat—dinted, of ancient pattern, and lovingly brushed the wrong way—put it on.

Lord Menloe smiled, an unwilling smile, and clapped Thady on his white-jacketed back.

"Faith, Thady," he said, "we'd all get on badly without you. We won't mind about the little anchovy thing at all. 'Tis the great dinner you'll be giving us; the Bishop shan't be 'returned empty this time.'"

Thady seemed a little mollified by this vernacular tribute to his genius: Menloe always fell into the Irish way when he wanted to be persuasive. The old cook made a swift onset to the larder, alarming the new little maid, who found it hard to understand that his rushes had not a personally homicidal intent.

When Thady returned, Menloe observed that he scratched his head, and looked in rather a lost way at a rusty and long-abandoned safe. It was well, however, for Menloe to retire upon the heels of his little joke, so he picked up his rejected cookery-book, and stalked back to his study. He tossed the book among his papers, and sat down at his table.

Being a little unsettled, he began to turn over the *débris* before him. He discovered several letters of his own, duly enveloped and stamped, but unposted, and consequently more or less unproductive.

Once, too, he sighted a letter addressed to himself, likewise unopened. But after rolling the heap over, once or twice or thrice, he did not see it again, and he became interested in a fragment of verse scribbled on the back of a circular. There was a feeling in his mind, faint and elusive as a waft from a summer garden, that he knew the handwriting on the envelope, and that it might have something to say to him, but the fragment was more important.

It was only two lines and a half, yet it contained a thought—a lost thought.

Instantly Menloe's imagination took fire. He lit his pipe, and began to pace in that sweet agitation of the germinating brain. His hands opened and shut, his eyes grew luminous; he floated hither and thither, muttering, struggling, clutching at his thought.

Wonderful things came close to him, and receded, or broke off as he tried to pluck them. There were flashes across the darkness of his mind—scudding forms, liftings, delaying revelations. Then—within him or without, he could not tell—something broke, and in a fierce longing he sat and wrote.

How long he wrote Menloe never knew. Twice he was conscious of Thady's head appearing, and looking round with a lost, unbelieving stare. Once even, Thady was groping among books and newspapers upon the floor, turning them over and over, and swearing in Gaelic. Once James came, and once a sandwich called. Menloe found its crumbs among the leaves that he covered and tossed away. But of those apparitions he took no heed, for all the world was in his heart, and it was dropping, in ink and tears, into a poem—a poem—at last, a poem.

At some period during that wonderful time, there were noises in the drive: rollings of wheels, flashing of lights, voices; many voices, perhaps, but one voice replying to them all; a calm, soothing voice,—the voice of James.

Whenever those lights and voices occurred, James, one might fancy, appeared in the hall. What he said was not audible, except in a gentle, satisfactory murmur. Whenever that murmur intervened, voices that had seemed almost annoyingly loud, trailed off into whispers. Then there were a flash and a turn, and the rolling rumbled into silence.

At last the poem was finished. Weak as a rag, older by a hundred years, nearer to the heart of all things, Menloe looked

at his watch. It was ten o'clock. Vaguely there came into his mind the sense of something omitted. He rang for James.

"James, have I forgotten anything?"

James glanced up with modest suggestion—

"Would it be the dinner, my Lord?"

Menloe slapped his leg.

"That's it," he said, "of course; you must remind me to-morrow."

Bowing slightly, and setting his urbane palms together, James answered—

"If quite convenient, my Lord, it is not to-morrow."

"Then when is it—Friday or Saturday?"

James bowed more deeply, and washed his hands in soft apology.

"If *quite* convenient, my Lord, it *was* to-day."

Lord Menloe stared—unbelievingly, wonderingly, amazedly. At length he asked—

"Did anybody come, James?"

"Well, yes, my Lord," said James, in reluctant admission, "they all came; and two American ladies that called promiscuously, and his Lordship—his right reverend Lordship—he brought the Archbishop—his Grace of Dublin."

"James," said Menloe, with would-be airiness, "was it a good dinner?"

"Well, my Lord," he said, "I think it would have been a *very* good dinner; only——" He paused, and became one bland apology.

"Only what, James?" Lord Menloe asked the question rather faintly.

"Only, my Lord, Thady lost the meat."

A distracted moaning sound, as of a wind in liquor, with the sound of sudden little runs and lurches, became audible.

"He is hunting over the whole house for it," said James. "At first he was sure it was all hung in the larder; but after a time he began to think he might have put the kidneys in his Sunday—hat; and then he said the oxtails were under his bed, and then he sent the little girl for a pint of whisky; and he had a pint in the house. . ." A long wail came from above.

"He is very careless, my Lord, if I may say so; he is a nice old man, but he has no method. One might understand oxtails and kidneys, but a quarter of lamb!"

Lord Menloe lifted a pale face.

"The tramp, James," he said. "Perhaps he misunderstood me."

"What tramp, my Lord, if I might ask?"

"Oh, a fellow that looked like famine. I told him . . . I told him . . . perhaps he misunderstood me, when I told him to . . . help himself."

James looked intelligently at Menloe.

"I think, my Lord, that might explain."

He spoke very respectfully, but Menloe thought his voice trembled also a little.

With a sense of pleased relief, he lifted his eyes and let himself go.

Respectfully, into his handkerchief, like the soft unbottling of soda-water, tittered James; with his arms like a man's when he runs hard—with his head thrust out—and his chest doubled up, choked, and burst, and screamed Lord Menloe. At last both stopped and wiped their eyes.

"How did you get rid of them? what made them go away like funerals?"

"They heard, my Lord, that your Lordship was not very well."

"What did you say was the matter?"

James rubbed his chin a little nervously.

"Well, my Lord, on so short a notice it was the best thing I could do."

"What was it, James?"

"A fit, my Lord."

(To be continued.)

Love in the Scotch Express

THROUGH peaceful English woods and leas,
By Scottish moor and heather,
In modern luxury and ease
We travel, Sweet, together.
Steam's mighty force exerts its power
With rhythmic law and order;
At sixty breathless miles an hour
We fly across the Border.

Long gleams we pass of sea and shore,
In summer sunshine glowing;
Lone hamlets, towns where evermore
Life's busy tide is flowing;
Until, as evening wanes to night,
Soft mists and shadows blending,
We, half regretful, must alight,
At last our journey ending.

Life's Journey knows no Scotch Express,
No cushioned corner-places,
Ofttimes the End we cannot guess,
Nor choose the sunny spaces;
But, Sweet, the burdens we would share,
Nor dread the stormy weather,
If you and I might always fare,
Like this, each day, together!

MARY FARRAH.

Literary Glasgow Past and Present

BY J. A. HAMMERTON

AUTHOR OF

"J. M. BARRIE AND HIS BOOKS," "STEVENSONIANA," ETC.

GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW, WHICH CONTAINS MONUMENTS OF SCOTT, BURNS, AND CAMPBELL

PART I.

THE industrial enterprise which has raised the city of Glasgow from a small town on the banks of a shallow stream into one of the great ports of the world has in a measure overshadowed its reputation in the arts. Most men who are not familiar with the story of the town would be prone to doubt whether its literary associations were worth recording. Naturally, it does not in this respect rival the Scottish capital, but it is no bad second, and not a few of the eminent men whom Glasgow has produced are included among those whose names add lustre to the literary fame of Edinburgh. The late John Stuart Blackie, to mention only one, was a Glasgow man, although no one ever thinks of him without seeing in the mind's eye the outlines of the grey old castle looming in the background. Glasgow, too, has mothered many sons who made their mark in literature, but by long residence in London ceased to be, in the popular mind at least, identified with their native

Engraved by Mr. Page from a painting.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

From a Medallion

ADAM SMITH

town. Thomas Campbell, the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, is perhaps the most notable, but Tobias Smollett, who was born not far from the town and spent some years of his youth in the salubrious neighbourhood of the Saltmarket, might also be claimed for Glasgow. There is, however, no need to stretch the bonds of fellowship unduly in order to muster a goodly array of memorable names to the credit of old Glasgow, as her ancient university brought to the town many who are likely to be remembered for generations.

At once a seat of learning and a centre of varied industry, Glasgow in the past had much in common with such a town as Antwerp; the wealthy merchants being no mean patrons of the arts; and both towns were noted for printers whose work achieved European fame, the Scottish brothers Foulis and the Flemish Plantins producing books which rivalled those of the Elzevirs. It is to be remarked also, as evidence of that progressive spirit which has always characterised the Glasgow municipality, that printing was introduced into St. Mungo's city by the magistrates' granting a subsidy to one George Anderson, who set up the first press in 1638. But the early printers must have been indifferent craftsmen, as we read that in the first decade of the eighteenth century much of the printing for the University had to be done at Edinburgh in order "to gett one sheet right printed."

The beginnings of literature in Glasgow were chiefly with the clergy, and such pamphlets as were printed were more notable for their matter than their manner; indeed they were not to be regarded as serious efforts at literary form. But the first ineffectual effort towards local literary enterprise was a periodical, the *West Country Intelligence*, commenced in 1715, and soon discontinued. Meanwhile Daniel Defoe had been to the thriving city by the Clyde, and the publication of his *Tour in Scotland* did something perhaps to quicken the interest of the local literati; but until Robert Foulis began in 1742 the printing and publishing of his splendid editions of the classics, the literary life of Glasgow was confined to the gossiping of amateurs in certain taverns. Smollett had come up in 1735, from the Vale of Leven as a boy of fourteen, to be an apothecary's apprentice, and in his ample leisure he wrote a tragedy, *The Regicide*, with which at the age of eighteen he adventured to London and disappointment; but, in the end, to establish his fame as one of the fathers of the English novel. Many of the scenes

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE OLD UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW

and characters in *Roderick Random* are admittedly direct transcripts from his life as a youth in Glasgow.

While he was scribbling in his Saltmarket attic, another great figure in the literary history of Glasgow had appeared, when Adam Smith, also a lad of fourteen, arrived from his native Kirkcaldy to spend four years at the Old College in the High Street, whence he went to Oxford as Snell Exhibitioner. It was not until 1751, on his election to the Chair of Logic, that Adam Smith again returned to stay in Glasgow, where he passed thirteen years, "by far the happiest and most honourable period of my life," as he himself confessed when he succeeded Edmund Burke as Lord Rector in 1787. The renowned author of *The Wealth of Nations* (whose *magnum opus* was not written until thirteen years after he ceased to be a resident of the town) became during those years the bright particular star of the first Glasgow Literary

THE NEW UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW

EDWARD IRVING

Club, which numbered among its members David Hume and Edmund Burke, both of whom had only the slenderest association with the place. But Adam Smith's friendships with many of the leading literary men of his time added sensibly to the growing literary interests of Glasgow, and among his students at the Old College were James Boswell and the celebrated Dugald Stewart, later his friend and biographer. It was to Glasgow, also, that Robert Burns came in the summer of 1786 with his first collection of poems. Alack, none of the local printers had the enterprise to risk their money in issuing his work, and thus the city lost what would have been esteemed to-day one of the most honourable pages in its literary history. But the poet continued throughout his life to be a frequent visitor to Glasgow, where he had many friends, and whose Trongate taverns he knew perhaps too well.

Thus it would appear that, during the eighteenth century at least, literary Glasgow did not flourish prodigiously, but with the opening of last century memories begin to cluster more thickly, and "a fair and beautiful boy, with a mild and cheerful disposition, who might every day be met hurrying down High Street in scarlet toga, and turning into the University gateway as the tinkling bell of that ancient seminary was summoning the students to their classrooms," was to bring honour to his native town; for such is the description of young Thomas Campbell from the pen of Dr. John Strang, himself a gifted local author in the first half of last century. Thomas Campbell had completed his college career in the summer of 1786, at the age of nineteen, and soon after made for Edinburgh, where Mundell and Son, the publishers, gave him some literary work to do, which brought him home to his father's house in Charlotte Street with high hopes, though the work was humble enough. But he was already engaged on *The Pleasures of Hope*, which Mundell published in 1799, giving the author £60 for the copyright, augmented by several later payments. The poem achieved an immediate success, and its author found himself a *personâ grata* in the select literary circles of the Scottish capital, where about that time his parents went to reside. The birthplace of the poet has long since disappeared before the "improving" zeal of the Glasgow Corporation, which has swept away the many old and picturesque, but unspeakably dirty, houses in the neighbourhood of High Street, though I remember one long supposed to be the home of Campbell, and of which a story, obviously untrue, but not without humour, was told. A certain acquaintance of the poet called upon him in a mood of alcoholic merriness, and while climbing the steep and rickety stairs slipped and tumbled to the bottom. Campbell hearing the clatter rushed out to ascertain the cause, and the voice of his friend, who was unhurt, replied from below—

"'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly!"

Campbell was three times elected to the distinguished office of Lord Rector of his *alma mater*, but his connexions with his native town were for the remainder of his life somewhat irregular, and his dust lies among the nation's great in Westminster.

Among the names to be noted in the literary history of Glasgow during the earlier years of last century are those of James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath" and other poems, a personal friend of Campbell's; Alexander Rodger, one of the most gifted of the many local poets who had at least a high reputation in the west of Scotland during their time; William

Motherwell, author of "Jeanie Morison" and editor of the *Glasgow Courier;* William McGavin, author of *The Protestant*, a work of more than national fame; Dugald Moore and Thomas Atkinson, two young poets who might have come to great things; William Miller, whose immortal verses on "Wee Willie Winkle" justified Robert Buchanan's description of him as "the Laureate of the Nursery"; David Robertson, the literary bookseller at whose shop in the Trongate those famous collections of dialect verse and anecdote, "Whistle Binkie" and "The Laird of Logan," were first issued in the early thirties; Michael Scott, the Glasgow merchant, who wrote *Tom Cringle's Log* and *The Cruise of the Midge*, and other authors of lesser note. In the beautiful Necropolis most of these poets and writers have been commemorated by suitable memorials, for the Glasgow folk have shown themselves almost French in their readiness to rear "storied urn and animated bust" to the memory of their townsmen who have excelled in the arts. George Square, in the heart of the city, is also graced with literary memorials: Sir Walter Scott looks down from a pedestal eighty feet in height on Robert Burns, who is sculptured more modestly as musing over the daisy—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower";

and a stone's throw away Thomas Campbell is shown in poetic attitude, his cloak hanging in graceful folds from his shoulder. The Necropolis contains the last resting-place of that strange genius, Sheridan Knowles, who in 1817 settled down in Glasgow as a teacher of elocution, and whose tragedy *Virginius* was first produced at the Theatre Royal there in 1820.

It is only as a student at the Old College that the name of John Wilson ("Christopher North") occurs in the annals of literary Glasgow, but his first work, *The Isle of Palms*, was published there, and although well received locally, he had no high opinion of Glasgow criticism, being, perhaps, somewhat disappointed that the book met with only small success in Edinburgh. Wilson, however, had always a warm recollection of his Glasgow days, and in later years he wrote: "I consider Glasgow College as my mother, and I have almost a son's affection for her. It was there I gathered any ideas I may possess; it was there I entered upon the first pursuits of study that I could fully understand or enjoy; it was there I passed the happiest days of my life." When Wilson had become Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh he had among his students a boy from the Glasgow Grammar School, who was destined to prove one of his most intimate friends, and to add in no mean measure to the literary fame of Glasgow—Henry Glassford Bell, famous as the vindicator of Mary Queen of Scots, and author of at least one poem which will hold its place in literature, "The Scene was Changed."

By permission of *Mr. John Murray*

LOCKHART

John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, was born in the neighbourhood of Glasgow and passed his boyhood in the town, going to Oxford, like so many Scotsmen who have made their mark in letters, with a Snell Exhibition; and Sir Walter himself was no stranger in

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL

In the crypt of which Scott laid one of the scenes in *Rob Roy*

St. Mungo's city, although Lockhart only records three of his visits. His legal work brought him to Glasgow pretty frequently in the early years of the century, and there stood quite recently in Back Wynd, a low street off the Trongate, an old hostelry which the Wizard of the North was wont to patronise when in the town. There, doubtless, he studied at first hand the Glasgow bodies—Bailie Nicol Jarvie and the rest—who were all unconsciously sitting for their portraits in *Rob Roy*. Readers of that romance need not to be told how largely its scenes are drawn from old Glasgow. The Bailie was a graphic embodiment of the burgher spirit of the time. Messrs. MacVittie and MacFinn, like many other characters and scenes, were "taken from life." There used to be rival taverns claiming association with Bailie Nicol Jarvie; but the old Tolbooth, scene of Rob's imprisonment, still stands, in part at least, a notable landmark, and it will be remembered that in one of the crypts of the fine old Cathedral Scott laid the scene of the meeting between the outlaw and Francis Osbaldistone. Joanna Bailie, the poetess and dramatist, who was a friend of Scott's, and indeed of most of the literary celebrities of her day, was closely identified with Glasgow, where she resided for eight years before coming to London in 1784. Her father was Professor of Divinity at the Old College, and had formerly been minister at Bothwell, where Joanna was born.

Still recalling the earlier years of the century, such names occur as those of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Chalmers, who took the town by storm with his *Astronomical Discourses*, in 1816, while minister of the Tron parish; Edward Irving, that strange genius, for a time Chalmers' assistant, who, after his extraordinary career in London, returned to Glasgow, where he died in December 1834, and was buried in the Cathedral; and Lord Jeffrey, who studied in Glasgow and was elected Lord Rector in 1820 and 1823. The list of celebrities would be enormously extended by mentioning those who were chosen for the Lord Rectorship, Macaulay and Bulwer Lytton being of this goodly company; but the holding of this honorary office has often been the only connecting link between the city and the celebrity.

One of the most interesting of Glasgow's literary associations is concerned with the picturesque figure of De Quincey, who was in Glasgow a good deal during the 'forties, living for a time with his friend Professor Nichol, then holding the Chair of Astronomy at the University, and latterly lodging in a house, which still stands, in the shabby little street with the pretentious name of Rottenrow. De Quincey was writing regularly for *Tait's Magazine*, then being published in Glasgow, and the late Colin Rae-Brown, himself a poet of some attainments, who was connected with the publication, has left some valuable reminiscences of his intercourse with the Opium Eater during that period of his life. The names of Dickens and Thackeray, and many another famous author, may be

noted as among the visitors to Glasgow in the middle years of the century, and Tom Taylor, the dramatist and editor of *Punch*, was a distinguished student at the Old College, matriculating in 1832. Norman Macleod, who was minister of the Barony church from 1851 to 1872, and David Livingstone, who was a student at the college and closely associated with the town in after life, bore names fragrant with memories of high service in literature and the cause of humanity.

Alexander Smith, the poet, who was hailed with an extravagance of praise difficult to realise to-day, was originally a pattern designer in Glasgow, and first found an opening for his verse in the *Glasgow Citizen*. For all his inequalities, he was a writer with at least a touch of genius, and there is music and colour in "City Poems," that on Glasgow being the finest poetical tribute ever paid to the town—

"City! I am true son of thine;
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine
Around the bleating pens:
Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats,
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,
Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And, from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam like an angel's sword
Shivers upon a spire.
Thus have I watched thee, Terror! Dream!
While the blue Night crept up the stream."

Smith left Glasgow in 1854 to become Secretary to the Edinburgh University, and the bulk of his literary work was produced in the capital, where he died in January of 1867. Time has been especially severe on the reputation of Alexander Smith, whose "Life-Drama" was hailed by so sane a critic as Mr. George Meredith as "the mighty warning of a poet's birth," and neither his essays nor any considerable poem of his seem likely to secure a permanent place in our literature.

It has been mentioned that Smith first wrote in the *Glasgow Citizen*, and one has grateful memories of that old newspaper for its encouragement to local authors in the days before it developed into a merely successful daily paper. The late Dr. James Hedderwick was an editor and a poetaster, and all who showed any promise of poetic gifts were welcomed to his columns. Among them was poor David Gray, the ill-fated author of "The Luggie," and companion of the late Robert Buchanan for a few brief months in London. Buchanan himself was always proud of his connexion with Glasgow, where he spent his early years, his father being editor-proprietor of *The Sentinel*, and his "David Gray and Other Essays," published so long ago as 1868, was a tender tribute to the friend with whom he came to London in 1860. Another *Citizen* man was the late William Black, whose first book, *James Merle*, quite unknown to the thousands who are familiar with his many popular novels, was based largely on his own life in Glasgow, where he was born in the Trongate in 1841. He came to London about the same time as Gray and Buchanan, but his fate was a happier one than that of "Friend Bob." Yet another Glasgow author who took the road south about the same time as those mentioned was the late Charles Gibbon, who had been employed by that fine old journalist Peter MacKenzie, whose *Reformer's Gazette* had an honourable and useful career. Gibbon made something of a name as a novelist, but never attained to first rank, and it is unlikely that any of his books will be reprinted. Another author

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Photo by *Warnenke*

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND

connected with the *Citizen* was Hugh Macdonald, who was content with a purely local fame, but his "Rambles Round Glasgow" contains much beautiful writing and a true feeling for nature. Contemporary with this group, but of earlier experience in Glasgow, was the late Charles Mackay, author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and many songs which used to have a remarkable vogue. He edited the *Glasgow Argus* in 1844–47, and the University conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

The late Professor Henry Drummond did all his most notable work during his Glasgow days, for although born at Stirling and educated at Edinburgh, he spent the greater part of his life after 1877, in which year he was appointed lecturer on Natural Science at the Free Church College, in Glasgow. The present writer's acquaintance with the celebrated author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* was slight but cordial, and among my happiest memories are certain visits to Henry Drummond at No. 3, Park Circus, some fourteen years ago. Drummond not only added to the literary interest of Glasgow, but the book in which the story of his life has been told by Professor George Adam Smith, who has lived in Glasgow for close on a quarter of a century, is admittedly one of the finest biographies of our time, if not, indeed, the very ideal of what a biography ought to be.

In the winter of 1900 one of the most remarkable figures in literary Glasgow disappeared by the death of W. A. Clouston, author of *Popular Tales and Fictions*, and many other learned works. Clouston was a Bohemian of the old frayed-cuff order—untidy, unsocial, shiftless, but a veritable prodigy of "long-forgotten lore." His researches in the literatures of the East entitled him to be ranked with our greatest Oriental scholars. Sir Richard Burton actually made a special journey to Glasgow to meet this remarkable man, and Professor Max Müller when in the city sought an interview with him. On both these occasions Clouston had to meet his fellow-scholars at a hotel, his lodgings being always in some of the meanest tenements. I have known of Clouston actually leaving some highly-priced volumes of Persian translations from his own pen in pledge with a publican for a further supply of that national beverage which was the curse of his life. It is sad to think of a man so accomplished living a life so wretched, and ending it darkly by walking into a canal.

The remarkable extent to which the gentle art of poetry has been cultivated in Glasgow is due in no small degree to the influence of the Glasgow Ballad Club, a society of *littérateurs* founded by the late William Freeland twenty-seven years ago, and including in its membership nearly all the local authors of any note. Mr.

Freeland was a poet of sterling merit, whose long connexion with daily journalism did not lead him to neglect his muse, and in the *Evening Times*, which I remember a London journalist describing as being "edited, unfortunately, by a poet," he set a high literary standard to local authors. Associated with him in the Ballad Club had been the late Dr. Hedderwick, under whom he first entered journalism; the late Dr. John Veitch, for many years Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at the University, the foremost authority on the poetry of the Border; the late Robert Walker, an accomplished art critic; and many others whose names bring us to living Glasgow authors.

Photo by *George Eyre-Todd*

WILLIAM FREELAND

Founder and President of Glasgow Ballad Club

(*To be continued.*)

Curiosities of Words

Jinricksha.—A Japanese word, which exactly expresses the function of the vehicle to which it is applied, a vehicle set in motion by man's strength; it is made of three words—*jin*, "man"; *riki*, "strength"; *sha*, "vehicle." It is curious to observe that though the word is strictly Japanese in form, the thing was invented by a European missionary, W. Goble, about 1870.

Jordan almond.—Ordinary people may be excused for imagining that this almond is from Palestine, but 500 years ago it was written *Jardyne almounde*. This at once connects it with French or Spanish *jardin*, a "garden"; so it is an almond that is cultivated or improved by cultivation. It now comes chiefly from Malaga.

Julep and **Jalap** have the same consonants and in the same order, but the first comes from the Far East and the other from the Far West. *Julep* can be traced in varying forms through French, Portuguese, Italian, and Arabic to a Persian word compounded of two others, meaning rose and water. So it is the name for a sweet drink, of which the American *mint julep* is a well-known example. *Julap*, the drug, takes its name from *Jalapa*, the Spanish name of a Mexican city, *Halapa*.

Khaki is best known to us by its association with South Africa, but its origin is from India, being a Persian word meaning "dusty," from *khak*, "dust."

Kickshaw represents the French *quelque chose*, "something."

Lacquer.—There is a Hindustani word *lakh*, written in English *lac*, for which *gum-lac* is often used. It is the name of a dark red crust produced on trees by the puncture of an insect, and is used in the East as a scarlet dye. In Portuguese the word is *lacca*, which in some unexplained way produces *lacre*. French has the same form, meaning a kind of sealing-wax. In English the word becomes *lacker* or *lacquer*, signifying a kind of varnish.

The Personal Story of the Oxford Chancellorship

SEVERAL Oxford colleges might have lost their rulers and the University itself some of its high dignitaries if anything had gone seriously wrong with certain railway trains which, last winter, conveyed an academic cargo from the Isis to a country station in Kent. The object of the journey was the formal admission to his office of Lord Salisbury's successor in the Chancellorship. At the time, more than one description was published of the august ceremonial that would grace the transaction. The account of the coming pageant was not less imaginary than it was anticipatory. What happened, in plain prose, was this. On reaching Hawkhurst station, the Oxford delegates made their way to Lord Goschen's country house, Seacox Heath. Admitted into his library, they saluted him in official Latin as the supreme visible head and plenary custodian of the corporation that they represented. The Vice-Chancellor, preceded by the academic Poker and the two Proctors, without their Bulldogs, led the way. They were followed by Canon Ince of Christchurch, now Regius Professor of Divinity, formerly, in Lightfoot's Rectorship, one of the most active and accomplished of classical tutors at Exeter, by Professors Gondy and Gotch, by the Master of Pembroke, by the President of St. John's, by the Master of University and by the Warden of Wadham. With these came prominent Fellows of Balliol, New, Oriel and University.

This company served comprehensively to symbolise some most noticeable phases in Oxford development, from its mediæval infancy, as a cosmopolitan seat of learning, down to its present periodically revolutionised maturity. The Chancellor's Deputy is the creation of an epoch in which Gown lived in bodily terror of Town. The most famous of early Chancellors, Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, could of course only be occasionally in residence. The chronic disturbances between the citizens and the collegers prescribed the appointment of a Deputy permanently on the spot. Proctor is an abbreviation for protector; the fact of there being two of these functionaries takes one back to the time when the South of England and the North of England had each of them their titular champions on the Isis. The Oxford of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had normally existed in an unending succession of Town and Gown rows. The official style of Lord Goschen's Proctorial visitors forms the monument of that fact. Sometimes students and graduates alike complained that the citizens cheated them in the quality and measure of bread and ale, that the local Hebrews charged them preposterously usurious interest on money loans, for which they deposited good security. In all such cases the gownsmen asked that the Proctors, as their natural guardians, should see they were not the victims of false weights and bad quality when they did their marketing. Those *in statu pupillari* occasionally took the law into their own hands; civil and honest tradesmen often complained that they and their families went in jeopardy of their lives and property from the unruly libertines in "mortar-boards."

The Middle Ages were nearly over when the work of the Proctors was seldom more severe or perilous than the enforcement and collection of fines from the offenders, academic or oppidan, against the code, slowly evolved, for regulating the relations between the two. The modern epoch had begun when the Proctors found, as is the case today, little more to do than assist at University functions and keep undergraduates in order. This decorum consists in seeing that cap and gown are worn, that the streets are free of objectionable characters, and that the student, when returning from the Union to his own rooms, does not visit the Mitre on his way. In case the undergraduate should take to his heels on the Proctor's approach, that officer is attended by stalwart "Bulldogs," who are also fleet runners, and one or two of whom are handy with their fists. The Proctor, therefore, originally the gownsman's trusted champion, has now come to be regarded as his natural foe, as, in the days of Lord Goschen's youth, more than

one of his fellow-undergraduates at Oriel found out to his cost.

The "Houses," whose heads were among last winter's deputation to Seacox Heath, are in their way epitomes and monuments of social, political and literary history. The Master of Pembroke takes one back to the time when a greater even than Samuel Johnson paced the little quadrangle, whose dimensions and architecture shrink into modest insignificance if compared with the palatial and ornate pile of its opposite neighbour Christchurch. When, in the last year of the sixteenth century, John Pym, from his father's manor-house in West Somerset, began to keep his Oxford terms, he chose for his college Pembroke. It was then, however, known as Broadgates Hall, and did not receive its present designation till a good deal nearer Samuel Johnson's day. Apropos of the stately neighbour of this smaller foundation, one may recall the fact that a contemporary of Pembroke's present master, about an academic generation since, in his capacity of senior Proctor, had occasion to ask a Christchurch youth to call upon him next morning. "Would the Proctor kindly tell the Proctorised where Pembroke might happen to be?" "Pembroke, sir," came the answer, "is in St. Aldate's, and the back-way to Pembroke is through Christchurch."

Photo by *London Stereoscopic Co.*

LORD GOSCHEN

The present Chancellor of Oxford University

Lord Goschen, then of Oriel, took a First Class in Classical Moderations (1852), and in Classical Greats in the next year. Among his contemporaries at other colleges were his intimate friend, the future Warden of Merton, G. C. Brodrick, then of Balliol, to whom further reference may be made, and, at Pembroke, though perhaps a little junior to Lord Goschen, a former class-mate of Mr. Chamberlain's at University College School, Tom Hood the younger. Hood, whose early home was the house of his sister, Mrs. Broderip, Cossington Rectory, near Bridgwater, was a Somersetshire man by adoption,—not without some literary gifts as agreeable as any undergraduate from the West of England had of late brought with him to the college of John Pym and Samuel Johnson. The younger Hood, not before he had exercised a refining influence on the London journalism of his day, died in 1874. The most accomplished man of letters reared on the foundation, formerly known as Broadgates Hall, survived to the present century; this was a descendant of the founder of the penny post, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, himself at one time an official at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Birkbeck Hill has left his enduring monument in his classical edition of Boswell's life. The material, however, which, through many years and with an industry not exceeded by Johnson himself, he had collected for his life's work, would have sufficed to furnish forth a little library on the subject.

At Oriel itself, during Lord Goschen's undergraduateship, was the future editor

of the *Standard*, Thomas Hamber, who, coming up from Grantham School, had just missed a scholarship. The college acquaintance between the two went far towards explaining the leniency with which, years afterwards, Mr. Goschen was treated by the newspaper when he sat in the same Cabinet as Bright, Gladstone and Lowe. The future Lord Salisbury, then Robert Cecil, at Christchurch hard by, was but slightly known to either of the two Oriel men; but it was on the strength of that knowledge that, years afterwards, when sitting in the chair of Gifford and Maginn, Hamber secured the Prime Minister of the future as a leader-writer for the Tory sheet. At Christchurch the best known of Robert Cecil's contemporaries, destined for Cabinet rank, was Disraeli's future Chancellor of the Exchequer, Ward Hunt; his honours were not as high as those of Lord Goschen. Moderations were not established at that time; but in the final Schools he was a Classical Second Class (1848). These details are worth mentioning, not only from the coincidence which gave Oxford as college neighbours about the same time two coming Chancellors of the Exchequer, but because Ward Hunt has been mis-described as of Oriel with Lord Goschen.

The Master of Pembroke's nearest companion, in the delegacy to Lord Goschen last winter, takes one back to the ecclesiastical Oxford, not only of William Laud in the seventeenth century, but of St. Bernard in the fifteenth. It was under the Chancellorship of the famous fourteenth Lord Derby that the modern, unattached student came into existence. At the time orthodox hands were lifted in horror at an innovation which, it was said, must prove fatal to the dignity, the learning and the discipline of the place. The fact of course is that the University of the first great Chancellor, Grosseteste, consisted mostly of extra-collegiate gownsmen; this for the simple reason that few colleges had then been established. In 1435 certain students of the Augustinian order formed the earliest nucleus of a collegiate society; for their accommodation was built St. Mary's College, on the site of what is now New Inn Hall Street, and was formerly known as the Lane of the Seven Deadly Sins. Some time after this, St. Bernard's College, for the Cistercians, owed its origin to Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, at the same time, bought the five acres whereon All Souls' afterwards rose. Subsequently the same religious order extended its sphere of influence on the Isis from St. Aldate's to St. Giles'. The college, to-day presided over by Dr. Bellamy, stands on ground once the property of the Cistercians. St. John's College, as the former home of the Tory dialectician, H. L. Mansel, who died Dean of St. Paul's, is renowned equally for the beauty of its gardens and the loyalty of its traditions. It melted down its silver plate for the Stuarts. Dr. Bellamy, if I mistake not, and certainly Dean Mansel, at one time occupied the beautiful rooms in the inner quadrangle, from whose window the first Charles, after his night's rest within those walls, saw the Fellows practising archery, himself presently going down to show his skill with bow and arrow. But the outer quadrangle of the college was originally occupied by the refectory and rooms of the Cistercian monks. In a niche over the great gateway St. Bernard's effigy may still be seen.

The presidentship of Archbishop Laud's old society, still indebted for some of its prestige to its having been the cradle of the nineteenth-century Canning Club, suggests other associations of the place. Dr. Bellamy, like many of his predecessors, is a former Headmaster of Merchant Taylors'. The intimacy of connexion between the London school and the Oxford college is due to the efforts, some three hundred and fifty years ago, of Sir Thomas White, supported by some score of other London aldermen. In the same way Henry VI. had wedded Eton to King's, Cambridge: while Wolsey affiliated the Grammar School of his native Ipswich to what was Cardinal's College, and is now Christchurch. As for that famous foundation and Westminster, their mutual affinity was the work of Queen Elizabeth. In each of these instances must be seen the consequence of the example, first set in the fourteenth century, by William of Wykeham, whose Winchester and New College statutes reappear almost verbally in those of All Souls and Magdalen.

Such being the historical suggestiveness inherent in the *personnel* of the Oxford deputation that called Lord Goschen to the Chancellorship last winter, let us look at the more modern associations between the office, its holders and the outside world.

The office itself was undoubtedly created between 1235 and 1253 by the first Chancellor recorded in the University register. Concerning Grosseteste, the late Bishop Creighton and Bishop Stubbs between them have exhausted the field of available knowledge. The son of an East Anglian peasant, born at Stradbroke in Suffolk, the father of the Oxford Chancellors received his real education at Lincoln school and in the University of Paris, then the pattern and the head of the academic system throughout Europe. With Oxford, his first connexion was that of teacher rather than disciple; he was, in fact, the earliest professor of theology in the Franciscan school on the Isis — one of those early educational sects whose gradual amalgamation afterwards formed the collegiate aggregate, which became the University. The character of the man had in it a strong fibre of the genuine reformer; he was, in his way, a precursor of the Tudor changes, three or four hundred years later. He had no sooner been installed in the Lincoln diocese than his attacks upon gross abuses secured him the enmity of his cathedral chapter, of his diocesan clergy, and finally of Pope Innocent IV. An ecclesiastical patriot, he resisted the appointment of "rascal Romans" to English sees; he actually refused to confirm in a canonry an Italian, who was the Holy Father's nephew. As a consequence he was punished, at least once, with suspension in his bishopric. He always retained, however, the loyalty of his clergy, who thronged to his house at Buckden, when age and infirmity had caused his partial retirement, and had given him leisure to pursue his favourite scientific researches, as well as to compose treatises on atmospheric pressure, on astronomy, on sound, on motion. He was scarcely less interested in the borderland between science and superstition; his works on necromancy, astrology, and witchcraft reflected, in its popular aspects, the intellectual temper of the time.

From the painting in the Bodleian Library. By permission

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Shortly before the installation in the Chancellorship of this, the earliest of Lord Goschen's historic predecessors, the University had fallen upon evil times; its complete removal from Oxford seemed imminent. In 1208, upon circumstantial evidence of a particularly evil kind, a student was accused of foully maltreating and finally murdering a young towns-

woman. The suspect's flight gave fresh colour to the charge. The indignant citizens, baulked of their prey, seized two of his fellow-lodgers and hanged them outside the city walls. This drastic procedure was thought to have the sanction of King John, whom the Papal Interdict had just then embittered against ecclesiasticism in every shape. The undergraduates, in all not less than three thousand, prepared to abandon for ever the Oxford schools. Many of them actually migrated to Paris; some settled at Reading, some at Maidstone, more at Cambridge. Now came Chancellor Grosseteste's intervention. Already the Bishop of Tusculum, as Papal Legate, had promised forgiveness and protection to the citizens, on condition of absolute submission to the discipline of the Church. They were to go day after day, stripped and barefoot in penitential procession, to the different shrines of the city; they were to carry scourges, to chant penitential psalms, and meekly to present their backs for flagellation, till such time as the parish priest should grant them absolution. What is naïvely called more vindictive measures yet on the Legate's part were only averted by the practical recommendation of Grosseteste, now Bishop of Lincoln, that, for the future, any gownsmen, seized by the city, should be delivered to himself, or to any Vice-Chancellor appointed by him. In addition to this, those concerned in the summary execution of the two students were to go to the place where the dead bodies lay and reverently carry them to a churchyard, the whole town joining penitentially in the funeral procession. In addition to this, the townsmen were to provide an annual dinner on St. Nicholas' Day for two hundred poor scholars and to furnish an annual endowment of fifty-two shillings to a specified body.

For one or two generations, Grosseteste's successors brought to the office much less a personal distinction than is now looked for in its occupant. Of the man who immediately followed Grosseteste, William de Montfort, there is nothing to show whether he was nearly related to the famous Simon. Occasionally some noticeable incident, usually in the way of disturbance, marks the tenure of the position by Oxford dons, who are but names. The dignity was valued less for itself than as a starting-point for promotion in Church and State. Thus Robert Stratford (1335–1340), having shown marked ability in frustrating the proposal of a rival University at Stamford, was speedily appointed in succession Lord Chancellor of England and Bishop of Chichester, holding the Oxford Chancellorship at the same time. Between 1349 and 1367 John Wylyot, Fellow of Merton, deemed the place of academic supremacy so essential to success in his public career, that he violently seized the University chest; taking from it the seals of office he expelled his opponent from the town and apparently meditated the murder of a hostile Proctor. The most splendid of these early Chancellors was probably a member of the ancient house of Courtenay, which derives its lineage from the Greek Emperors at Constantinople. William Courtenay, the one ecclesiastic who dared to tell Richard II. what he thought of him as a ruler and as a man, before becoming Bishop of London and Primate of England, signalised his term of Oxford presidency by promoting statutes, organising into guilds barbers, surgeons, and the makers of sacramental wafers.

For all these work on Sundays was forbidden, except at harvest time. Nor was there to be any shaving on the first day of the week, save for those who were going to officiate in church. Finally to Archbishop Courtenay was due the decree imprisoning any tailor who cut the clothes of a Master of Arts or of a bedel too short. The same punishment was incurred by students or Fellows who should sell any volumes to second-hand booksellers or others. Cardinal Morton (1494), John Longland, Bishop of Lincoln (1532), Cardinal Pole (1556), were among those of national mark who filled the Chancellorship during the fourteenth, the fifteenth, and the first half of the sixteenth centuries. From 1564 to 1772 was established a closer connexion between the Oxford office and the politics of the realm. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (1564), of Amy Robsart notoriety, Queen Elizabeth's still more magnificent noble, Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset (1591), gave place, in the seventeenth, to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. These were followed in 1630 by William Laud, who, in his time, was succeeded by William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford. After the courtly and accomplished Philip Herbert, Lord Pembroke, the post remained unfilled till 1650. It was then occupied in quick succession by Oliver and Richard

Cromwell. The force of contrast could scarcely further go than between the two Cromwells and their successor (1660), William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford, Duke of Somerset, who still lives in Macaulay's famous portrait as the embodiment of a handsome, arrogant, and profligate Royalist.

Descending to the Georgian era we see good-humoured, witty and drowsy Lord North dozing between the different stages at the Encænia, over which he presided in 1772. From that date onwards the office has been regarded as a compliment to be bestowed upon one among the more famous and representative of Oxonians. It is still practically restricted to Oxford graduates, but has become a distinction almost as honorary as the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports. Lord North had been at Trinity; he liked Oxford, and welcomed any excuse for revisiting the place. An elegant scholar, according to the George IV. standard, he would pick acquaintance with undergraduates, who had a turn for Latin versifying, and would saunter up and down the famous Trinity Lime Walk with them for hours together, reading and discussing their compositions, keenly on the look-out for sins against elegance, idiom or prosody.

From the painting in the Bodleian Library. By permission

THE FOURTEENTH LORD DERBY

The Vice-Chancellorships of the nineteenth century were marked by the real beginnings of that new Oxford over which Lord Goschen presides. The transition from the cloister to the place of popular education and domestic life began to be very gradually prepared for when, in 1834, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, D.C.L., took over the office from the Duke of Portland, who, having been born in 1738, was Premier, first in 1783, again in 1807. An incident still recalled by the great Duke's Chancellorship is the Oxford visit of the Duchess of Kent and the future Queen Victoria to the 1843 commemoration, over which the conqueror of Waterloo, in virtue of his office, presided, signalising the occasion by a speech long remembered for its fine sentiments and its false quantities. The occasion was celebrated in a mock-heroic, dog-Latin poem by Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, then a Fellow and Tutor of University. An idea of this diverting doggerel may be gathered from its opening lines:

"Dicite praeclarum, Musae, mihi dicite Kentae
Duchessam, Princessque simul Victoria nostro
Singatur rersu, Conroianusque triumphus,
Et quam shoutarent Undergraduatesatque Magistri,
Et quantum dederit Vice-Chancellor ipse refreshment.
Rainy dies aderat; decimam strikantibus horam
Jam clockis, portae panduntur, then what a rush was
Musa, velim memores; si possis, damna recounta," etc.

The Duke's popularity in high church Tory Oxford never left him. Even Tory Oxford never lost its head entirely for long together. Such was the admiration for his action in regard to the Reform Bill, his advice to the Crown—to recall Lord Grey—and his own withdrawal from active resistance that a subscription was started to found a prize in the Chancellor's honour. Before this, in 1835, Queen Adelaide, William IV.'s widow, had preceded the Princess Victoria in an Oxford visit. As Chancellor, the Duke did the honours of the place and sharply reprimanded the great dean Gaisford for the inhospitality that caused Her Majesty to put up at the Angel Inn.

The present writer's personal cognisance of Oxford matters began nine years after the Duke of Wellington's successor, Lord Derby, had presided over his first great function in the Sheldonian theatre. In 1863 the Princess Alexandra paid her first visit to Oxford, soon after her arrival in England, the then Chancellor being among those who received the guest. In the following summer, as Princess of Wales, together with her husband, she assisted at the Commemoration. Then it was that the old "Rupert of debate" delivered, in his pure, simple, clear and musical Latin, an address, welcoming the royal lady to her adopted home, and congratulating her husband elect and the nation on a new possession, so full of grace, sweetness, and every good promise. Personal recollections and anecdotes of the famous Derby installation of 1852 were given in my day by Scott, Master of Balliol and his colleague in Greek lexicography, Liddell, Dean of Christchurch. I can remember hearing in my first term of the way in which Bulwer Lytton's resentment of a slight upon literature went near to upsetting all the arrangements. The political D.C.L.s had been arranged for the first day, the recipients being the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Eglington, Secretaries Sir John Pakington and Spencer Walpole. The second day was allotted to the intellectuals, Professor Aytoun, Benjamin Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton himself, and Samuel Warren, author of *Ten Thousand a Year*. Of the last named Lord Derby had told a story which long went the round of common rooms. Warren, notoriously fond of titled society, bewailed to a professional friend—if I remember correctly, Matthew Davenport Hill—that his wife's illness would prevent his being, as he had been asked to be, one of the Lord Chancellor's guests at dinner that night. "Oh!" said the other, "don't distress yourself; I will explain how it is, and he will not be offended." "By the bye," presently resumed Warren, when bidding his friend farewell, "don't trouble to make any excuse for me to the Chancellor; between ourselves, you know, I was not asked." "Make yourself quite easy on that point," rejoined Hill, "for neither am I."

Till his death in 1868, the Oxford atmosphere used to be full of Lord Derby's good things; for instance, how when he came into power in 1852 Charles Greville, then clerk of the Council, sent his deputy, William Bathurst, to attend the meetings, saying he would never come himself till the Conservatives went out. This, being told the Tory premier, elicited the rejoinder, "What on earth can you suppose it signifies to me what footman brings up the coal-scuttle when I ring the bell?" There was too the famous answer to the advertising wine-merchant, who had sent a vintage warranted to be a specific against the premier's besetting malady: "Lord Derby has tried the sherry and prefers the gout." Lady Derby sometimes accompanied her husband on his occasional re-appearances in Oxford. Latterly she could not bear even the little jolting of the smoothest running express train. A special couch was therefore fitted up and placed upon a canal barge; by the side of this her devoted lord often walked the whole of the journey. To revert to the Chancellor's inauguration in 1852, so great was Bulwer Lytton's disgust at the postponement of literature to politics, that the Conservative historian, Alison, calling on him at his hotel, found him in a great rage, between each outburst of temper furiously puffing a huge Turkish pipe. "Well, Sir Archibald," he exclaimed, "what are you going to do? I'm off in the first train for London. To think of

esteeming such men as you and me of less account than a parcel of political drudges who will never be heard of five years after their death!" The Duke of Wellington's Chancellorship had witnessed the rise of the agitation for tests repeal. Hampden, Bishop of Hereford, was the first to advocate the abolition of compulsory subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. In the November of 1834 the Duke of Wellington and other Tory champions in Parliament mentioned to their Oxford friends their difficulty in defending the traditional test. By a majority of one, in the November of the same year, the Heads decided to propose to Convocation undergraduate immunity from subscription. In May 1835 came the discussion, described very fully by the late Dean Church; as a result, by a very large majority all the tests were retained. So things continued throughout Lord Derby's time. When the freshman made his first bow to the Vice-Chancellor he received in one hand a copy of the Statutes and in another a pen, wherewith to signify his adhesion to the entire Anglican faith. As a consequence Lord Salisbury was the first successor of Grosseteste under whom Oxford, by being opened to Nonconformists, made good its claim to be a genuinely national University.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

THE LATE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

Lord Goschen's predecessor as Chancellor

Only in his anecdotal vein could Chancellor Salisbury be said to resemble his former Cabinet chief. On one of his rare visits to the All Souls common room he told a story that has no doubt since been widely repeated. The Duke of Malakhoff had been shooting at Strathfieldsaye and had killed nothing. He was manifestly so irritated that his host feared an international crisis if, at the next battue, the Russian sportsman were not assisted to kill something. A pheasant was tied by its leg to the top of a post, Malakhoff being stationed some thirty yards off with a double-barrelled gun. From that distance it was supposed he would take his aim. Nothing of the sort. He walked right up to the post, put the muzzle close to the bird, discharging both barrels with the remark, "Eh, coquin!" On the host of Strathfieldsaye explaining to the keeper next day that Malakhoff was a great general, who had smoked to death some five hundred Arabs in a cave, the man replied, "Like enough, your Grace, he'd be capable of anything." Lord Salisbury was little known as a *raconteur;* but those who chanced to meet him at All Souls during his Chancellorship generally heard the little narrative just given. From its historical and serious side, the late Prime Minister's official term on the Isis coincided with the disappearance of the final remnants of religious disability, with the entire reconstitution of the collegiate and educational system. Fellowships had been for generations little freeholds yielding their holders comfortable incomes for living without exertion abroad or for maintaining the state of a man about town in London.

Such possibilities, if not actualities, ceased to exist when the Fellow drew his pay on the condition of taking a share in the practical work of education or in scientific research.

It used to be reported that a former Cabinet colleague of the latest Oxford Chancellor was connected in the way of cause with the "schools" for testing pure scholarship, in which Lord Goschen won the earliest of his First Class Honours. Having got through his "little go," Lord Kimberley, then Lord Wodehouse, told his Christchurch tutors that if he did not hunt two or three times a week, he could not get through the time which must elapse before he could be expected to prepare for the final examination. This is probably legend. The undoubted fact is that the new Oxford Chancellor achieved the rare distinction of a First Class in two lists, on the first occasion of their ever appearing. One was the earliest Moderations ever held, in 1852; the other the initial examination conducted in history and philosophy. Not indeed that those subjects had been previously ignored; they went together with the Classical scholarship, with which exclusively Moderations is now concerned. In the year that Lord Goschen took his degree, natural science and law and modern history were added to the two lists in Classics and Mathematics, which up to that time had alone appeared. The first year of Lord Salisbury's Chancellorship saw Theology established as a fifth "school" in 1870; Law and Modern History were next separated into two "schools" in 1872.

The influence of the late Max Müller was now at its height. Literae Indicae was added in 1887, Literae Semiticae came in 1891. In 1896 these two last were combined into Literae Orientales. Literae Anglicae followed in 1897. While these lines are being written there are signs of the final stage being reached in the movement that is to present Oxford with a Modern Language "school." The present Chancellor has not been, nor is likely to be, called upon for any opinion about these innovations, and the intellectual value of multiplying educational and examinational specialism. He may or he may not hold with other academic experts of his standing that, excepting the Literae Humaniores (the final Classical Greats), the Mathematical and, in a less degree, the Natural Science "school," the system, as now elaborated, tests information rather than ability, and that cram and catechism are elbowing out culture. If this be the case, the preparation for these ordeals can only be, in a secondary degree, educational. So long as the final classical "school" continues its popularity, Oxford will not lack trained intellects of the old type. The researcher, however, is indefatigable in his efforts to increase the prominence, even in the classical "schools," of his own special subjects and to identify the humanities with a knowledge of sculpture, antiquities, and excavations. The younger and most energetic class of Oxford teachers may seem to Lord Goschen a little too indifferent as to the effect of their particular studies in forming and strengthening the mind. The new curriculum may appear to the present Chancellor proper rather for the University extension lectures in the provinces than for the lecture-rooms of the colleges themselves. Within a few days of his admission to office by the Oxford delegates to Seacox Heath last winter, the new Chancellor may have received something of a shock in the proposal to allow an alternative for compulsory Greek in certain pass examinations. The suggestion indeed has yet to be converted into a statute. If such a law be brought forward it will probably not pass. Were it to do so, no interest of real Classical Scholarship would probably suffer.

Among the innumerable innovations rendering the Oxford of Chancellor Goschen unrecognisable by his earlier predecessors, is one feature in the place more noticeable even than the supersession of cloistral by domestic life with its most active members. The Town and Gown rows, which used to mark the anniversary of Guy Fawkes, had become discredited before the middle of Lord Derby's Chancellorship. Under Lord Salisbury the social alliance between Town and Gown, which the Duke of Wellington had recommended, was confirmed and enlarged. Dean Liddell, Sir Henry Acland, and especially T. H. Green of Balliol, Jowett's favourite pupil and interpreter, all did something towards drawing the City and the University together. The good work has also been conspicuously carried on by Lord Goschen's most intimate friend among his Oxford contemporaries. Whoever would read the story of Lord Goschen's college days may see it written in the *Oxford Memories* of the late G. C. Brodrick, who died Warden of Merton about the

time of Lord Goschen's selection by his Alma Mater. Brodrick kept up to the last a mixed City and University dinner-party every year. To-day Dr. Magrath of Queen's uses his social *savoir faire*, his kindly tact and knowledge of character and life, in such a way as to miss no opportunity for identifying the two formerly hostile interests. Mr. Daniel, Provost of Worcester, is chairman of the City Library. An eminent Oriel teacher, Mr. Shadwell, has a Town and Gown garden-party every year; while both Mr. Daniel and Mr. Chadwell are aldermen. The infirmary, the district councils and nursing homes, all help to promote the same salutary *rapprochement*. Necessarily the new fusion is as yet chiefly a masculine affair. The shortness of the terms and the multiplicity of engagements are not favourable to morning calls. But so far as it has been possible for the amalgamation yet to go, Lord Goschen has been already surprised at its completeness.

The new Oxford Chancellor, it will have been seen, was not at Oriel in its most famous days. Such at least were accounted the years during which John Henry Newman, by the moral coerciveness of a gentle but decided manner, subdued to perfect order some rather rebellious undergraduates, who had come to his Greek philosophy lectures to mock and disturb, but who remained to be peaceful and to learn. That number included, amongst others, the late Lord Malmesbury, the Conservative Foreign Minister; he had been Newman's private pupil at Oriel. Speaking to me of his old tutor as a remarkable man, the *ci-devant* diplomatist seemed rather surprised at my casually mentioning he had since become a pillar of the Roman Church. "I," he added, "can only think of him as a conscientious evangelical, who asked one to come to tea and prayer meetings in his rooms, and who, to my knowledge, did a great deal of good in this way."

Oriel, however, has been much more than the cradle of the High Anglican schools. Within the walls of this college were to be organised the forces of reaction against the earlier ecclesiastical movement. To that later process the Oriel which Lord Goschen personally knew has contributed quite as actively, and in the persons of men not less famous than was done by it during its ecclesiastical period. The great scholar and consummate critic of universal letters, formerly Rector of John Wesley's old college, Lincoln, had studied Anglicanism on the Isis from the intellectual and educational point of view. "Never," I have heard him say, "had the mind and scholarship of the place sunk to a condition so low as during the debauching enthusiasm of Newmanism. Happily about the year of my birth, in 1814, Thomas Arnold was elected to an Oriel Fellowship." How far the great Rugby teacher succeeded as University History Professor is not now the point. Lord Goschen had not long taken his degree when Oxford began to confess the new influence which Arnold, either by his own writings or the words of his pupils, did in a way identify with Oriel.

It was one of Arnold's old sixth-form boys who preached from the University pulpit on the last Sunday of a Summer Term, in 1861 or 1862, a sermon which, re-visiting the place, Lord Goschen may have heard. The text was a verse in the song of Deborah. The Long Vacation, the preacher, A. P. Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, reminded his hearers, was a time for them to become new men, to carry out all good resolutions, to form good habits, to discard evil ones. "This," he said, "is our river Kishon, that ancient river, the river Kishon." Doubtless to the present day Lord Goschen, like the present writer, remembers the way in which these words came in at the end of that masterpiece of pulpit oratory. Lord Goschen's old college was also that which, in 1844, his friend, Matthew Arnold, joined as Fellow, and which may properly be associated with the power on thought and feeling exercised by that accomplished critic and amateur theologian.

A Tangled Web

A STORY OF POOR RELATIONS

BY G. B. STUART

CHAPTER I

BIG ship had just come in from New York, and the passengers were hurrying for the London train: some had to get their luggage through the Custom-house, and battle in the crowd for seats; others, among whom were a stout elderly lady and gentleman of pleasantly homely appearance, were lucky enough to have a reserved compartment, and all their smaller baggage piled round by an attentive man-servant.

They were consequently able to take their places without any bustle, and could look out of the window and hail such of their late fellow-passengers as passed on the platform; they were a cheery, genial, elderly pair, and liked to share their good things with others—especially with young people.

"Look, Robert, there is young Mr. Stapylton—he is looking for a place. Send Arkwright to tell him there's plenty of room here with us! I was afraid we weren't going to see him to say 'Good-bye.' Such a nice fellow. I'd like to see more of him!"

Arkwright, the man-servant, squeezed through the crowd, and presently brought back Mr. Jack Stapylton laughing and protesting.

"Have you really room for me and my traps, Mrs. Christy-Wardell? I'll come with pleasure—the train is chock-full. Thanks, Arkwright," and the young man took his seat beside his friends.

"A compartment to oneself has its advantages. One is able to offer hospitality to a stray friend," said the old lady pleasantly.

"That's an Irishism, my dear," remarked her husband; "it's your ancestry coming out as you approach the old country," and they both laughed gaily. They were still young in heart and mind, and in spite of their sixty odd years apiece were enjoying this journey like children.

"Your first visit to England, isn't it, Mrs. Christy-Wardell?" asked their companion, as the long train gathered itself together and steamed out of Liverpool.

"It is so indeed. My parents went out to Canada before I was born, and what Robert so often calls Irishisms are really New World mother-wit. And as for him, he was only eighteen himself when he left the old country to seek his fortune" ("And found you, my dear," put in her husband), "so he is not much more at home here than I am. We are both a pair of griffins, Mr. Stapylton; there's no saying what mistakes we'll be making."

"May I be there to see! The mistakes of you and Mr. Christy-Wardell would be sure to mean all sorts of kindnesses for other people. Where are you going to put up in town, and may one of the humblest of your admirers come and call upon you, dear lady, and help to show you some of the sights?"

Mrs. Christy-Wardell glanced at her husband with a questioning look on her round face. "Do let me tell him, Robert. I'm certain Mr. Stapylton can keep a secret, and perhaps he would help us. And if we should meet in London it would seem so strange. Do tell him, Robert!"

"Do tell me, please, Mr. Christy-Wardell! I can keep any amount of secrets. You know, I'm in business myself, and I'm just dying to help your wife in anything——"

"Well, the fact is we'd got a plan in our daft old heads, and nothing will satisfy Maria but that we shall put it into practice on our arrival in London—we've often

talked of it at home. I don't know that I ever quite meant to carry it out, but my wife's set on it; and so, sir, you may depend upon it it'll be done! You know we've no children of our own—never had—and I've a lot of relations over here in England that I've never seen, while Maria hasn't a soul in the world belonging to her. She was old Daniel Wardell's only daughter and sole heiress——"

"So I have heard," said Stapylton, who had not the least idea whither these family details were leading.

"Well, you'll wonder what I'm coming to, but it's Maria's scheme, not mine! She's made up her mind that we shall go amongst our English relations as simple Mr. and Mrs. Christy from Canada; we mean to drop the Wardell that has too world-wide a celebrity in connexion with Wardell's Turbine, so please don't use the double name any more; just stop short at the Christy, which is the name of my brother in Bayswater, who is to be the first person on whom we try our deception. He has a large family of sons and daughters, to whom we are going to present ourselves a plain couple from the Dominion, come on an excursion to England, and ready enough, no doubt, to sponge on anybody that'll have us to visit them. Then there's my sister Caroline Brandys. She never went out with my parents, but was kept at home with an old aunt, and married not very satisfactorily, I'm afraid. She lives in another part of London—Earl's Court. D'ye know it, Mr. Stapylton?—and we're going to look her up, too, as Mr. and Mrs. Christy. We haven't had much correspondence of late years—more shame to us!—so it's quite likely they'll know nothing of our circumstances, and we shall all be able to judge of each other without any upsetting notions about the Wardell Tontine coming between us. What do you think of our little stratagem, Mr. Stapylton?"

"It is very amusing and very hazardous," said the young man slowly. "I don't see how you're going to keep it up! So many people in town will be interested in the visit of the Christy-Wardells to the metropolis; it has been telegraphed to the papers by now, that you have arrived and are on your way to London, you may be sure. As soon as your whereabouts are known you will be discovered as——"

"Oh, the Christy-Wardells might be, but we shan't," put in the old lady briskly. "Arkwright, Robert's man, is in our secret, at least he knows we are *incog.*, though he mayn't know our reasons altogether. We are going to stay at the Russell Hotel, but we needn't tell our relations exactly where we are. Arkwright has a married sister who lets apartments in Bloomsbury, which is close by in that direction, he tells us. Arkwright is a Londoner, you know; my husband got him from the Marquis of Headport, who was travelling in our part of the world last year; and if necessary we could use his sister's address for our letters or to receive our friends, if we didn't wish the hotel to betray us!"

"You've thought out your plan very completely," observed Stapylton. "Do you mind telling me, if I am not too inquisitive, what your object exactly is in thus concealing from your people that you are the rich and important personages that you really are?"

Mrs. Christy-Wardell gave a quick little glance at her husband, then she turned her face to the young man to whom she had taken a fancy, and that face was very tender and touching in its expression.

"Well, you see, my dear, we've got no children of our own, and we've got all this money. Now we know very well that if we come amongst our relations as acknowledged millionaires, they'll receive us all smiles—it isn't in human nature they should do otherwise. They'll guess at once that we are looking for our heirs and heiresses, and we shall never see their natural characters all the time we're in England. But if we come amongst them as their old uncle and aunt, mere middle-class people without any pretensions, and perhaps with more likelihood of wanting something *from* than of being any advantage *to* them, why, we'll be able to form our own conclusions as to who is likely to deserve a legacy. Having no one of our own makes us feel the responsibility of our great wealth—possibly if we'd had a son or daughter they'd have been just as unsatisfactory as other people's children, only we shouldn't have known it! We haven't made up our minds to this lightly, or merely for a freak; we've thought over it—aye, and prayed over it too, for wealth is a great responsibility, and we hold a good deal in trust from the Giver of all gifts. Don't say that it is a bad plan, Mr.

Stapylton; it is not as if we were pretending to be anything but just ourselves—a very ordinary pair of Colonials coming to England for the first time to look about them!"

The old lady's pleading was so wistful and so sincere that Jack Stapylton had not the heart to throw cold water on her project. As the travellers drew near Euston, he rallied them with good-natured laughter.

"This is the last evening that you'll be yourself, Mrs. Christy-Wardell. To-morrow you'll have assumed your deep disguise, and 'when first we practise to deceive,' you know it is uncommonly hard to get out of the tangled web again!"

The lady settled her bonnet-strings and her gold-rimmed spectacles with a determined air.

"All will go well, my dear, if you will only break yourself of that habit of calling us by both our names. Stop short at Christy, and cough or blow your nose instead of saying anything more! Though it's quite on the cards that Robert here will let it out himself the first thing."

"Or Arkwright?" suggested Mr. Christy.

"Oh no, not Arkwright, he's much too clever!" cried Mrs. Christy naïvely, which so delighted her husband that he chuckled all the rest of the way into town. "We must see you to tell you how the spell works," said the old lady kindly, as the train flew past Harrow, and her husband quoted the "only visible church" of King Charles II. "You will perhaps write us a line to the agent-general's office in our full names, or address us at the 'Russell' as plain Christy, and let us know when you are free to dine with us? I'm afraid we mustn't ask you to meet any of our relatives or we shall let the cat out of the bag! Besides, they would wonder how decent farmer bodies like us came to know such a smart young man as Sir James Stapylton's eldest son. We might have met on board ship? Oh no, for of course they will think we travelled second-class!"

The old lady laughed heartily over her own joke, and with mutual protestations of friendliness and desires of meeting again the fellow-travellers separated.

"I hope you'll find all your folks well," cried Mrs. Christy from the window of the brougham which Arkwright's forethought had ordered, and was carried away in the direction of Russell Square.

CHAPTER II

TWO mornings after, the family of Mr. George Christy, of Prince's Square, Bayswater, was assembled round the breakfast-table discussing in various terms, but with an all-pervading feeling of embarrassment, the letter which announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Christy in London from Canada. The letter was addressed to the head of the house, who was a small, grey and wizened likeness of his transatlantic brother. Mr. George Christy had been already put to business in Manchester when his parents, with their younger children, had emigrated to the Dominion. Except for a long-ago and almost forgotten visit which he had paid them before his marriage, the successful merchant, who had wedded a daughter of his employer, and had early become well-to-do and independent, had had little to say to his Canadian relations. He had always fancied Robert was not much of a business man, and his turning up like this, unannounced and writing from an obscure Bloomsbury address, did not look very promising. Still, Robert was his brother even if he had not seen him for over thirty years, and it would never do for the children to think that he wasn't welcome!

Frank, the eldest son, a young stockbroker, was asking languid questions, and his sisters Amy and May more animated ones.

"What is your uncle like? Well, my dears, I can't tell you much about him. I suppose there is a family resemblance between us, though I'm three years his senior."

"Oh, we didn't mean his looks," giggled the girls. "The mater's family had all the looks, of course, but what's he like himself? Rich? Some of those Americans are awfully rich, and there might be some fun to be got out of them then."

"Canadians are not Americans," observed their father; "they don't like to be mixed like that, and very naturally, as they are our own fellow-subjects."

"Oh, it's all the same, they all talk through their noses; we see a lot of them in the city," observed Mr. Frank, who liked to remind his father, the Manchester man, that he was a member of the London Stock Exchange.

"Do shut up, Frank! We can hear you talk any day in the week, and I want to know about these new people," cried Amy shrilly.

"I can't tell you much," reiterated Mr. Christy helplessly. "Robert is a good fellow. I don't know his wife. We must do something for them while they are in town. We shall be going away next month, so we'd better ask them at once. I don't suppose——" he broke off.

"You don't suppose they'll expect to come and stay with us at Champneys?" asked his wife. Champneys was the Christys' country house in Sussex.

"They simply can't do that! Why, the Campbells and the Heaths are coming, and every minute of our time is filled up, and we don't know how these Americans—Canadians, then!—would mix with our friends!" screamed Amy and May at once. They were not often so unanimous about anything.

Mr. Christy glanced round the table deprecatingly, and Elaine, his youngest daughter, said hotly, "They are papa's relations anyway—they ought to be good enough for our friends—at least for the Campbells and their set!"

"Hold your tongue, you brat—who asked you to shove your oar in?" said Frank, who admired Miss Hilda Campbell, and a wordy squabble was imminent, when Mrs. Christy, who had been reading her brother-in-law's letter, interfered.

"Hush, hush, children! Elaine, I can't have you impertinent to your brother—you must breakfast in the school-room if you cannot be polite. Papa, I think the best thing to do will be to ask your brother and his wife to stay to lunch, when they come to-day. They speak of calling about twelve o'clock, and then we can see what they expect, and what sort of people—that is to say, what style of thing will please them, and act accordingly!"

"The Zoological Gardens, and Westminster Abbey, and tea at an A.B.C. shop, I should say would be about their form," suggested Frank wittily. "Don't go and offer too much, mater; no doubt they'll make arrangements with Cook to take them round to all the 'places of interest' in a *char-à-banc*, at two shillings a head, and you'll only upset their programme of sight-seeing if you make any amateur suggestions. Well, I must be off—Time and Tube wait for no man! I'm dining out to-night, please take notice!" and the son and heir lounged away.

"Boys have the best of it in life all along the line," grumbled May Christy; "there's Frank goes off without so much as a thought for any one but himself. We shall have to dance attendance upon the Canadians all day, and probably get bothered into a dozen engagements for showing them about, or going shopping with them. I loathe dragging ignoramuses about town," finished the young lady, gathering up her letters from the table and turning to arrange her blouse and her fringe in the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"How do you know they are ignoramuses?" asked the irrepressible Elaine.

"Because they propose to come and call upon people they've never seen before, in the height of the London season, at twelve o'clock. Too early for lunch, even if they mean that; but you'll find they'll make an extraordinary fuss when the mater invites them to remain, and then they'll stop, and clear the dishes! People in the Colonies all dine in the middle of the day, and drink tea with their meat. I fancy Mrs. Robert Christy folding her pocket-handkerchief on her knee, and calling the mater 'ma'am,' don't you?"

"And if she does call your mother 'ma'am,' it is a very much pleasanter and more respectful title than 'mater,'" interrupted George Christy sharply, at last aroused to anger by the half-murmured and half-openly spoken rudeness of his family. "Now look here, girls, I'm going to stop at home myself for lunch, and to welcome your uncle and aunt, and I shall expect you all to make yourselves agreeable, if you can! Whatever our relatives may turn out, they are our nearest flesh and blood, and it is bad taste to be prejudiced against them before we see them. We've got to make the best of them, you know," he ended, with an attempt at a joke, for in spite of his determined words he would not have known how to enforce obedience if his daughters chose to be disagreeable—a truth which he had experienced more than once when his and their wishes happened to clash!

"Do you know anything of our aunt, daddy?" asked Elaine, as she lingered after the others had left the room, putting her father's newspaper straight, and gathering a sprig of scented geranium for his button-hole from one of the flower-pots in

SHE READ IT THROUGH CAREFULLY AND HANDED IT BACK

the *jardinière;* "is she young? has she any children? what is her name?"

"She can't be very young," mused Mr. Christy. "Robert married very soon after I did. I fancy into some kind of trade—people aren't as particular about that sort of thing in the Colonies as they are here! I remember at the time there was some talk of the connexion helping him on in business, but I really forget all about it, even her name. That is, I forget her maiden name and who she was, but it doesn't matter, for it's not likely to be anything very distinguished—her Christian name is Maria. Robert says, 'Maria sends her love, and is very anxious to make the acquaintance of your girls and boys—unfortunately we never had any of our own!'" holding the letter out, after reading this extract, for his youngest daughter's inspection.

She read it through carefully and handed it back. "It is a nice letter," she remarked: "I like it—it is so straightforward and affectionate. Uncle Robert seems to take

for granted that we shall be as pleased to see them as they are to come!"

"Ay, so he does"—Uncle Robert's brother George sighed rather heavily. "Robert was always a good fellow—he got me out of several scrapes, I remember, though I was three years his senior. That was before our parents went abroad to settle—I was already in your grandfather's office, and hoped to marry your mother, but I was often very short of cash, for all I thought myself such a fine fellow, and Robert was always game to help all he could. Well, I must try to give him a hand now, if things haven't gone very prosperously with him—though if he has no expensive family to provide for he's perhaps rather to be envied." Mr. Christy finished, as he had begun, with a troubled sigh.

"He doesn't say he is poor," observed Elaine.

"No, but he says nothing to the contrary, and Colonials like to tell you how they have prospered; besides, Magdeburg Place, Bloomsbury, doesn't sound like much wealth! Well, we must try and make them welcome, and I know I can count on my little girl to help me, can't I?"

"Of course, daddy! I think I shall like them from that letter. My uncle at least, and especially if he is like my dearest daddy," and Elaine bent down and kissed the bald spot in the centre of her father's troubled old head. "What a pity Georgie isn't at home to amuse them—if Aunt Maria has a fancy for boys she'd just love him, wouldn't she?"

"She'll have a chance of seeing him when he comes up for the Match," said Mr. Christy, laughing. "I believe you think, Elaine, that Georgie alone is well worth a journey to Europe, eh?"

"Well, perhaps I do! Now I must fly off and do the flowers afresh, or they'll be here before I'm done. Oh, daddy, what a pity we didn't know in time, so that you could have invited Aunt Caroline to meet them!"

"Just what I was thinking myself, but—but perhaps it is best to be only ourselves at the first meeting; your mother will have enough to do to entertain one sister-in-law, and she a complete stranger!"

CHAPTER III

KAREN BRANDYS was daily governess to the little daughters of Sir James Stapylton, and had to start for her employer's house, from her own home in Earl's Court, so early that very often she did not hear the news of the morning's letters till her return in the evening. On the day that her mother received a note from Magdeburg Place, Bloomsbury, announcing the arrival of her relations from Canada, Karen had already left the house, and Mrs. Brandys was obliged to grapple with her astonishment and her preparations alone, for her daughter did not return till nearly six o'clock, and the Christys proposed to come on to Earl's Court after visiting George and his family in the forenoon.

Mrs. Brandys and her old servant Tomlyn were in a great flutter all day; they even contemplated the idea of sending a wire to the young governess to tell her to beg for a half-holiday, on the score of unexpected family affairs, but as Tomlyn said—

"'Twould be sixpence wasted, ma'am, for there's no turning Miss Karen aside from the path of duty!"

So Mrs. Brandys had to await her unknown relations unsupported, save by Tomlyn, in a toweringly starched cap, the best silver teapot and sugar-basin, and a reckless display of clean chintz covers, and fresh flowers in the drawing-room.

But it so happened that Karen Brandys had a half-holiday, after all. Young Jack Stapylton had arrived over-night from America, and being adored by his little step-sisters, had promised to give them a treat to the Hippodrome to celebrate his return; he came himself to the school-room to beg a half-holiday from Miss Brandys, bringing Lady Stapylton's permission with him, and found himself confronted by, not the conventional governess whom he had expected—for a governess was a new institution in the household during his absence—but by a very pretty brown-eyed young lady, whose voice and manner were somehow strangely familiar to him. Where had he, quite lately, heard some one speak in that quiet, direct voice, with just the faintest suspicion of Scotch accent in its intonation?—and where had he met those straightforward brown eyes, dark and yet clear as a moorland stream?—and where, above all, had he lately heard the not at all common name of Brandys? All these questions flashed through his head as he stood just inside the school-room door, proffering his request for the afternoon.

Miss Brandys smiled and agreed. "We've talked so often about your coming home,

Mr. Stapylton," she said, "I think I was a little prepared for some such suggestion. Of course the girls shall have their half-holiday—they've been working so well lately that indeed they deserve it."

"Miss Brandys must go to the circus too, Jack!" asserted little Philippa.

"Oh no, indeed she mustn't! Miss Brandys must have a holiday," said Mr. Stapylton decidedly, "and to take you imps to the Hippodrome wouldn't be anything of the sort. Nurse will take you, and the two Heriot boys as well—you'll like that? And I shall give you, Margie, instructions to order ices in the interval for the whole party. You don't yearn for this entertainment, do you, Miss Brandys, now you've heard about the ices?"

"No, thank you!" Karen said, laughing, and again Jack was puzzled by a chance resemblance to—whom? "It is very good of you to leave me out, and yet arrange it all so happily. I shall be glad to get home a little earlier, and give my mother a surprise."

"Have you far to go?" asked the young man.

"Only to Earl's Court"—and then Mr. Stapylton suddenly remembered that Mr. Christy-Wardell had spoken of his sister, Mrs. Brandys, who lived somewhere near Earl's Court Station, and recognised that the girl before him, with her pleasant, smiling brown eyes, was the image of her uncle, the Canadian magnate.

"I wonder if she has heard from them yet?" he said to himself, but aloud he only added, "Thank you for making it so easy for me. I was rather terrified at coming to ask you—you might have been a New Woman, you know!" and they both laughed.

"Can't you come wif us, you and Miss Brandys?—we loves you bofe much more'n the Heriot boys," said little Philippa, squeezing up to her step-brother.

"No, I can't; I have to go out into the wilds of Latimer Road, wherever that is, to find an engineer, who probably isn't there at all—the British workman is as slippery as an eel to catch in his own home. Look here, Margie, you are to take that," something small, and bright, and golden slipped from Jack's waistcoat pocket into Margie's fingers, "and you're to see that everybody has ices enough! Now I'll go, and speak to nurse about the seats. Good-bye, Miss Brandys, I hope you'll give your mother a pleasant surprise!"

The unexpected liberty was a great boon to Karen, and gave her the opportunity of doing several little things for herself which otherwise might have been postponed indefinitely. There was a visit to Whiteley's for some silks unmatchable elsewhere, and an unwholesome and delicious little lunch of chocolate and meringues, which even with a penny to the waitress left her with change out of a shilling; there was a prowl into the wilderness of North Kensington after an old book-shop, where a second-hand copy of de Musset's poems had long tempted her. After all, neither her mother nor Tomlyn looked for Karen home to dinner in the middle of the week, and an unexpected appearance would only upset their modest calculations; she would get home by three o'clock, and see if her mother could be persuaded to come for a little outing to Richmond or Kew. And so it came about, that just as Jack Stapylton returned from a fruitless hunt through Notting Hill back streets for a workman who was said to be simply invaluable as an engineer, if you could keep him off the drink, and strolled leisurely along towards Porchester Terrace, enjoying the stir and bustle of the bright road that leads to Bayswater, Karen Brandys briskly crossed the street in front of him, and disappeared down Holland Lane. She had not seen him, he was sure, and was taking the shortest and most direct route to Earl's Court, that pleasant old-fashioned lane between Notting Hill and Kensington, which, but for its infesting beggars, would be one of the most delightful walks in all London.

But Jack Stapylton saw something more. At the entrance of the lane, which runs for a few dozen yards between high brick walls, a group of villainous-looking loafers was lounging—a woman with a basket of squalid wares upon her arm, and two men, ragged and disreputable. A glance passed between them, and the woman started in pursuit of Miss Brandys; the men on either side of the passage shambled forward. Stapylton's mind was made up in an instant. He turned quickly down the lane. Miss Brandys's slight figure was out of sight, for the path rises abruptly, and drops again at once, but the shabby woman was pressing forward, and the men, one against either wall, were keeping close behind. The young man, quick and quiet, grasped his stick and followed. At the top of the rise he could

see all four persons: Miss Brandys holding an open book before her, as she walked with eyes downcast, the woman pushing close to her, with an importunate hand stretched out to catch her dress; the two dingy followers drawing nearer.

The woman's hand and protruded basket suddenly brought Karen to a stop—she lifted her eyes from de Musset's verse, and found herself jostled, and on three sides surrounded, by the ill-favoured trio, who had crept round her as she walked absorbed in her book—the whining voice of the woman was drowned by the hoarse complaints of the men.

"Haven't tasted a bite or sup since Toosday, s'elp me!"—"Tramped all the way up from Barnet without a bit o' victuals"—while the fingers of one were busy with the folds of her gown, which might or might not hold her pocket. "If you'll on'y give me sixpence, kind lady, to get a cup o' tea and a meal for my starving little ones," wheedled the woman.

Karen with a dexterous twist sprang aside, nearly upsetting her groping assailant, and in a second a stalwart champion, swinging a strong walking-stick, was scattering the beggars right and left.

"Get off, you scoundrels, or I'll give you in charge for molesting the lady!" cried Jack, letting his cane swing in every direction. The path cleared by magic—the woman with the basket shuffled one way, the men scampered another; Karen and her deliverer were left staring at each other, for the whole affair was over in a minute. "You are sure they haven't taken anything?" Jack asked anxiously. "That fellow with the patched eye was busy with the back of your dress, trying for your pocket, I think."

"My pocket is in front, luckily; but all the same, I expect he meant mischief. I can't tell you how grateful I am for your help, Mr. Stapylton! It is a very bad habit, I know, to read as one walks—if I hadn't been indulging in it just now, I should have seen that evil-looking crew, and either hurried on, or——"

"Or, better still, not come down the lane by yourself," interrupted Jack gravely. "Do promise me, Miss Brandys, that you won't ever use it for a short cut, even in daylight, if you are alone? It is just the haunt of vagrants, and I remember the walk of old—at certain hours it is almost empty, and you might cry in vain for help. I know you are courageous, but you ought not to be reckless."

"I don't think I looked very courageous just now, when I jumped, though I was certainly agile," said Karen, smiling.

"I was referring to your picking up the burning paraffin lamp and putting it outside the window. Lady Stapylton wrote about it while I was in New York," returned Jack. "Your coolness probably saved my sisters from a terrible accident, and your bravery is established beyond dispute; so don't go down here again unattended, will you?" looking at her with that insistence, half boyish and half masterful, which women generally found irresistible in young Stapylton.

"No, I won't, and—thank you very much. When my brother Robin is in town he generally comes to fetch me—that is, in the dark evenings; but who would have expected anything disagreeable on a lovely afternoon like this?"

"Disagreeables—or agreeables, for the matter of that—don't come when you expect them," said Jack, laughing; "you are going home now, I suppose. Will you let me see you as far as the gate?"

"Thank you, but I don't think there is any further danger. See, there are a lot of nurses and children in front, and I am taking you out of your way, I am sure."

"Not a bit. I have been to a remote part of Notting Hill in search of an engineer who was recommended to me for a special piece of work, and when I got to his house I found he was doing seven days for breaking his wife's nose, and she in tears and a bandage deplored with me his unfortunate detention. I hope you have spent your time more profitably?"

"I have lunched at Whiteley's, and secured this little second-hand Alfred de Musset, which was the cause of my inattention just now; really I must not trespass on your kindness any longer to escort me—it is all plain sailing to the gates, and our house is just across the Earl's Court Road."

Jack saw that she did not wish him to accompany her any further, and with ready tact understood that their acquaintance was too recent to be unduly pressed. They shook hands, and he stood with his hat lifted. She looked up a little timidly. "You will not mention this—this little affair of the beggars? Lady Stapylton might repeat it to my mother, and she would

be uneasy. She is not quite accustomed yet to my independence."

"Of course I shall say nothing—that is, as long as you keep your promise!"

"I will not do what you think unwise. Good-bye, and thank you again," said Karen.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Tomlyn opened the door to her young mistress, she was bristling with importance, and even the little entrance-passage at 5, Fernleigh Terrace, looked different from usual. A man's walking-stick and a lady's parasol leant against the hat-stand. Tomlyn's best cap nodded ominously over her flushed and smiling face, she held a brilliant silver salver in her hand, and from the drawing-room above came the sound of voices and laughter.

"The mistress has visitors! Your uncle and aunt from Ameriky!" announced Tomlyn before the girl could speak. "Such a nice-spoken gentleman, Miss Karen, and I ain't seen your dear ma so cheerful this many a day. She done the flowers herself, and took off the drorin'-room covers, and I was to have tea ready as soon as the clock struck four—why, it wants a quarter to, now; whatever brings you home so early, miss?"

"A lucky half-holiday, Tommy. Uncle and aunt from America? Why, that must be Uncle Robert and his wife from Canada. What a joy and delight for mother!" and without a thought as to her personal appearance, Karen ran up-stairs and into the drawing-room; the Christy cousins in Prince's Square would never have presented themselves before any one without first inspecting their fringes before a looking-glass, and probably applying the powder puff!

But Karen's welcome was different.

"Oh, you dear people! what a delightful surprise!" and her arms were round Uncle Robert's neck in a moment—then she stood back, laughing, and looked at him. "It is Uncle Robert, isn't it? I've not made a mistake? No, you're so like mother that I should have known you in the street—please introduce me to my aunt, or may I kiss her without?"

"Kiss me first, dear, and I'll introduce myself afterwards," said Aunt Maria, with her funny little touch of inborn Irish brogue. "I should have known you anywhere, Karen, you're the living image of your uncle, you might be his daughter!"

Never was so friendly or successful a meeting. The big Colonial gentleman who looked so gigantic in the tiny sitting-room, squeezed on to the tiny sofa beside his new-found sister, and held her thin white hand in his strong brown one. Aunt Maria in the elbow-chair had her new niece perched on the arm of it, chattering delightedly. What luck that they had arrived in such fine weather, that London was looking its best, that Robin would be home next week!—that everything, in short, from Karen's point of view, promised a satisfactory visit at the most satisfactory moment for the new arrivals.

"And how came you to be home so early to-day, dear?" asked Mrs. Brandys, when she could get a word in.

"My little girls had a half-holiday to go to the Hippodrome. Their step-brother, Mr. Stapylton, Sir James's eldest son, has just returned from America, and he came and begged for the afternoon off—it had been a long-promised treat. So I got away before lunch—did a little shopping in Westbourne Grove, and came home to see if you would care to go to Richmond or Kew for a little fresh air. I had no idea that I should find the air blowing straight off the Atlantic into our sitting-room!" she concluded, turning to her aunt and uncle with a smile.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Christy had exchanged a glance as Karen spoke of Mr. Stapylton's return, and with transatlantic swiftness an idea sprang into the brains of both; Karen was looking at them, and her uncle said quickly, "Why shouldn't we all go to Kew as you intended? Maria, there, is dying to begin sightseeing, aren't you, my dear? And you won't run us into any great extravagance, will you, Caroline? George's wife at Prince's Square spoke of our driving out to Hurlingham with them, but it seemed a terribly smart affair, and there was some bother about tickets, so we said we'd written to offer ourselves to you, and they seemed as glad to be off the Hurlingham business as we were!"

"Have you been to see the Christys, then?" asked Karen. "Oh, what did you——" She stopped her question and altered it. "Did you find Uncle George at home, and aren't the girls pretty?" she asked instead.

"Your Uncle George is very much

AUNT MARIA IN THE ELBOW-CHAIR HAD HER NEW NIECE PERCHED ON THE ARM OF IT

changed, but, to be sure, thirty years is enough to alter us all, and he has a big family and responsibilities. The girls seem very quiet, sedate young ladies." Karen kept her eyes down at this. "I suppose they are shy—and their mother is rather an awe-inspiring great lady," said Uncle Robert.

"I liked the youngest girl—Elaine they call her, I think," put in Aunt Maria; "she was so affectionate and spontaneous, and talked so enthusiastically about her brother Georgie"—she wanted to say all that she could for her husband's people.

"And my brother Robin talks enthusiastically about her, to Aunt Mary's extreme annoyance and apprehension—she doesn't want a budding young curate without a sou hovering round one of her daughters, even the youngest and plainest," laughed Karen.

"Is that so? Well, I hope we shall see your young curate soon," and Mr. Christy smiled affectionately at his widowed sister, for, looking round the shabby little drawing-room, he could guess at the long struggle which had enabled Mrs. Brandys to educate her son at Winchester and Trinity for Holy Orders.

"But now, how about Kew? How can it be done? Tram and bus and that sort of thing will suit us, if it suits you. You're sure your mother's not too tired for the expedition, niece Karen?"

What a delightful afternoon it was! Karen organised it—the river-trip from Chelsea Steamboat Pier which landed them just across the Green at Kew, with its old-fashioned George the Fourth air and recollections; the stroll through the fragrant gardens, where the Canadians were so well informed about all sorts of curious foreign trees, and so absurdly ignorant about the commonest flowers; the tea on the grass; the ride home in the cool of the evening on the top of the Richmond tram, and the convenient train to Earl's Court, which brought the party back to Fernleigh Terrace without in the least overtiring Mrs. Brandys! It was just a success all through, and Uncle Robert applauded his niece as a "born organiser." "If you'd heard the discussion your cousins made about the tickets for Hurlingham," he added, "you would have understood that simple folk like us were fairly terrified! Now this expedition we really have enjoyed, haven't we, Maria?—and I vote we appoint Karen, here, our director and protector during the whole of our London stay."

"Every minute that I get away from my work at the Stapyltons' is at your service," said their niece; "I can direct your sight-seeing, well enough, if I'm always allowed to go with you, but from whom am I to protect you?"

"From the Christys in Prince's Square, I think," answered Uncle Robert gravely.

Tomlyn had spread supper when the party returned from Kew, and after a faint protest, the Canadians were prevailed upon to stay and share it: cold beef, a tomato salad, which Aunt Maria declared was as good as one of her own! a currant tart, and some excellent coffee, which Karen herself made at a side-table. The guests sat late and enjoyed themselves—it is easy to see when Colonials are doing that, for they do not try to hide it. When they left, taking the road to the station, to catch the last train eastward for their Bloomsbury lodgings, it was with many promises of a speedy return.

"You will always find me here," Mrs. Brandys said, and Maria Christy squeezed the hand of her newly-found sister. "When Robert has business in the city, I may come and spend my time with you, may I not, instead of sitting alone in the Bloomsbury rooms?" to which there was the heartiest of assents.

"They didn't ask us to go to them at their lodgings," observed Mrs. Brandys, when the guests had gone. "I fancy they are in some smallish place, perhaps they have to be careful and make their money go as far as it will. You don't think we ran them into unnecessary expense to-day, Karen? Robert paid for everything, didn't he? and bought us that big bunch of flowers besides?"

"Oh no, mother, it really wasn't an extravagant business — half-a-sovereign covered the whole expenditure—tickets, flowers, tea, everything. And if they aren't very well off, they would, of course, be all the more anxious to pay everything, at least on this first occasion. I'm sure such a gentleman as Uncle Robert would have been hurt at any other arrangement."

"To be sure—but if we go out with them again, we must remember to say something about all paying equal shares." Mrs. Brandys had practised severe economy all her life, and felt for those who had to do the same. "Anyway they supped with us, which was something; we must always keep them to a meal when we can, so that the obligation shall not be all on our side!"

CHAPTER V

"I KNOW what you were thinking, you manœuvring old woman you! when Karen said she was in the employment of Sir James Stapylton!"

"What?" asked Mrs. Christy-Wardell innocently.

The husband and wife were rolling back to Bloomsbury in a swift hansom which they had picked up in the Earl's Court Road, as soon as they were out of sight of Fernleigh Terrace.

"What? you dare ask me! when I saw into the depths of your match-making old heart in a moment."

"Well, you know, the same idea came to you at the very same instant," cried Maria joyously. "Directly Karen said that she had got a half-holiday because young Mr. Stapylton had come back from America, and begged it, you thought, 'Here's the husband for our niece, and the wife for our friend Jack,' and I, being merely a devoted wife, reflected your idea! Eh, is that it?"

Mr. Christy-Wardell laughed.

"I confess the thought did strike me; there's no harm in it either, and equally I confess that it did not occur to me in connexion with my nieces at Prince's Square. Tell me candidly, Maria, how my brother's family strikes you: I think I know your estimate of my sister and her girl, you formed it on the basis of their tomato salad, didn't you?"

"I loved them both at first sight, Robert—they are just the relations that I've been waiting for all my life, the sister and the daughter that I've never had! But the Christys—well—h'm—perhaps they are people that one gets to know slowly. I did not take to them to-day—except to your brother and the little girl Elaine; the others appeared cold, and uninterested, and as if——"

"As if they weren't quite sure whether we were the kind that they could afford to know or not," supplemented her husband. "My dear, I always know what you are thinking of people, and because these happen to be my nearest relations doesn't alter the fact that they are worldly and calculating. It was very plain to see that they were embarrassed at our turning up as we did; they aren't sure if we want to borrow money, or, at least, try and get into society by their help. I don't say my brother George was as bad as this, but he was frightened of his fine wife, and glad when we showed independence, and took ourselves off! Mark my words, Maria, we may see something of George during our stay in town, and perhaps that curly-haired little girl may make friends, but we shall never get any nearer real intimacy in that house than we did to-day: it would have been altogether different if we had come home in our double name, astride the Wardell Turbine for all the world to see; it would have made matters much easier for brother George, I can tell you, ma'am!"

"Well, don't let us condemn them too soon, they may require more knowing," suggested his wife. "Robert, what I want to do is to have a little entertainment, a dinner or something of the sort, and invite Karen and her mother, and the curate, if we can get him, and your brother George's family and young Stapylton."

"Stop, stop! This is Mrs. Christy-Wardell speaking, when she has run across to New York and wants to give all the girls and boys she knows 'a good time' at Delmonico's: will you remember that just at present you are Mrs. Robert Christy, a middle-class tripper to Europe, who lives in a cheap lodging in Bloomsbury, and goes about in omnibuses and penny steamers! Besides, you must wait a bit, until your London friends have entertained you, before you begin offering hospitality."

"Why, we've already lunched in Prince's Square, and nearly eaten your sister out of house and home in Fernleigh Terrace, and I promised I'd let Jack Stapylton know when he could come and see us," retorted the impulsive old lady. "Do let me have a party soon—high tea at Arkwright's sister's house, if you life, or a little cheap-looking dinner at that Earl's Court Garden place that Karen spoke of. I expect it wouldn't be as dear as Delmonico's, and we could always talk of it as if we were having a spree, a quite unusual fling!"

"To be sure we could, but I think we must wait a day or two, and feel our way. And as regards introducing Mr. Stapylton to Karen, I do not know how people look at such things in this country. She's the governess, and he's the young man of the house, Sir James's heir; if we choose to make Karen in some degree our heiress, it is another matter, but for the present we must 'gang warily.'"

"I see—but he isn't a bit of a snob, Jack Stapylton, I'm sure of that! By the bye, Mrs. Christy said to-day that they knew him slightly. She was speaking of Karen's employment, and when I let drop that we had come over with the young

man, she seemed quite astonished. I suppose she thought we would have been travelling by some cheap line, or at least second-class! Robert, I nearly let the cat out of the bag by saying we brought young Stapylton up to town in our reserved compartment! Luckily I began to cough, and your sister-in-law thought it was the curry, and apologised, saying they liked things highly seasoned, but perhaps we were accustomed to simpler dishes—'squash pie' and 'baked beans,' I suppose she was thinking of, like the people in the *Wide, Wide World*. There is an astonishing vagueness about America and Canada among these English people; I believe they think it is all one!"

"Karen knows better," said her Uncle Robert.

In due course the Christy-Wardells received an invitation to dine in Prince's Square; the hour was eight-fifteen, from which they argued that the dinner was a ceremonious one, and Mrs. Maria, who was a dressy old lady, was sorely exercised as to her costume for the occasion, considering that it had to suit the circumstances without giving direct contradiction to her supposed position. She and Summers, her maid, finally chose a dark mulberry silk, trimmed with fine Chantilly lace; it had been an afternoon dress for receptions at Ottawa in the previous winter, and "looked the part" of a sedate provincial lady to the life, worn with only one or two old-fashioned ornaments to relieve it, instead of the Christy-Wardell diamonds, which were said to be among the finest ever imported across the Atlantic. Her husband laughed long and loud when he saw the demure little figure that was to accompany him to his brother's house. Mrs. Christy-Wardell at official parties in Ottawa, or on big occasions in New York, was a very imposing person despite her plumpness, her gold-rimmed spectacles and her more than sixty years. Mrs. Robert Christy starting for an awe-inspiring dinner in Bayswater, kept her husband chuckling all the way to Prince's Square, and sent Jack Stapylton into a fit of suppressed laughter as he crossed the room to greet her.

"Oh, Mrs. Christy—ahem—(I know, I know, I'm going to remember to stop at the first name, but your appearance gave me a shock!)—how is your plan working?" he asked in the lowest possible voice, for May Christy in pink tulle was hovering near, trying to attract his attention.

"Splendidly! No one has an idea who we are—if only my husband, and you, too, Mr. Jack, keep it up to-night. You must not pay me too much deference, you know, or they'll suspect something; young sprigs of fashion don't pay particular attention to old ladies in England, I find!"

"What an accusation! I love old ladies, and you suggest Mrs. Chapone or Mrs. Hannah More to-night. What would they say to you at home, if you came back looking like that? you've altered your hair, haven't you? and where are all your jewels?"

"Safe at the Bank; and how cute of you to remark my hair! Summers, my maid, nearly cried when I ordered it like this. But to me it was sheer dressing-up—I've always loved dressing-up! And, come now, my attire is quite as suitable for my age, and perhaps more seemly, than that of some of our fellow-guests, eh?"

She looked round quickly with her bright, birdlike, or perhaps Irish, glance. There were fat dowagers with mountainous uncovered shoulders; thin dowagers with sharp, protruding bones; girls whose airy little bodices clung to their pretty persons by mere apologies for sleeves: the shrewd Colonial lady took them all in with a mere turn of her head, and her eyes, twinkling behind her spectacles, rested laughingly on Jack Stapylton's face.

"It is Mrs. Chapone!" he observed gravely, and then, dinner being announced, he offered his arm to Miss May Christy, and led her down-stairs, while the elder lady was escorted, just in front of them, by a city friend of the host's.

"You met the Robert Christys coming over from America, didn't you?" questioned Miss May on the way down-stairs.

"Yes, we made the voyage together very pleasantly," Stapylton answered; he hesitated to add that he had often met them before both in American and Canadian society, lest Miss May should wonder inconveniently.

"They're the rummest old pair I've ever seen," drawled the young lady; "the governor sprung them on us without any warning the other day. We hope he hasn't any more relations bottled up anywhere."

Jack thought of Karen Brandys, and marvelled that this was her cousin.

CHAPTER VI

THE couple from Canada, despite their humdrum appearance, managed to achieve social success at the Bayswater dinner-party, to the unconcealed surprise of some of their relatives.

Mrs. Robert kept the two gentlemen between whom she sat very much amused by her sprightly wit; her husband was no less popular at his end of the table, and several men gathered round him after the ladies had left, when it became evident that he knew very well what he was talking about in Colonial affairs. Some one asked him presently, if by chance he knew anything of the great Christy-Wardell, the millionaire proprietor of the world-famous Wardell Turbine, and with a smile, he confessed that he did. "In fact, he is a kind of connexion of my wife's —she was a Miss Wardell," he said, and this increased the interest of his new acquaintances, for the fabulous stories that had come to England about the wealth of the Christy-Wardells were in everybody's mouth.

"Odd that there should be a similarity of name? Oh, ours is not a very uncommon name, is it, George?" he added, appealing to his host. "Our parents went to Canada to seek their fortunes, but there are plenty of Christys in the States. Christians they were, to begin with, I suppose, and I hope they've kept that up."

George smiled nervously, and said—

"Ah, yes—yes, to be sure," and tried to turn the subject; he was not very sure what Robert might say if allowed to descant on the origin of the family. Suddenly a very young man observed tentatively—

"There are the minstrels, don't you know," and every one laughed, Robert Christy most of all, and under cover of this the subject dropped.

By and by, when it was time for the party to break up, Alderman and Lady Blockley, who lived in Russell Square, offered to take Mr. and Mrs. Christy to their lodgings, which they believed to be in the same direction; their hostess, who had shivered a good many times during the evening to hear her relatives talk of "lodgings," not even "apartments," and of the four-wheeled cab in which they arrived, and meant to return, fairly gasped with disapproval when the offer was refused.

"We told the same cabman to come back for us," Mrs. Robert explained (so unnecessarily) to Lady Blockley, "so we won't disappoint him, but thank you extremely for your kind offer."

"Such a mistake to refuse!" as Mrs. George Christy observed, over and over again, after the guests were gone. "A great condescension from people like the Blockleys to offer such a thing, and they would have been excellent friends for your brother and his wife to have made; besides, it would have saved an expensive cab fare!"

"Perhaps they didn't want the Blockleys to see exactly where they hung out," suggested Frank, who had patronised his uncle and aunt all the evening; "they seem bent on keeping their quarters dark. Mrs. Robert with her Irish exuberance was for asking us all to high tea, or some such weird form of entertainment, but the old fellow luckily pulled her up. They needn't be afraid of me accepting, anyway!" and he strolled off to the smoking-room.

"I think it was awfully nice of them not going off and leaving their cabman in the lurch, and I hope they'll ask me to something at their lodgings. I should love to go!" said Elaine. "I think they are the nicest people I've seen for ever so long!" but no one cared what Elaine thought, except perhaps her father, who kissed her affectionately as she passed him on her way up-stairs.

"I met your uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Christy, out at dinner last night, Miss Brandys; what very pleasant people they are!" said Jack Stapylton, who had dropped in to lunch with his step-mother at the children's early dinner.

Karen looked up, smiling.

"How nice to hear about them like that, an independent opinion," she said. "I had never seen them till they arrived in England a few weeks ago, but making their acquaintance has been a kind of era in my life, and it certainly has been a renewed delight in my dear mother's. Uncle Robert is her brother, though they have not met for years."

"Your aunt's little touch of Irish makes her quite irresistible! She was the life of rather a dull dinner-party last night in Prince's Square—oh, I beg your pardon! that must have been at the house of another of your uncles, Mr. George Christy?"

"Yes, but it might have been dull for all that," answered Karen, laughing a little, at which Jack Stapylton as well as his incorrigible little step-mother laughed too, for Lady Stapylton had always persistently avoided the advances of the would-be friendly Bayswater family on the ground that they were "deadly dull!"

"You know that I came over with them from the States on the *Titanic?*" Jack went on, heedless of the injunctions the Christy-Wardells had given him. "I promised myself a great deal of fun taking Mrs. Christy sight-seeing in town. Are you going to be of the Kensington Palace party next Saturday, Miss Brandys?"

"I am going somewhere with my uncle and aunt that day, but I didn't know where!" Karen answered, staring a little; she looked upon Mr. Stapylton as a fashionable young man, and was surprised to find him so interested in her relations; delightful as she thought them herself, she did not expect the Stapyltons and their circle to receive the governess's connexions with so much enthusiasm.

"You will find that it is the pictures at Kensington Palace first, and then tea under the Japanese umbrellas in the gardens, and I am to be one of the party," said Jack Stapylton; and his step-mother chimed in—

"I should like to go too! I've been meaning to go fifty times since the Palace was made public—do you think your friends would let me join them, Jack?"

"If you called on Mrs. Christy first it might be managed," Jack replied coolly.

After Karen had taken her young charges back to the school-room, Lady Stapylton still sat sipping her coffee thoughtfully, while her step-son finished his cigarette.

"Who are these Christys that you have suddenly grown so thick with?" she demanded presently.

"They are an exceedingly pleasant couple who came over with me on the *Titanic* from New York, but they are Canadian, not American really, and Mr. Christy is, as you heard, a brother of Miss Brandys' mother; also of Mr. George Christy in Prince's Square, where I dined last night and where you will never go!"

"I wouldn't mind so much going if it were only old Mr. Christy; he is a nice, courteous, rather downtrodden old fellow—it is the wife, and the girls, and, above all, the son that I object to!" said Lady Stapylton. "Your Canadian friends aren't at all like that?"

"No, they are just well-bred, very agreeable gentlefolks, of the same nature and breeding as your pretty Miss Brandys here, while Mrs. Christy-Wardell is just a wee bit Irish, and of course——"

"Oh, Jack! they aren't the celebrated Christy-Wardells, the Turbine or Tontine people that Sir James is always talking about? Why, they are millionaires, aren't they? and could buy up the whole Western Hemisphere if they chose, couldn't they?"

"Great Scott! what a duffer I was to let out their name! Now look here, my lady" (Jack's usual name for his step-mother when he wanted to please her), "you must promise me on your honour that you won't let out their secret! I am awfully fond of Mrs. Christy-Wardell, and wouldn't have betrayed her for anything: how I came to be so careless I can't imagine!"

"But why is it a secret? And why does calling them by their own proper name betray anything?"

"Because they are here *incog.*, and want to remain so, for a time at least. They are fabulously rich, you know, and knew none of their relations; they have no children, and are, I suppose, looking for an heir. Anyway, Mrs. Christy, who is something of an original, conceived the plan of dropping their distinguishing Wardell, which every one in the world connects with the gold-producing Turbine, and of coming among her relatives as plain Mrs. Christy, a pleasant elderly matron from the Colonies. How it is all going to work out, I'm sure I don't know. With a real lady like your Miss Brandys it is all right, of course, but with a family of modern London production like the Prince's Square Christys, I am not so sure that it will answer happily!"

"How did they behave to them last night?"

"Oh, tolerably—they were fairly polite, and old George was glad to have his brother; he well might be, for Mr. Robert Christy is a man to know, apart from the Turbine, and he made a hit last night even among the pompous old asses who were his fellow-guests. Mrs. Christy is, as I said, inimitable; she was dressed to her part, the middle-class country lady—she, whose silks and jewels are chronicled in American papers whenever she dines out in

the States! She was very demure, and very funny, especially when she let her nieces patronise her," and Jack laughed afresh at his recollection of the previous evening.

"How I wish I had been there! I might have been, if I had not kept Mrs. George Christy at arm's length all last season when she was so keen to make my acquaintance; but now, since Karen Brandys came to teach the children, she says that it is 'perhaps as well we do not visit each other, as it might be a little difficult!' I'm sure I don't know where the difficulty would come in, do you, Jack? For my part, I am very fond of my governess, and if anything could make me tolerate the vulgar aunt it would be my liking for her niece! But the other aunt, the Canadian lady, who is funny and pleasant, and not vulgar, can't I go and call on her?"

"Of course you *could*," Jack answered reflectively, "but I feel rather uncomfortable about it! I've let out their secret, and I feel I ought to tell them so, in case mischief comes of it. I'm not sure that it was a very wise plan, but——"

"Oh, wise, wise!" interrupted his step-mother; "who wants to be wise always? It is just the sort of trick that I should have loved to play the George Christys myself! Look here, Jack, you've got to take me to call on Mrs. Christy-Wardell, and we'll tell her all about it! How you let out, or I guessed the truth! I'll throw myself on the mercy of her good nature, and ask her to let me have a finger in the plot too! You needn't look so solemn about it; I want to know the Christy-Wardells because they are nice, clever, unusual people—the very opposite of the George Christys — not because they are millionaires, and Turbines! Where are they staying? The brougham will be round in twenty minutes, you might take me to them at once!"

"They are at the Russell Hotel really, though they are supposed to be in Bloomsbury lodgings by their relations, and, of course, the George Christys have not ventured into such a neighbourhood to call on them. They think they have done all

AS HIS STEP-MOTHER CAME RUSTLING DOWN-STAIRS

that is expected of them, by inviting their Colonial relations to Prince's Square! But Mrs. Christy-Wardell told me that she had had the utmost difficulty in persuading Miss Brandys not to call! She thought there were things she might do to help her aunt, and besides, she and her mother are old-fashioned ladies, and even for a near relative would not forego the formal visit. There had been a regular dispute, in a friendly way, over the matter, and Mrs. Christy-Wardell said she came very near hinting that they had only a bedroom, no sitting-room in which to receive guests! On which Miss Karen and her mother gently desisted from their polite intentions!"

"How lovely! I can fancy Karen with those serious brown eyes of hers, very round and sympathetic, feeling dreadfully as if she had pushed some one else's private matters too far, and withdrawing with the utmost tact! Won't she stare when I casually mention that I have met her aunt and uncle? One of the reasons why I want to know them is to be able to say something nice about her; she is a real lady to the tips of her fingers, though if the Christy-Wardells are the shrewd people you describe them to be, they'll know real from imitation as well as I. I'll run and put on my things, and be with you by the time the carriage is round."

Lady Stapylton generally got her way with Jack, who had a very real affection for her lively little ladyship; after all, he considered, the matter had come out by an accident, and no mischief had been done. Lady Stapylton, too, would be a valuable ally for the Christy-Wardells, either now, or when they declared themselves in Society; finally, as his step-mother came rustling down-stairs in a cloud of grey satin and *crêpe de chine*, he assured himself gravely that a spontaneous tribute to Miss Brandys' merits might not come amiss from her employer, though there could be little doubt that his Canadian friends recognised her worth without any outside assistance.

Lady Stapylton's mind had perhaps been running in the same direction, for she was hardly settled in the brougham before she observed eagerly—

"Do you think they have any idea of making Karen Brandys their heiress?"

"I don't know in the least! I've no means of judging, and have not thought about it," Jack replied. "I've not seen them together, you know, but Miss Brandys seems genuinely delighted with them, though she hasn't an idea that they are anything more than ordinary Colonials who have saved up their modest earnings to come and see something of England. Oh, it was very funny; Mrs. Christy-Wardell began talking last night of some place in the country, Lord Somebody's country house, which evidently she and her husband think of renting. The Christys caught her up very quickly, they are so desperately well informed on all matters aristocratic! They knew the acreage, and the rent of this place, and who had it when it was let before, and under cover of their superior knowledge their aunt was able to slip out of her mistake—indeed she left a general impression that perhaps she and Mr. Christy were going to apply for the charge of one of the lodges! This made the hostess hurriedly change the conversation! But I shall be very much surprised if we don't presently hear that Thormanby Park has been taken by a Colonial magnate for the shooting; the George Christys are so secure in their monopoly of fashionable intelligence that they will be the very last people to guess the truth!"

"Delightful! Now, Jack, here we are, and you've got to make a clean breast of it to your friends, and introduce me as a fellow-conspirator. Particularly I want to be included in the Kensington Palace party on Saturday; you must manage that somehow! If the George Christys are of it, how astonished they will be to find me, and if they aren't—why, they'll be furious!"

And her ladyship stepped lightly up the steps of the Russell Hotel.

CHAPTER VII

NEVER was such a successful entertainment as the Robert Christys' tea-party in Kensington Gardens!

Everybody who was wanted for good company's sake came to it, while every one who was not stopped away. Add to this a lovely summer afternoon in the height of the strawberry season, and you have the makings of an enjoyable tea-drinking which it would be difficult to spoil.

From Prince's Square came George Christy with his youngest daughter and

Georgie, his Eton boy, bearing the excuses of his wife and elder girls, which, truth to tell, he had manufactured by the way, the ladies having merely curtly intimated at luncheon that they had something better to do than to waste their afternoon at Kensington Palace, and drink tea like a pack of country cousins.

Karen Brandys and her brother Robin the curate had opened their eyes a little when they found that Lady Stapylton and her step-son were also of the party, but the effect upon Mr. George Christy was even more striking. What an opportunity his wife and daughters had missed by refusing their relatives' friendly little overture! Lady Stapylton, it transpired, had called upon the Colonials, and was not above accepting their hospitality. She actually called Karen "my dear," and seemed to encourage her step-son to pay the young governess attention! Old George would have liked to consult Elaine about it, and actually entertained the idea of packing Georgie back to Prince's Square to suggest that "mamma" should join them at tea when the Palace exploration was over; but his son and daughter had attached themselves to Robin, the young clergyman, who for different reasons was something of a hero to both of them, and sorely perturbed the father had to abandon all hope of mending the situation for that day at least.

"But Mary shall go and call on Lady Stapylton on Monday without fail," Mr. Christy decided, as he accompanied his sister-in-law dutifully round the Kensington galleries. "No more shilly-shallying about it. We know the young man pretty well—dines at the house, and all that—and it's absurd not to be on visiting terms with the rest of the family. Besides, if Lady Stapylton goes out of her way to be polite to the Robert Christys she'll surely be glad enough to know us! It was only Mary's nonsense about Karen being their governess that has made it a little awkward; I wish Elaine would walk with young Stapylton instead of hanging on every word that Robin Brandys utters, as if he were already Archbishop of Canterbury—her mother would be annoyed if she could see them."

But no one else wished for Mr. George Christy's *assistance*, as the French call it.

At tea, under the Japanese umbrellas, there was a good deal of talk out of *Esmond*, naturally associated with the Palace, and its story.

"Your Bloomsbury neighbourhood is full of Thackeray recollections," remarked Jack Stapylton. "George Warrington used to meet Theo driving along the Tottenham Court Road—in our less romantic days modern young couples go to Oetzmann and Maple's to choose their furniture—and, of course, all Russell Square and its neighbourhood is dedicated to the Osbornes and Becky Sharp and the Newcomes."

Mrs. Christy-Wardell gave a little admonitory cough which recalled Mr. Stapylton's caution.

"Can't you locate Magdeburg Place among your Thackeray reminiscences? I should think that Arkwright's funny old lodgings might quite well have played their part as a *rendezvous* for political plotters in the eighteenth century," she suggested.

Both Lady Stapylton and her step-son gave her a quick look of amusement, remembering the spacious suite of first-floor rooms at the Russell in which they had so recently found her, but Mr. George Christy interposed.

"Why do you stay in such a frowsy old-fashioned quarter, Maria? You should make Robert bring you more into our part of the world. My wife was saying only this morning that you couldn't expect people to call on you at that distance."

"But Lady Stapylton and her son were kind enough to come all the same," answered Robert Christy, coming to his wife's rescue at an awkward moment. "No, no, George! you must just let us live how and where we please. Maria has a fancy for old-fashioned places, and wouldn't be half as happy in a Bayswater boarding-house, though we like coming up to your West End well enough when we're out for the day."

Robin Brandys was telling Elaine and Georgie how he took a party of his East End chorister boys on Saturday afternoon walks, and how they get to know all the suburbs and pretty parts round London by this means.

"You remember the Protestant Hero, and the 'can of cool beer' which George Warrington was invited to drink? We looked for it all along the north-western road with great eagerness one dusty, thirsty day in April, but it has disappeared, or we were on the wrong tack. I had to beguile my fellows on, all the way to Highgate, and there we got tea at the little inn where Queen Victoria once stopped to have her

carriage mended. My men and boys do so enjoy a country jaunt! Such capital fellows they are, many of them, and don't know what discouragement means; and yet God knows how little they have to encourage them except their own fine stalwart characters."

"They've got you to keep them going," said Elaine impulsively, and then blushed hotly at her temerity, while Georgie the Eton boy, with quite unprofessional enthusiasm, added warmly—

"I say, you must let me go with you on one of those walks in the Vac. I'd like awfully to see how you work it."

Elaine's and Georgie's father on the other side of the tea-table was dimly conscious that their mother would not altogether have approved the intimacy that seemed so quickly to have grown up between his son and daughter and their curate cousin.

Meanwhile, the pleasant little feast prolonged itself late into the twilight, when Lady Stapylton jumped up astonished to find that it was long past seven o'clock.

"And we are dining somewhere miles away at eight o'clock—not that I shall ever want a dinner again! I must fly," and with hurried but hearty adieux her little ladyship hastened to her carriage.

Her departure broke up the party. Mr. Robert Christy, after putting her into the victoria, turned towards the tea-house to settle his bill before returning to the table. His brother George followed him anxiously.

"You mustn't let them run you in for a terribly heavy score here, Bob," he said clumsily but kindly, and using from long-disused habit the old boyish name. "You've been ordering away recklessly, and you don't know how they tot up expenses at these season places. Here, let me settle part of it anyhow; that boy and girl of mine eat like dragons, and I didn't make a bad tea myself. Very pleasant it all was —I wish Mary could have been here too, she's missed a most agreeable afternoon. Now let's go halves in the bill, won't you?"

"Not a bit of it! It was our little party, and exceedingly reasonable at the price," answered the Colonial brother, crumpling the account into his pocket after just glancing at the total.

"He actually gave the waitress a five-pound note, and dropped the change back into his waistcoat without so much as sorting it," detailed George Christy to his wife afterwards. "He had quite the air of a millionaire about him as he did it."

"Oh, it couldn't have been so very much, after all. There were only nine of you, and probably your sister-in-law had come early and made an arrangement with the tea-people as to what they were to provide at so much a head! Besides, when these sort of people are out for a junketing, as they call it, they rather like to spend money with an air; they've been saving for it so long! But what puzzles me is how Lady Stapylton came to be there. Could it have been Karen Brandys' doing? If so, I call it remarkably bad taste!"

"Lady Stapylton had been to call on Robert's wife at their lodgings," said the merchant guiltily.

"*What?* To call in Magdeburg Place? What can have possessed her? George, you don't think there could possibly be anything between that silly young Stapylton and his step-sisters' governess? Is it possible that Lady Stapylton went to see your sister-in-law with a view to warning her that Jack Stapylton meant nothing serious? But no, she'd have spoken to the girl, or she'd have come to me. I can't make it out at all!"

"It didn't look like anything of that sort," said her husband. "Karen and the young man seemed on very good terms, but I didn't see——"

"Oh, you never would! I shall go and call on Lady Stapylton on Monday, and discover what in the world is going on."

"Indeed you'd better not," said Mr. Christy miserably; "I did put in a word about your calling in Montagu Square, but Lady Stapylton said decidedly that she had such a very large circle of acquaintances already."

"But she has called on your brother's wife in a dirty little lodging—what did she do that for, I'd like to know?"

"I suppose because she wanted to know her, and doesn't want to know us," answered Mr. Christy, driven to plain speaking.

"I expect you made a mess of it somehow—I have a great mind to go, all the same. I could always ask to see Karen. I hope——"

But Mr. Christy could stand no more fault-finding, and had fled into his dressing-room. He was miserably conscious of having enjoyed his afternoon!

(*To be continued.*)

The Ascent of Kaigane San

A STORY OF MOUNTAINEERING IN JAPAN

BY WALTER WESTON, M.A., F.R.G.S., ENGLISH ALPINE CLUB

THE completion of the railway from Tokyo *viâ* Hachioji to Kofu, the capital of the province of Koshu, in the spring of this year, will open up one of the most interesting and beautiful regions in the whole of Japan. A reference to the indispensable "Murray" readily shows that, whether for the industrial and agricultural progress of its people, or for the varied and striking attractions of its scenery, this province, coterminous with Yamanashi Ken, exhibits a combination of characteristics hardly found in any other, excepting perhaps that of Shinshu, in the whole of the country. Silk, grapes, paper, are amongst the chief products of this region, and busy and flourishing as it already is, the progress and prosperity of its trade are bound to increase still more when the mountain-girt plain of Kofu and the radiating valleys around it are brought into closer communication with Tokyo and the sea. This will no doubt be still more the case when the proposed branch line between Hachioji and Yokohama becomes an accomplished fact.

It is, however, with the second and less material attractiveness of Koshu that the present paper proposes to deal. In half-a-day or so from Tokyo and Yokohama, the railway will land the traveller in search of the picturesque at the centre of things, and from Kofu he can in another day descend the rapids of the Fujikawa by boat and get back to Yokohama the same night. The romantic route to Mitake to the north, or that to the stately groves and temples of Minobu to the south, each has its own claim on time and attention; whilst, far beyond the bounds of comparative civilisation, and rising dark and massive westwards to a height of 10,000 feet and over, the great mountains of the Shirane San[1] range, and the bold granite cliffs culminating in the Komagatake of Koshu, offer experiences, to an energetic mountaineer, of unusual and romantic character. In size and grandeur these lofty peaks are second only to the granite giants of the Hida range, the "Alps of Japan."

It was with the hope of penetrating the innermost fastnesses of the secluded valleys, and climbing the highest summit of the Shirane San range, that the present writer took advantage of the improved weather at the end of August last year, and set out on the attainment of a hope long deferred. Leaving Yokohama at 10.50 A.M. on August 18th, and changing at Shinagawa and Shinjiku, the Hachioji line was joined at the last-named station. Innovations and improvements of various kinds readily strike one after an absence of seven years, and of these the automatic telephones at stations here and there remind one that enterprise in Japan is by no means standing still. Perhaps a contradiction to this view, however, may be seen in the absolute refusal of some of the railway porters to take a tip! The fact, however explained, deserves to be recorded. At Hachioji, through a time table's treachery, I had a wait of two hours, which I spent in an interesting chat with a polite post-office shop-keeper, whilst his small child howled incessantly at the unusual sight of a foreign customer. Probably the writer who stated that in Japan "babies never cry," that flowers never smell, and birds have no song was a deaf person without a nose or ears. At any rate he—or she—was more epigrammatic than exact.

From Hachioji the line traverses a tract of country of increasing interest and beauty. A few miles out, the valley of the Banyugawa is reached, and in the green hills through which it winds its way the engineers have found some of their hardest work cut out. Indeed the passage of the numerous

[1] Not to be confounded with the two much lower, but more familiar, peaks at Ikao and Nikko, respectively, the latter of which has been showing recent signs of fresh activity.

tunnels near and under the Kobotoke-toge was like sliding through a gigantic flute. My first night's halt was made at Saruhashi, to reach which from Torizawa, the present terminus of the line from Hachioji to Kofu, involved a break-neck drive of two and a half miles in a *basha*, the most complimentary description of which is neatly furnished by "Murray" as a "carriage of the usual springless kind." The recent rains of many weeks had rendered the condition of the road worse than ever, and only the most reckless disregard of boulders washed bare of soil, and ruts worn half-a-wheel deep, enabled our sporting driver to accomplish his task. At Saruhashi the old picturesque "monkey bridge" has been replaced by one of more modern construction crossing a picturesque ravine at the bottom of whose dark depths flow the green waters of the Katsuragawa. After a night disturbed as usual by the activity of the ubiquitous *Pulex irritans*, I left at four on the following morning in a steady drizzle and another *basha*, foolishly imagining that this for myself and my baggage would be the quickest as well as cheapest means of progress. As a matter of fact it took three and a half hours to traverse the nine and a quarter miles to the foot of the Sasago-toge, and it was a relief whenever excuse offered to get down and walk.

For some miles the road, or what the rains had left of it, struggles up the valley of the Katsuragawa, as the Banyugawa is known in this neighbourhood, through a beautiful valley, passing on its left bank a picturesque wooded hill once crowned by the castle of Oyamada Bitchiu no Kami, whose master was the mighty warrior Takeda Shingen, lord of Koshu in the second half of the sixteenth century. Here and there, further on, a backward glance reveals a striking view of Fuji, whose summit is seen over the encircling hills to the south-west. The great mountain itself can be reached from Odzuki, four miles beyond Saruhashi, by following up the valley of the Katsuragawa for fifteen miles towards its source. Here we take leave of that beautiful river, and join company with its tributary the Hanesakigawa. Frequent traces of the railway line are in evidence on one hand or the other, and by the time the line is open for traffic it will afford one of the most beautiful routes of travel within reasonable reach of the capital. Great was our relief when the *basha* pulled up at Kuronota at 10.15, and we took a glad farewell of the crazy turn-out. The whole concern, like most of its class, was of the most makeshift kind—the horse a bag of bones, almost held together by its hide, the harness a mere web of odds and ends of ropes, straps, and strings—in fact, it may fairly be said that nothing was stable about it at all, except the smell.

After half-an-hour's halt for food and obtaining a coolie to carry my baggage over the Sasago-toge I left at 10.45, together with a Japanese Inland Revenue officer with whom I had made friends in the *basha*, and who proved an interesting and agreeable companion. He however damped my hopes considerably by stating that though he lived near Kofu he knew of no one who had ever ascended Kaigane San, and that he was quite sure the summit was unattainable. Indeed, it is surprising how little seems to be known about this great mountain, either by Japanese or foreigners. In the papers dealing with travel and exploration by Naumann, Rein, etc., no information, beyond mere passing reference to distant views, is given. The only source at all serviceable that I could find is the statement in "Murray" that it is "said to be" accessible from a secluded valley two days' journey from Kofu, but no precise notice indicating an actual ascent by foreigners is recorded.

From Kuronota (2200 feet) to the top of the Sasago Pass (3500 feet) proved a stiff walk of one and a quarter hours, nearly all prospect of the romantic surroundings being, unhappily, shut out by persistent mist and drizzling rain. Just outside the village we passed the mouth of the great tunnel opened last July, the longest of the kind in Japan. It is a fine piece of engineering, and its more than three miles of hard work reflects great credit on the native staff responsible for its execution. A cool breeze greeted us as we rose into the narrow cleft that marks the top of the pass, and soon the clouds began to disperse, the sun came out genially, and in the distance the dark mountain masses that wall in the fertile plain of Kofu rose imposingly. Half-an-hour brought us to the village of Komakai, but we had to wait longer than that before we could get a *basha* to take us to Katsunuma, the terminus of the Kofu tramway line. Of the speed of this new conveyance, however, we had no cause to complain: it was a good road, downhill, the driver in good spirits, the horse, oddly enough, in as good condition

as the road, and a wild rush of thirty minutes covered the intervening four miles. At Katsunuma we came into the grape-growing district, for which industry the province of Koshu has gained a considerable reputation, and wine is said to be now made in increasing quantity. A quaint and agreeable sweetmeat is made at Kofu called *tsuki no shizuku* ("moon drops"), consisting of ripe grapes covered with an icing of sugar. A dainty box of these was made for me on the spot, the inside packing being a sort of coarse meal, without which the summer heat readily melts the sugar into an oozy shapeless mass. The early crop of grapes, in August, is of an acid sort, quite cheap, while the best and sweetest come on in late September.

The ten miles of tramway took us in an hour and forty minutes across the eastern half of the great amphitheatre of the Kofu plain to the town itself, which is watered by the stream whose broad white beds of smooth granite boulders spread a vast network in every direction. The volume of water, in the summer-time, is inconsiderable, and the wide channels are curiously disproportionate to the narrowness of the currents they inclose, and only after heavy rains, or the melting of winter's snows, is there any depth of water to be found. Still, as "all roads lead to Rome," so the drainage of this region ultimately concentrates in the great Fujikawa, by which at present most of the traffic between this plain and the cities of the coast is carried down. An interesting question for the near future will be the effect on this carrying trade by the opening of the new railway lines, by which much of it is bound to be diverted. The boat-fares, at any rate from Kajikawa, are likely to be reduced, though the present regulation charge of five *yen* is not excessive, considering the time and labour involved in the return journey. Just before reaching Kofu at 4.15 P.M. some excitement was caused amongst our tightly-packed mass of passengers by the disappearance of two mild-looking individuals in plain clothes who proved to be detectives on the track of a fugitive gambler, and inquiry revealed that an hour before we got to Katsunuma that person had murdered a constable in the act of arresting him.

At Kofu I left the tram, which, by the way, runs on beyond for eleven miles to Kajikazawa, and put up for the night at the Yonekura inn in Yanagimachi. A lovely prospect of far-off Fuji to the south-east, and of Shirane San and Komagatake to the west, greeted me from my bedroom balcony. In view of a week in the wilds, I sought out the "European style" restaurant which once I visited as the "Choyotei," but which is now known as "Kairotei," and was pleased to find that the change of name had not altered the character of its cooking, and I was able to fortify myself, as once I did eight years ago, with the best of "Chikkin Katsuretsu" and jam omelettes delicious to a degree. The landlord of my inn was agreeable and polite, a marked contrast to a number of his guests in the persons of a quartette of Chinese silk merchants, whose insolent boorishness evidently rendered them unusually unwelcome visitors. My host added to his civility the important advantage of useful information on the object of my journey, for I learned from him not only the route to my base of operations, but also the name of the headman of that village, from whom, said he, "you can surely get the help you will need for your expedition."

By way of gaining time next morning I left in *jinrikisha* with two men for the first stage of my journey towards Kaigane San, and crossed the western half of the plain to the village of Arino, nine miles away. Apart from the carriage of baggage the ride had no advantage in point of speed, as it took three hours, though the road was on the whole good and nearly level all the way. The men, however, were poor goers, and natural disinclination was accentuated by a warm morning and little shade. A lovely view of Fuji, looking at us over the southern mountain barrier of the sunlit plain, arrested attention as we crossed the broad bed of the Arakawa by a wooden bridge on the outskirts of the town. Further on, the still longer structure spanning the Kamanashigawa showed signs of damage from the recent rains, and it quaked considerably as we rattled slowly across. Arino was at length reached at 11.30, and the coolies, duly paid off, settled down to a two hours' snore. The existence of such a charming inn as the Taigakuro at Arino was a complete surprise, and for a resting-place after roughing it in the adjoining mountains, its cool quiet with excellent food and civil attention would render it almost perfection. It lies almost under the shadow of the outposts of Shirane San and Komagatake, westwards, whilst eastwards rise the shoulders of

Fuji beyond the intervening hills. Meat, chicken, eggs, and fish are to be had, and as a special treat I was offered a curious compound called "coffee," consisting of a sort of dried coffee dregs enclosed in a casing of sugar. Good roads lead north and south, the former joining the Koshu-kaido near Nirasaki, and the latter, in ten miles, reaching Kajikazawa, for the Fujikawa voyage. A willing coolie soon appeared, and at 2.15 we set off for Ashiyasu-mura, four miles away, the hamlet from which I had at length decided to attempt my climb.

Half-an-hour's trudge westwards across the sun-scorched margin of the plain brought us to a curious natural gateway in the hills, where the wide mountain stream has burst the intervening barrier to join the Kamanashigawa on its way to the Pacific. Though marked Midai-gawa on the maps, it is known locally as the Chokushigawa, and there are even other variations from that. The hillsides here are starred with lilies; white or orange, and pinks abound. Close to the little village of Komaba, just inside the great mountain gateway on the river's right bank, stands a small isolated fever-hospital, showing that progressive ideas are marching even further afield in Japan than one had suspected. Happily at present this is closed for want of patients. Lofty tree-clad hills rose dark on either hand above the broad pebbly river-bed and closed the prospect before us as we advanced, until at length the valley narrowed, and a turn to the right brought us in view of the three or four scattered hamlets of Ashiyasu-mura, collectively known until some years ago as Ashikura. These are perched high above the left bank of the torrent, some of the dark cottages clinging only with difficulty to rocky ledges, half hidden in forest shade.

Wending our way to the little group of cottages known as Kozori, where the Soncho or headman of Ashiyasu-mura lives, we were soon directed to his house, the biggest, best, and cleanest in the valley, near which stands his newly-built *yakuba*, or office for the transaction of local business. Mr. Natori Unyichi, the Soncho, himself was out, but I was courteously received by his son, who with many apologies for the "filthy accommodation" of the house, and their entire ignorance of foreign ways, since, he explained, "we have never entertained a foreigner before," begged me to come in, and assured me that if I would overlook their deficiencies they would do their best to entertain and help me. All this was done with a dignified courtesy that was in itself worth coming far to find. By and by his father arrived, and on hearing of my quest, promised to find me some hunters to act as porters, and as far as possible to guide me on the climb. No foreigner, he said, had ever made the ascent of Kaigane, though two parties had reached the second and lower peak of Shirane San, called Ai-no-take, from Narada, the next village in the valley of the Hayakawa, some twelve miles lower down. As the way, he added, to the foot of Kaigane was unusually long and rough, and the upper part of the peak could only be climbed if we could find our own way, the men would have to go slowly, for all of which he hoped I would be indulgent, a suggestion to which I readily consented. Later on my hostess came to attend to my wants, and produced some eggs, a muscular chicken, rice, etc., and then I felt I was in "clover" indeed. Finally one by one the three hunters appeared to pay their respects, and as I lay down that night it was with intense satisfaction that at any rate I had at last before me a fair chance of a trial of strength with the finest peak between Fuji and the "Japanese Alps."

In spite of those perfumes with which a night in the best rooms of an ordinary Japanese dwelling are usually associated, together with a heavy downpour of rain, I managed to sleep better than usual under such circumstances. My Jaeger sleeping-bag, assisted by copious libations of "Keating," effectually baffled my greatest *bête noire*, nor did the entry of a hungry dog, whose footmarks were pointed out by my astonished hostess when she woke me up at daylight, disturb me. Probably the animal was unaccustomed to foreign food, for none of my stores were touched.

By 6.30 A.M. I had repacked my baggage and distributed it between my trio of hunters, who carried it on the wooden frames known as *yaseuma* (lit. "scraggy horses"), identical in form with those so familiar in the Alps. A pleasant little company they were, good-tempered, cheerful, and willing always. I made their acquaintance with interest, and parted from them with real regret. The youngest, Masao, was a keen fisherman, only nineteen, but astonishingly strong for his years. Shimidzu, the next, a bright active fellow of forty-four, with the agility of a cat and with muscles of steel; and lastly the Oji-san,

a cheery old fellow of sixty-one, whose quaint dialect and dry humour turned out a continual source of amusement. All worked their hardest and more than deserved the *yen* a day each which the Soncho had himself suggested as their pay.

The thunderstorm overnight had cleared the air and a brilliant morning greeted us as we walked up the valley, westwards, on the left bank of the river, through the dirty straggling cottages that dot its steeply shelving slopes. From a cloudless sky above the sun's rays made us feel forcibly the disadvantages of starting a climb with one's back towards the east, and the absence of shade soon begot a fervent wish that the earth for the present would take to turning in the other direction. Mists rising from the valley were soon dispelled, and every feature in the landscape stood out in the clearest outline imaginable. Our track soon left the main path, which leads over the river-bed to the Narada-toge (5120 feet), a picturesque pass through a romantic gorge in the upper valley of the Hayakawa, to Narada. From all accounts the expedition must be unusually interesting, and more practicable now than when years ago it was first made known in the encyclopædic pages of "Murray." The track is said to have been improved, and the resources, in food and accommodation, are now considerably less scanty than in the days when such "luxuries" as rice, etc., were almost unknown. At seven o'clock we had to halt for Shimidzu, who had gone to forage for an extra supply of eggs, and while admiring a fine torrent across the valley leaping in a few bounds down a depth of nearly 1000 feet, I became the centre of a gaping crowd of filthy, curious-eyed, half-clad or naked children who had never seen a foreigner before, truly by them well called *gwaikokujin*, "an outside countries man." With all their squalor and ignorance—though education is improving even in these remote parts—these rustics are well-mannered and honest, and I can quite believe the practice, which a well-known Japanese scholar tells me of, is, or was, frequently in vogue in some of the country districts. *Waraji* (straw sandals), he said, are frequently made by individuals who, instead of exposing them in an open shop window, simply hang them up outside their "front-door," with a little section of bamboo to receive the farthing or so that any chance wayfarer may care to pay, as he takes a pair and passes on.

At Kutsuzawa, at 7.30, my men asked me to wait while they went to pray for protection and guidance on our expedition at a little wayside shrine they called "Myo-cho-ji." The guardian of this, a pale, delicate-looking person, who lived close by, proved very civil, and brought me out cakes and tea, and chatted pleasantly about my climb. But it was with the greatest difficulty I could induce him to receive the smallest trifle as *chadai* (tea money), for his surprise at the offer was as great as it was sincere. Crossing the little headland on which Kutsuzawa is perched, we dropped down into the torrent bed of the Kanayamazawa, known also, locally, as the Midzukuchi-gawa, and then rounded the foot of the opposite spur into a deep valley that thrusts itself right up into the heart of a great mass of densely-wooded hills forming the supporting buttresses of the eastern wall of Yakushi-dake, a peak some 8000 feet high to the south of Ho-ozan and Jizo-dake, of which great ridge it forms a part. This valley is called Sone-daira, or, in the local dialect, Shone-daira, and our track, after traversing the thinly-cultivated floor at its lower end, gradually rose on its left slopes until it entered the forest that clothes them to their highest ridges. Clouds had now begun to gather and shut out a prospect that must at other times be very fine, over the plain of Kofu with its network of broad river-beds, whose now attenuated streams converge into the Fujikawa far to the south, and beyond and above all towards the splendid purple cone of Fuji streaked here and there with long gullies filled with snow.

At 10.30 we halted for half-an-hour at a height of 5700 feet (3300 feet above Ashiyasu) at a tiny spring called by my men Shimidzu Yokote, where we had "second breakfast," and gathered large quantities of wild raspberries of enormous size, as well as of a small red berry called *gumi*. Beyond this the track became extremely rough, being little more than a precipitous timber slide, and we had a stiff pull till the crest of the ridge was gained at 6500 feet, and a fine view greeted us of the lower slopes of Shirane San, densely wooded, rising beyond the deep valley of the Norokawa far below. Unfortunately clouds hid the actual summits of Nodori and Ai-no-taki, the central and southern peaks of the range, and Kaigane, for which we are making, the northerly and loftiest of the three, is from this point invisible. Once on the ridge the angle eased

off, and the narrow track climbed through bamboo grass and firs, along the crest for an hour, until at a height of 7200 feet the top of the Tsuyetake-, or Tsuyutate-toge, was gained, where three tiny wooden shrines stand on a bank in a little clearing in the forest.

Here we halted for an hour, as the men, especially the Oji-san, were a good deal tired with the rough five hours' scramble in the heat. The view of Kaigane from here, they said, is very fine, but clouds entirely hid it from our view. Leaving the pass at 1.15 P.M. we descended the north-western angle of the junction of our ridge with a buttress that supports its western side, and in half-an-hour found ourselves at a rough wood-cutters' shed called Kiri-yake. Half-way down to it a rough track diverges northwards and rejoins the main ridge, ultimately reaching the summit of Ho-o-zan after a scramble of nearly three *ri*—a matter of some four or five hours. The descent from here to the bed of the Norokawa was unusually steep, and took three hours, a fair share of which, however, was spent in rests largely for the sake of our cheerful patriarch. Sometimes it was down a slope of such an angle that one wondered how the trees could maintain their footing in security, for that was much more than hob-nailed boots could do with comfort, on slippery rocks and still more slippery roots. Occasionally we had to take to the rocky bed of a dried-up mountain torrent, which was still worse. Further on the slope was scarred by a huge landslip, where, as one of the negro conductors on the C.P.R. once said to a friend of mine, "a good deal of the scenery had come down," and where one had a singular disposition to do so oneself more often than was agreeable. Indeed the inferiority of nailed boots, for work in these regions, to the native straw sandals, was impressed upon me in frequent and painful ways, and though I tried some improvised ones tied under my climbing boots, the nails so quickly knocked them to pieces that the advantage was of a very temporary kind. Eventually, however, by scrambling, slipping, and glissading we emerged from the forest, so tantalisingly dense that very little view is gained, and took to the rocks on the left bank of the Norokawa, at 4.45 P.M., and at a height of 4100 feet, or 3100 feet below the pass.

Mindful of the fact that in these deep valleys daylight dies young, and that the hardest work was yet before us, we lost no time in applying ourselves to the ascent of the torrent, either by the broken rocks on its bank, or over the huge smooth boulders washed by the deep clear waters whose roar had reached us 3000 feet above. Here and there some really excellent climbing was afforded, when we were compelled to cross the face of steep smooth rocks at an angle of 60° and more. Convenient cracks offered good hold, however, and we progressed much after the manner of the "crack-climbers" in the Badminton classic on "Mountaineering." Occasionally the nature of the rocks drove us out of the torrent bed into the forest above, where we had to hew or push our way through the dense undergrowth and trees, a disagreeable reminder of a characteristic feature of the lower slopes of most of the peaks in the Canadian Rockies. In this way the time passed quickly, and twilight came down suddenly as at seven o'clock we gained more open ground on the left bank, and found a small rough shelter in the forest where the men suggested we should halt for the night. Wishing to make our start, however, from as near as possible to the base of our peak, I felt this would be unwise, and as the shelter was so inferior, I decided to make a push for the further hut, about three-quarters of a mile beyond. With difficulty therefore we struggled on, until by 7.30 it was quite dark and no light was ours but the stars that spangled the narrow strip of sky overhead.

Further progress under the circumstances was impossible, and we had come to a standstill in despair, when I luckily remembered that in my rücksack I had my folding Alpine lantern, the faithful friend of many climbs. To the great delight of the hunters this was produced and lighted, and by its aid we managed to negotiate in safety the last half-mile of our way. But even with its aid I can still scarcely understand how the huge boulders and broken rocks, the deep pools and the swirling torrent that had to be forded from side to side were passed. At any rate, by 8.30 P.M. we reached our goal, and pushing our way through the dense tangle of undergrowth and thorny shrubs, we found ourselves in a circular clearing some dozen yards in diameter, and the same distance from the torrent bed. The Hirokawa Koya, as the shelter is called, from its position in an unusually wide part of the Norokawa, was by no

means the cabin my imagination had constructed. It simply consisted of a rough shelter of cryptomeria bark, about twenty feet long, twelve feet wide and seven feet high. The front was quite open, and in the middle was hung a tough creeper for suspending the iron cooking-pots used by the hunters or woodcutters who are the only tenants of the spot from one year's end to another. These latter come to fell pine-trees (*hinoki*), out of which are made the *shaku* or wooden ladles commonly used in Japanese houses. The trees, when laid low, being too bulky for transport in such difficult country, are sliced into strips about two feet long, half a foot wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, and left to season before being tied up in bundles and carried off for manufacture. The hut on our arrival was apparently tenantless, but the saws, knives, and whet-stones stowed away and in good condition showed it had not been long deserted. A piece of coarse matting, a chamois skin, and a bit of pine bark served as a bed, and with some straw and my rücksack for a pillow, and my sleeping-bag for bed-clothes, the prospect of a bivouac far from smells and fleas was by no means disagreeable. While the men were making a fire, which they always did with astonishing ease and quickness, I had a "tub" at a tiny spring in the middle of the clearing, and by the time I had made my cocoa (and kicked it over) and made my toast, they had broiled half a score of trout which I had bought from some passing fishermen at the beginning of our struggle up the stream four hours before.

How delightful that dinner was, after the thirteen hours and more of really hard work, as we lay by the fire, thankful for its cheerful blaze and warmth, and talked over the incidents of the day's scramble, and the prospects of that on the morrow. The result of our talk was that, as the latter was likely to prove just as long and a great deal more difficult, I decided to give the men a rest, and postpone our start to the following day, an arrangement they accepted with considerable satisfaction; so we put out the lantern, heaped more spluttering pine branches on the glowing embers of our dying fire and went to bed. This last operation merely consisted of turning over just where one lay. A few moments' repose, however, effectually showed that my description of the hut as tenantless on our arrival was disagreeably inaccurate. Cheered by the warmth of the fire no less than ourselves, numerous fleas awoke to an unwelcome activity, and we were quickly compelled to follow their example. Why these creatures are so ubiquitous I cannot understand, but in shelters even as high up as 9000 feet and over in these mountains they abound, and one of their chief joys is a home in the heaps of shavings inseparable from the woodcutters' huts. By spreading a large sheet of oiled paper under my sleeping bag, however, and surrounding myself with a cordon of Keating's insect powder, I managed for once to keep them fairly well at bay, and few if any that managed to hop into the magic circle lived to hop out and tell the tale. My men, however, from their accounts next day, seemed to have been less fortunate.

The night was not very cold, in spite of our height (5200 feet) and our secluded shade, the thermometer outside only going down to 56° F., and except when some one stirred either to feed the fire, or after feeding the fleas, nothing was heard but the ceaseless roaring of the torrent through the trees, and a comfortable night with plenty of sleep was our reward for the toils of the day. The next day was one of delightful laziness, two of the men going off to fish, whilst the Oji-san kept me company at the hut. While I mended tattered garments, read, wrote, or bathed, he made *shaku*, or with improvised weapons practised archery with considerable dexterity and delight. Close at hand we found the great wild raspberries in plenty, and these with fresh trout formed an agreeable addition to our larder. From the men I found that besides the ascent of Kaigane two other interesting expeditions are practicable from this hut. Southwards the Norokawa valley can be descended to Narada, where the torrent's name has changed to Hayakawa—"the rushing river:" northwards one may ascend it to a saddle between Senjôgadake on the west, and Komagatake on the east, from which a rough track leads to a cluster of huts called "Sangenyade," on the way to Takato in Shinshu. Either route will involve hard work, and the latter, which is the longer and steeper, will take a good day to accomplish. I was glad to get this news, as for a good many years past it has been commonly supposed that former passes across this range have become impracticable, and the one or two attempts

made seem to have failed. Had I been able to spare the time, Shimidzu, who was very keen about it, would himself have led me over into Shinshu, so there seems no doubt as to the practicability of his route.

We were early to bed on Friday night, thoroughly rested, and by way of ensuring an early start, I gave Shimidzu my watch overnight with instructions to call me at four o'clock for a start as soon as daylight had dawned. It was still pitch dark when an apologetic voice roused me, and I looked up and saw his cheerful boyish face beaming in the firelight with a consciousness of duty faithfully fulfilled. My appreciation was a little cooled, however, when I took my watch and found the hour was a quarter to three! But time passed quickly with preparations for breakfast and for getting off, and the first paling of the dark strip of sky above us was no sooner seen than we were on the move. As the Oji-san, from the frequency and duration of the rests he always seemed to need, was hardly equal to such a severe and continuous climb of uncertain length as we had in store, I decided to leave him to his archery and *shaku* making, and with the other two, as lightly laden as possible, at 4.40 A.M. my long-anticipated climb began. Heavy dews came down in showers from every leaf disturbed as we pushed our way from the clearing to the river-bed and turned, northwards, up the stream for some 200 yards until we found it possible to cross it by fording at its shallowest but widest point.

It was from this spot on the eastern (or true left) bank that we got our first clear view of our peak and the general direction of our way of approach to it. Due west, as we look across the valley, a deep ravine, called Okamba, runs up from the bed of the Norokawa clear into the heart of Kaigane San. The lower half of this ravine forms the channel of a wild torrent born in the snows that fill an enormous gully which higher up loses itself in the great precipices, 2000 feet high or more, forming the eastern face of the mountain. These precipices culminate in the grey triangular summit for which we were aiming. The view was very grand, of glittering snow-slopes and heavy cliffs vignetted in a foreground of the densely-wooded slopes that form the eastern buttresses of this the loftiest peak in the range of Shirane San, and nearly the highest, apart from Fuji, of all the summits of this land of mountains. In answer to my query as to the practicability of ascending by this ravine, with its snows and cliffs, Shimidzu and Masao both laughed an unqualified negative. It would be hard enough to get up the way that had been found before, they said, but this would be impossible without wings. We little realised then what necessity can accomplish when put to the test.

After crossing the Norokawa we took to the steep slopes on the left bank of the Okamba ravine, and began a rough scramble through the dense vegetation so characteristic of this region. At one time we had to haul ourselves up a slippery staircase of tangled tree-roots, and at another to climb or leap from boulder to boulder, more slippery still, in the precipitous bed of one of the various torrents that seam the hillside. This went on for nearly an hour, until at length we reached the scattered remains of a little ruined shrine built some thirty years ago by a former Soncho of Ashiyasu-mura to facilitate the ascent of Kaigane San, and induce climbers to give it their attention. Such hopes were never realised, few but an occasional hunter ever making the attempt, and the erection soon fell into disuse and decay. Its altitude is nearly 6500 feet, or 1300 above the river bed. Near this we came across some beautiful white anemones and a rich scarlet Lychnis the men called *gampi*. Half-an-hour higher up, at 7200 feet, through an opening in the forest, on the left, a fine view was framed of the snow-slopes further up the ravine and of the rugged precipices that rise above them to the summit of Kaigane. The slopes again steepened, all signs of a track disappeared, and for over two hours the work was of the hardest character.

At one time we had to fight and hew our way for an hour or more through a dense tangle of shrubs and creepers, over the decaying remains of a fallen forest, chiefly of silver birch trees, overgrown with slippery moss, a task which demanded unusual perseverance and strength. At nine o'clock we quitted the upper limit of the forest, and with relief found ourselves emerging into a fresher, freer air. But the hard work was not over until we had surmounted the final obstacle of a belt of *haimatsu* (creeping pine) of enormous size, and so dense that we had literally to climb from

branch to branch over it before landing on the bare rock ridge of the northern *arête*. Here we left behind us the buttress by which we had been ascending for the past four hours, and turned southwards for the final climb to the summit, that now rose over 2500 feet above us on our left. The view to the north-west towards the great peaks of the Hida-Shinshu range, the "Japanese Alps," was unfortunately obscured by clouds, but Komagatake, due north, and Ho-o-zan, north-east, raised their dazzling granite cliffs like great walls of snow, above the extraordinarily densely wooded slopes on the opposite side of the Norokawa valley. The actual top of Ho-o-zan is formed by two gigantic blocks of granite, the highest point of which, Shimidzu said, had never been reached. Once on the main *arête* the work became both easier and more interesting, and after twenty minutes' halt for lunch, we faced the finish of our task. This involved the ascent of a narrow ridge descending in broken rocky slopes, on the right, of moderate gradient, but falling down, on the left, in the great cliffs which had so frequently won our admiration from below.

In sheltered nooks and crevices I found a great variety of Alpine plants, but unfortunately the collection I made was lost before I could get it home for identification. The last 1000 feet of the climb was very interesting, and though not difficult when judged by Alpine standards, afforded some excellent practice in surmounting or traversing an occasional "gendarme," or rock tower fifty feet or so in height. To our great disappointment we became enveloped in mist before the top could be gained, and when, exactly at eleven o'clock, we reached the highest point, no view was to be had: once more, with my usual ill-fortune on these Japanese peaks, I "viewed the mist, but missed the view."

In our exposed position at this altitude, 10,337 feet, with no prospect to detain us, we only spent half-an-hour before turning to descend. Here I photographed my two companions by the little shattered wooden shrine enclosed in a cairn, in which I left a record of our ascent, and brought away a specimen of the highest rock, and a stray votive offering in the form of a miniature wooden sword inscribed with the donor's name. At 11.30, filled with satisfaction at our success, we began to retrace our steps, and for half-an-hour descended quickly along the north *arête*. Then Shimidzu, a true sportsman to the bone, espied a ptarmigan away on the left and at once began to stalk the bird, which forthwith disappeared. Seeing it pop up still further off, I borrowed his gun, and in a few minutes my first "bag" on a Japanese hill-side numbered three of the "thunder-birds" (*raicho*) I had often seen but never gone after. Working back towards the ridge alone, I waited some time before the men rejoined me, but before long the clouds once more enveloped us. Not recognising the ground I called a council of war, and finally both had to confess they didn't know where they were. From time to time we went on a little and then sat down for the clouds to lift and give us our bearings. From my compass I gained a general idea of our position, but our experiences in the forest on the ascent made us hesitate to make for it until we could see our proper line of descent. As a matter of fact we must have gone too far down the west side of the north *arête* before we discovered our mistake, and in retracing our steps ascended too near the summit before turning down eastwards, on the side of the Okamba ravine.

The discovery of the error, without in the least knowing how to set it right, took the steam completely out of the men, who, though as strong and willing as could be wished as long as a way could be seen, were completely at a loss when it had to be worked out afresh. It was a disagreeably pertinent illustration of the Japanese proverb that *shika wo ou ryoshi wa yama wo mizu*—"the hunter who is chasing the deer doesn't look at the mountain"—certainly, as I think Sam Weller says, we found that the "point of the moral lies in its application," and the recognition of the fact that we were undeniably in a fix found expression in prolonged and painful silence, more particularly as there was clearly not the slightest prospect of the clouds lifting to release us from it. After a while, as both my men seemed incapable of suggesting any feasible route, I determined to attempt the descent of the cliffs, the edge of which in our wanderings we found we had approached, though in what part we could not tell, for the mist blotted out all our surroundings excepting for a few yards ahead. In spite of the emphatic negative to my morning's question as to their practicability, I believed, from what I had observed, that they were not impossible, and

if only the snow could be reached, the rest would be comparatively easy. To gain this, however, we had to find our way down 2000 feet of a great rock wall, shaped like an inverted fan, and divided into a number of gullies, separated from each other by rocky ribs, but all converging into a common centre at the head of the Okamba ravine. At the highest point this wall is quite vertical, but we managed to traverse, from a point somewhere below the actual summit, diagonally to a lower point where it was more broken and less steep.

For the next four hours the work was the hardest I have experienced in any of my Japanese scrambles, and I should have been very sorry to have to face it with companions of less pluck and endurance than Shimidzu and Masao proved to possess. For the purposes of comparison, I should consider it about equal to the descent of the Matterhorn from the "shoulder" to the lower Swiss hut, and distinctly harder than that of the Eiger to the Rothstock. Our route simply involved a series of zig-zags down the various intervening ribs, direct descent being practicable for a certain distance until cut off (*abgeschnitten*, as Swiss climbers say) by a vertical pitch of smooth rock which forced us on to the rib, right or left, or to cross over it into the gully parallel, on the chance of being able to turn the obstruction. Great care was needed on account of the looseness of the rocks. Moving, however, with every caution, we made steady progress, and I could not help being struck with the cat-like agility and sure-footedness of my companions, whose *waraji* were exactly suited for the work.

At about 4.30 o'clock, after 3½ hours of extremely hard work, the slope eased off, and as we were now clearing the lower level of the clouds, we saw gleaming far below us the long slopes of snow that filled the narrowing ravine. A cry of relief came from Shimidzu at the welcome prospect, *go anshin de gozarimasu*, "be at your august ease"—whereat we promptly sat down and made a hearty meal, for we had touched no food for five hours or more, and the strain had been unusually severe. Down the broken rocks we then hurried to the snow-slopes, and for once—the only occasion in the whole of the expedition—in the matter of foot-gear I had, so to speak, the "upper hand." Down the first slope I had the most delightful of glissades, while my hunters picked their way less rapidly by the rocks at the side of the gully. On the second occasion, after they rejoined me, I cut steps with my ice-axe and we went on together. The snow-slopes were succeeded by a tedious descent down the huge boulders of the torrent bed, the only alternative to which was an occasional struggle through the undergrowth of thorny bushes and thickly interlacing creepers on either hand, with frequent tumbles into the hidden channels of small torrents feeding the main stream. At length dusk drew on, and again mindful of the short twilight before us, we strained every nerve to reach the bottom of the ravine, where only the bed of the Norokawa separated us from our head-quarters, by nightfall. Our race against time, however, proved a losing one, and as I now began to have difficulty in seeing my footholds on the slippery, water-worn rocks, I felt it would be incurring too great a risk to go on. Accordingly I decided to halt for the night in the most likely spot, which luckily turned out to be not half-a-dozen yards from where we stood. As the men both knew the way down and had not my difficulty of defective vision, I let Masao, the younger, go on to the hut, which he hoped to reach in about an hour, while Shimidzu volunteered to keep me company.

The place I had chosen turned out an admirable one for a bivouac. At an altitude of about 7000 feet a wedge of rock some fifteen feet high, with a curious crack in its base, gave excellent shelter from possible rain, while water unlimited flowed a dozen feet away. The cool night breeze blowing down the valley was warded off by a screen of alder branches which Shimidzu cleverly arranged for me, and a warm fire of pine branches was burning cheerily within five minutes of striking the match. A sweater and an Alpine cape for wraps, and my rück-sack over my feet, gave all the extra warmth needed during the night, and a tolerable mattress was made from a liberal supply of leaves. Fortunately I had followed my usual plan of starting out with a good deal more food than I expected to eat, so there was no danger of starvation. Water was easily boiled in a small biscuit-tin, and with fragments of chocolate I concocted a soul-satisfying drink before retiring to rest.

As we were in the middle of the evening meal, we were pleasantly surprised by the reappearance of Masao, bringing with him

the Oji-san and my Alpine lantern. The good old man had grown alarmed at our non-arrival, and insisted on coming up to see how I was. But so agreeable was the situation that I had no desire to descend the torrent by lantern light, and declined their invitation to conduct me safely back to the hut. They therefore borrowed the lantern for their own downward journey, and with many polite greetings turned and retraced their steps. Shimidzu and I made ourselves snug for the night, and in a very few minutes were fast asleep. Slumber was only broken by the onset of cold as the fire died down and had to be fed afresh. Drowsy as one was, the beauty of the night and the interest of our situation could not but impress themselves on one's imagination at such moments. The blazing fire lighted up Shimidzu's honest, kindly face as he sat against a dark background all the gloomier for the light. Above the ceaseless roaring of the torrent rose the steep wooded hills that hem in the Okamba ravine, and one by one the stars came out with a splendour unknown to our northern latitudes at home. Presently rose a brilliant moon from behind the serrated ridge in front of us, in itself almost a sufficient light had we cared to make our way homewards with its aid. The whole scene brought back vividly Bret Harte's lines on "Dickens in Camp":

"Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below:
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.
The roaring camp fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On . . . face and form."

Soon after breakfast the next morning Masao once more appeared, and at seven o'clock we left bivouac and plunged into the horrid forest tangle on the left bank of the torrent. Half-an-hour of hard struggling with the usual obstacles enabled us to traverse the near side of the buttress by which we had previously ascended, and to reach the apology for a track then employed. By eight o'clock we were down at the bed of the Norokawa, which we forded close to the hut, and at 8.30 we were enjoying its shelter once more. Bathing, sleeping, fishing, and reading filled the rest of that day, and the following morning, brilliantly fine, saw us on the march shortly after five o'clock. The journey down the river was done in about 2½ hours, the distance being called by my men "about three *ri*." I had now a better chance of observing the details of the valley, and noticed several good camping-places on the way. The best of these, called Ishimido, we met with just half-way between Hirokawa and the point where the Norokawa valley is left behind, and consists of a fine rock cave well situated in a level opening in the forest about a hundred yards from the stream. Near by the hunters pointed out a great rock rising above the water, on the top of which grows a quantity of *iwatake* ("rock-mushroom"), a kind of fungus much esteemed by many Japanese. We left the river bed at eight o'clock, and a steady ascent of three hours took us up to the woodcutters' sheds at Kiri-yake, where we halted for half-an-hour for lunch, the flea-infested shavings not inviting a longer stay. The top of the Tsuyutate-toge was reached at 12.15, from which a steady trudge of 3½ hours took us to Ashiyasu-mura again. The descent of the steep, slippery timber slides was more trying even than the ascent, while the distant prospect was more overclouded than ever. The smells as we drew near the cultivated valley were appalling to a degree. Just before reaching the Soncho's house I met Mrs. Natori herself with her youngest little boy, evidently off to pay an afternoon call, but she insisted on turning back to see my wants attended to. Masao and I got in shortly before 4 P.M., eleven hours after the start, or nearly three hours quicker than the journey out. The Oji-san, who was quite tired out, and Shimidzu arrived an hour later. Every one gave us the kindest of welcomes, and seemed genuinely interested in our success. News of the attempt, they said, had got into the Kofu papers, but whether any account of the climb followed I have not heard.

After a night somewhat disturbed by the usual combination of smells, heat, and fleas, I took my leave, amidst a chorus of kindly greetings, first photographing a family group, the father, mother, and five children, at the main entrance to the house. Masao I sent on to execute a commission at Kofu, whilst Shimidzu came with me to carry my baggage on to Kajikazawa, a walk of about fourteen miles. The day was heavy and close, and as we passed through Arino and across the flat sun-smitten Kofu plain, the heat was almost overpowering, and one longed for the cooling springs and snows of Shirane San again. After many halts for rest we entered the busy, picturesquely placed village exactly

at noon and repaired to the Konaya inn, to whose host Mr. Natori had spontaneously written a letter on my behalf. An excellent Japanese dinner was given me, including the most delicious carp imaginable, and I early retired in anticipation of a start at daylight on my journey down the Fujikawa to the sea. To the normal infliction of heat, smells, fleas and mosquitoes was now added the crowning misery of noisy neighbours quarrelling over a bargain, in which the chief part was taken by a middle-aged woman of repulsive appearance and astonishingly raucous voice. The dispute was sustained until nearly midnight and resumed at about three o'clock the following morning.

At 4.15 A.M. I was up, and went down to the landing-stage on the right bank of the Fujikawa, where at the office of the boat company I paid my five *yen* for a *kaikiri* (private boat) as far as Iwabuchi on the Tokaido railway, a distance of some fifty miles. I was conducted to the starting-point by Masao and Shimidzu, and the anxiety of the latter for my comfort was quite touching, as he begged the boatmen to take especial care on the journey down. I was genuinely sorry to part with the good fellows, who had served me with a faithfulness and care that could not have been excelled. As my crew of three men and a boy, small but very strong, pushed off at 5.30 A.M. amidst a duet of farewells, I was surprised at the sudden appearance of a fifth individual, who sprinted down to the bank and leaped in just as we got under way. Thinking he was an additional boatman for the sake of speed, for I was anxious to get to Iwabuchi as soon after mid-day as possible, I said nothing, but it transpired that he was a relative of the captain of the craft, and had begged from him a passage four-fifths of the way at my expense. However, he helped to serve as ballast, and kept quiet, sleeping nearly the whole of the voyage, and I raised no objection to his presence. The dull, grey morning, after threatening rain, changed its mind and turned out hot and fine, and I succeeded in getting some "snapshots" of passing craft, and other objects of interest by the way.

A great addition to the comfort of the journey was one of Silver's light folding camp-chairs which I was now using for the first time, and which in bivouac or native inns had proved a perfect boon. Folding up about the size and shape of a Japanese umbrella, and very little heavier, it affords constant relief and rest. As we had started without any breakfast at the inn, the omission was made good at leisure in the most agreeable surroundings. At the junction of the Hayakawa with our river, where a wide tongue of granite boulders bends its course into a semicircular bow, a halt was made to take on board extra ballast in the shape of a dozen big stones. Beyond Tsuribashi, where once the track of the boats passed under a curious bridge, a course now forbidden on account of the dangerous rapid there, we passed by some very remarkable hexagonal columns of andesite, one of the most curious objects of the whole trip. As the steersman remarked, they resembled nothing so much as a great pile of railway sleepers laid on end on the river's right bank.

As we drew near Iwabuchi the current widened and flowed with slackened speed, a fact for which I had presently good reason to be thankful; for as we were passing from the river along a sort of canal to the landing-stage I happened to be engaged in folding up my chair, when a crash was heard, and amidst excited shouts from the boatmen I found myself in turn folded up in the midst of the fragments of the frame supporting the awning spread over the boat. A long punting pole behind me had been carelessly allowed to project in such a way as to catch the first bridge we had to pass under, and as it was swept back it crashed through the frame, with which I immediately became involved. With a particularly sharp spar stabbing me in the back, the situation was awkward and painful, as I could not get free without help, which the men were at first too excited to give.

Eventually I was extricated, and exactly at noon, 6½ hours from the start, I stepped ashore, received a rude demand in attempted English for "Canal-money," and I knew I was on the track of "civilisation" once more! An hour's rest at Iwabuchi ended with the arrival of the up-train to Tokyo, and my expedition to Shirane San was at an end.

"Jucundi acti labores."

"The mountains seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals: full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper."—JOHN RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*, vol. iv.

A Girls' Poultry-Yard

BY ELIZABETH BACON

Illustrated with Photos by Cicely J. Bacon

SPRING CHICKENS

WHEN girls who live in the country first leave the school-room, they often, especially if they should happen to be the younger ones in a family where there are several other grown-up daughters, find time at their disposal. May I advise them to consider the desirability of starting some open-air occupation; and if the circumstances permit, I would strongly advise them to start keeping poultry—not necessarily a large farm, but a sufficient number of birds to supply their own home with eggs. When one hears of forty-eight million eggs being exported from Morocco alone in 1902, one realises that many more English men and women might keep poultry than at present do, and still find a ready market for their eggs. In the accompanying short article, illustrated by photos from our own poultry-yard, I wish to put before those who may be anxious to start a small yard of their own, the way my sister and I have

AN OPEN RUN

A SHUT-UP RUN

managed ours during the past year, to our own profit and pleasure. Since we took the yard into our own hands, not a single egg has been bought from outsiders, though previously many calls were forced to be made on members of the household to run and buy any eggs that neighbouring farmers were kind enough to sell them. This I mention as an incentive to the housekeeper to assist the young poultry-keepers in many little ways she has in her power.

Our yard has four different breeds: Buff Orpingtons, Brown Leghorns, Golden-laced Wyandottes, and Duckwing Yokohamas. The first I should recommend as good layers; the Yokohamas are added to our yard mostly for show, and, as my readers will see by the illustration, the cock is and thinks himself "a grand bird." The Yokohamas are excellent layers and very good mothers, and out of the fifty eggs we set this year I believe every one was hatched, but all beginners must learn by experience, and ours with these birds was that they should not be hatched till April. Having tried to hatch them earlier, we lost many of them. The other three kinds hatched well and were reared with ease. The picture of the little ones "just hatched" shows you some Buff Orpingtons, Yokos and Wyandottes at their prettiest stage. You should hatch all your birds as early as possible; and having hatched all our birds before the end of March, we now have a good yard, as shown by the illustration of

JUST HATCHED

MIGHT IS RIGHT

the "spring chickens," and can rely on a good supply of winter eggs. This was not, or ever will be, attained without trouble and disappointments. Through the winter we warmed their morning meal every night over the school-room fire, and became quite experts in the art of boiling rice; warm food is a necessity to encourage winter laying, and on a spring morning we are almost overcome by "the rush for soft warm food" on the part of the impetuous greedy young birds. A little trouble taken makes a great deal of difference to their comfort and health, and I should advise all young poultry-keepers who wish to make it succeed to take the yard into their own hands entirely, from the beginning, cleaning out the houses once a week themselves, renewing the nests when necessary, and keeping a constant supply of fresh water in the drinking-pans; this especially is imperative in the summer, when they require a lot. The runs for the chickens have to depend entirely on your surroundings; we are highly favoured in this respect, having

A RUSH FOR SOFT FOOD

IN THE SUMMER THEY ARE GRATEFUL FOR WATER

a large field over which they may wander at will, and also having four or five shut-up runs for use when required. I should strongly advise the washing of the entire interior of the poultry-houses, roosts, nests, etc., with whitewash in the early summer, before the great heat begins, and a tin of carbolic powder kept handy to frequently sprinkle everything with is very desirable. At one time we were disappointed with the number of eggs we picked up every evening, but it was not till one night, when we found fewer eggs than we had left in the morning, that we began to look about for the cause, and then found that a little pig entered the laying-house through the trapdoor, a feat we thought practically impossible, and helped himself freely from the nests. This was not the only time we suffered loss by the pigs, as every day the old sow would lie by the side of a hen who preferred an open shed to make her nest in rather than the laying-boxes, with the object of devouring the new-laid eggs, if we could not manage to be beforehand with her, and I am bound to say we were often

A GRAND BIRD

the losers. Try and make your laying-boxes as comfortable and attractive as possible, if you have an open run, as it is neither profitable nor pleasant to have your stolen nests pointed out to you by an outsider. Keep accurate accounts of all your expenditure and receipts, and I have no doubt that, if your heart is in it, you will be satisfied by your balance-sheet at the end of the year. During the summer, when the eggs are so cheap and the expenditure on the food will probably exceed your receipts on the eggs, your heart will fail you, but if you have hatched your broods successfully, at an early date, the sale of winter eggs will soon alter that.

If pigs and cows, etc., are kept at your home, I should strongly advise you to arrange to pay for your poultry-food at so much per head, rather than buying your own food, as this will give you the chance of getting more variety of food, which is important.

THEY ARE ALSO FOND OF THE POULTRY-FOOD

THE EGG-STEALERS

If you are a young poultry-keeper, and an encouraging parent offers to provide the food, my advice to you is, don't accept the offer, it is far more interesting to work your poultry-yard on a purely business footing.

Currency and Money in China

BY A BANKER

TO enter fully into the subject in the limits of a single paper would be impossible, but it is hoped that a short sketch will be of interest to our readers, especially at a time when that empire is passing through a crisis which will have enormous effects upon its social, economic and commercial development.

China is one of the few countries whose currency still retains a Biblical character, and shekels of silver are the medium of exchange for large amounts and among traders generally; while the currency of the poorer classes is the copper coin (with a hole through the centre for the purpose of stringing them together) known as "cash." Both silver and copper are supplemented locally by paper money issued by the native banks and "cash shops."

While lumps of silver exchanged by weight act as the medium of exchange between various parts of the empire, each city and district has a system of weights of its own, and to master the intricacies of these separate systems thoroughly is the labour almost of a lifetime. The silver passes from hand to hand by weight, and the unit of weight is called a tael, which varies according to the locality and also according to the special character of the business one is transacting. There are also various tael weights for each city and province. The tael best known to foreigners is the Canton tael, which weighs 579·84 grains troy. Canton was the first place with which foreigners had any extensive commercial dealings, and commercial negotiations were carried on with the Canton tael as the basis.

It must be remembered that there is no coin to represent any of these taels. The name is merely a mark to denote a certain weight of silver, and though it is confined generally to the precious metals, it might be used for any commodity. It is, in fact, similar to our troy weights. The different kinds of taels are distinguished by a suitable prefix denoting the locality or other circumstances giving it its distinction. Thus we have the Canton tael, the Shanghai tael, the Peking tael, the Tientsin tael, and others; these names are given and used by foreigners, but amongst the Chinese themselves they retain a different appellation. Thus the Peking tael is known as the Kungfa tael, the Tientsin tael as the Hongping tael, and so on. In fact, when the representatives of foreign banks first went to the various treaty ports they found several taels current, and they selected that one in each place which seemed most suited for their requirements, and in which their books and accounts are now kept. The selected tael gradually came to be known as the local tael of the port, and calculations had to be made to reduce the other taels (in which transactions were carried on among other classes of Chinese merchants between themselves) to terms of the selected tael before any transactions could take place between the foreign banker or merchant and the natives, or entries be recorded.

For convenience of handling, the silver is cast into lumps or ingots of peculiar shape (like a Chinese woman's shoe) and of various sizes, but the most general "shoe" represents about fifty taels weight of silver. Sixty of these shoes are contained in a box 2 ft. × 1 ft. × 1 ft., which therefore holds about three thousand taels, or roughly the equivalent of £375 sterling, and which takes two men to lift comfortably. Silver bullion is sent from place to place by native bankers in these boxes, each "shoe" bearing the "chop" or seal of a "melting house," which is responsible for the quality and amount of silver contained therein. Needless to say, frauds are of frequent occurrence, and the only means of detecting imposture is to cut the shoe in two and examine the inside. The writer has sometimes seen shoes which apparently were composed of good silver, and which to an untrained eye would probably have passed muster, but which, when examined by an expert Chinese "shroff" or cashier, proved to have had a piece neatly cut out of the side, the centre hollowed out with a chisel, filled up with lead, and the piece carefully inserted again in the side. The writer has also seen silver dollars which had the rims and both faces cut off, the centre replaced with some cheap metal,

and the rims and faces reinstated so well as to deceive any but expert "shroffs."

Since foreign dealings with China began another form of currency has sprung up, and which, chiefly in the treaty ports, and for local dealings with foreigners, has largely supplanted the old form—that is the introduction of silver dollars. Of these there are various kinds, until lately all foreign importations. First there came the old Spanish or Carolus dollar, which at one time commanded a very high premium. This was followed by the Mexican dollar, which is much used in Shanghai and Tientsin. The Hongkong or British dollar also circulates in Hongkong, Canton and Shanghai, and of late years various provinces have established mints worked by Chinese who issue their own dollars, but each issue is confined to its own district, the confidence of the neighbouring provincials in the *personnel* of mint officials not being sufficiently great to cause the dollars of another province to be accepted except at a large discount. It is most noticeable, however, that even in Hongkong, where the British dollar is the legal currency, the Chinese merchant keeps his books, and his profit or loss is reckoned, in taels.

Though silver has not until recent years been coined in China, the coinage of copper is very ancient, and claims an independent origin. The copper currency was long ago reduced to the form of the "cash" above mentioned, of which 1000 ought to be equivalent to one tael weight of silver; but owing to the debasement of even this small coin, in most places it takes 1300 to 1500 of them to equal a tael. Attempts have been made of late years to improve the cash currency by issuing copper ten-cash pieces, but the size of the empire handicaps attempts by local officials to improve the currency generally. For the most part they have neither the power nor the wish to interfere with anything outside their own particular province, and the well-known economic law known as the Gresham law, that "bad money drives out good," operates with full force in the provinces of the Celestial Empire.

The revenue and expenditure of the empire is for the most part estimated in silver (though some of the provinces still send large quantities of "tribute rice" to the capital, Peking, as their contribution to the upkeep of the Central Government), and its assets and liabilities are calculated in that metal, which began to depreciate in relation to gold on the establishment of the German Empire in 1871, consequent on the demonetisation of silver as currency by that empire and the establishment of a gold standard. One by one, other countries—France, the United States, India and Japan—followed suit, with the effect that the gold price of silver, which previous to 1872 averaged 60*d.* per oz., steadily fell, till in November 1892 it reached $21\frac{11}{16}$*d.* per oz., and now stands (April 11, 1904) at $24\frac{3}{4}$*d.* per oz.

China being a self-supporting country, and the amount of commerce with foreign nations being for a long time small, compared with its internal trade and its trade with the neighbouring silver-using countries, the effect of the depreciation of silver was not felt except by foreign merchants and the Chinese merchants who dealt with them; but when India in 1893, and Japan in 1897, established gold standards, the effect on the trade of China immediately began to be noticed. This would probably not have given rise to action on the part of the Government, at any rate for a long time to come, had not the Central Government found itself confronted with a heavy annual loss on its gold borrowings, the greater part of which was to pay the indemnity to Japan for the war of 1894 and the indemnities to the world Powers for losses incurred in the Boxer rebellion of 1900. It found itself in the position that, having contracted to pay to foreign countries £6,450,000 per annum for interest and amortisation, which at 3*s.* per Haikwan (or Customs) tael is equal to Taels 43,000,000, the rate of exchange had fallen so much between 1900 and 1902 that they had to pay something like Taels 55,000,000 for the latter year, and would have to pay a larger amount in proportion for every further fall in the gold price of silver.

This necessitated a large increase in taxation, and the Central Government began to see that if matters continued on the same footing their position might be seriously jeopardised. They then began to cast about for a means of extricating themselves from the difficulty. The example of India (which was in exactly the same plight previous to 1893) was pointed out to them, and the Chinese Government requested the American Government to appoint a commission to investigate and report on the possibility of establishing a gold standard for China on the same lines as India had taken. Here they were met by the difficulty of their

conglomerate currencies above described. While India and Japan had a silver coin which, though it depreciated in sympathy with silver, was currently accepted throughout the different empires, China had no such coin, and the difficulty is thereby enhanced. The American commission have, however, after investigation, recommended that a beginning should be made with the treaty ports, that a coin should be struck to be current in those ports, and that it be given a declared gold value when issued, the rest of the empire to continue to use silver until the new system has had time to obtain a footing in the treaty ports, and become well established along the coast, when it could gradually be extended to the rest of the empire.

It is to be hoped, both for the sake of the Chinese Government and the trade with foreign countries, that the recommendations of the American currency commission will be acted on, and that without unnecessary delay.

The Critic on the Hearth[1]

BY JOHN A. STEUART

SO you believe in retribution, I said, looking at Solomon in a pause of the dinner-table operations. It is a subject on which the very young or the very lucky are sceptical; but the rude hand of circumstance had been laid heavily on Solomon.

"Can't help it," he answered gloomily. "Last night I had lobster salad, and it's been sheer retribution ever since." The Colonel remarked pleasantly, it was encouraging to find our young friend avowing belief in a great principle so whole-heartedly. "You think me an unbeliever, do you?" Solomon returned. "Well! if it's any comfort to you, I have my bits of beliefs like other people."

"As for example?" said the Curate tenderly.

"As, for example, that lobster salad disposes one to pessimism of the worst kind. In a general way too I believe that it's exceedingly disagreeable to be cold and hungry; that the charm of the latest novel and the cosiness of a snug fire-side are enormously enhanced when rain or hail lashes the windows and you know some other fellow is catching it outside; that it tickles vanity to have things other people cannot afford; that taxes are getting outrageous; and that, like a certain pious editor, most people stick to interest, however laxly they may hold to principle."

"These are interesting articles of faith," quoth the Curate.

"There are more," pursued Solomon, taking fresh breath. "I believe also that the pursuit of happiness is the chief occupation of mankind and the sole occupation of womankind; that nearly everything in this world can be purchased for hard cash, and therefore that the man with most hard cash secures most of the good things of life."

Not so fast, pray, not so fast, I ventured to put in. Has the millennium verily come then? Or can we go out into the market-place basket on arm, and buy so much happiness at such a price, like house-wives laying in the daily or weekly stock of provisions? (I am aware, of course, that in these enterprising days the tradesman attends at the area door, note-book in hand, and obediently takes the house-wife's orders through the mouth of Bridget or Betsy Jane. Nevertheless, the figure may stand.) "Good apothecary, or worthy greengrocer, or gentle and beloved butcher, so many ounces of happiness, Threadneedle Street brand; and please see that it is fresh and up-to-date."—That were, indeed, commerce of a delectable kind.

With your permission we will look a little more closely into the matter. Have the goodness to examine your mind and tell me whether you don't spy a delusion lurking among the darkness and confusion below. How do the majority of us treat our minds? By surrendering them to weeds and cobwebs, or at least playing on their surface like midges on a summer lake. Doctors aver that not one person in a hundred breathes properly, that is so as to let fresh air into the bottom of the lungs. It is certain that not one person in a thousand thinks so as to let light into the bottom of the mind. All the machinery of the Education department cannot stir us out of our mental inertness. The School Board has come and gone, leaving us almost as well as we were

[1] Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

before its advent. To the making of a cultivated intellect go fifteen years of school and university learning with six generations before. This is a fact which educationists forget, particularly when they hold well-paid posts on the permanent staff. You cannot by going out into the street, catching a gamin at random and delivering him to the School Board trainer, turn out an eager racer in the great handicaps of the intellect. The law of heredity is against you. That is how it comes that all the first families have the good fortune to hold all the best offices. But not to deviate too much (though in these undress talks deviation is the essence of the game), it is both ludicrous and pathetic to mark how we are the dupes of our own delusions. People talk proudly of reason and logic. Have they any idea how they satirise themselves? I tell you not one man in a hundred thousand has any right to speak of reason except as a thing with which he has no personal acquaintance; perhaps one man in ten millions exhibits the elements of logic in conduct.

"These are big figures," remarked the young lady classic thoughtfully.

Truth is generous, I responded. Let her have the felicity of round figures once in a while; and give me leave to add, though the statement may be denounced as heresy, that the most illogical people in the world are your so-called practical men, the men who exist by rule of thumb, the men who tell you triumphantly that two and two make four and defy human skill to make them anything else.

"Aren't they right?" demanded Solomon.

As right as elementary mathematicians can be. Where they make the mistake is in rushing off with the notion that the laws of the universe are contained in their simple proposition. Milton, it is true, uses geometric figures in describing the creation of the world. You remember the passage—

"Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe and all created things.
One foot he centred, and the other turned
Round thro' the vast profundity obscure,
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;
This be thy just circumference, O world.'"

As a modern reviewer would sapiently remark, the whole poem is well worth reading. Don't imagine that in his theories of creation Milton was a mere geometrician. He knew better. No sane man will despise geometry. On the other hand, all enlightened men know there are things in the *apotheca* of the poet of which, so to speak, it has never dreamed. Like an eagle touching earth, Milton dips to soar again. Your so-called practical person, your stodgy pedestrian, sees earth in everything and everything in earth, a man of crops and minerals. There is an order of mind so practical, so full of coal and wood and iron, that it has no nook or corner for a fine idea. To the ox pasture represents merely grass to eat. Arithmetic is indispensable in the market-place and the counting-house, but when did it compute the poetic or the spiritual?

Solomon retorted that these sentiments are well enough for poets, from whom I had in all probability taken them. His tone was scarcely complimentary; but in view of his condition I passed that over. I owned he was right, that I often turn to the poets, who are the best of entertainers.

"In that connexion I'll tell you something," he said, with that exultant look which intimates 'now I have you.' "Some time ago I tried Ruskin for a change of diet. He's poetic, if you like. He gave me the most beautiful sunrises and sunsets galore; but when the time came to dine there was nothing to charm away the cravings of hunger."

"So you took to lobster salad," rejoined the Colonel slyly, "and in consequence you are now a very sick man, the victim, shall we say, of an amiable fallacy concerning the practical? I ask your pardon for intruding these thoughts at a time when a perfectly innocent act has made havoc of your peace of mind. But you are to consider the service you have rendered in illustrating a great principle, and console yourself with the reflection that every benefactor is in some sort a martyr."

"We must live," said Solomon testily.

"In the canny language of the Scot we must gather gear," said the Colonel, "and most of us prefer short cuts. You remember the rule for men of business in a hurry: 'Three removes one fire, three fires one failure, three failures one fortune.' A man enters the bankruptcy court a beggar and leaves it with a handsome competency. There are quicker ways of getting rich than by honest dealing."

"It's said there are milestones on the Dover Road," rejoined Solomon, throwing his chin in the air. "One wonders that with so many moral philosophers going round with nothing in the world to do but give good counsel, any of their benighted fellow-men should ever go wrong. But my private opinion is that it is

easier to live honestly on good roast beef than on the lenten fare of some of our moralists."

The Curate in an attempt to throw oil on the troubled waters said that the magnates of this world sigh mightily over the weary lot of being burdened with riches, whereupon Solomon retorted, "Don't you shed any tears over the magnates of this world. They're a cute lot. The poor man is doubtless quite sincere in deploring his poverty, but when a rich man derides riches look out for the tongue in the cheek. I suspect millionaires draw long faces over the misery of wealth just to frighten off those who might scramble for a share of the pie were its delights too frankly acknowledged."

"It would indeed be bad for plutocrats if the art of money-getting were too generally understood," said the Colonel. "I read somewhere that all commerce begins in piracy, and some aver that much of it is still piracy under a new name. Worldly success it should seem is to be obtained by pocketing the conscience and faring forth unburdened or unhindered by moral scruple to illustrate

> 'The good old rule . . . the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.'"

"It's what Drake and Hawkins did," quoth Solomon, "and no one calls them hard names."

"Ask a Spaniard about that," rejoined the Colonel.

"Are we not wandering from our subject?" inquired the Curate gently. It was plain he itched to hold on the track of that great principle which it is his daily business to expound. He says many wise things on life and conduct which are omitted from these running records of conversation, partly from lack of space, partly because in the undress mental condition induced by the prandial board the surplice is not quite appropriate. Not that the Curate ever makes the mistake of pushing his office out of season. He does not forget the axioms of a greater preacher than himself in regard to time and place. Wherefore he commonly forbears the preaching or moralising mood. But here was something that touched us all closely, even with our feet under the mahogany and our energies sociably devoted to digestion. For the stupendous doctrine of retribution forces itself on our attention very early and accompanies us to the end. A child gleefully or curiously thrusts its hand into the fire which seems so enticing and beautiful, and never forgets the lesson. Hence a familiar proverb. Now most of us go through life with fingers more or less severely burned; so that when the Curate swung us back he had an audience made sympathetic by dire experience.

"Isn't it curious to reflect," he said, "how the latest fact confirms the earliest discovery? Civilisation veneers and polishes, but does not radically change. As Emerson justly reminds us, the barriers of race are not so firm but that some spray sprinkles us from antediluvian seas. The continuity of human nature is perhaps its most remarkable characteristic. Lobster salad eaten incautiously in London at the opening of the twentieth century of the Christian era emphasises the truth discovered by some poor soul in the dim dawn and beginning of things or ever Alexander dreamed of conquest or a painted Briton roamed the glades of Kent, rubbing up his stone hatchet as he went. You are indiscreet in diet, you suffer. An indigestion thus becomes as beautiful and edifying an example of universal law as an earthquake or an eclipse."

Here Solomon snorted more forcibly than a refined taste could approve, remarking how easy it is for us all to bear other men's pains and discourse on them philosophically. But the Curate was not to be put out. Every man has his favourite hobby-horse which he mounts and rides in face of all discouragement, in spite of all ridicule. Having got astride his wooden nag the Curate was not to be denied his parlour canter. So he went on to give ancient saws and modern instances bearing on the subject in hand, while the young lady classic, flushed and eager, smiled encouragement. He dipped into Greek mythology, spoke of Æschylus and Sophocles, Dante and Shakespeare as preachers and expounders of a truth which willy-nilly makes the last silken exquisite brother to the first untutored savage who did his own tailoring with red, fierce hand.

"And everything, if you look well," he pursued, "turns on religion. In spite of the materialists mankind remains idealistic at heart. You will recall Carlyle's great passage about realised ideals, also his statement that given a man's religion (not his profession but his real conviction, if he have one), you can deduce all other things concerning him. The ancients understood this, as literature, the grand repository of the ideal, attests. I don't speak of the Hebrew Bible only. The Greek drama, for instance, was or is but a pictorial representation of Greek religion. In our debased modern ideas the theatre has come to mean a place of

idle amusement where mimes, with an elaborate art of stage craft, toil to make men and women stricken with deadly *ennui* momentarily forget the weariness or dulness of living. It was not so when the Athenians assembled under the open sky to witness a tragedy by one of their poets. Then the play was a religious festival full of admonition for the stirred or awe-struck spectator. He saw the antique gods before (to adopt Heine's phrase) they went into exile, doing what they would with their human puppets. He witnessed the suffering of Œdipus or Ajax, he learned from matchless lines the moral, literal enough to be an axiom of science, that to every deed there is an inevitable, inexorable sequel."

"Mostly in the way of punishment as I understand it," said Solomon.

"Certainly, punishment or retribution is the pivot of action in many instances," said the Curate. "And you are to note that just there the Christian idea has wrought what is perhaps its most beneficent change. The gods of mythology were wanton, they were cruel, they treated mortals as material for sport, even as your modern 'trained in manliness' hunts tame deer."

The Colonel interpolated an opinion that in honour and morality the deities of classical mythology left a good deal to be desired: and he noted that in some of their methods they were curiously modern. Thus, as Lowell wittily says, they "are partisans, they hold caucuses, they lobby and logroll for their candidates" with as little scruple and as little regard to right and justice as a latter-day politician in quest of votes. Moreover they were often jealous of mortals. As the Colonel remarked, a pious Greek who happened at the same time to be something of a hero had a difficult lot; for as the various divinities frequently fought among themselves when there was nothing better to do, just as if they were Irishmen at a fair blue-moulding for want of a beating, in propitiating one divinity he ran the risk of offending another, and so in the exercise of piety forfeiting life and fortune. It must have been a ticklish business to live at once safely and respectably under the old Greek *régime*. Take the case of Prometheus. From our point of view he was an altruist, one who desired to benefit the human race. But in providing mortals with fire he roused the furious jealousy of the gods.

"And had his liver gnawed by a vulture in consequence," said Solomon. "Symbolised liver complaint—that's all. Many a man today has several vultures at his liver."

But this was mere cynical irreverence begotten of lobster salad: and gently but firmly Solomon was suppressed. For the Curate was pointing a moral which it would do us all good to get well fixed in our minds. So we listened attentively while he traced the principle of retribution from Father Æschylus down through Sophocles, Euripides, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Tennyson, and Browning. I don't think any of us had quite realised the frightful risks we run daily, or how little unconsidered acts, innocent indulgences, legitimate pleasures, even virtues gone to excess bring disaster. Retribution waits for its prey at every turn from the straight course. It clutches you when you are least prepared; it comes like a thief in the night. It is silent as thought and swift as lightning. It takes a man in the fulness of his pride. Thus it is perilously near when he says to himself: "My barns are full, I will eat, drink and be merry." Then goes forth the dread sentence, "Thou fool."

But the Curate, while making our flesh creep, did not leave us without comfort. The principle of retribution is indeed everlasting. But for nearly 2000 years men have known that it is no longer applied wantonly or vindictively. Shakespeare could make Gloucester say—

> "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods:
> They kill us for their sport."

Here we are back to the Greek conception pure and simple. But, happily, it is not Shakespeare's last word concerning man's relation to the higher powers. Note the Shakespearean method of dealing with vice and virtue. It is true the virtuous and the vicious sometimes go down together; but vice is never allowed to have the last victory. Richard the Third, Iago, the Macbeths, husband and wife, Regan, Goneril, Mark Antony, all come to a bad end. Similarly, although Browning at times transports us back into the Greek world with its avenging furies, his final note is one of buoyant hope. He knows very well that "In the field of Destiny we reap as we have sown;" that is, that it lies with ourselves whether the sowing and the reaping shall be good or ill. Tennyson in his old age was less buoyant; but whoever remembers "Crossing the Bar" will certainly not accuse him of hopelessness.

When the Curate had finished, it was noticed with surprise that he had not once mentioned the theologian. His reply was that the essence of theology is enshrined in the poets, who do all things best.

The Virgin Forests of Maine

THE mention of virgin forests and vast uninhabited territory in North America naturally suggests the Far West, chiefly the North-West, the great regions of the Dominion of Canada which are just beginning to be opened out for settlement. Yet such areas are still to be found in the old, long-settled and highly-civilised Eastern States of New England. Maine, the most Eastern State, the State which stretches out hundreds of miles nearer to Old England than any other, has yet over 11,000 square miles, or one-third of its area, covered with virgin forests; and with an area of 35,000 square miles, it has scarcely more than half-a-million inhabitants. The farmers and fruit growers of Maine find one of their greatest difficulties in keeping away the deer, who come down from the forests to feed on the growing crops in the spring-time, and in winter gnaw off the bark and the young shoots of the fruit trees. The deer are, however, a great source of wealth to the State; for Maine, like the Highlands of Scotland, is the great playground of the city men who love shooting and fishing. And it is not only the sportsman who is attracted to the most northerly of the United States. Maine possesses magnificent river, lake and coast scenery. The Kennebec and Penobscot, in addition to the advantages they offer to the fisherman, are unsurpassed for natural beauty. Nor are the fish the only practical advantage derived from these magnificent rivers. In summer they carry down the logs which have been felled and piled during the winter; and in winter they supply the ice which is cut and stored until it can be shipped for use in Boston and New York and the other Atlantic coast cities. The mountains and the coast of Maine are the great resort in summer of all those who find the heat of an American summer too trying, and no part of the Atlantic coast can boast of finer mountain and coast scenery. The shore is very rocky, with beaches or little bays occurring at intervals. The length of the Maine coast measured in a straight line is 270 miles; but some idea may be gained of its picturesque outline, when it is stated that the whole length obtained by measuring the indentations is 2400 miles. In the old days of wooden ships Maine was the great shipbuilding State of the Union, and even now a considerable amount of shipbuilding is carried on at Bath and Bangor. But while State pride may desire the development of this and other industries, it seems well for the American nation that it should retain a great playground in the east within reach of the mighty cities of the Atlantic coast.—A. G. P.

The Woman's Club and the Home

THERE is now scarcely a village in the Eastern States that does not have its Women's Club or Clubs. The larger cities have Women's Clubs devoted to many interests, some charitable, some political, and some social or literary. Nor are these clubs disconnected units. Recently the Women's Clubs have been federated into State organisations, and these again into a National Federation of Women's Clubs, so that a member of a tiny little club in some rural Connecticut village, a club devoted perhaps to street improvements and the beautifying of the village, is in touch with her sisters all over the Union. One of the first results to note from this recent growth and development of the Women's Club is the total disappearance of the old prejudice against them, and the fear that by detaching women from their natural duties, home life and children would be neglected and women would be found pushing themselves into public life.

Many of the clubs are devoted directly to the interests of the home. This is the case with the thousands of Mothers' Clubs or Motherhood Clubs which meet to discuss the proper treatment of children both as regards their physical and mental and moral life and growth. The effect of these clubs has been to draw mothers into closer association with the schools and the teachers, to lead them to understand better the educational work and needs of the children, and also to arouse their vigilance in matters of

deficient sanitation, or dirty streets. Besides this more public aspect of the work of the clubs, and their effect on the home, the effect of the club meetings on the minds of the individual members must not be overlooked or underestimated. The club may withdraw the mother from her home and children for an hour or so each week, but the mental invigoration and new life and courage she receives from finding herself one of a community all bending their minds to the problems that have been worrying and distracting her can scarcely be overestimated. Instead of feeling herself one isolated struggler trying in vain, or apparently in vain, to master the great problem of the proper bringing up of her children, she finds herself one of an eager, hopeful company, all bent on the same search, all achieving something—not all they hope for, but still achieving much. She finds her difficulties are shared by others. The trials she meets with are in no way peculiar to her little family, and she imbibes something of the spirit of quiet confidence and eager hopefulness; and returns to her home ready for fresh endeavours and soothed as to past failures and disappointments. Much might be said also of the value to women, whose lives are so often individual and isolated, of learning to work in a body and of feeling themselves parts of a social unit.—A. G. P.

Travelling with Home Comforts

TRAVEL in the United States is essentially modern. The prairie schooner no longer navigates the boundless plains of the west. A family does not now look forward to living *en marche* for weeks and months before reaching the chosen destination and commencing the arduous work of building up a new home in the wilderness. North and south, east and west, the land is crossed by railway lines, and few are the places far out of reach of the sound of the locomotive whistle. Even on the railroad, however, travel is not always on the regulation model. When a family is moving from east to west, or from west to east, with all its furniture and belongings, it is not infrequent to hire a freight car—a box-car, as it is known in America—and to use it both for the family and the household goods. In one case of the kind where a family, consisting of a man and wife and one child, was moving from a town in Michigan to one in Connecticut, there were in addition several cows, a horse and some poultry to share the car. A little room was partitioned off in the centre of the car and fitted with cooking-stove, spring-bed and other necessaries, while the live stock occupied one end of the car and the furniture was stored in the other. The journey occupied a whole week, but was performed without injury or discomfort either to the family or the animals.—A. G. P.

Post-Office Scandals in America

INVESTIGATION into the scandals connected with the affairs of the Post-Office Department of the Government has reached a point where it has cast suspicion upon a large number of members of Congress who are alleged to have been guilty of "graft" in calling for increased appropriations for post-offices in their home districts when there was nothing to justify an increase. No less than one hundred and fifty members of both houses of Congress, including men of the highest standing and reputation, are named in the list of those charged with stealing money from the Government.

At the beginnning of the present session of Congress, when hints had come from the Post-Office Department implicating members of Congress in the crookedness connected with that branch of the Government service, an investigation was proposed by Democratic members of the House, and opposed by the Republicans who defeated it at the time, but later on agreed to the step, a committee being chosen to do the work. It is the report of this committee that has put so many members of Congress, chiefly Republican, under suspicion of dishonesty, and aroused a violent storm of indignation and protested innocence. It is feared that the result will be unfavourable to the interests of the Republican party at the next elections.—A. C. W.

Prohibition in Vermont

THIS spring's municipal elections in Vermont indicate a great revulsion of feeling with many of the citizens who lately assisted in abrogating the State prohibitory law. Forty towns and one city which last year voted to admit saloons have this spring, after a year's dismal experience with drunkenness and crime, voted them out again, and returned to prohibition. This leaves only fifty out of two hundred and forty-six towns of the State open to the liquor traffic.

A. C. W.

Referendum in Victoria

FOR many years the subject of the Bible in schools has been more or less prominent in Victoria. Thirty-two years ago the Education Act was passed, and the present generation has practically been trained under it, and in a

thousand ways it has been one of the greatest boons of our social life.

But the matter of moral training has always been unsatisfactory. For a short time after the passing of the Act, the Scripture lessons of the Irish National books were used, but they were soon discarded under the authority of Ministers of Education, who were supersensitive about the secular side of the Act being unassailable.

The reasons were not far to seek. The Ministers themselves were apparently not over-sympathetic towards Bible teaching. One of them, an ex-clergyman, once declared that it was necessary to avoid offending the susceptibilities even of a Chinaman—there were some half-caste Chinese children in our schools—while another, a clergyman's son, banned the name of Christ from the books altogether. Then for a long time popular feeling seemed to be dormant on this matter. Politicians were afraid of offending Roman Catholic sentiment, while "let well alone" seemed to be the policy of the man in the street. The worship of the "free, secular and compulsory" clauses of the Act was all powerful with large bodies of electors, and very few candidates for Parliament dared to propose a change. Any man who did was promptly beaten at the ballot box.

But during all this time, a Scripture Education League in various forms was at work, keeping the matter before the public, and doing its best to modify popular sentiment, and it is evident that in the past seven years a great advance has been made. Even the comparatively uninterested man has been constrained to admit that something should be done to teach our children at least the literature of the Bible, in view of the ignorance displayed by many when, as sometimes happens, their religious knowledge is tested.

Even the Education Department has tacitly admitted this by introducing Scripture readings and poems of a religious cast into the school paper, which is issued every month, and takes the place of the old-time reading book. But this is only a temporary thing, not strictly legal, and dependent solely on the good-will of the head of the service for the time being.

A new and vigorous campaign is now being conducted, and the State Premier (Mr. Bent) has consented to take a referendum of the people on the whole question, in order that they may say whether they will have the thing or not.

Individual town polls have been taken by the League as a test, and very heavy majorities in favour of Bible reading have been recorded in every case.

Time alone will tell whether this will be so in the larger referendum to the whole State, and I think no one can forecast the result, because already all kinds of side issues are being imported and sectarian strife fomented, but in the interests of that large body of young people whose parents are apparently oblivious to their moral welfare, it is to be hoped that the poll will be decisively in the affirmative. The proposals are fair, and a conscience clause for teachers and scholars ought to safeguard those who have personal objections to any form of religious instruction being given by the State.—A. J. W.

Chinese in Australia

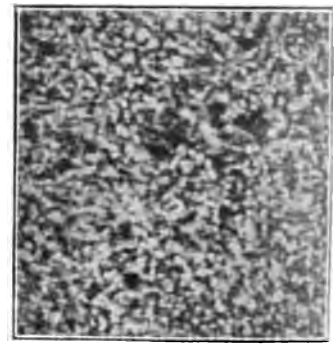
THE writer was greatly struck lately by meeting an Englishman who had never seen a Chinaman until he came to Australia. This fact probably explains the puzzled surprise with which the average Englishman regards the action of Mr. Seddon, the New Zealand Premier, and Mr. Deakin, the Commonwealth Premier, in sending a strong telegraphic protest against the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal. We have the Chinaman, in alarming numbers, all over Australia and New Zealand. He came in the early gold-digging days, and liked the place so well that he stopped, and sent over for his cousins. Now it is hardly possible to find a town or even a village which hasn't got one or two Chinese residents. The big towns of course all have a Chinese quarter, where, amidst dirt, squalor and vice, the Chinese herd together like pigs, and form a veritable plague-spot. In some of the country towns the Chinese have big stores, and in Melbourne they have secured a monopoly of the cabinet-making trade. The Victorian Parliament recently passed a law compelling them to stamp all their furniture "Chinese-made"; and, to facilitate inspection, each Chinaman was—rather humorously—declared a "factory." Then the Commonwealth Parliament, fulfilling its "white Australia" project, completely prohibited them coming into Australia. But we are so well stocked with the yellow men that the effect of this prohibition is not noticeable yet. The two great objections to the Chinaman are that he works and lives too cheaply, and that he is of an inferior race. The Chinese herd together—dozens in one room—live on a little rice, and spend nothing save a few shillings in opium or at the gambling-tables. The white labourer, therefore, has no possible chance of competing with them.—F. S. S.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

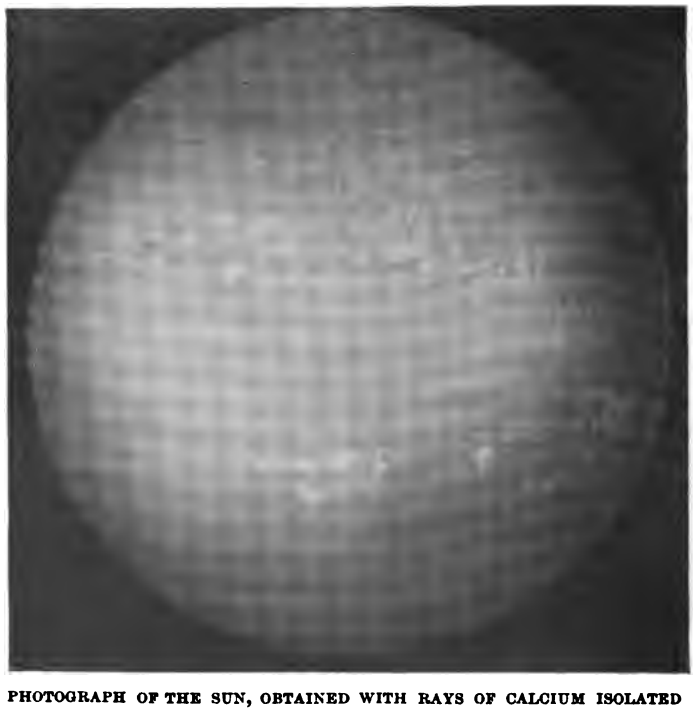
The Sun's Luminous Clouds

WHEN the sun's surface is examined or photographed with a good telescope it is seen to possess a mottled structure, which has been compared to the appearance of snow-flakes upon a grey cloth. The bright spots which give this impression are luminous clouds floating in a solar atmosphere, just as the clouds of the earth are suspended in the air. The light we receive from the sun comes from the luminous clouds, which cover an area of about one-fifth of the total surface. When relatively cool vapours collect in a depression in any part of this surface, dark sun-spots are produced; and when parts are elevated above the general level their brightness is increased and they appear as patches of a greater brilliancy than the mottled surface. These lucid patches can often be seen on the sun with an ordinary telescope, but investigations of recent years have shown that what is thus visible is but a small part of what actually exists. For several years Prof. G. E. Hale, director of the Yerkes Observatory, Chicago, has been perfecting a means of photographing this flocculent material, most of which is invisible at any time when the sun is shining.



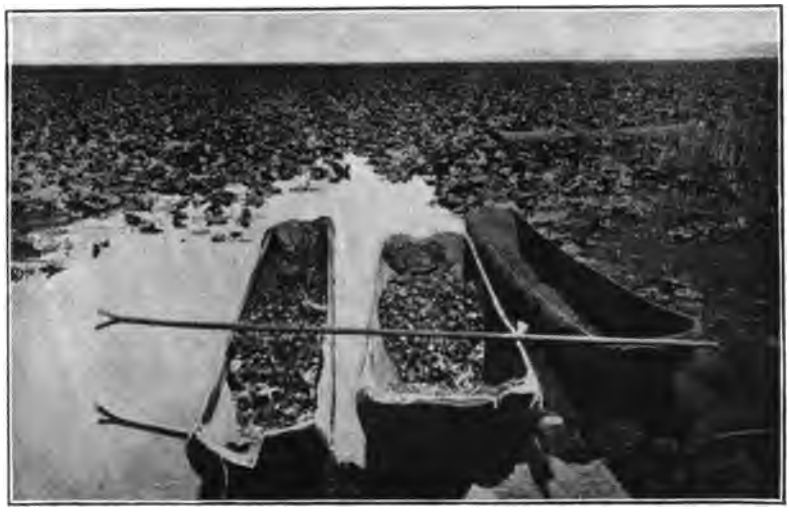
PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTION OF THE SUN'S SURFACE, SHOWING THE MOTTLED STRUCTURE DUE TO LUMINOUS CLOUDS FLOATING IN THE SOLAR ATMOSPHERE

One of his pictures is here reproduced, and also a portion of the ordinary sun surface photographed by Dr. Janssen at the Meudon Observatory. The method employed by Prof. Hale depends upon the fact that the spectroscope permits the light emanating from any particular element to be isolated from that given out by other substances in the sun. Suppose the rays of hydrogen to be selected, then a photograph of the sun produced by these rays shows the parts of the solar surface from which hydrogen light is being radiated. In the photograph of the sun here reproduced, the rays of calcium were used; and the fact that the whole face of the sun appears in the picture shows that this element exists all over the visible surface. If calcium were only present in one part, that part would appear alone on the picture. Prof. Hale's photographs have thus revealed portions of the sun's surface hitherto unknown, and a study of them promises to be of great value. As all meteorological changes on the earth are due primarily to the sun, it is evident that if we had detailed knowledge of all solar phenomena and the variations they undergo, it ought to be possible to use the facts in connexion with forecasts of drought or excessive rain, and of warm or cold periods. Prof. Hale's pictures represent a step toward the understanding of the causes which produce these effects.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN, OBTAINED WITH RAYS OF CALCIUM ISOLATED FROM ALL OTHER RAYS OF WHICH SUNLIGHT IS COMPOSED

Water Lilies as a Food Crop



TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF WATER LILIES, THE SEED OF WHICH IS USED FOR FOOD. THE INDIAN DUG-OUTS ARE USED FOR GATHERING THE PODS

A CURIOUS use of the yellow water lilies which grow in great profusion in a marsh at the foot of the Cascade Mountains, in south-western Oregon, is described in a publication of the National Geographic Society, Washington. When the flowers drop away and the pods form, crowds of Indians gather the pods, which they shell and dry, and then use the kernels of the seed found inside as a food. The kernels are roasted, or meal is made with them, and the Indians consider them a great delicacy. It is suggested that if some economical method could be devised of getting out the seeds from the pods, a popular breakfast food, which would delight the most fastidious palate, could be obtained.

Earthquakes which move the North Pole

GREAT earthquakes have been shown by Prof. J. Milne to cause slight displacements of the axis of the earth, and his results have just been confirmed by Dr. A. Cancani. Our spinning globe, eight thousand miles in diameter, naturally requires a tremendous force to disturb it, just as, in a small way, a bicycle or a toy gyroscope top offers greater resistance to change of motion when moving than when at rest. The axis of spin of the earth thus remains in a practically constant direction from year to year; but if for any reason a large body of land or water is shifted from one part of the globe to another, equilibrium is disturbed and a new axis of spin is set up. It is possible to conceive, for instance, of an altered distribution of the continental masses of the earth which would cause such a change of the axis of rotation that England would be near the north end of the axis instead of the present north polar regions. Though a change so great as this exceeds anything ever likely to occur, there is no doubt whatever that the tilt of the axis does vary slightly in the course of about a year, the North Pole at one part of the period being about sixteen yards away from its position at another part. Precise investigations of the movements of the Pole have shown that they are more frequent in years when great earthquake disturbances have occurred than at other times. The quiverings of the earth thus give rise to displacements of the Pole, and consequently to minute variations of latitude of every place on our globe.

Sources of Dew

UNTIL recent years it was believed that dew is produced by the condensation of moisture from the air. Experiments by the Hon. Rollo Russell, Mr. G. Aitken and others have shown, however, that many of the sparkling drops which are to be seen on the grass and other objects at this time of year are derived from vapour exhaled from the earth, or from plants on which the dew appears. Moisture is continually being exuded by the leaves of plants; and in the absence of sunshine or wind it accumulates on the surface as dewdrops instead of being dried up as it is in the daytime. Vapour is also constantly arising from the earth, and this contributes to the formation of dew, so that though the upper surfaces of stones are not visibly bedewed on a clear night, the lower surfaces have often a heavy deposit. In tropical climates, the amount of moisture which is thus exhaled by vegetation and the ground at night, and is condensed into drops of water, is very great. There is thus some justification for the reference to dew as "the mist that went up from the ground and watered the whole face of the earth."

Varieties

Cigarettes

CIGARETTE smoking is forbidden to boys under nineteen in Japan. Any one found in possession of opium is liable to punishment.

Wood-pulp

CHEAP wood-pulp paper has been one of the aids in the development of modern journalism. A New York trade journal states that it takes an acre of spruce for one Sunday edition of a big metropolitan paper.

Facts about Japan

JAPAN, with her 47,000,000 population, has 4,302,623 pupils in her elementary schools, or ninety-one in every thousand; while Russia, with her 130,000,000 population, has only 4,193,594, or thirty-two in every thousand. Japan has 4852 post-offices, equal to one post-office for each 9700 people; Russia has only 6029, or one for each 21,500 people. Japan has over 3000 miles of railway and 1500 miles of telegraph lines in operation. Twenty-five years ago not a mile of this system existed. Japan is mining over 2000 tons of coal per day, nearly 1,000,000 tons yearly, and the supply is of fine quality, apparently inexhaustible. Twenty-five years ago the output was only 300 tons per day.

Chickens in Muskoka

REFERRING to previous communications from Canadian and other correspondents on "Christmas in Canada" (see *Leisure Hour*, Dec. 1903, and Feb. 1904), Mr. F. C. Hare, Chief of the Poultry Division, Department of Agriculture, Dominion of Canada, writes: "I may say that there is no truth in the statement that fowls cannot be reared in Muskoka. I know of shipments of fowls from Muskoka to some of our larger markets. The winters there are no more severe than they are in other parts of Ontario or in Quebec or Manitoba. Great numbers of poultry are being reared throughout Canada, and the poultry business is advancing rapidly."

This, we suppose, is the final word about those chickens, and we can insert no further correspondence on the subject. We apologise to the chickens!

More about Muskoka

MR. E. G. MUNTZ, Toronto, Canada, writes to us:—

"It is exceedingly exceptional that the secondary large lakes, such as Simcoe, Muskoka, Nipissing, freeze before the end of the year. The great lakes never do freeze over.

"I do not remember in all the thirteen years I passed on the shores of Simcoe and Muskoka that they were ever frozen over before Christmas, and I would never have attempted to drive a team on them till very much later. Snow falling on the new ice acts as a blanket and prevents or makes very slow any further freezing.

"As to the effect of the cold, I have never worn a fur garment all the time I have been here, and even in the north-west I rode fifteen miles at a jog in a temperature of 40 degrees below zero in ordinary winter clothing and an ordinary overcoat. I was perfectly warm and comfortable. It is true there was little wind. The fact is, the dryness of the air prevents the escape of heat. When the air is saturated with moisture it is different. I have in London, England, at the temperature about freezing-point, been more frozen with cold than I have ever been in Canada.

"I have seen cattle running on the open plains of Alberta up to the end of February, with a temperature running from + 32 to − 25, and they were rolling in fat; *no fodder of any kind was given them*, but they could get any quantity of good grass. Later deep snow came, and although the winter was nearly over it gave the owners much trouble to keep the herd through the rest of the hard weather."

Astronomical Notes for June

THE Sun will be vertical over the tropic of Cancer and attain his greatest northern declination about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 21st, which is therefore the day of the summer solstice, when the days are longest in the northern hemisphere and shortest in the southern. He will rise on the 1st inst., in the latitude of Greenwich, at 3h. 51m. in the morning, and set at 8h. 4m. in the evening; on the 11th he will rise at 3h. 45m. and set at 8h. 13m.; and on the 21st rise at 3h. 44m. and set at 8h. 18m. He will be on the meridian at 12 o'clock on the 14th; before this date a little earlier, diminishing, and after it a little later, increasing to about four minutes at the end of the month. The Moon will enter her Last Quarter at 5h. 53m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 6th; New at 9h. 10m. on the evening of the 13th; First Quarter at 3h. 11m. on the afternoon of the 20th; and Full at 8h. 23m. on the evening of the 27th. She will be in apogee, or at her greatest distance from the Earth, about half-an-hour before noon on the 5th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about half-an-hour after noon on the 17th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 8th, and be visible in the morning during the first half of the month, situated in the constellation Taurus, and passing near the Pleiades on the 12th. Venus is also in Taurus, and rises not long before the Sun; she will be nearly due north of the bright star Aldebaran on the 9th. Mars is not visible this month. Jupiter is in Pisces, and rises earlier each morning; soon after midnight at the end of the month. Saturn is nearly stationary, on the border of the constellations Capricornus and Aquarius; he will be near the Moon on the morning of the 4th.—W. T. LYNN.

BRADSHAW RAILWAY PUZZLES

NOVEL COMPETITION

TWENTY-ONE PRIZES

As announced last month, we offer prizes ranging from **Thirty Shillings** downwards for the best solutions of what may be called **Railway Journey Problems.**

The conditions and all necessary particulars will be found on p. 602 of *The Leisure Hour* for May.

The conditions are not elaborate, but they are so far important that no competitor who transgresses them, however slightly, will participate in the award. Here is

THE SECOND LIST OF PUZZLE JOURNEYS:

State the quickest way of getting by rail from

9. Ide to Idle.
10. Joppa to Junction Road (Middlesex).
11. Kimbolton to Knaresborough.
12. Littleham to Littlehampton.
13. Maidstone to Maidenhead.
14. Newquay to Newark.
15. Oldham to Oakham.
16. Potter Heigham to Pudsey.

N.B. State—

1st. The route, naming all stations where change has to be made.
2nd. The times of starting and arrival.
3rd. The whole time occupied.

Of course competitors must choose the particular train from the starting-point by which the quickest journey can be made. For the purposes of the competition, punctuality may be assumed, even on the most notoriously unpunctual lines.

The answers will be checked by the Bradshaw for the month in which the questions appear, *i. e.* for the month *before* the date of the Magazine. For instance, the answers to the above problems will be checked by the Bradshaw for May.

Note.—Answers to the first set of questions will be received up to June 15th instead of May 15th, as previously announced.

Answers to the second set must be sent in not later than July 1st.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

ESSAY COMPETITION: RESULT

FOR BEST ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON "HOW I SPENT MY EASTER HOLIDAY."

First Prize: Two Guineas:

MISS GARDENIR, 22A Emmanuel Road, Balham, S.W.

Two Second Prizes: One Guinea each:

MISS MARIE B. HOSKYN, 1 Birchington Road, Kilburn, N.W.; JAS. H. HARRIS, Peverell Terrace, Porthleven, Helston, Cornwall.

Two Third Prizes: Half-a-Guinea each:

REV. W. CLARK HUDSON, M.A., All Saints' Vicarage, 31 St. Domingo Grove, Liverpool; J. CHADWICK, 133 St. Domingo Vale, Liverpool.

We hope to publish some of these Articles in subsequent numbers.

The Clubs.

THE name Clubwoman is still used as a term of reproach by the uninitiated, but what departure on the part of any individual or section of the community has escaped the condemnation of those who were satisfied with their own deeds and achievements, and feared the new movement might, somehow and some time, disturb the security of some of their vested interests? Every evidence of growth in any direction is regarded by the old-fashioned with fear and aversion.

Women's Clubs originated in America, where the custom of boarding-house existence left a large proportion of women with a good deal of unoccupied time on their hands. The more intellectual of these could not be satisfied to merely kill the hours with dressing and gossip, they wanted something that looked towards larger possibilities. Then women possessed of homes of their own, and children, found, nevertheless, that there is a certain amount of spare time to use better or worse, and these in due course become club women also, to the enlargement of the area of their interests. No one could deny that the Club was harmless, it had extensive beneficial possibilities, yet that section of the community that lives to find texts for treatment with tongue or pen, made the woman's Club the theme for many a dreary gibe. The Clubwoman was considered, like the prophet Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. Clubs throve, nevertheless, because when anything is the expression of a general wholesome need, floods cannot drown it nor earthquakes overthrow its foundations.

The Clubwoman could rest in her club as, possibly, she could rest nowhere else. She could do as she liked there, provided she infringed no one else's rights, disturbed no one else's peace, attacked no one else's prepossessions. The club rooms were better than those at home, because, on the principle that many hands make light work, many payers reduce individual expense to a minimum, rent becomes a bagatelle when there are hundreds to pay it; club rooms were also more attractive in being devoid of the superfluities that are the bane of most households. The mere sight of a large, handsomely-coloured, comparatively empty room is a refreshment, it rests the nerves like the sight of a green meadow.

In time the Club advanced to England, the jokes and jokelets following it. Naturally no woman would join it at first who valued her repute as a solid, sensible, good-housekeeping British matron, it was left to the control of the "advanced" women, the "viewy" women, and those other irresponsible people who not only continue to believe that there is still room for some betterment in this best of all possible worlds, but think they should like to help the cause of progress, and, as individuals, possess individual power to do so.

It must be admitted that certain clubs assume names that are in some measure a challenge, names which indicate either that the members are conscious of personal daring and are determined to dare further, or that they consider the surrounding darkness pretty dense, and therefore mean to render the lamp they hold very conspicuous, while other names are as sober and sane as the establishment they indicate. Indeed one of the most admirable things in connexion with clubs is their aloofness from the desire of publicity, that desire which will soon differentiate the people worth knowing from the people that have got into the newspapers.

Leaving out of view the social clubs which the members use as a kind of private hotel when they come up from the country, where they can either reside for a week or entertain their friends at any meal, and where the members may all be regarded as women of position and some measure of wealth; passing also the non-residential clubs, where the intention is to afford a somewhat intellectual centre for women interested in any special movement, artistic, literary, metaphysical or even occult, we come to the useful clubs started in the first instance by semi-philanthropic effort, to afford either a place of residence on moderate terms to wage-earning ladies and students of art and music, or to simplify and improve the conditions of existence in the case of girls earning their living and residing in apartments.

The Women's Institute in Victoria Street, S.W., combines several merits. It is a teaching school in various branches, and a meeting-place for women interested in any of the practical forward movements. The fee is very low, 10*s.* 6*d.* per annum, the reception rooms are spacious and pleasant, there are social "At Homes every Wednesday, the reading-room always available, there is a good library where the books be read on the premises or borrowed, and there is an information bureau where advice may be obtained on all available subjects. The bureau is free to members, non-members inquire for a sixpenny fee. The Institute does not undertake to supply employment (the Women's Employment Bureau for this purpose, 9 Southampton Street, Holborn). All members are educated women, many of them are well known in intellectual circles. Membership in the Women's Institute is recommended to cultured women who have not means available for costly diversions, but who enjoy the atmosphere that pertains to intellectual advancement.

The Enterprise Club is for the benefit of girl clerks. Its aim is to provide interests and occupations in the evenings for girls employed in offices during the day, and to supply them at noon with a hot, wholesome and comfortable meal at a price within reach of their purses. What a boon this is to a girl earning from 10*s.* to £1 per week may be left to the imagination. Evening classes afford the members an opportunity of learning dress-making, millinery or the French language, and lessons are also given in gymnastic drill and physical culture. An Employment Registry, a Savings Bank and a Sick Fund are attached to the Club, and on Saturdays there are musical and social afternoon entertainments. The Club is open from noon till 9 P.M. Membership is over 400 and this necessitated the opening of larger premises in the month of April. The Club is now at 57 and 58 Lincoln's Inn Street, E.C. The annual subscription is 10*s.*, and the entrance fee 2*s.* 6*d.* A number of ladies of position are honorary members, their object being to encourage a movement so very beneficial to a hard-working and often very poorly-paid section of the community.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LITERARY.

Ventnor.—A correspondent sends you the verses you inquire about. They are by T. T. Lynch.

The Silences.

In silence mighty things are wrought;
Silently builded thought on thought,
  Truth's temple greets the sky;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The Soul with her subservient powers
  Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings in the forest grow
  To trees of mighty girth;
Each nightly star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
  The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers and the land
  With universal chain;
And, smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
  The lands are free again.

Muriel.—The legend embodied in the novel *Quo Vadis* is connected with a church a little way outside Rome. A series of footprints are distinctly to be seen on the floor of the building, but how produced it would be impossible to say. The prints in stone are shown in many parts of Ireland, and identified with his Satanic majesty, with Finn McCool and legendary personages. The late Phillip Worsely wrote a poem on the legend of Peter's encounter with his Master.

F.—It is a case of not being able to see the wood for trees. We have many excellent writers to-day, though none I think that, in my opinion, equals George Eliot. Personally I am

ɔoks of M. E. Francis, of Egerton and Agnes Castle and of . E. Norris, perhaps best of any present-day works of fiction, it then I appreciate not adventure but interesting acquaintices. There are many single books by various writers that I ghly appreciate, but when these authors write something ɪpardonable, as more than one of our ablest has done, my ɔnfidence in them is destroyed To have absolute assurance ıat your author will always interest you, and by legitimate eans, makes you feel rich and happy. Some very well-known riters are unspeakable bores, and others are always vulgar ven when they mean well. The bores have admirers, and the ılgarians are immensely popular, and there you are!

EMPLOYMENTS.

M. B.—Any hospital will train nurses, at least I know of ɔne that does not do so, but vacancies have to be waited for, ıless the candidate is willing to enter as a paying probaoner. I have already given this information more than once. ırsing is excellent work, most useful, most highly appreciɪed, but unless it is liked by the person doing it, the career is ɜither easy nor sufficiently remunerative to become attracve for that reason. To find work that we like is, possibly, the ɜst means of happiness that life will afford; all other things ay fail, but not work of which we continue capable. With ference to nursing I think it right to state some things that have heard lately; first, that in several hospitals more attenon is given to the appearance of the ward than to the comfort the patients, so that in many cases the latter suffer ɔnsiderably; and again, that many nurses and sisters are so ıtolerable in their behaviour to their fellow-nurses and the probationers that the more sensitive of these cannot ıdure the pricks and slights inflicted on them, and, however ıccessful in their work and attached to it, are not able to ersevere till the end of the necessary three years of training. heard quite lately of a probationer who gained the highest ıcomiums from the medical teachers, and won the medal for ɜr class work, who declares that it will be impossible to bear for ıother year a repetition of what she has already suffered in the wo years that are over. Nurses are changed from ward to ward, ut this does not always alleviate the petty persecutions to hich some of them are subjected. I personally know one robationer who always spent her "day out" weeping in a iend's house about the miseries she endured at the hands of ıe ward sister and her subordinates. Of course this does not pply to all hospitals, but it seems to be sufficiently general to ıll for some notice on the part of the matron. Many people ould rather endure a great deal than lodge a complaint that, erhaps, might not be well received, and thus much petty ranny may go on that, if suspected by those in authority, ould be promptly checked. I am afraid many people are bad hen they have power and opportunity. Nursing is such hard ork that nurses might, one would think, try to comfort and ıstain each other instead of accentuating each other's burdens.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Myra.—Mascots are individual "charms," and I believe ıch individual has to discover his or her own mascot. I onder if people really believe in such silliness. When ne reads in the papers sometimes that an actress has this ıascot, an authoress that other, one is disposed to think ıat these are part of the paraphernalia by which these clever eople have worked up their "fame." That some people have ırious powers of something like divination is beyond question; hat in Scotland is called "second sight" seems to be an inɜrmittent visionary power that some individuals certainly ossess, but I do not think these ever use it for money-making urposes. I have always argued that the lines of the hand re modified by the condition of the mental or bodily health, nd that profound past experiences would possibly leave a ɜcord. A lady told me lately that, during a serious illness, what ı called the life-line in her hand suddenly broke. She took hat as her death-warrant, and used to lie in bed looking at the roken line and wondering what would happen to all her loved nes when she had left them. But she recovered, and after a ew months the life-line reunited. Now I think that very curious and interesting, and it is quite true. As to the future, it is not ours yet, and we shall do better not to try to unveil it. No literature has ever indicated that power to divine the future came from the highest source.

S. G. G.—I have been told that a new cure for inebriety is by means of vaccination. I know of one very bad case where the patient after treatment has continued sober to this day, nearly a year. But I know of another case of which a clergyman friend wrote me some weeks ago, and the treatment was not by vaccination. He said: "A man in my last parish who had been a hopeless drunkard for fifteen years has been brought under the influence of the Salvation Army, and he has been now absolutely sober for nine months. I never knew him to keep sober for nine hours in all the previous years of my acquaintance with him. I feel sure you will be gratified to hear this." I was. I suppose you saw the Message to the Nation issued at the beginning of the year by the National Temperance League. The writers ascribed the increased number of the insane in asylums, 98 per cent. in thirty years, almost entirely to the abuse of alcohol. The superintendent of one of the County Asylums recently ascribed intemperance to two causes—first heredity, and again ignorance on the part of the beginner of the effects of small doses of alcohol. He indicated that unpalatable food was an incentive to drink, beer often seemed to give an appetite for what could not be enjoyed without it, while insufficient nourishment in badly-cooked food left the system craving for something that alcohol seemed momentarily to supply. His impression was that more knowledge of cooking among working-class women would lessen the desire for stimulants among men. At present, though more women come before the police magistrates charged with drunkenness, almost twice as many male patients are brought to insane asylums through alcoholism. Out of a total of 116,000 insane patients now in asylums, 17,000 are victims to drunkenness in the proportion of 11,000 men and 6000 women.

Miranda.—To make furniture polish—Take a pint of pure linseed oil, half-a-pint of vinegar, 2 ounces of rose-pink, ¼ oz. resin powder and a gill of good spirits of wine; dissolve the resin in the spirit, then mix all the ingredients well together, put into bottles and keep closely corked. Shake the bottle before using, apply the polish with a piece of flannel, rub off with wash-leather or an old silk handkerchief, and continue rubbing till the finger pressed on the wood leaves no mark.

TOILET.

Alice M.—When the hair falls and the scalp feels itchy there is no remedy as good as well washing the hair with a beaten-up egg in water. Rub and massage the scalp well, and wash again in water without the egg. Repeat every week or ten days. The friction necessary to dry the hair increases the circulation, while the washing removes all dust from the scalp. Stimulants are sometimes beneficial, but most so when applied to a cleansed and invigorated skin. Bay-rum and tincture of cantharides are both possessed of cleansing and stimulating properties.

Letty Ann.—Where the gums are tender and recede from the teeth an astringent lotion should be used. Take half-an-ounce of borax, dissolve it in three pints of boiling water, when cold add a teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh. Wash the mouth with this every day. Tartar on the teeth is due in great measure to properties in the drinking water. I know a district where most of the middle-aged people are almost toothless, and where visitors after a few weeks find tartar deposits on their teeth. To prevent this the teeth should be brushed after meals with water to which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been added. Some families are more disposed to accumulate tartar on the teeth than others. The whitest teeth are often the least durable, the enamel on them being thin, and the chalky substance rendering them brittle. I fear nothing will long preserve these for their one-time enviable possessor.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Eighth of Nine

"It becomes thy oath full well
Thou to *me* thy secrets tell."

1. "Away from light steals home *my* heavy son."
2. "Little of this great world can *I* speak."
3. "*I* will have nothing else but only this."
4. "Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, *I* am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat."
5. "*I* was adored once, too."

Find the speakers' names, giving Act and Scene for each quotation.

Five Guineas' worth of prizes to be awarded at close of this series, for correct answers.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth Acrostics were—

Fourth.

Great, Rue, Are, Time, Indeed, Air, None, Obtained = Gratiano.

Fifth.

Christian, *Hen. VIII.*, Act V. Leonatus, *Cym.*, Act I. Owl, *Hen. VI.*, Pt. 3, Act V. Turtle, *Winter's Tale*, Act V. Everything, *Lear*, Act IV. Neck, *Rom. and Jul.*, Act I. Cloten, *Cym.*, Act IV.

Sixth.

Belarius, Emilia, Nobility, Eglamour, Desdemona, Imogen, Cordelia, Time = Benedict.

For the above answers the scores were as follows (Acrostic Fifth being a crucial one):—The possible maximum of marks (9 + 7 + 9 = 25) were gained by Peg I., and Witton. 24 marks by Alaska and Plena Spei. 23 by Acorn, Bee, Eda, Ilex, Katydid, Thoca, and Vicar. 22 by Branwood, Peg II. (Liscard), Jacko, and Reldas. 21 by A. C. R. Marcia, Mogg, Polly, Q. O. D., and Violet. 20 by Israfil, Fern, Moggs, Frog. 19 by Puck. 18 by Epirus. (Scores of competitors who do not enter for every acrostic of the series are not kept.) Final list with prize-winners' names will appear in September.

All answers must be addressed to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, and must bear on the outside the words *Fireside Club*, and must reach this office by the 15th of the month.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: S. E. WHITE'S *The Forest*, Grant Richards, 7*s.* 6*d.* MRS. CRAIGIE'S *The Vineyard*, Fisher Unwin, 6*s.* W. H. HUDSON'S *Green Mansions*, Duckworth, 6*s.* DR. RABAGLIATI'S *Air, Food, and Exercise*, Baillière, Tindal and Cox, 7*s.* 6*d.* PROFESSOR MOSSO'S *Fatigue*, Swan Sonnenschien and Co. *Gathered Poems of Ernest Myers*, Macmillans, 5*s.* MR. KELMAN'S *Faith of R. L. Stevenson*, Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 6*s.* REV. P. WAGGETT'S *Religion and Science*, Longmans, 2*s.* 6*d.* *Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond*, De La More Press, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. White's record of a thousand-mile canoe-trip in Michigan and Canadian waters makes a twofold appeal. It is a practical handbook of camping-out life, minute as to every detail of outfit, pack making and carrying, hunting and fishing, with chapters on the science of going light, on walking in the woods, on open water, canoe-travelling, on the art of building every sort of fire from the smallest, for cooking only, or the larger warmth-fire, to the best, the biggest, and the longest lasting, the friendship-fire, as he calls it. In addition to giving all these business details our author has written throughout under a strong sense of the beauty of the forest, and has so rendered the magic of its impressions that his book is full of literary charm. You feel, you hear, you see, as you read. Take this picture of the trading-room in one of the Hudson Bay Company's outposts:—

"All the charm of the Aromatic Shop was in the place, an additional flavour of the wilds. . . . Shades of childhood, what a place to rummage in! . . . In yonder square box, the smoke-tanned shoes of silence: that velvet dimness we prove to be the fur of a bear: this birch-bark package of maple-sugar savoured of the wilds. Buckskin, both white buff, bears' claws in strings, bundles of medicinal herbs, sweetgrass baskets fragrant as an Indian tale, boxes embroidered with stained quills of the porcupine, bows of hickory, arrows of maple, queer half-boots of stiff sealskin from the very shores of the Hudson Bay, belts of beadwork, yellow and green, for the Corn Dance, even a costume or so of leather complete for ceremonial—all these the fortunate child will find were he to take the rainy day privilege in this, the most wonderful attic in all the world."

Or listen to this echo of the white-throated sparrow:—

"It is night, very still, very dark. . . . Suddenly across the dusk of silence flashes a single thread of silver, vibrant, trembling with some unguessed ecstasy of emotion. *Canada, Canada, Canada, Canada!* it mourns passionately and falls silent."

Or feel this breath of air as the voyagers toil through the forest one sultry July afternoon.

"The woods were literally like an oven in their hot dryness. Finally we skirted a little hill, and at the base of that a great tree had fallen, and through the aperture thus made in the forest a tiny current of cool air flowed like a stream. It was not a great current or a wide: if we moved three feet in any direction, we were out of it. But we sat us down athwart across its flow . . . and never has anything else given me the luxury I drank in from that little breeze."

Among the prosaic inhabitants of a dull country town, people who have "missed the spells and

magic of existence, while its tragedies have passed them by," Mrs. Craigie casts the lot of Jennie Sussex, the young and romantic heroine of *The Vineyard*. Much skill is displayed in the portrayal of Gerald Federan, whom we find at the outset pliable as wax in the hands of his evil genius. He is weak and faulty throughout, with an almost redeeming quality of self-depreciation. "The eternal Pecksniff in us all," he exclaims after posing as a fine fellow, "and especially in me!" He loves Jennie and is loved, but they are "inimical in spirit: neither of them had any bent for the bearing of the other's burdens, or any mercy for each other's shortcomings." Circumstances therefore avail to separate them. Federan marries an heiress who had saved him from financial ruin, and Jennie becomes the wife of an artist, an idealist like herself.

Mr. Hudson has created in his Riolama of the *Green Mansions* a wood nymph whose beauty and gentleness and hapless fate make her a sister in romance for Fouqué's Undine. With bird-like songs, clad in a spider-silk garment, she flits elusively through the story, bewildering while she charms her Venezuelan lover. The book has both power and originality of construction, and its tragedy must leave a heartache in the reader's breast.

Dr. Rabagliati of Bedford has published a third edition, greatly enlarged and almost entirely rewritten, of his wise and useful book on *Air, Food and Exercise*, an essay on the predisposing causes of disease. The first and last subjects are briefly dealt with at the beginning and end of the volume, the bulk of which is devoted to the science of diet. The public mind has been largely leavened with useful knowledge regarding the value of fresh air and methodised exercises, our author believes, but is still curiously ignorant of the principles which should rule diet.

His belief, based on long and varied professional observation, is that our increasingly luxurious food habits as a nation account for the increase of alarming diseases, such as appendicitis or cancer, as well as for the prevalence of unhealthy people, habitually suffering from colds, constipation, indigestion, and such ailments. In brief, he thinks we eat too much, and too often.

"Bad as alcoholism is," our author asserts, "it is not by a long way so potent a cause of mortality or of disease as improper feeding; and I cannot help thinking that if the teetotallers, instead of confining their attention to the evil effects of alcoholic drink alone, had widened the scope of their inquiries and extended them to the effects of intemperance in the use of food also, they would have effected much more good than they have yet succeeded in doing. . . . I have endorsed the practice of the teetotallers by being one myself for years, so that I know of what I speak."

Professor Mosso needs no introduction to English readers, his previous work (on *Fear*) having been so well received on its translation eight years ago. This new volume on *Fatigue*, translated by Margaret and W. B. Drummond of Edinburgh, gives the latest observations and discoveries of the eminent Italian physiologist, on a subject of great general interest. He deals with fatigue characteristics and products, the law of exhaustion, attention, intellectual fatigue, work, and over-pressure, and the clearness of his expositions must make them as interesting as they are important to lovers of science in general, and to educationalists in particular.

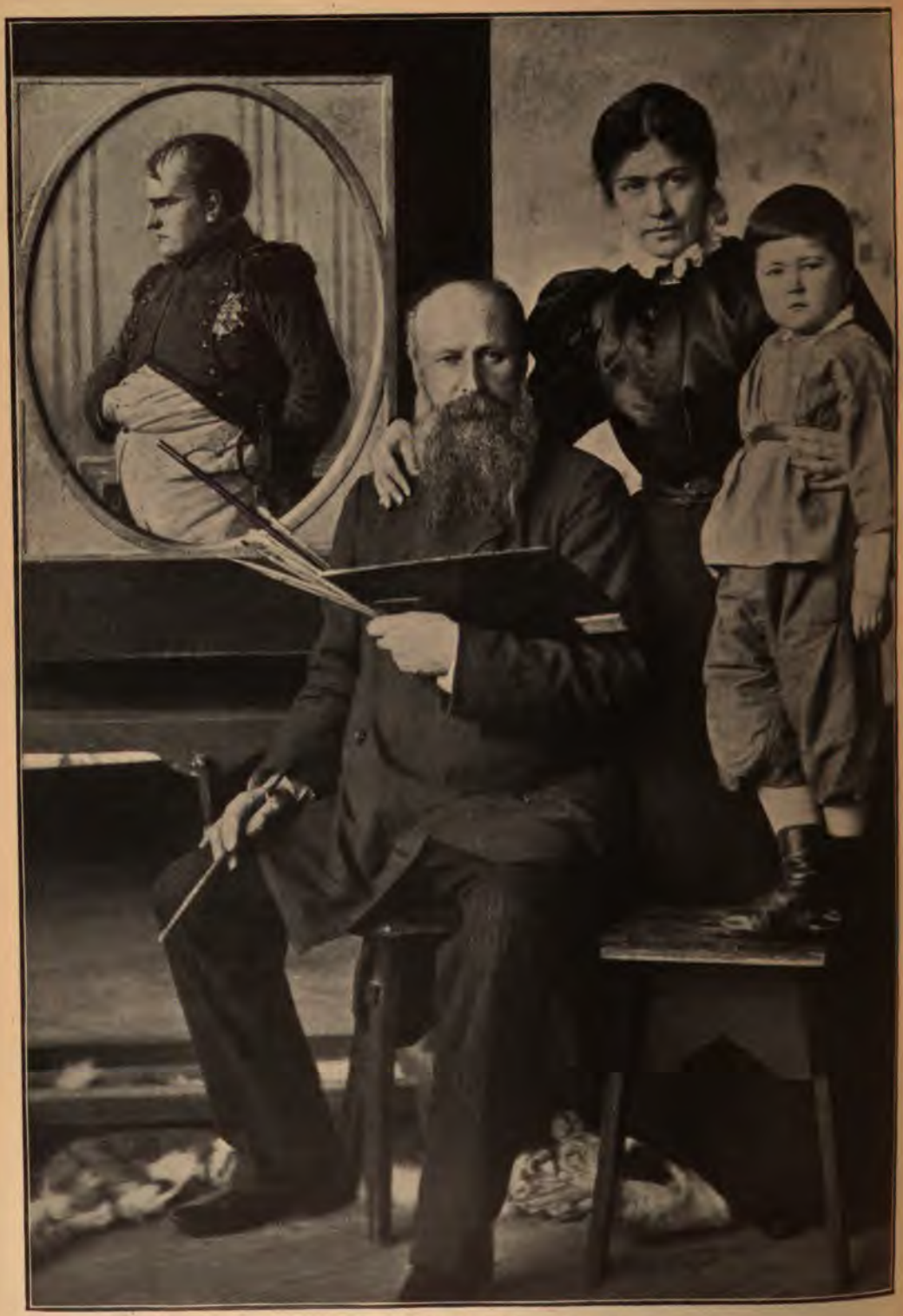
Of the *Gathered Poems of Ernest Myers*, the following verses are a pleasing example—

"Hold us not here; the flowers have ceased to blow,
The frost begun:
Hold us not here; we will arise and go,
The dream is done.
Our feet are set upon a sterner way,
And we must on;
Ease, thou hast dwelt with us a summer day,
But now begone.
Still deem we vain the strifes whole countering cries
Clash from afar,
Yet through their midst we seek one purer prize,
One beckoning star."

Mr. Kelman, in his recently published volume of lectures on *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, marshals an infinite number of quotations from his author, in illustration of his points, and packs these chosen passages together so closely that one catches too few glimpses of the marshalling hand, although the choice and ordering of his selection reveal both his taste and opinions. Here and there we have a touch of keen characterisation, as in the remark that Stevenson had "a Hebrew conscience and a Greek imagination, a Scottish sense of sin and a French delight in beauty." Stevenson's subjectivity, his gift of vision, his sympathies and appreciations are copiously illustrated to show in what ideals and types and duties he placed his faith, and Mr. Kelman discriminatingly analyses the religious opinions of the man as made clear in his words and actions.

Religion and Science will be found useful, not only by the clergy, to whose needs it is specially addressed, but also by all those anxious to learn how far religious belief is really affected by the discoveries and theories of modern science. The author is one of the few who know both sides of his subject. This book cannot be called easy reading, as it presupposes a considerable knowledge of scientific terminology, but it will well repay the reader's trouble. An appendix gives a useful list of modern works bearing on the subjects discussed.

Readers of Carlyle's *Past and Present* will remember Abbot Samson of Bury St. Edmund's, and all who were led on by Carlyle to study the fascinating *Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond* will be glad to have it, newly translated with an admirable introduction and notes, included among *The King's Classics*. Nowhere else can the student obtain so vivid and clear a picture of the social and religious life of England in the latter half of the twelfth century. Written within a "convent's narrow room," this Chronicle is not bounded by its scanty confines. The life of all classes in the realm, the intrigues of Church and State, the faults and virtues of king and prelates are mirrored here for us readers of seven centuries afterwards, by one who could not only write but observe. Few chronicles are so full of human nature. Few deal with a period so interesting and so little known to the ordinary reader. This is a book to buy and read and keep.



VERESTCHÀGIN AND FAMILY

The great Russian painter, Verestchàgin, met his death on the *Petropavlovsk*, when it was blown up at Port Arthur. His picture of Napoleon is in the background of the above photograph. He depicted the horrors of war as they have never been depicted by any one else.

Our Chess Page

Summer Solving Tourney. Three Guineas in Prizes

As intimated last month, we offer **Three Guineas** in Prizes for the best sets of solutions of problems to be published during the months of June, July and August 1904. Not more than ten problems will be given, and the number may be less.

No competitor will be allowed to take more than one first prize, or the equivalent, during the year for solving, but the Gold and Silver Medals are exempt from this rule.

Conditions, to be carefully observed:—

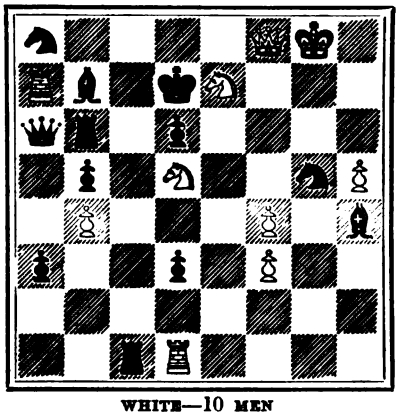
1. Each batch of solutions must be headed with the name and address of the sender.
2. Foolscap or quarto paper must be used; only one side must be written upon, and the sheets must be fastened together.
3. Neatness should be observed, and the leading variations clearly set forth.
4. Solutions should be exhaustive.

Here are the first two problems, both of which were entered in our last Problem Tourney.

SUMMER SOLVING TOURNEY PROBLEMS

A

BLACK—12 MEN

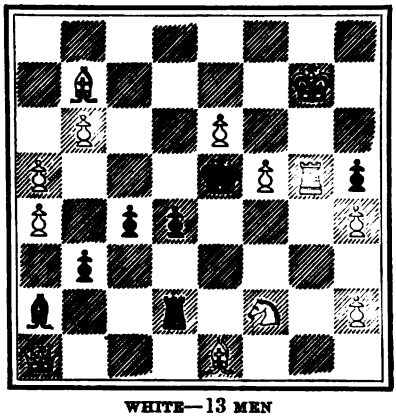


WHITE—10 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

B

BLACK—7 MEN



WHITE—13 MEN

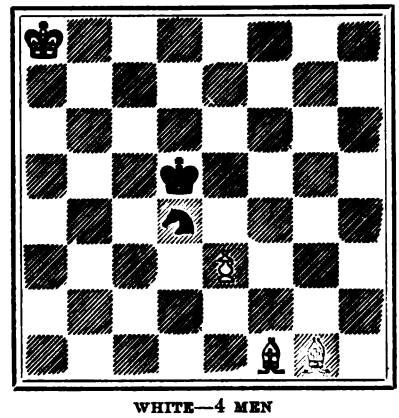
White to play and mate in three moves.

"Twentieth-Century Retractor."

No. 5.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

"Do not for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect."
Tempest, Act III. sc. iii.

BLACK—2 MEN



WHITE—4 MEN

1. White played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play so as to allow
4. White to mate by discovery.

Solutions received before July 10 will be acknowledged. A special prize is offered for the solver who, in the aggregate, most quickly solves Nos. 3, 4, and 5. [See page 527.]

SOLUTION.

MRS. BAIRD'S Retractor No. III., April.

1. White P was on B 3 replace.
2. White Kt—B 6.
3. Black Kt—B 5.
4. White Kt—B 4 mate.

We hope to publish the award in the last Solving Tourney next month.

A good game between two well-known Amateurs:

WHITE. H. S. Barlow.		v.	BLACK. A. Curnock.	
1. P—K 4.	P—K 4.		17. N—B 3.	N×B.
2. N—K B 3.	P—Q 3.		18. Q×N.	N—Q 2.
3. P—Q 4.	N—K B 3.		19. B—B 4.	Q—B 2.
4. N—Q B 3.	Q N—Q 2.		20. Q R—Q 1.	B—B 3.
5. B—Q 3.	B—K 2.		21. Q R—K 1.	P—Q N 4.
6. 0 0.	P—Q B 3.		22. P—Q N 3.	P—N 5.
7. P—K R 3.	0 0.		23. N—Q 1.	N—K 4.
8. B—K 3.	Q—B 2.		24. N×N.	B×N.
9. P—Q 5.	P—B 4.		25. B×B.	R×B.
10. N—Q N 5.	Q—Q 1.		26. N—B 2.	P—Q R 4.
11. P—Q B 4.	P—Q R 3.		27. Q—B 3.	B—N 2.
12. N—B 3.	R—K 1.		28. N—Q 3.	R—K 2.
13. N—R 2.	N—B 1.		29. P—K 5.	P×P.
14. P—K B 4.	P×P.		30. R×P.	Q R—K1.[1]
15. B×P.	N—N 3.		31. Q×P ch and mate in 2.	
16. B—K 3.	N—K 4.			

N.B. In the notation adopted in the above game N stands for Kt.

[1] If Black had avoided the trap by *e. g.* P—B 3 White would still win by reason of his passed pawn and the pressure he is able to bring on Black's Q—B P.—*Ed.*

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

Photos by *E. W. Jackson*

1, 4, 5, 7 AND 8, BRIXHAM, NEAR TORQUAY.
2, CASTLETOWN, ISLE OF MAN, WITH CASTLE RUSHEN IN BACKGROUND
3 AND 6, PEEL HARBOUR, ISLE OF MAN

VASSILI VERESTCHÀGIN

Vassili Verestchàgin

BORN 1842. WENT DOWN WITH THE *PETROPÀVLOVSK* 1904

BY A. E. KEETON

VERESTCHÀGIN is perhaps the one Russian painter who may be said to have attained international fame. By a terrible irony of fate, he, who specially devoted his career to the revelation of the horrors of warfare in all their gruesome nakedness, lost his own life in one of the most tragic incidents ever brought about by the ingenuity of man for the wholesale carnage of his fellow-beings. It is a remarkable coincidence, too, that Verestchàgin began his life as a servant of the navy, and at sea he was destined to meet with his destruction. It was only at the dawn of the nineteenth century that Russian art began to show signs of becoming an appreciable, and above all a national factor. Once the seeds of this promising development had been sown, they fructified with amazing rapidity, and in less than fifty years Russia could boast of possessing her own distinctive schools of literature, music, and painting. The beginnings of every movement in art are usually of a tentative, hesitating nature. Thus the career of most of Russia's distinguished artists for several generations has been preluded by a kind of struggle into their proper callings, in spite of opposite, incongruous circumstances. And, oddly enough, their ranks have been filled chiefly by recruits from the law courts, the army, or the navy. In each case the enthusiasm of the amateur has gradually shaped itself into the strenuous and definite purpose of the professional. Though in Verestchàgin's case the term "gradually" is hardly applicable, since he essayed to be both sailor and painter at the same time. From the age of eleven he began almost simultaneously to follow the separate curriculums of the St. Petersburg Naval Corps and School of Design. But he left the navy for the Academy of Arts when he was seventeen, and two years later this institution awarded him its silver medal

MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN

TARTAR COSSACK (CIRCASSIAN)

for a sketch: "Ulysses slaying the suitors of Penelope."

Already in this youthful choice of subject was clearly prognosticated the particular bent which his genius subsequently followed. He turned, be it observed, to no idyl of peaceful nature or quiet home life, but at once struck a shrill clarion note in a theme

CIRCASSIAN GYPSY

of rapine and bloodshed. Tolstoy's great novel, *War and Peace*, which came out as a serial during the years 1865–69, is also said to have strongly influenced Verestchàgin. But whereas the writer, with characteristic reserve, rather suggests than actually discloses a painful picture, the painter from the outset wished to bring it home to the spectator's

KABARDINE (CIRCASSIAN)

imagination with all the emphasis of a very outspoken, and, one might add, a somewhat sensational nature. Verestchàgin has not inaptly been styled "An Apostle of Peace cloaked in Nihilism." He was a story-teller and a moralist, not a symbolist.

Without doubt he had inherited a strain of nomadic instinct and a love of daring

NOGAETZ (CIRCASSIAN)

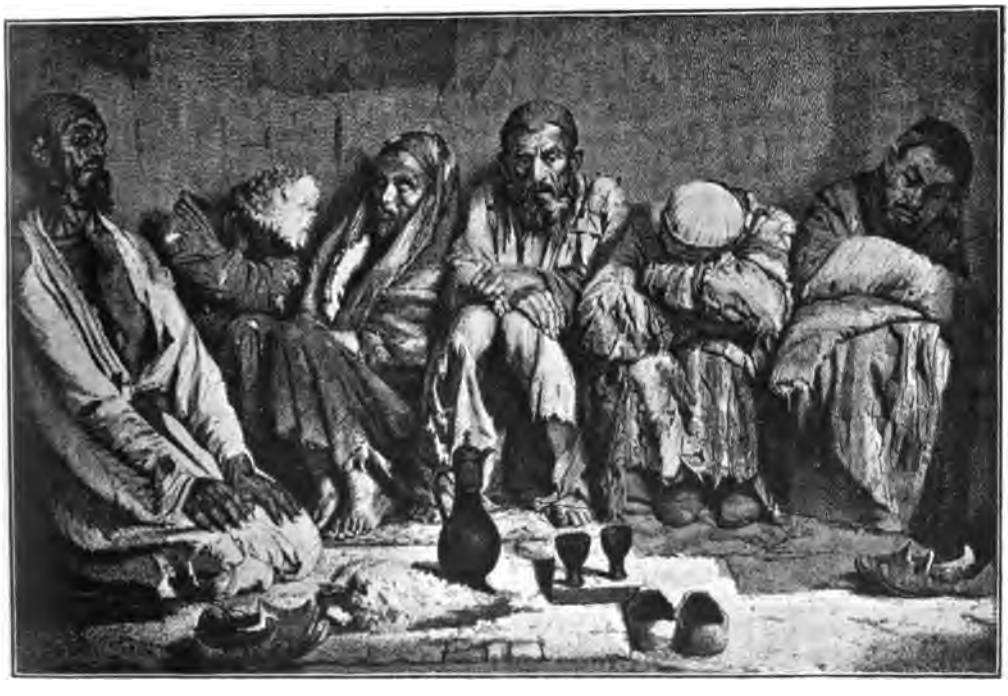
adventure from his mother's ancestry, which as recently as his great-grandmother on the maternal side came directly of Caucasian Tartar stock. He always said of himself that he

A GREEK BEGGAR

was three-quarters Russian and one-quarter Tartar. His mother was a singularly handsome woman, with whom his father fell in love at first sight at a chance meeting in a church. From her, their son received his distinctly oriental appearance, having a suavity and a grace of contour in his features and his movements, such as one does not often meet with in the square-cut, roughly-chiselled type of the pure Russian. In Verestchàgin's portfolios of studies of Caucasian and Turkish life one comes across many a head which at once reminds one of his own. He had an eagle nose, deep-set, bright, and very penetrating eyes, and a well-developed forehead. In later years he wore a flowing beard, which hid a mouth rather inclined to be stern and hard, and with lines of indomitable will-power in its curves; but this forbidding trait was qualified by a ray of genial kindliness always sparkling in his eyes.

CIRCASSIAN TYPE

At an early age he took to travelling, not only in the most remote parts of Russia proper, such as the Crimea and the Caucasus, but in Turkestan, Central Asia, Palestine, Syria, and India. When making an ascent of Kanchanjanga, in which expedition his wife actually accompanied him, their coolies deserted



THE OPIUM-EATERS

THE INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE

them, and they both nearly died of cold and starvation. He was also present during the last Russo-Turkish campaign, in which war he first became friendly with Admiral (then Lieutenant) Makàrov, a friendship which lasted for the rest of their days, and "in their death they were not divided." On another occasion, he took an active part in the siege of Samarkand, where he was severely wounded, and his life almost despaired of. For his bravery during this siege he was honoured by the distinguished Russian order of St. George. Nor did Verestchàgin's adventurous ardour abate with advancing years. It was his unquenchable thirst after realism which prompted him to join Makàrov on the *Petropàvlovsk*. Wherever he went, it goes without saying, he gathered plenty of material and an abundance of local colour. The result of his Indian travels was the famous series of pictures dealing with Indian life under British military rule, which first brought him notoriety in this country. Verestchàgin had a wonderful facility and swiftness of production. So much so that he was once publicly accused of allowing other artists to paint his pictures wholesale for him, without making them any acknowledgment—an accusation from which he was happily able to vindicate himself completely.

Strength of delineation and absolute sincerity have so far distinguished the creations of Russian artists much more than the characteristics of charm, grace, or finish. This is not surprising in a nation where art is still so young. Whilst it can rise to national, barbaric force, such art is necessarily wanting in the discipline and pruning which can only accrue to it from centuries of culture and self-criticism. Yet the rude vigour of the Russian artist is pregnant with the spirit of the people; his productions never lose the mark of race, and Verestchàgin, the most cosmopolitan of Russia's painters, is no exception, albeit his later training was chiefly that of foreign schools, where he acquired his technical knowledge. In Paris he studied at the "École des Beaux Arts," under Gérôme, but even in their early stages

pupil and master had no very keen sympathy for each other; and as time went on, and the younger man's code of art became more pronounced, their ideals of romanticism and realism alike diverged more and more. Nevertheless, it should be mentioned that it was France, and not his own country, which had the credit of hanging Verestchàgin's first picture. This was at the Paris Salon of 1866. Many of his pictures so frequently exhibited at a later date in foreign galleries and exported to foreign countries were duplicates, and very inferior to the originals.

THE DERVISH CHOIR (SAMARKAND)

Those who wish to know this painter at his best, should visit the Tretiakov Gallery in Moscow. The theatrical, highly sensational tours which he frequently undertook through the different cities of Europe, exhibiting his own works, certainly tended to prejudice connoisseurs against viewing them favourably, and gave a very false impression of their real merits. The pictures were not shown in ordinary daylight, for instance, but by an ingeniously-planned scheme of electricity, in galleries adorned with gorgeous oriental draperies; and behind the scenes the strains of a harmonium were heard, or some of the wild, unearthly choruses peculiar to the Russian soldiers. All this savoured, of course, very much of charlatanism.

Immense excitement was aroused wherever Verestchàgin appeared in these exhibiting *tournées*. The illustrated papers were full of caricatures of this "fanatic of the paint-brush," as he was called; and crowds flocked to an entertainment bidding fair to be at once melodramatic and spectacular. Ladies fainted in front of the pictures, and in Berlin the exhibition caused such a tumult that it had to be suppressed by order of the Emperor. Verestchàgin's genius was sufficiently great for him to have bided his time quietly without all this specious *réclame*. In the history of art it is apparent that good work always wins recognition sooner or later. Yet his methods of advertisement were part and parcel of his character; something of the same violent, impetuous spirit once caused him to destroy three of his finest canvases, because they met with adverse criticism. A strange paradox in his temperament was the fact that although he thus surrounded his pictures with as theatrical and artificial an atmosphere as he could, he was equally scrupulous to paint them as much as possible under the direct influences of nature. His studio in

THE OUTPOST

Munich, where he accomplished much of his best work, was constructed upon a revolving principle which followed the light, and he always insisted that his models should sit to him in the open air. He maintained, besides, that the future of all modern art must depend upon an accurate knowledge of natural science and natural laws. In tenets such as these there is surely nothing empirical, or contrary to the highest conceptions of the functions of art.

Next to his Indian pictures, Verestchàgin's series best known in England is

THE REQUIEM ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

probably the cycle illustrative of Napoleon's disastrous "1812" campaign in Russia. Here the artist was obliged to draw more upon his imagination than in any other of his subjects. There ensued a spice of conventionality—especially in the portrayal of the central figure—and a want of exactitude in small details, never perceptible when Verestchàgin caught his impressions straight from life. To those readers who have never happened to meet specimens of his work, a few descriptions of some of the most noteworthy and typical of his pictures may not be without interest. In one we see a jungle, with a tangle of bamboo in the foreground, and a tiger gloating over a dead sepoy left behind in some skirmish; one slender palm-tree towers high above them, standing out in strong relief against a cloudless Indian sky, its mast-like stem crowned with a tuft of drooping branches, and a solitary cormorant is swooping down, eager too for its share of human booty.

In another canvas thousands of mutilated bodies lie prone, as far as the eye can reach, over a broad, monotonous steppe. On the left stands a Russian priest, clad in all the panoply of his brilliant ceremonial robes, his hair falling over his shoulders, in his hands a censer which he waves as he chants the funeral orison; just behind him stands a bare-headed officer, and near them both one perceives the emblem of Christianity, which has been hurriedly planted in the soil. Sharply cutting the horizon line of this ghastly field of death begins the limitless cloud-line of lurid sky which fills up the background.

A third picture is called "The Apotheosis of War." It represents a pyramid of skulls with fragments of flesh still clinging to them. Crows hover joyfully over the pile, and perch upon its interstices, or sway upon the branches of a few adjacent trees, withered and leafless. One or two of the evil birds are even balancing themselves upon heads which have here and there rolled down from the gruesome heap. In the distance rise the proud battlements of a great city. This picture Verestchàgin dedicated to "All Conquerors, past, present and to come."

THE APOTHEOSIS OF WAR

Dedicated by Verestchàgin to "All Conquerors, past, present and to come."

A fourth picture is in the form of a triptych: in all three panels the scene represents a sentry on the snow-clad

Shipka Pass. There is snow beneath, above, around—the air is opaque with its whirling flakes. In the first panel we see the sentry, leaning numbed with the cold upon his musket; in the second he is bent nearly double; in the third he has finally succumbed to the merciless frost, and the snow has already enveloped him in an icy shroud. Only the point of his musket protrudes, and shows us where he lately stood, valiant at his post.

Or who that has ever seen it can forget the famous "Road after Plevna"? It is a dreary, bleak winter's day; the desolate landscape and the bodies of those who have died upon the transport car are covered with a slight crust of glittering snow. The artillery of later columns have evidently driven with indifference over the dead, crushing them, and crows and ravens, thoroughly sated with the rich feast which has been provided them, have alighted upon the telegraph wires to digest their meal.

A sixth picture shows the transport of the wounded, who are being conveyed by a seemingly endless file of ox-carts slowly plodding through the snow, with those of the disabled who still can walk dragging themselves wearily and heavily along each side of the rough road. Again, we stand before a grand but intensely melancholy solitude of mountain, steppe, and winding river; one human figure alone rivets our notice. It is the dead body of a soldier lying "Forgotten." He is on his back, and once more the terrible birds of prey are near; one of them has perched upon his breast, another upon the musket which has fallen from his dying clutch, and in the background we get a glimpse of a significant mound, surmounted by a cross.

There is not a shade of tender sentiment to soften the grim, relentless cruelty of these presentments, and what bitter, galling humour we note in certain touches! The sleek, comfortable satiety of Verestchàgin's crows, for example, is a study in itself. Whatever arguments may be adduced either for or against his special vein of art, one fact remains indisputable—namely, that Verestchàgin took an entirely new departure in his mode of depicting warfare. Before his day the "military picture" was generally of but mediocre interest to the student of the psychological impulses which vibrate through each successive human generation. Painters of battle scenes, no matter what their nationality, have mostly been learned in uniforms, in which they decked out so many puppets upon a stage-scene landscape. Verestchàgin swept all this aside. His pictures, one must confess, are not of the kind to pleasantly adorn the walls of royal palaces, or to embellish the corridors of municipal buildings. To understand them we require no long string of high-sounding names of great generals and famous personages. He reveals no martial splendours, no glorious "roll call"; but he only tells of

A MARTYR TO DUTY ON THE SHIPKA PASS

(A triptych.)

awful misery, and of the sanguinary destruction of masses. To a man searching after truth alone, this could not well be otherwise. With each successive war of modern times the fiction of its glories becomes less and less palatable. We can no longer attach to it even the glamour of bravery, such as we were wont to associate with the hot-blooded hand-to-hand fighting of the olden times. Modern warfare is a cold-blooded, strategical science, for which nothing short of diabolical machines of destruction are contrived, thanks to the perfected mechanical skill of vaunted civilisation; but assuredly contrary to all the higher instincts of civilisation and also of humanity. A shudder must have chilled the hearts of thousands of men and women when they read of the sinking of the *Petropàvlovsk*, and of the means by which its annihilation was encompassed. Something of a kindred feeling comes over us when we have gazed long at Verestchàgin's pictures. For this reason one would claim for him a worthy place amongst the noblest teachers of his age.

"FORGOTTEN"

His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

LORD MENLOE, a poor nobleman and a writer of poems, on the strength of a present of meat resolves to give a dinner-party. On the strength of the dinner-party he engages, in addition to Thady, his old man-servant, a butler who offers his services and gives his name as James James.

But on the day before the dinner, Menloe himself, touched by the tale of a tramp, led him to the larder and told him to help himself. On the day of the dinner, to which the Bishop and other local personages of importance had been invited, Menloe writes poetry till ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten the dinner-party. And James, finding no meat in the larder, told the guests when they arrived that his Lordship had had a fit, and they had all gone home at once.

CHAPTER VI.—BULLETINS ARE POSTED

ALTHOUGH next day the true fate of the meat was broken to Thady, he found the story unconvincing. Indeed, he regarded it as personally affronting, and offered violence with a frying-pan to the maid when she whispered it again. For some days he conducted an intermittent search in most improbable places, even probing the kitchen-chimney, and bringing down an avalanche of soot. In fact, it may be said that Thady never quite recovered from the missing meat. It became his Lost Tribes, his Sir John Franklin, his Ginevra, and whenever he was himself a little more than usually lost he would put on his top-hat, and wander questingly into strange places.

But this is anticipation. During the day many telegrams arrived, generally addressed to "Butler." "How is dear Lord Menloe? Anxious. Sympathy"—being mostly as much as—with the address—could be done for the sixpence. To these, James, having obtained Lord Menloe's permission, uniformly replied: "Temperature satisfactory, hopeful: must be kept very quiet. With great respect, JAMES." One lady, who seemed to have treasured reminiscences of Mr. Kipling's illness, and the methods of his devotees, addressed Menloe himself: "You must not die. Oh, do not die." To this Menloe personally replied: "Am considering your suggestion."

But people nearer home were not satisfied with telegraphic sympathy. Stout, warm-hearted ladies trudged in on their feet, nearly always with jelly, in a bag. Other ladies, in anxious donkey-carts, left silent little parcels: "Rub his spine with this." "A hop-pillow with prayers." Flowers poured in, and one tearful cucumber.

Menloe, writing in his study, heard muffled voices, and tip-toe wheels, and made his pen go softly. He was haunted by fears that people would begin to stare in, anxious to see the room and the chair in which he sat when he was "took." One lady did actually begin to peep, but her the fate of peeping Tom overtook.

Not literally, for her eyesight remained excellent, but spiritually; for two of the disbanded and hovering cats flew out with such sudden and terrible noises, that shocking palpitations visited her.

Once or twice a handsome carriage drove up, and several times doctors' side-cars. It appeared from James' subsequent report, that several of the disappointed diners had thoughtfully knocked a doctor up. One doctor had arrived, it seemed, about two in the morning, but James had merely looked out of the window, and had not heard him.

After some hours of this, Lord Menloe became nervous. The house looked like a Harvest Festival, so many flowers and vegetables had arrived. He could not enjoy his pipe at all, for the straw that had been spread. It affected him in quite a peculiar manner. Sometimes it made him fancy that the public must be right, and that he really *had* been very ill. Certainly he was in a miserable minority. Thady, early convinced that the common opinion was true, became piteous in his searchings. He had grown a little confused about the nature of the meat, and was convinced that it would

have made admirable beef-tea—evidently the thing for which the emergency clamoured. The new little maid, also, when Menloe sought some more interior abiding-place, almost ran from him.

About three o'clock things quieted down. No more wheels came up the drive; only one little boy appeared for nearly an hour, and he suddenly got scared and ran for his life. It was pleasant—it was blessed—but it was suspicious. Menloe crept into the butler's pantry, and questioned James.

"What's choking 'em off?" he asked with a ghastly grin.

"Perhaps, my Lord, the bulletin had something to do with it."

Lord Menloe's glasses grew larger.

"What bulletin, James?" he asked faintly.

"Well, my Lord, when I saw how they were worrying you, I thought I must keep them off the house; so I posted it on the gate."

"A bulletin, James?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Was it favourable, James?"

"It was, my Lord, but it said that the slightest noise might——"

"Yes, James?"

"Cost your Lordship's life," said James intensely, as he shook his respectful head.

"Was it signed, James?"

"Oh, yes, my Lord, it was quite regular."

"Who signed it, James?"

"Well, my Lord, there were obvious objections to local doctors; and when medical advice is summoned, regard for expense is false economy."

"Exactly, James. So——?"

"So, my Lord," James concluded briskly, "I had Sir Thomas Quain, and Dr. Blue."

"And their names were attached to the bulletin?"

"To the first one, my Lord. Sir Thomas alone signed this." James handed to his master a half-sheet of notepaper, on which was written in an admirable medical hand: "Lord Menloe's strength is maintained: the slightest noise still causes him dangerous distress."

"Is that quite right, do you think? Would you say that noise was dangerous?"

"In your Lordship's condition," James replied, with respectful conviction, "I certainly would."

Menloe felt that he must yield.

"That straw fidgets me," he said. "It almost makes me think——" He broke off, with a laugh and a whistle, and lounged back to his study. There seemed to be in James' eye something like respectful alarm. Menloe leaned his arms on the shelf, and thought. "I wonder if—— My memory does play me such tricks." Then he shook himself angrily: "Shut up, idiot!" he said. About five o'clock Menloe was startled by an unwonted sound. It was the ringing of the church bell.

But it was not at all like the ordinary ringing; which, if cracked, was not dismal . . . broken . . . ominous. It might almost be the wind that rang it, Menloe thought, only that the sound would have been more fitful—less meaning. What day could it be? What . . . Menloe's hearkening thoughts were interrupted by a voice at his elbow. Certainly he was growing nervous, for he jumped round, saying—

"Why do you creep about like a cat, James?" But it wasn't James; it was a red-haired man in black.

"How did you get in?" Menloe asked.

"Through the back-door. I didn't like to make a noise at such a time."

"What do you want then?"

"The job, old chap," said the man, shaking Menloe's shoulders persuasively. "I'll stand you a couple of quid if you'll get me the job."

He took out a large professional card. It had a neat little hearse in the left-hand corner, and it bore the legend—

O'GORMAN,

Elegant Funeral Undertaker.

Menloe lifted his eyebrows, then he smiled; then he said in a business-like manner—"Money down?"

"Right you are," said the man, and he slapped on the table two limp insanitary one-pound notes.

Menloe put them into his pocket.

"Now, old chap," asked O'Gorman, "where are the remains?"

"Here," said Menloe.

The man looked round.

"I don't see them at all," he said.

"Don't you see me? I am the Remains; and you'd better walk out before the corpse kicks you out."

"Are you his poor—I mean—Lord Menloe?" inquired the man, with a loose jaw and a wide eye.

"I am the late Lord Menloe; and if you don't want to be the late O'Gorman——"

Lord Menloe stopped and stamped.

"Get out," he yelled.

The man turned and fled.

A moment later Menloe imitated his flight. He heard a sonorous voice exclaiming, "Yes, Quain is my name: Sir Thomas Quain: and this is Dr. Blue: a liberty has been taken—a most scandalous liberty." After a little interval filled by James the ruffled voice grew calmer. "Well, certainly that is an explanation." The Doctor went. Menloe made no inquiry. Explanations are best unexplained.

CHAPTER VII.—JAMES IS EQUAL TO A DIFFICULT OCCASION

ABOUT seven o'clock, though there was still some daylight, Menloe put up the shutters and lit his lamp.

The sense of the straw fretted his nerves to an incredible degree. Not only did it vex him with the ideas of rows of medicine-bottles, torturing pillows of delirium, but it conveyed to him the sense of soundless feet, lurking presences. At length he could stand the thing no longer. Making a sortie into one of his back passages, he found a large serviceable besom, and, creeping through the back-door, stole from behind a great beech upon the muffled avenue. Hardly had he lifted his besom, when there arose a shriek that almost lifted his hair. He caught a momentary vision of ragged figures crossing themselves,—the tag-ends of holy sentences; then there was the dead thump of naked feet, and, intermittently, a cry for mercy. Evidently, Lord Menloe was a popular corpse; he seemed likely to become a popular ghost.

Ah, now he began to think: a ghostly sweeping figure—surely there was such in the house.

Before his grandfather died a spectral sweeper had been visible for several nights. If he remembered right it had assumed the form of the dying man himself—who seemed to have the desire of making a fair way to the grave for his own feet.

Of course! Quite happy in the re-finding of this family besom, Menloe carried his broom in, and, while he dressed, created the atmosphere of a poem: "The Ghostly Sweeper." By the way, the sweeping seemed to interest James. He had been gazing at his master's occupation with fascinated eyes.

It was rather a powerful tribute to the respectability of James, that, under the disconcerting circumstances of that night, Lord Menloe indued his evening clothes.

He was just going to take his place at the table, where James was already on duty, when, to his horror, he saw two ladies standing in the hall, just outside the door.

They stood doubtfully, and the younger of the two—an exceedingly bright and pretty young woman—said in a low voice—

"Say, Momma, we have no business creeping in like this, let's go back anyhow."

In a flash, Lord Menloe divined the whole meaning of the apparition. Some while ago he had been corresponding, through the medium of a well-known journal, with a young Canadian. They were to improve one another—in French and other things—and conceivably might have done it, had not Menloe discovered that under the innocent-seeming "P. Tite" lurked a young woman with a seductive name.

Ah! that unopened letter in his table-heap, that set him remembering. No doubt it was from her. No doubt she had written to say that she was coming—and here she was. The thing was so terrible to Menloe's imagination—a young person who said "Momma," and a middle-aged person who might say worse—that, under sheer pressure of terror he rose, and would have shut the door. But his purpose was forestalled. Advancing resolutely, the elder lady blocked the door with her liberal person, and putting up her glasses, serenely stared in.

"Lord Menloe?" she said interrogatively as her eye fell upon James, correct and silent,—in his British hauteur, no doubt. Menloe turned upon James a look of agonised supplication.

"Oh, James," it said, "do not throw me to these lions."

James looked at Menloe, and asked an almost imperceptible question. Hidden behind the opened door, Menloe nodded in drowning entreaty.

"Lord Menloe?" asked the lady again.

"Yes," said James, with a dawning nobility in his voice. "What may I have the honour of——?"

"Now, don't you worry," said the stout lady, coming comfortably in, followed more lingeringly by the half-frightened, wondering little companion-figure. "You are sick, that's what's the matter with you, and I'm going to nurse you."

"NOW, DON'T YOU WORRY," SAID THE STOUT LADY

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SWOOP OF THE TITES

"MY dear Madam," said James, "you really are too good. My illness was much exaggerated."

"Now do take care; a very little excitement will create a determination of blood to the head. Do you sit with your feet in hot water?"

"Not invariably; but I must not absorb all the conversation; will not Miss——" —he looked at the pretty girl and paused— "sit down?"

"If you haven't been and forgotten my name. Why, I'm sure you've seen it often enough?"

"But, if I may make so serious a charge against a lady's handwriting, it was rather illegible."

"Then how did you write it back? Come, now, my Lord, how did you write it back?"

"But did I ever write it back in full?" James asked, evidently anxious for information. "I thought I wrote only the initial."

The stout lady gave her daughter a slap on the back.

"Had you there, I guess. Well, explain that 'Miss P. Tite' stood for 'Miss Persephone Tite.'"

"I'm sure I signed in full once," said Persephone.

"Impossible, or I should have remembered it," said James. "Persephone is my favourite name."

A slight sound like shaking became audible behind the door where Menloe still stood almost out of sight. Mrs. Tite put up her glasses and the shaking ended in a low cough.

"James," said James, turning on Menloe a face of calm severity, "lay covers for two more; these ladies will dine with me."

At the word "covers," Mrs. Tite nudged Persephone, who, with a quaint, blushing earnestness, took a notebook out of her pocket.

"Now do excuse, my Lord," she said. "The fact is, we are not at all high-toned at New Manchester. You wouldn't believe with what a horrid twang folks mostly speak." The slightly over-emphasised, quaintly-deliberate movement of her speech became more marked in her little excitement; she certainly produced some *primâ facie* evidence against the speech of New Manchester.

"But you don't explain," Mrs. Tite now put in. "I was informed by some distinguished Canadian friends——"

"Lady McManus, and Miss Judith McManus," Persephone added with a proud gusto.

"——that the purest English in the Empire is spoken in Ireland, particularly in the neighbourhood of Limerick. Now Persephone has had the best of lessons."

"I've only had six months, though," Persephone explained. "You can't worry through everything in six months."

"Nonsense, you was at good schools before. Weren't you a term in London when you were a little thing?"

"London, Nova Scotia," Persephone admitted.

"Well, where would you have it?" Mrs. Tite turned to James. "She was for ever reading and studying. I don't know how many poetry-books she hasn't been through. Lord!—I don't mean you, my Lord—I couldn't tell you half her accomplishments; so when poor Tite went"—(Mrs. Tite hollowed her hand and whispered sonorously "Alcoholism, but Persephone does not suspect")—"I said I'd take her right over to the Old Country, as Lady McManus used to call it, and let her catch the accent."

Persephone looked up with that earnest candour that was her chiefest charm.

"And we thought a lord, my Lord, would be a real old start."

"Have you got 'covers' down?" asked Mrs. Tite,—"covers where we would say plates. Would you have the phrase 'cheese-covers,' now, and 'dessert-covers'?"

"Certainly," said James.

During all this talk Menloe had remained in his lurking-place behind the door. At James' "Certainly," Mrs. Tite's anxious nudge, and Persephone's conscientious note in the little book, something again shook, and at Mrs. Tite's seriously-questioning look, went off in a cough. James now turned sharply round.

"Dinner!" he roared. Lord Menloe stalked slowly away. In a couple of minutes he returned bearing a small silver dish.

"My Lord is served," he said.

"Shall we sit down?" said James, and the ladies took their places. Mrs. Tite looked at him and he said grace, but Persephone, anxious not to lose that phrase, "My Lord is served," was not prepared

for what happened, and grew very red. Menloe was not successful as a waiter. He handed the fish—by great luck somebody had sent up trout as being a "fine brain food"—across the stout lady. "Left side, James," said James.

In a minute or two, Menloe was sent out for sherry. He had not the least idea where to find it, and was heard mooning about quite helplessly, followed everywhere by other feet, and by strange whispers. "Ice" and "temples" reached James' ears, and he grew rather anxious.

"Excuse me," he suddenly said, "my man is a good, honest fellow, but raw. I must go and show him where the sherry is." James tossed his napkin away and walked into the hall. There was Thady with a cold compress dodging Menloe's angry lunges, and trying to get it tied upon his head.

"Sure the next fit would kill him entirely," he whimpered, "and he's as mad as Balaam now."

"Let him have his way," said James, "don't thwart him whatever he takes into his head."

Thady looked up into James' face with a strangely docile look.

"I will not, then," he answered.

"Look here, James," Menloe said, turning suddenly on James, "this is going a bit too far. I am ordered about like a dog—and now, it seems, I'm mad."

"I'm sure, my Lord," said James, "I'm only acting for the best. I was placed in a very awkward position at very short notice."

"I know, I know," said Menloe, "you are doing splendidly. I never saw such acting in my life."

"Perhaps it is not *all* acting," James answered with rather a tragic look.

"What on earth do you mean?" Menloe stared at him with glasses like carriage-lamps.

"Perhaps," said James very solemnly, "there is noble blood in my family." He found sherry and claret, and with amazing dexterity uncorked and decanted them.

"I have been away an unconscionable time," he said, returning to the room, Lord Menloe following with the decanters.

"Your Lordship has just given Persephone time for an interesting note."

"Indeed?" said James easily, "may I inquire what it is about?"

Persephone looked down, confused, then up, assured. She had a lovely colour that came and went like a visible conscience.

"It is headed 'Condescension of the true Aristocracy: noblemen act like brothers.'" Again there came the sound of shaking. James' face grew redder than Persephone's. "Now I've done something wrong," said Persephone; "I guess it ain't customary—not in this country—to make remarks." The shaking went on. Mrs. Tite turned round and looked at Menloe critically.

"I reckon that young man is going to have a touch of ague, or might happen liver chill. Do you wear cork-soles? I know it ain't exactly the thing—talking to helps at table . . . but doctoring a fellow-creature is more nor manners—do you, young man?"

"No, I don't," said Menloe.

"Say 'I do not, Madam, I thank you.'" James brought his fist down on the table and roared at Menloe, while Persephone jotted down—"Firmness of the aristocracy: a lesson in manners."

Menloe repeated, "I do not, Madam, I thank you."

Persephone's earnest face rose from her note-book.

"Excuse me, my Lord, may I ask a little question?"

"A hundred, Miss Persephone," said James.

"In addressing a nobleman like yourself, should I say 'Your Lordship' or 'My Lord'? It may seem trifling, but, as Lady McManus said, nothing that concerns real blue blood is unimportant. Which would you say?"

"Either is perfectly correct; it is a mere matter of taste." James tossed the matter off with a little wave of the hands, and, nodding to Menloe, added, "Claret for Miss Tite."

As the wine began to gurgle in her glass, Persephone, who had been so completely absorbed in the etiquette questions that she had not heard James' direction, stopped Menloe's hand.

"No wine for me," she said, "we are strict teetotallers."

Then a voice whispered in her ear, "Say, 'Lord Menloe.'"

She turned and looked in amazement at the waiter.

"Well, of all!" she said to herself.

"James," thundered James, "leave the room." Menloe got rather red—his glasses glared—it almost seemed that his fist had

clenched. "Leave the room," said James more quietly.

Menloe went.

CHAPTER IX.—JAMES ENTERS THE PEERAGE

"WELL, my Lord," Mrs. Tite was beginning.

"Lord Menloe," said Persephone in prompt correction.

"Of course, Lord Menloe: we owe you apologies for paying you a surprise-visit."

"A delightful surprise-visit," said James, with a devoted smirk and a chivalrous bow.

"Now that's real kind," Mrs. Tite replied, "and it's what Lady McManus calls 'ben trovato.' That's it, ain't it, Persephone?"

"Ben something or other, like the nickname for mountains."

"Anyway, it is like the old aristocracy; for their manners are beautiful."

"Yes, there's something in blood," said James with a faint flush.

"There is *that*," Mrs. Tite asserted with fervour. "If I'd have met your Lordship——"

"Lord Menloe, Momma——"

"No, Persephone, that ain't right. How am I, addressing his Lordship, to say 'I met Lord Menloe'? That would be making a third party of his Lordship. There again!" exclaimed Mrs. Tite, slamming her elbows on the table, "this is one of them rules that has exceptions. You couldn't say 'Him'; I'd never be a party to such rudeness."

"Ah," said James blandly, "these little details soon arrange themselves."

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure, but titles is certainly a bit intricate. Since this is to be Persephone's finish, I'm sure your Lord Menloe—now don't you interfere, Persephone—my Lordship, would you mind answering me a question?"

"I'll try, anyhow, but I'm not a Sphinx."

A pair of glasses shone through the half-open door. "Œdipus," said Menloe, "not an Œdipus." And he resumed his seat on the oak-settle in the hall.

"Is that young man quite——?" Mrs. Tite's voice rose into a whisper that would have filled St. Paul's. Menloe, keeping his lonely watch, felt, though he could not see the pantomime that accompanied it, that Mrs. Tite was winking, nodding and touching her forehead with her forefinger.

"Oh, yes," said James, in rather fain: asseveration, "or, if it comes to that, which of us is absolutely sane? Perhaps my man is not worse than the rest of us."

"Then he *is* a little——?" Persephone asked in an awed whisper.

"No, I should not say that—unless, perhaps, on one subject."

Menloe sat glued to his settle. It was not the questionable taste of the fiction that overcame him, but a certain realism in the voice of James. Seldom, thought Menloe, did a voice carry more conviction. The society-drama had lost in James a splendid man.

"Does he ever give any trouble? I hope he ain't at all violent?" Mrs. Tite seemed a little uneasy. She did not quite like, Menloe felt, having her back to the door.

"He's as harmless a poor fellow as ever lived; as harmless a poor fellow as ever lived." Persephone's note-book rustled: evidently she was recording that Shakespearian collocation of epithets. It struck Menloe with a little surprise that it should shape itself on the lips of James. Like so many other Elizabethanisms of speech, current in Ireland, it did not obtain, Menloe felt morally certain, in English usage. No, he had been at Eton and for one year at Oxford, and he had never heard that quaintly-expressive turn of phrase. No, nor had he met the quaintly-expressive turn of James' nose. It would take most men time—three generations, perhaps—to come by that nose.

Where in the world had he seen that nose? It had an association, an atmosphere, a drama. Where was it? Yes, come, where was it? Hanging in the hall were two old Irish mirrors—oval, with frames of lustre—like cut-glass. Moved by a sudden fancy, Menloe rose and stared at himself in one of these. He nodded to his reflection, smiling. It was when he was shaving that he had seen that nose. Altogether, indeed, now that the idea was before him, the butler bore a certain resemblance to his master. Menloe sat down again, thrusting out his legs, and jamming his hands into his pockets. He was a Liberal, but that resemblance seemed to him a liberty—a liberty that was only possible in a levelling age.

But that discovery did not exhaust the

history of James' nose. Where else had it crossed the path of Menloe? The thing bothered him. He was getting that nose on his nerves. Quite suddenly from the room within a word gave him the answer to his obstinate questioning.

"They've arrested him in the States, I hear," Mrs. Tite was saying. Before James' inquiry—a little conscious, it seemed—"Got whom, Mrs. Tite?" had provoked the name—it was on Menloe's lips—"O'Gorman."

Yes, when he had posted his invitations for the dinner-party, pasted on the door of the police-station, below the figures "£100 REWARD," was the face that had set him puzzling. O'Gorman, undergoing a long sentence for a very atrocious crime, had broken gaol, and for several months had defied the efforts of the police. So he was taken at last, was he? Yet, for a moment, as he looked silently in on the face of James, Lord Menloe doubted. For that crude portrait—on the police-poster—James might have sat. Mercy! if that unspeakable ruffian, fiercer and fouler than any wolf, were sitting there at the head of his table—— His thought broke off, he turned away and sat down; the thing was impossible. There was the sharp ping of a bell; then the voice of "James, are you coming?"

"GIVE ME THE CANDLE, THEN," SAID MRS. TITE

Menloe jumped up and entered the dining-room.

"James," said James, "these ladies will spend the night here."

His Poor Lordship

CHAPTER X.—THE ANCESTRAL WARMING-PAN

MENLOE looked at James with a blighting eye. James, however, failed to shrivel into his shirt-front. He returned his master's gaze with surprised annoyance.

"That is all, James," he said, and turned to Miss Tite.

"I wish I had your——" he was beginning, when Menloe broke in.

"The bed is not aired," he said.

"Then air it," James replied, with a dismissing wave of the hand.

But he found a strong ally in his objection. "Oh, dear me," said Mrs. Tite, "I have an aunt"—she sniffed the word "aunt" as though it were the flower of eternal youth—"that lost the use of her ——" Mrs. Tite paused, discomfited.

"Lower limbs," suggested Persephone, slightly blushing.

"Extremities," Mrs. Tite proceeded, nothing if not critical, "her lower extremities, through sleeping in a damp bed. I am real old-fashioned about beds; damp beds is my *bête noire*." She pronounced the last two words "*beat noyer*."

"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Tite, that you need not have a moment's uneasiness. I see after things myself, you know—pity the sorrows of a poor old bachelor—and it was only a couple of days ago that the room —I am sorry that I cannot use the word in the plural—was put completely to rights. I'm just after a grand old cleaning," James concluded, with a sudden lurch into the vernacular.

"I saw a warming-pan," Persephone hinted, recognising the unlaid ghost of rheumatism in Mrs. Tite's expressive toupee. Menloe looked up in interest. He had lately given, in a sudden yearning towards the beautiful, thirty shillings for the virtuous article.

"Of course," said James, "the very thing. By the way, that warming-pan has been in the family for two hundred years. When Queen Elizabeth slept here, that happy pan beguiled her to sweet slumber. Dr. Johnson made a poem on the subject."

Persephone's pencil ran excitedly down the pages of her book. In the delightful sense of intimacy with starry names, her dates failed her—all that she had acquired in six months at London, Canada. Besides, Mrs. Tite's ecstatic nudges would have knocked the chronology out of anybody.

"What's the price of the bed?" asked Mrs. Tite, closing one eye to keep in the covetousness that blazed in it. "If it was anyways reasonable, I wouldn't mind doing a deal."

"I would have asked you," said James, "to let me have it packed as a little present, only it was burned in the unfortunate fire."

"Of London?" asked Mrs. Tite.

"No, no, no. The fire of Menloe—in which a million of money was lost, and the Vandykes—the precious Vandykes."

Looking round, as he sipped his claret, James encountered carelessly, almost unconsciously, the danger-lights of Menloe's glasses. This splendid lying came to James as it might have come to the old Kings of Armagh. It seemed to involve no outlay whatever. As he went on, Menloe's consuming gaze became a stare of wonder. His mouth opened; he looked like a farm-boy beholding his first motor. James' hands, lightly pressed together, lay forgotten on the table. His eyes looked on nothing; he was like a man dreaming aloud.

"Poor Aunt Eustacia! She was the chief beauty of her time. Her only possible rivals were Lady Blessington, and, perhaps, the second of the Miss Gunnings. She was burned in that bed."

Persephone's pencil scrambled and jumped. Mrs. Tite's eyes were as the eyes of ten.

"I don't know how you do it," said Menloe; "besides, that warming-pan——"

"Say," broke in Mrs. Tite, "I'll show the young man how to do it. You don't mind me slipping into your kitchen? Law, I'm as homely as 'Home, sweet Home'; and Miss there, for all her romance and that, she can make lemon-cheesecake with any one in Canada."

In a moment Mrs. Tite had caught up a candlestick, and commanding Menloe to lead the way, had borne down upon the kitchen.

There a wild little figure sprang out of semi-darkness, moaning and staring and wringing a compress. It rushed upon Menloe, who angrily pushed it down upon a heap of turf.

"Oh, what will become of us!" wailed Thady. "Oh, his poor Lordship, oh, the bitter black day!"

"Here, Daddy," James whispered to Thady; "put coals into this pan; we are for getting him to bed."

"I will, thin, darlin'," Thady answered.

docile on a sudden; and tremulously he filled the pan.

Minnie, the little maid, had long since gone to roost.

"James," said James, "*you* will have to heat the bed."

"Give me the candle, then," said Mrs. Tite; "I'll soon make him handy with a warming-pan."

They proceeded up-stairs, Mrs. Tite in advance, Menloe with the warming-pan next, James last, with a dominating eye on the nape of Menloe's neck.

On the top of the stairs a sudden convulsion took hold upon Menloe. Sitting down with the warming-pan across his knees, he laughed in such explosive peals as drove a lurking remnant of cats, thick-tailed, across the light into deeper darkness.

Stooping over Menloe, Mrs. Tite talked to him, quite in a motherly way, with two fingers on his wrist.

Then, while James glared and tut-tutted, and Persephone looked up from the hall, half-frightened, half-amused, that little white figure glided in from nowhere, and clapped the compress on Menloe's head. Whereupon the howls of his laughter grew so alarming, that, snatching the warming-pan up, Mrs. Tite declared that she would conduct her own bed-warming.

"I'd get his head shaved as soon as possible," she whispered to James, interposing her spreading person between Menloe and Persephone, who now came up the stairs; "I never bled nobody yet, but I think I might manage at a pinch. I know I'd open a vein all right, if I was only sure about the closing of it."

MENLOE CAUGHT HIM BY THE COLLAR. "YOU RASCAL," HE SAID, TIGHTENING HIS GRIP BY A TURN

James hoped that there might be no need of bleeding.

He conducted the ladies to their room; there were hand-shakings and good-nights; then the ladies' door closed, and an ostentatious key turned in the lock.

A second or two later another key turned —James' key.

Positively, he had taken possession of Menloe's room.

Setting his mouth hard, Menloe was

about to follow James, and, not without violence, to oust him, when he realised how noisy that proceeding must be. He could not inflict upon the ladies such a fright as the storming of the door must involve.

Very quietly he whispered through the key-hole: "Wait till to-morrow—just wait till to-morrow."

Having re-entered the study, he read Marcus Aurelius for two hours. By that time his mind and body were composed for sleep; so he drew a rug over him and slept.

At eight next morning the door was opened, and James came in.

Menloe jumped up, and, without a word, caught him by the collar. "You rascal," he said, tightening his grip by a turn.

James looked into his face with dignified surprise—though he was rather near choking.

"I think," he said, "you forget yourself."

"Give me my title, you dog—do you hear, blackguard?—'your Lordship.'"

Menloe shook him—his person, not his serenity.

"I beg your pardon——" James said between gasps; "I think *your Lordship* forgets yourself."

Menloe was inclined to agree with that criticism. This, after all—even in the face of the Great Fire romance—was not the way to treat James.

"I beg *your* pardon," he said, loosing the leverage on James' collar.

"It is granted," said James. A little wave of the hand dismissed the incident as a spiteful littleness that must not be allowed to have happened.

It made Menloe feel that, at heart, he was a cad. "James," he said suddenly, "that was a snobbish thing to do."

James dropped his hands in a lofty sadness. Candour could not contradict that assertion. Menloe looked at James almost pleadingly. "We all do caddish things at times, I suppose?" He laughed awkwardly, and was about to dig James—when, fortunately, he felt the unseemliness of such an act.

"I don't," said James, calmly.

"Never? Don't you ever? Did you never?"

"I am trying to remember." James laid his forefinger on the top of his nose, where the thoughtful brow gathered into folds. "Yes," he said, after an interval: "once I was too generous; and twice too forgiving."

"That wasn't exactly caddish; indeed, I should call it almost the opposite."

"Perhaps," said James, "perhaps."

Menloe felt that he ought to laugh, or, at least, to want to laugh. Somehow or other he did neither.

"How do you account for it, James?"

"*Noblesse oblige*," said James again, with a slow downward movement of the head, and a silent setting of the palms together: "*Noblesse oblige*."

At that word Menloe forced a laugh, but it rang harshly and he was ashamed of it.

"Look here," he said, glad to turn away the reproach in James' eyes, "when are they going?"

"Really," James answered with grave moderation, "I cannot tell you."

"You see," Menloe explained in the same tone, "it is pretty awkward altogether. To wait on one's——" he was going to say "butler," but turned that unworthy word into "friend"—"is not quite what one likes."

"I can well understand that feeling," said James, as out of the bitter deeps of memory.

Suddenly Menloe became angry. "Why did you put me into such a beastly hole?" he said, snapping out the words savagely.

"Hole?—beastly?—put?—I?" asked James in a flight of inverted interrogations. "It was on your own initiative—I might say, on your own earnest entreaty—that I threw myself into the breach. I prefer that expression to 'beastly hole.'"

"I only meant—well, if I had—yes, perhaps I did;" reluctantly, Menloe conceded James' claim; "but I didn't mean the thing to go on all night."

James drew himself up. "I could not wrong the hospitality of this house," he said, spreading his hands as if disclosing a long vista of noble halls, "by turning ladies into the night."

Menloe considered; he wished to be just. "No, James, no," he said, and as the plain name sounded on his ears, it seemed hardly the word to use. It wronged his sense of the fitness of things, and the flesh of James' inner being seemed to quiver under it, like a horse's shoulder when a fly has settled there.

"No," Menloe said again, "no."

James bowed, as one from whose nobility some silly slander has been withdrawn.

(To be continued.)

Literary Glasgow: Past and Present

BY J. A. HAMMERTON

AUTHOR OF "J. M. BARRIE AND HIS BOOKS," "STEVENSONIANA," ETC.

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MR. NEIL MUNRO

PART II.

AMONG contemporary Glasgow authors there need be no hesitation in giving first mention to Mr. Neil Munro, whose brilliant success as a novelist has not tempted him Londonward. Mr. Munro was born at Inverary forty years ago, and at twenty-one made his way to Glasgow, where he became a reporter on the *Evening News*. His newspaper work had always been distinguished by qualities of observation and style which can seldom be detected in the writing of a local journalist, but although some short stories of his had appeared in *The Speaker* and in the *National Observer*, there must have been few who were quite prepared for the revelation of such delicate and subtle craftsmanship as his series of Celtic tales and sketches, *The Lost Pibroch*, published in 1896, revealed. As Mr. J. H. Millar has justly observed in his *Literary History of Scotland*, "here we have the very breath and atmosphere of the Highlands, and the Celt is presented to us as a man and a brother, and not as a moon-struck imbecile." With the best will I have tried my hardest to discover in Mr. Munro's later novels something better than I found in *The Lost Pibroch*, but I confess that his first book still remains my favourite; in giving us that he provided the most exacting of tests for his subsequent work. He is of the fortunate few who have proved that the prophet has sometimes honour in his own country, for Glasgow is proud of him, and his novels are always well to the front at the booksellers'. Mr. Munro has never quite given up his connexion with Glasgow journalism, but he lives now at the coast-town of Gourock,

Photo by *Annan and Son, Glasgow*

MR. J. J. BELL

MR. ROBERT FORD

where, within easy reach of the city, he can write his books in something like country quiet and still be in touch with the whirl of affairs.

Mr. Munro, who is a member of the Ballad Club, has written some beautiful verse, but I do not think that Mr. J. J. Bell, whose fame as the creator of "Wee Macgreegor" has flashed throughout the British Empire, is a member of that coterie. Still, I shall venture to state that Mr. Bell has written poetry which entitles him far more to literary recognition than any of his dialect sketches do. He was born in Glasgow thirty-three years ago, and passed through the University at Gilmorehill, but it was not until he was twenty-five years of age that he began to write. For a good many years I used to watch the local papers and some of the London magazines for verses by Mr. Bell, sure always to find these instinct with poetic feeling expressed in musical phrase; but the "Wee Macgreegor" sketches began to attract wide attention, and their publication in book-form was quite a romance of letters, no literary success of our time being so extraordinary as this, and I have fear that Mr. Bell has now almost forsaken the muse. Some day, I feel sure, he will give us something better than any of the little books on which his popularity rests at present. Mr. Bell, like Mr. Munro, lives "doon the watter" (at Blairmore), as his "Mistress McLeerie" would say. This reminds me I have thus far omitted to observe that "Glasgow is a grand town for getting out of," without which remark no article on this subject would be thought complete!

Among other members of the Ballad Club,—of which Mr. Henry Johnston, author of that popular Scottish novel, *Kilmallie*, and other works of fiction, has been president since the death of Mr. Freeland,—is Mr. Robert Ford, who, although never a professional author, has done much excellent work on the lines of the late Dean Ramsay, in collecting Scottish anecdote and folk-lore. But he is not only an appreciator of humour, he is himself a humorist, and both in prose and verse he has produced many delightful examples of real Scots humour. His best-known book is *Thistledown*, wherein he has brought together the results of his studies in this

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WILLIAM WALLACE, M.A., LL.D.

Assistant Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*

particular field of national literature; but his "Humorous Scotch Readings" have long been immensely popular in the north, and his remarkable command of the dialect led one of the Glasgow papers to describe him as "the very tousiest of Doric humorists." A local writer who has done good work in the same field is Mr. Nicholas Dickson, author of "The Elder at the Plate," "The Auld Scotch Minister," and other popular character studies, but he is in no sense an original humorist like Mr. Ford or the late George Roy, whose amusing story of Glasgow life, *Generalship: or How I Managed my Husband*, was very popular twenty or thirty years ago, and new editions of which have appeared within the last few years. The author who used to write over the *nom de plume* of "Jeems Kaye," and whose work appeared originally in *The Bailie*, which is a sort of local *Punch*, is also a humorist of original capacity, and at one time his books were, comparatively speaking, as popular as Mr. J. J. Bell's are today.

Another member of the Ballad Club whose literary reputation ranks high, not only in his native land but throughout the United Kingdom, is Dr. William Wallace, assistant editor of the *Glasgow Herald* and author of many scholarly works. Dr. Wallace is younger brother of the late Dr. Robert Wallace, formerly editor of *The Scotsman*, and had been engaged in journalism in Edinburgh, Dumfries and London, before he became assistant to Dr. Charles Russell, editor of the *Herald* in 1889. He is one of our foremost authorities on the life and poetry of Robert Burns, and has written with true insight and much charm of style on old Scottish life, his *Scotland Yesterday* being one of the most delightful books of its kind. Dr. Wallace must be a prodigious worker, for his pen is constantly in evidence in the literary magazines, and he was for many years a regular contributor to *The Academy*. Among his friends of the Ballad Club is Mr. George Eyre-Todd, one of the most accomplished of Scottish authors. Mr. Eyre-Todd has proved himself a scholarly editor of Scottish poetry and a poet of vision and musical expression. But to me he will always be the author of the *Sketch-Book of the North*, which, appearing first in 1890, revealed Mr. Eyre-Todd as a writer with a quite unusual gift for interpreting nature and depicting character. The literary flavour of that little book is racy of the northern soil, and although Mr. Eyre-Todd has written much since then, he has done nothing better. Two years ago he made a valuable contribution to local literature when he published "The Glasgow Poets." He was born in Glasgow in June 1862, but now resides at Balloch, "on the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond," resolved, I fancy, never again to attempt "the profession of literature" in stony-hearted Fleet Street, where in his youth and innocence he once essayed the struggle, with results which he describes in *Four Months of Bohemia*, one of the truest and most human sketches of literary London that I have read.

Photo by *Annan and Son, Glasgow*

MR. GEORGE EYRE-TODD

A Glasgow writer whose feeling for nature and facility of expression place him in the same category as Mr. Eyre-Todd, is Mr. Alexander Lamont, who has written many stories, sketches, and verses as "The Vicar of Deepdale." I am not aware that he has published anything in book form; but there is much charming work from his pen bound up in the old volumes of the *People's Friend* and other periodicals. The Rev. David Macrae, a brilliant writer with a keen sense of humour, who was long ago a reporter on the *Glasgow Herald*, and later minister of the Gilfillan Memorial Church at Dundee, has returned to live in Glasgow again. Perhaps Mr. Macrae's finest work was *The Americans at Home*, as genial and clever a study of our

Transatlantic cousins as has appeared in our time; but his splendid temperance story, *George Harrington*, showed him a master of both humour and pathos, not less than the art of telling the tale: he might have been a successful novelist if he had cared. Mr. Macrae has many qualities recalling the late George Gilfillan, critic and divine, of whom he has written a very pleasant volume of "Anecdotes and Reminiscences."

Quite the most brilliant author that has arisen in Glasgow during the last ten years is the novelist known as "Benjamin Swift,"

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

"BENJAMIN SWIFT"

but he has been settled in London for some years now, and is not, I imagine, likely to return to live in his native town. He was still a resident of Glasgow when, in 1896, he made his first notable success in fiction with that very remarkable book, *Nancy Noon*. Mr. William Romaine Paterson, to give him his proper name, is the youngest son of a late eminent physician, and was educated at Lausanne and Glasgow University, where he graduated M.A. with first-class Philosophical Honours. No one who knows Mr. Paterson will admit that his books are any index of his extraordinary ability; he is one of the most brilliant men in London to-day, his attainments in language and philosophy being almost unprecedented in one who is only thirty-three years of age on 29th of July. The convention of the novel is a thing for which, I am sure, he has a large measure of contempt; his trend of mind is all towards philosophy as exemplified in that masterly study *The Eternal Conflict*, published three years ago. Another bright product of the Glasgow University is Mr. John Buchan, who is also a scholar of Oxford, where he won the Newdigate Prize in 1898, and was President of the Union the following year. Mr. Buchan is best known, perhaps, by that powerful story, *John Burnet of Barns*, but although he has written nearly a dozen books in less than ten years he has not yet quite come into his kingdom. Mr. Buchan is assistant editor of *The Spectator*, a post he resigned for a time to serve as one of Lord Milner's private secretaries in South Africa. He was born at Perth in August 1875. Mr. John Davidson is yet another celebrated London author who lived for a time in Glasgow, where he was a teacher in Alexander's School, Duke Street; and Mrs. Mary Stuart Boyd, the wife of Mr. A. S. Boyd, artist, is almost the only lady novelist of reputation who hails from St. Mungo's city, but her writing has all been done during her residence of thirteen years in London.

An author who has made an enviable reputation within the last few years is the Rev. Henry Gray Graham, whose studies of Scottish life during the eighteenth century have won the highest praise from the most competent critics. Mr. Graham has been minister of Hyndland Church for twenty years. Dr. Charles Annandale is widely known by his admirable dictionaries, and as editor of encyclopædias published by Messrs. Blackie and Son of Glasgow, with which firm he has been associated for many years. Dr. Annandale is a Kincardineshire man and was educated at Aberdeen, but a great part of his life has been spent in Glasgow. Mr. Hamish Hendry, who came to London a few years ago, was, I believe, also connected with the literary side of Messrs. Blackie's flourishing business. He has written some charming books for young people. Professor Stalker, so long associated with Glasgow, where all his important books have been written, is now located at Aberdeen, and the town lost another literary

giant when Principal Edward Caird left in 1893 to become Master of Balliol College, though more recently it gained a critic of distinction when Professor Walter Raleigh took the chair of English Literature in 1900. He is one of the few critics of R. L. Stevenson who have added anything to the understanding of that genius; but he is, if we except Mr. Millar of Edinburgh, the most relentless opponent of the so-called Kailyaird school. His immediate predecessor in the chair, Dr. A. C. Bradley, now Professor of Poetry at Oxford, has never published a book, but the late Dr. John Nichol, who was himself a Glasgow man, and who held the chair for many years, shone both in poetry and in criticism. His work on "American Literature," issued in 1882, was his most ambitious, as his study of Carlyle, ten years later, was perhaps the finest evidence of his critical faculty. Mention must also be made of Mr. Robert Bird, a poet by token of his membership of the Ballad Club, who is widely known as author of *The Carpenter of Nazareth* and other admirably written Bible biographies. He is an accountant by profession.

Photo by *Warnenke*

CHARLES G. RUSSELL, LL.D.

Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*

Mr. A. Dewar Willock, who succeeded Mr. William Canton a good many years ago as editor of the *Weekly Herald*, has given most of his energy to journalism, but he is favourably known as a humorist, and his delightfully amusing sketches of humble life, *Rosetty Ends* (a much happier title than *Thrums*), were published by Mr. David Douglas of Edinburgh before the Kailyaird "boom." Mr. Willock, while editing a paper in Aberdeen, wrote a little poem about Queen Victoria, entitled "She Noddit to Me," and the august subject of the lines "commanded" that the name of the author be sent to her. The verses were widely quoted, and I remember Mr. Willock's saying many years later that he had never again attempted verse, "for fear he might not reach his previous high standard." He has written a great deal for the London comic press, and in his hands the "Gossip and Grumbles" column of the *Evening News* soon reached that ideal of wit and sparkle towards which one feels that "By the Way" in the *Globe* is always vainly striving.

MR. A. DEWAR WILLOCK

Editor of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*

One can scarcely conclude an outline of literary Glasgow without a personal reference to the *Herald* and its scholarly editor. That newspaper is one of the greatest daily

journals in the country, and from the far-off days when it was edited by the celebrated Samuel Hunter it has been conducted with dignity and resource. Dr. Russell's predecessor in the editorial chair, the late Dr. Stoddart, was favourably known as a poet, but Dr. Russell, who had a wide experience of London and provincial journalism before joining the *Herald* as assistant editor in 1875, has been true to the old ideal of the journalist by refraining from publishing a book. He has now occupied the editorial chair for seventeen years, and in his hands the literary reputation of the *Herald* has steadily increased, until almost any London publisher will tell you that there is not in the Metropolis a newspaper whose judgment in the matter of books can be placed before that of the *Glasgow Herald*.

There is obviously no room in which to pursue my very agreeable subject further, else one might have had the pleasure of noting many of the literary landmarks of Glasgow, such as the United States Consulate in West George Street, where from 1880 to 1885 the late Bret Harte resided and wrote many of his famous stories; or in tracing Glasgow in fiction—for it figures frequently in the stories of William Black and Mrs. Oliphant, and sometimes in those of Bret Harte and even in Mr. Barrie's, while that well-known Scottish writer, "Sarah Tytler," has named one of her books "St. Mungo's City,"—but enough has been said to show that in literature as in municipal affairs the city's motto is well chosen—

"Let Glasgow Flourish!"

The Acadian Port Royal

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

IN this month of June, 1904, the little town of Annapolis in Nova Scotia has been celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the arrival of her founders. The settlement was founded before Jamestown in Virginia, before Quebec, or Boston, and, with the exception of some of the Spanish settlements in the south, is the oldest in North America.

The story of its foundation is like some intricate drama. The scene frequently changes from the court and the bustling seaports of France to Indian camps and hastily-built forts on the western shores of the Atlantic. Across the stage flit kings, great lords of France, gentlemen adventurers, traders, Jesuits, Huguenots, court ladies, English seamen, Indian sagamores. The motives impelling this motley company are as various as themselves, amongst them being greed of gain, love of adventure, religious zeal, impatience of old restraints, and a kind of savage patriotism.

In the year 1603, Henry IV. of France gave to a Huguenot nobleman, the Sieur de Monts, a patent for colonising a strip of territory in North America, lying between the 40th and 46th parallels of latitude and stretching indefinitely westward from the coast. The King endowed him also with princely authority and with a monopoly of the fur trade.

De Monts, who was described by Samuel de Champlain, one of his company, as "a gentleman of great respectability, zeal, and honesty," immediately fitted out two ships and endeavoured to find colonists for a settlement in "L'Acadie." There was unfortunately a dearth of suitable emigrants, and he was forced to make up the required number with prisoners from the jails. His criminals gave him little trouble, however, and amongst his company were several gentlemen of high character.

Of these, Champlain, already mentioned, was perhaps most remarkable. He was about thirty-five years of age, and had led a life crowded with strange experiences and adventures. He had passed his youth at sea, had spent six years with the royal army in Brittany, and had visited the West Indies and South America. He was accustomed to write accounts of his travels, illustrating them with quaint drawings by his own hand. After the West Indian voyage, he lived for a time about the court, but the summer of 1603 found him on the St. Lawrence, where, five years later, he founded the city of Quebec. On returning to France, he cast in his lot with De Monts, and thus for the third time

ANNAPOLIS, NOVA SCOTIA

within twelve months crossed the stormy Atlantic.

Champlain was a devout Roman Catholic, but religious differences did not prevent the leaders of the expedition working harmoniously together. On the other hand, the Huguenot ministers and Romish priests, of whom several had joined the party, fell on the voyage into a controversy so hot that at last arguments gave place to blows.

Besides De Mont and Champlain, the little vessel carried another man of note, who may perhaps be considered the real founder of Port Royal, though it chanced that he was not present when the first buildings were erected there. This was Jean de Biencourt, Baron de Poutrincourt. He too was a Roman Catholic. In the wars of the League he had fought against Henry IV., and once, according to his friend Lescarbot, that king, when besieging him in his castle of Beaumont, had tried to buy his submission and allegiance with a dukedom. These were not to be bought, but when Henry was reconciled to the Romish Church, Poutrincourt became his loyal servant and soldier. In these wars the Baron won glory, but injured his fortunes. In 1603 he was living in poverty with his family on his estate of Saint-Just, and was doing his utmost to improve the cultivation of his lands, when he was visited by his old comrade, De Monts, who, knowing his courage and his agricultural tastes, was bent on persuading him to join in the Acadian enterprise. The proposal evidently appealed to

ANNAPOLIS BASIN AND DIGBY GUT

Poutrincourt; and, though he would pledge himself to nothing until he had seen the new country, he consented, probably with high hopes of retrieving his shattered fortunes, to make one of De Monts' first party.

The voyage was uneventful, but on the Acadian coast the explorers fell in with and seized a little vessel that was trading with the Indians in defiance of De Monts' monopoly. In grim jest they named the harbour, where their capture was made, Port Rossignol, after the captain of their prize, then they passed on to seek a place for settlement.

Feeling their way round the southern point of the peninsula, now known as Nova Scotia, they entered St. Mary's Bay. Here some of the men landed, and a young priest, Nicholas Aubry, wandering away from his fellows, was lost in the pathless woods. Search-parties hunted for him in vain, and at last his comrades sailed away without him, some charitable people suggesting that he must have been murdered by a Huguenot, with whom he had quarrelled on the voyage. For a fortnight the luckless Protestant lay under suspicion, then a party, sent back to seek iron and silver ore, found the priest, more than half-starved, near the spot where he had gone astray.

Some distance up the tumultuous Bay of Fundy, or French Bay (as those early travellers named it), a narrow opening in the hills flanking the western coast of the peninsula seemed to invite exploration, and, passing in, the adventurers found themselves on the still bosom of a beautiful landlocked bay.

Probably the scene has lost little of its peaceful loveliness since that June day, three centuries ago, when the enthusiastic Frenchmen first listened to the music of its "thousand brooks," and feasted their eyes on its green slopes, purple-shaded hills, and glimmering blue waters, though now the shores of the Basin are dotted with many a quiet village besides the picturesque little town that marks the site of old Port Royal. Poutrincourt, seeking not wealth but some spot where he could make a home, cared to go no farther. Then and there he begged his friend, the lord of all this good land, to give the place to him. De Monts readily consented, and Poutrincourt, with a mind filled, as we can fancy, with bright visions of the future, named his new estate Port Royal. Alas, before all was done, he must have wished many a time that he had never seen it. Instead of being to him a peaceful haven, it proved a new storm-centre in his tempestuous life, and for over a century after he had reached his final rest, Port Royal was again and again the scene of strife. There Frenchmen fought against each other, against the English, or the "Bostonnais." There Englishmen had to guard their ramparts against the night-attacks of stealthy-footed red-men or Acadians. Within a hundred years Port Royal was five times taken by the English, and was four times relinquished. The last capture was in 1710, when, in honour of Queen Anne, the old fortress was re-named Annapolis Royal. The last siege did not occur till thirty-five years later.

OLD FRENCH FORT, ANNAPOLIS

But we have wandered far from our

explorers. All this long history of strife and change was yet unwritten when Poutrincourt and his companions turned their backs on fair Port Royal, and sailed out again into the Bay of Fundy. Onward to the head of the gulf they swept with the mighty tide, and, reaching the country destined in after years to be known most widely to the world as the scene of the poet's tragic story of "Evangeline," they discovered what they thought valuable ores and gems. Returning, they sailed along the opposite shore of the bay, to the mouth of a great river, well named by the Indians the "highway." But the French, entering it on the Baptist's Day, named it St. John, which name it still bears.

Hitherto the explorers had not decided on any place of settlement, but the summer was wearing away, and at last they pitched on a rocky island at the mouth of the St. Croix river, which now forms part of the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine. Its only merit was the ease with which it might have been defended, and the Frenchmen passed there so wretched a winter that nearly half their number died.

Poutrincourt, gone home to prepare for taking possession of his grant, escaped this bitter experience. Vexatious delays hindered his return; before he re-crossed the ocean in the spring of 1606, he heard that the whole colony had removed to Port Royal, and when he sailed up the Basin for the second time, the roof of a wooden fort peeped out from among the trees. But till he had almost gained the landing-place, not a human being appeared in sight. Then an Indian canoe shot out from the shore, the cannon of the fort thundered a noisy welcome, and a soldier came down to the beach. It appeared that but two men had been left in charge of the fort, while the rest, short of food and almost despairing of the long-looked-for assistance from France, had gone to seek help from the fishing-vessels on the coast. Strangely enough in that lonely country, the news of Poutrincourt's arrival travelled fast, and the wanderers soon returned.

Now, for a brief season, the sun seemed to beam upon Port Royal and its founders. They courageously accepted the disappointments and inconveniences of their lot, and made the best of things with a gaiety and light-heartedness characteristically French.

OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS: INTERIOR

During these early days Port Royal did not lack historians. Champlain, in his book of *Voyages to New France*, had much to say, in his simple fashion, of the country and its products, and a little of his associates and their doings. His quaint "perspective" drawing of the "habitation" gives, however, a better idea than many words of the material conditions of the settlement. The cemetery, with its tall crucifix, to the right of the picture, hints at the sad side of life in the wilds; the moat and the bastions mounted with cannon, ever (according to the artist) puffing forth smoke, suggest its dangers; and the gardens, represented by the extraordinary geometrical designs in the foreground, testify to the brave determination of the colonists to subdue this western

"SALLY PORT," OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS

earth. But Champlain was not the only one of the company to leave a record of the settling of Port Royal. With Poutrincourt had come the advocate and author, Marc Lescarbot. He threw himself eagerly into all that was going on, and, besides doing much to keep up the spirits of the self-exiled Frenchmen, found time to make good use of his pen.

Poutrincourt, Champlain and Lescarbot set the example of filling every day with useful toil, and, while the good weather lasted, Port Royal was a busy place. The colonists dug and sowed and planted, collected turpentine, sought for ores, built a water-mill, and made a voyage of exploration in the hope of finding a place for settlement further south. They did not discover what they sought, and on this occasion came into collision with the Indians, though those about Port Royal were always friendly.

The voyagers consequently came back sad at heart, but Lescarbot, who had been left in charge of the "habitation," made their return an excuse for elaborate merry-making. When they disembarked, they found the gateway decked with evergreens and appropriate armorial devices, and were met by a procession of Neptune and his Tritons, who welcomed them in verses written for the occasion by the indefatigable master of the ceremonies.

When the dull, cold days came on, and the storms began to roar around their lonely fort, the Frenchmen only piled the great logs higher on the hearth and made a more determined effort to be gay. To ensure ample supplies of fish and game, Champlain hit on the ingenious device of forming "L'Ordre de Bon Temps," of which all the fifteen gentlemen of the company were members. Each in his turn became Grand Master, acting as host to the rest, and the friendly emulation as to which member should show himself most worthy of this high dignity resulted in much hunting and fishing that might not otherwise have been done. During the winter the French never lacked guests, for a tribe of Indians had camped beside the fort, and every day a troop of men, women and children crowded into the hall to see the white chiefs dine, and to receive as their share of the feast the great luxury of a piece of bread or biscuit. But their chief, old Membertou, had a regular place at the board.

These courtesies did not go unrewarded. The Micmacs about Port Royal became deeply attached to the French. At first, however, the latter took little pains to bring these heathen Indians into the fold of Christianity, though missionary work was always put forward as one of the chief reasons for the attempt to colonise New

France. Perhaps in this case the French felt that lack of priests rendered their negligence excusable, for, by this time, there was not one ecclesiastic with the party, though the settlers did not altogether forget their religious duties. The day's routine always began with prayers, and in default of any recognised religious instructor, Poutrincourt asked the versatile advocate to act as a kind of chaplain. Lescarbot accepted the responsibility, congratulating himself on his forethought in having brought his Bible.

FROM CHAMPLAIN'S SKETCH OF PORT ROYAL

In the spring of 1607 everything at Port Royal seemed flourishing and full of promise, when an unexpected turn of events ruined all. One morning when the French were at prayers, a ship sailed into the harbour, bringing the news that De Monts had lost his monopoly, and had therefore no means of supporting the colony longer.

The blow was crushing, but, after long musing, Poutrincourt declared that he would not give up the enterprise. He had not then the means to keep the colonists, however, and it was speedily decided that for the present they must all return to France. In 1610 Poutrincourt went back to Port Royal, taking with him some members of his family.

The Indians had kept their promise, and, during his absence of two years and a half, had faithfully guarded the fort and all it contained.

So far all was well; but the gay old times of jollity and plenty were gone for ever, and this new chapter of the history of Port Royal is sadder and gloomier than the first. Poutrincourt had been reproached for making so little effort for the religious instruction of his heathen friends, and two Jesuits had desired to accompany him to Port Royal. Giving them the slip, he had brought a secular priest, and with the least possible delay set him to the work of Christianising the savages. Poutrincourt and his eldest son Charles de Biencourt both acted as interpreters for the missionary, and amongst them they soon persuaded old Membertou, though thought to be over a hundred years of age, to submit to baptism. Being warrior, soothsayer, and medicine-man, as well as chief, he had great influence, and on St. John Baptist's day, the sagamore and twenty of his kinsfolk were baptised in the harbour of Port Royal. They were named after the King and royal family of France, and the ceremony, apparently regarded by the red-men as a magical rite, was concluded with a great firing of guns from the fort. Membertou wished to undertake a crusade to force the neighbouring Indians to become Christians too, and young Biencourt was sent in hot haste to France to report the marvellous success of the mission. But the news only stimulated the ardour of the Jesuits, and when, after many delays and misadventures, Biencourt returned to Acadia, he was accompanied by two of the fathers, who had been liberally provided with money by the ladies of the court.

For the next few years the history of Port Royal is to be gleaned chiefly from the famous Jesuit *Relations*. Soon De Monts sold his rights in Acadia to a court lady, Madame de Guercheville, who was devoted to the Jesuits. She also obtained a huge grant from the King, and thus, in her name, the Jesuits became owners of the whole of New France, except Port Royal, to which, in spite of dire misfortunes, Poutrincourt still clung.

His affairs were becoming daily more and more embarrassed, and, on going to France to obtain necessaries for his colony, he was thrown into prison for debt.

In the following spring, Poutrincourt, having regained his liberty, crossed the ocean for the last time to find Port Royal in ashes, it having been pillaged and burnt by Captain Argall, a Virginian, and his people living like Indians in the woods. In despair, he sailed back to France, and rejoining the royal army, died a soldier's death in the year 1616. His son, Biencourt, refused to leave Acadia, and there he spent the short remainder of his life. He partially rebuilt Port Royal, and, in after years, it was long the capital of the province, first under French, then under English rule.

A Tangled Web

A STORY OF POOR RELATIONS

BY G. B. STUART

CHAPTER VIII

THE London season waned, and the end of July saw the George Christys at Champneys, their country house in Sussex. During the last few weeks of their stay in town, they had seen scarcely anything of their Canadian relations. "Such a rush as the girls are always in at the last," explained Mrs. George to her sister-in-law, whom she met accidentally one morning in Regent Street, "they are so popular, everybody wants them! By the bye, when do you return to Canada?"

"Oh, not for a long time yet," said Mrs. Robert, ignoring the inference. "We have taken—that is, we are going into the country too, Robert has such a wish to see something of country life and English scenery. We have found a place in Sussex."

"Ah, very nice," assented Mrs. George absently, and bowing alertly to a carriage that passed. "There are lots of nice places, very reasonable too, if you get a little off the beaten track, and I don't suppose you or the Brandys care about a fashionable neighbourhood."

"Not particularly—you see, we shall have our own good company with us wherever we go," answered Mrs. Robert Christy coolly. "But you go to your country house as usual, don't you?—and isn't Champneys somewhere in Sussex too?"

"Yes, of course, but quite the other part of the county," stammered Mrs. George, escaping to her carriage and leaving the Colonial lady of Irish extraction in fits of inextinguishable laughter upon the pavement, in front of Liberty's window. "The funniest thing you ever heard in your life, Robert," she said, detailing the story to her husband, "considering that I had never mentioned where we were going at all."

"Silly, impudent woman," said Robert Christy-Wardell; "if I wasn't so fond of, or so sorry for poor old George, I'd refuse ever to speak to her again."

"Never mind, dear; when she finds us settled as her nearest neighbours she will be quite sufficiently punished; and you know I am really fond of the boy Georgie, and of little Elaine!"

"Mater, we really must go and call on these American people at Thormanby this very afternoon," announced May Christy, looking up from the pages of the *World*, which had come in at breakfast-time. "Listen, 'The Marquis of Headport has left 177, Belgrave Square, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Christy-Wardell, at Thormanby Park;' and here again, 'Sir James and Lady Stapylton and Mr. Jack Stapylton will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wardell, at Thormanby Park, during the Thormanby cricket week.' We must get in with that set this year, if we are to have any fun at all; Yankees do know how to make things hum in the country!"

"We'll go this very afternoon. It is odd their having our name; can there be any connexion, papa? Anyway, it makes an amusing little link at the outset of our acquaintance."

"I believe there is some connexion, but not through the Christys; I remember Robert said his wife was a Miss Wardell, and had something to do with these people."

"Something very remote, I should say; why, these people at Thormanby are the millionaires," put in Frank. "I'll drive you over, mater, if you like. I'm on in this piece. I've rather a fancy for some shooting at Thormanby this season."

So, in the afternoon, the wagonette from Champneys, driven by Master Frank, drew

up at the door of Thormanby. There had been a squabble between Amy and May as to which should accompany their mother, and it had ended in their both doing so. Frank threw the reins to the groom and followed the ladies in, when the butler announced that Mrs. Christy-Wardell was at home, and a succession of footmen in livery carried their names forward to the drawing-room door.

"Mrs. George Christy, the Misses Christy, Mr. Frank Christy!" The door of the long drawing-room was thrown open, and at the further end of the rose-scented, satin-furnished vista, a small figure rose to receive them—a little, stout lady, with a smilingly familiar face, and gold-rimmed spectacles, though her dress was of costly silk, and her fingers glittered with diamonds.

"BUT QUITE THE OTHER PART OF THE COUNTY," STAMMERED MRS. GEORGE, ESCAPING TO HER CARRIAGE

"Mary! and the girls, and Frank, this is delightfully kind of you—you are almost our first visitors," said Mrs. Christy-Wardell, coming forward to greet them.

"Mrs. War—Mrs. Robert!—Aunt Maria!" in different tones of astonishment and dismay, while Frank muttered "Great Scott!" under his moustache.

"Are you—are you staying here?" ejaculated Mrs. George Christy desperately. "George said you were some connexion of the Christy-Wardells, and we came, that is, we——" Mrs. George floundered lamentably; she did not know her ground.

"Do sit down, all of you. Lady Stapylton and I are alone this afternoon, the gentlemen have all gone off on a fishing excursion," explained Mrs. Christy-Wardell. "You come here, Mary, by me. Why, where is Lady Stapylton? She was here a moment ago!"

May and Amy had seen her ladyship's agile but dignified escape by the French window.

"I don't understand—are you staying with these Wardells, then?" repeated their mother, heedless of the violent signs that her son was making to explain the situation.

"I am Mrs. Christy-Wardell—Wardell is my maiden name, and Robert took it for business purposes, and to please my dear father," said the hostess. "But when we first came to England we only called ourselves Christy, because we were strangers to English life, and did not want to be overwhelmed just at first with too many new friends. You see, Robert has had business relations with so many influential people here, and if we hadn't presented ourselves at first *incog.* we should have just been swamped in new acquaintances, and have had no time or opportunity for getting to know our own people! We were shy too, and did not quite know the ropes in London. After we had 'found ourselves,' so to speak, we did not mind it coming out that we were the famous Turbine people!"

She ended her little explanation with a laugh, but for the first time she realised that the ruse she and her husband had innocently practised, might have disagreeable consequences. Mrs. George Christy's face had become a shade of grey-green as the story ran on; when it finished she rose from her chair.

"I am afraid I do not quite follow you. I am a very plain-spoken woman myself, and I place truth above everything. I can hardly believe that my husband's brother intentionally agreed to deceive all his family as to his position, circumstances, and his very name, so I suppose I must consent to consider this as the very poor joke of an Irish——"

"Oh, bosh! mater," said Frank, cutting in, slangily it is true, but with an opportune heartiness; he was not going to let the Thormanby covert-shooting be lost for a silly misunderstanding of this sort. "I can quite understand my uncle's feeling. Any one who knows the City as I do, can see what a horrid bore it would have been for a man like him to have been rushed into the middle of the London season as 'Wardell's Turbine,' without a little preparation. Why, you could buy up the lot of us over here, couldn't you?" he asked with exquisite taste, turning to his aunt. "Anyway, you've dropped on a good thing in getting Thormanby, and it'll be very jolly for us at Champneys to have you for neighbours."

What was Mrs. George Christy to do when her own flesh and blood turned upon her like this? She had sunk back into her chair at a tug from May, who was nearest to her, and she now stammered something about the Irish love of a joke, which her hostess took with a smile. "I won't play any more practical jokes in England, I promise you, Mary," she said penitently. "Indeed, though, when you come to think this one over quietly, you'll see that it was innocent enough. We are so terribly rich, you see, and people do worry us, especially Robert, so on that account we never have any privacy or get a chance of making real friends, because of our horrid money. Not but what I don't like it immensely," and she laughed heartily, and looked across at May and Amy. "You must come over here a great deal, girls, and bring Georgie and Elaine; we want all the young people we can get together, to fill this big house. The Brandys, your aunt, and Karen and Robin, are arriving this evening, and to-morrow a lot more—some Canadian friends amongst others. Your daughters must come and show our Colonials what English girls are like," smiling at Mrs. George as she spoke.

Two or three footmen were arranging tea, and Lady Stapylton appeared through the open French window; she shook hands so graciously with the visitors, that again Mrs. George Christy felt the world was going round with her. With such forces

arrayed on the other side, she could not do less than lay down her arms, with what dignity was left her. And presently tea was in full swing; May Christy, by her aunt's request, taking charge of the teapot, and Frank handing plates and cups and hot-house peaches, with that wonderful oblivion of self-satisfied youth to the fact that the last time he had seen "Aunt Maria," he had patronised her most impertinently.

By and by, before the meal was finished, the fishing party came straggling in, full of the discovery of an exquisite little chalk trout stream on the further side of Thormanby water. Mrs. George rallied herself feebly to meet her husband's brother, and reiterated in less faltering tones her little set sentence about their practical joke. She managed to imply that they had guessed something of the truth, and had come over from Champneys at the earliest opportunity, to welcome their relatives to Sussex; and neither Lady Stapylton nor Mrs. Christy-Wardell, who overheard the laboured explanation, cared to annoy "Turbine Wardell" by upsetting it.

"What does it matter how she explains things?" the two ladies agreed afterwards. "The great matter is that we should be friends all round," said Mrs. Maria; "I want everything to go smoothly with Robert's relations."

The Marquis of Headport was a good-looking, middle-aged widower, who divided his time between the study of International Law and the cultivation of bees; finding that Miss Amy Christy apparently knew nothing of either of these subjects, he took a seat beside her, and descanted for twenty minutes on the latter topic, and when the Champneys party rose at last to go, he told her mother that she was to be congratulated on the possession of so intelligent a daughter.

This somewhat tended to soothe Mrs. George Christy's ruffled feelings; angry and sore and jealous as she was at the discovery of Thormanby Park in the hands of Robert's dowdy wife, there was certainly some compensation in the fact that unattached Marquises were to be met there, and that her girls were free to visit there as much as they liked.

"I shall not trouble Mrs. Robert, whatever her name is, much myself," decided she, "but I won't stand in the way of the children;" and seeing that Jack Stapylton was handing May her gloves and parasol, she flung out a vague invitation to Champneys to every one present, as her brother-in-law led her to the door. But Robert, though outwardly very courteous, was firmly determined that Mrs. George should eat humble pie.

"Caroline will be here to-morrow, you must come over and call on her and Karen," he said; "Maria shall arrange a day for you to come and meet them," and he handed his sister-in-law into her carriage.

CHAPTER IX

A VERY different little scene was enacted on the arrival of Mrs. Brandys and her daughter. Maria Christy-Wardell had conceived a very true affection for her pretty, gentle sister-in-law, who had borne many reverses with the quiet, uncomplaining fortitude of a Christian gentlewoman; but the Colonial lady's whole heart was given to Karen, the courageous, the brown-eyed, fearless girl who was so like her Uncle Robert in face and speech and bearing, that his wife, looking at her, sighed for the daughter whom it had never been her happiness to possess. Karen Brandys, without having ever seen them to imitate, had all the specially noticeable characteristics of her mother's brother; she had the same free carriage, the same independent walk, the same quick habit of clasping her hands behind her as she talked, looking up unhesitatingly at her companion, and preferring standing to sitting when interested in argument.

These were little distinctive ways which had earned for Robert Christy-Wardell the nickname of "the Earl" in the Dominion, where, above everything personal, distinction of appearance and manner counts to its possessors; the name had not yet reached England in connexion with Karen's uncle, but wherever Aunt Maria saw Karen afresh, the title, "an Earl's daughter," rose to her mind, and sometimes brought tears to her eyes as well. But now they were tears of thankfulness, not of bitterness, as in the old days when the childless woman so keenly felt the longing for a daughter on whom to lavish the wealth that seemed to double itself every year. Since her introduction to Karen and Robin Brandys, to Elaine and Georgie Christy, the affectionate big heart of Maria Christy-Wardell had been almost satisfied with the possibilities of giving happiness that opened out before

her. The great turbine fortune which she had brought her husband would become more than tolerable, it would be actually desirable now that her husband's "young people" were here to enjoy it with her.

She had meant to drive down to the station to meet the Brandys party, but the visit of the George Christys had rendered that impossible, and the carriage had to start without her; however, she was still in time to receive them at the lodge gates, and making an excuse to Lady Stapylton, the husband and wife started down the avenue together, to intercept their guests.

The strain of the afternoon, and the so barely averted disagreeables of Mrs. George Christy's visit, had tried Aunt Maria more than she knew. She was glad to hold her tall husband's arm as she confided to him the story of the last few hours, reproducing with unconscious Irish humour the voices and manner of the different members of the Christy family. "Indeed, Robert dear, I begin to see that we've been playing rather a dangerous game, and if it's anybody's fault it's mine, for I know, from the first you and Mr. Stapylton too thought it unwise to hide our real position, and this afternoon we were very near coming to a disaster with your brother's wife, and for that I'd never have forgiven myself all the days of my life!"

But Robert soothed her, and made light of her mistake, as a good husband is bound to do when his wife is downcast. "Never mind, dear one, it is over now, and even if it wasn't the wisest thing in the world, it was your own fancy and wish, and you were perfectly free to follow it if you chose! Anyway, you need not fear from the Brandys any repetition of the Christys' dissatisfaction; I think we are safe with Caroline and Karen, and if young Robin pulls a long face, we will ask him to shrive us, he has a touch of the priest about him which will respond to such an appeal as that, I am sure;" and with such cheerful reassurement the kindly Colonial strove to raise his wife's drooping spirits as they waited side by side at the lodge gates. And here was the carriage driving in, and pulling up as the coachman perceived his master. Robin's long clerical black legs were out in a moment, and Karen was quickly after him, lifting a smiling face to meet her uncle's kiss; Mrs. Christy-Wardell was at the carriage-door, kissing and welcoming her sister-in-law.

"Have we arrived? What a sweet place!" cried Mrs. Brandys, glancing in admiration at the red-brick lodge, with its picturesque dormer windows and its background of green limes and copper beeches; the garden in front was ablaze with the autumn brilliancy of hollyhocks, zinnias, and phloxes, and, in truth, a prettier country retreat than the West Lodge at Thormanby Park could not well be imagined.

"Shall I get out?" Mrs. Brandys demanded. "Dear Maria, what possessed you to order this big private carriage to fetch us?—and a cart for our luggage too! We could have taken a fly quite well—such a party as we have come to you! We didn't expect to be met, and could have found our own way quite easily."

Mrs. George Christy might have used the same words, in a very different sense: Mrs. Brandys, accustomed to slip through the world giving trouble to nobody, was quite overwhelmed by the extra effort which she believed her reception to have involved.

"Dearest Caroline, Robert and I are only vexed that we were not there on the platform to receive you. Some visitors detained us this afternoon, until it was too late for us to get to the station! And we walked down so far to meet the carriage."

"Then isn't this your home?" interrupted Mrs. Brandys, disappointed.

"This is only one of the lodges," Mrs. Maria said lamely.

"And you have taken another? Do we drive further, or shall I get out and walk? Are we allowed to go through this beautiful place? Why, you have no bonnet on, only—my dear, what exquisite lace! I suppose then we are close to your lodgings?"

"Well, yes, we are, in a way," stammered Mrs. Christy-Wardell, laughing and blushing like a girl; "the fact is—here, Karen and Robin, do come and help me make my little confession to your mother, and give me absolution, for, like many other stupid people, I meant well! The fact is, dear ones, we are not living in any of the lodges, nor in country apartments at all; we have taken Thormanby Park on lease, and this is just the entrance to the property! For although Robert and I are such humdrum, homely people we are very well off, and we want to spend our money so that we and as many others as possible shall get enjoyment out of it, and so we welcome you to a big country house instead of a

little one, and hope you will try and like it just as well. Don't scold me, any of you, for what looks like a piece of deception; I never meant it for anything more than a little joke, but I have been learning, to-day, that such jokes are sometimes unwise, and if *you* look upon it in that light I'm certain I shall begin to cry!"

There was a moment's gasping silence as Mrs. Maria made her confession; Mrs. Brandys sitting forward in the big carriage and looking in puzzled wonder to right and left—at the broad, green stretches of the park, the long lime avenue, the broad liveried back of the coachman, and the statuesque form of the footman drawn up immovable at a discreet distance; but it was Karen's clear, soft voice that broke the tension of the situation.

"It is the best joke I have ever heard in my life, dearest aunty!" she said, stooping swiftly to kiss Mrs. Christy-Wardell's flushed and anxious face. "I can't take it all in, in a minute, but it is splendid! Splendid of you to come among us just like one of ourselves, and to make friends with us in our own way, and splendid that now you know us, you want to make us share with you all your beautiful things!"

It was a very different reception of her little ruse than Mrs. George Christy's had been, and Aunt Maria came very near to the tears of which she had spoken. There was a good deal of indiscriminate kissing between the three ladies, and then Uncle Robert suggested that he and Robin should walk on towards the house, and that the ladies should drive. Karen Brandys was of that active temperament that always prefers walking to being driven, but with ready tact she assented, and took the seat opposite her mother and aunt. "Aunty, I am not going to walk an inch while I am here! I am going to drive everywhere! You will see what a fine lady you have got for a niece, and how easily she can adapt herself to the ways of smart people!"

That well-bred acceptance of the situation, which might have proved critical, and which still held Mrs. Brandys' tongue tied for a space, forged a new bond between Karen and her aunt not to be lightly broken.

Jack Stapylton was smoking a cigarette on the terrace as the carriage turned the corner of the house, and clattered under the archway at the front door. He came forward to greet Miss Brandys, and to be introduced to her mother; then glancing at the smiling faces of his hostess and her niece, the question broke from him—

"Well, Mrs. Christy-Wardell, is the murder out?"

"Indeed and it is, and, what is more, I'm forgiven for it!" she answered, with a beaming glance all round.

"Of course; why should you not be? You see," turning to Karen Brandys, as her mother preceded them into the hall, "I knew this terrible secret all along, ever since I came across in the *Titanic* with your uncle and aunt, and very, very often I have been on the point of letting it slip! And lately Mrs. Christy-Wardell has——"

"Stop, please, a moment!" Karen begged, "you have let something slip that I don't understand! You must remember that I only knew they were very rich people five minutes ago, at the lodge gate, and now you call them by a new name. Does it mean that they are the great Canadian millionaires—the Turbine inventors, or patentees that your father, Sir James, was talking about one day at lunch in Montagu Square?"

"The very same!"

Karen turned swiftly round and ran across the gravel to where her uncle stood with Robin, pointing out the distant blue line of the sea; she thrust her arm through his, and interrupted his explanation. "Uncle Robert, how could you keep us all in the dark as to who you were?"

"My dear, it was a fancy of your aunt's, and, after all, money doesn't make such a great difference."

"Oh, I don't mean about the money!" she broke in again, "I mean—oh, you must let me say it! How could you keep from us that you were the man you are?—the man who has done so much for the Colony of his adoption, who has been foremost in all the greatest and best work, not with money alone, but with interest and help, and personal example!—the man, in fact, who is known all over the world as one of the best and bravest of empire-makers!"

She had thrown back her head, and clasped her hands behind her as she warmed to her little speech; with her resolute, buoyant figure and proudly-carried head she looked, Jack Stapylton thought, like the embodiment of the spirit of a young and ardent colony.

"Miss Brandys heard my father talking about you one day at our house, sir," he

put in; "it was before my step-mother and Mrs. Christy-Wardell became acquainted, and I had hard ado to hold my tongue while my father held forth; though indeed he said nothing behind your back that he wouldn't repeat to-night to your face! He was very much interested in some of your railway pioneering work, and talked sufficiently lucidly for once, in spite of the temptation to be technical, to make your niece share his enthusiasm."

"And after that, whenever I saw scraps about Mr. Christy-Wardell in the papers I always made a point of reading them, and of trying to draw Sir James into talking about him," Karen confessed. "Once, too, I asked Aunt Maria if she had ever met him, and she admitted that he was a 'sort of connexion by marriage,' but I fancied she didn't want to pursue the subject."

"Oh, isn't that like her, sir?" Jack Stapylton cried, and even Robin Brandys' serious face relaxed at this revelation of aunt's innocent duplicity. The young parson had been a little bewildered by the discovery of his relatives' wealth, and knowing them less intimately than his sister, had maintained a somewhat constrained demeanour.

"Hope he isn't going to turn out a prig?" said Stapylton to himself; "if he does he is not worthy of being his sister's brother!" And while Karen strolled towards the terrace with her uncle's arm fast held, he accosted Robin with a hearty "Are you a fisherman, Mr. Brandys? We found a capital trout stream this morning, and I can hardly wait for to-morrow to try my luck in it! It is a good way off, across the Thormanby water which is on the further side of the estate, and to-day when we were prospecting the place we came on it accidentally, and unprovided with our tackle, but if you are game for an excursion to-morrow, I'm your man!"

Robin's solemn face lightened.

"I should like it, above all things. I'm not in practice, for I haven't seen a stream since I took my London curacy, two years ago, but I don't think my hand has lost its cunning. I suppose this is a very large place? I confess it has staggered me rather to find my uncle is such a great man. I do not know him as intimately as my sister does, and this little plan of theirs of hiding their identity as the great Christy-Wardells has confused me, and made me feel that I am an interloper here. Women can adapt themselves more quickly than we do"—he looked at Jack with a boyish, ingenuous smile—"but I am not accustomed to all this sort of magnificence, and I'm sorely tempted to get back to my own diggings as quickly as I can!"

"Nonsense!" said Stapylton kindly. "Take my advice and make friends with your uncle and aunt, they are very well worth it, apart from their wealth, as you will soon find out for yourself. I felt when I met them again on the *Titanic* that they were people it was a privilege to know: whether this little ruse of your aunt's was the wisest way of introducing themselves is no matter now—she herself is so charming that an introduction, however effected, is a gain. Forget this little episode till you can look upon it in the light of the joke which she intended it to be, and let her and your uncle see that you are ready to enjoy all the good things that they are so eager to share with you. You don't mind me giving you this bit of advice, do you?"

"Not at all! I'm awfully obliged," Robin said heartily. "I expect you'll have to give me a lot more if we go out fishing together to-morrow, and I hope you will!"

CHAPTER X

AND now began a series of friendly communications between Champneys and Thormanby Park, which proved to all the neighbourhood that blood is indeed thicker than water, and that the English Christys and their Colonial relations, the Canadian and world-famous Christy-Wardells, were united by the warmest ties of kinship and mutual interest.

Mr. George Christy quickly saw the expediency of going over to the Park to call in person upon his brother and upon Mrs. Brandys; he, for once, asserted his authority, and insisted that his wife should accompany him, notwithstanding that her first call had not yet been returned.

"We are bound to welcome them all to this part of the country," he decided, "and Robert might overlook a slight to himself, but would never forgive one to Caroline."

"They seem to be bent on turning Karen Brandys' head," grumbled Mrs. George; "asking her there with the Stapyltons, and flinging her at young Stapylton's head; but people in society don't generally

let their sons marry the governess, and I shall not be surprised if your sister-in-law, with her Radical-American notions, gets a good snub from Lady Stapylton for her pains!"

Nevertheless, Mrs. George went again to Thormanby with her husband, and Mrs. Christy-Wardell, accompanied by her widowed sister-in-law, quickly returned the visit without any formal loss of time. The young people met constantly, and as a large and pleasant party assembled at the larger house, the George Christys were included in every gaiety that its entertainment entailed.

"Are you happy at last in the spending of your money?" Robert Christy-Wardell asked his wife, sitting down beside her on the sofa in her own writing-room, where they kept up an old-fashioned habit of meeting every day for half-an-hour's quiet chat before the dressing-gong sounded for dinner. "You have got a houseful of relations and friends, and all their most intimate interests, hobbies, and charities to expend your activities as well as your money upon. Are you beginning to be satisfied that your talent is no longer hid away in a napkin?"

They were an elderly couple, and Maria Christy-Wardell was only a little grey-haired woman with a round, rosy face and gold-rimmed spectacles, but the look of affection that she gave her husband would not have misbecome a bride.

"Oh, Robert, what a happy woman you have made me—bringing me to this beautiful English home, and giving me all these dear people to love! Caroline Brandys is my sister, and I never had a sister till now! Karen and Robin, and Elaine and Georgie are like my own children. Your brother George is a good fellow when you get to know him, and the girls and Frank improve greatly too. They are all your family—I owe all to you, and——"

"My dear, you owe a good deal to your fortune, and that was yours to start with, before ever I came on the scene," said her husband, who was very loyal to the Wardell connexion. "Not the love of the Brandys' family—that we know is independent of wealth—but from the others I hear you have had a good deal of disagreeable treatment as well as Elaine's and Georgie's devotion. However, I'll admit that some of the George Christys have improved and ripened in the sun of our prosperity, and I fancy if Headport continues to study bee-culture with Amy as assiduously as he was doing in the kitchen garden just now as I came through, we may end in earning Mary Christy's entire forgiveness. What do you think?"

"Amy? Your niece and Lord Headport? You don't mean that there is anything in that direction?"

"Why not? I've fancied it for the last week, and you will observe that there is never any difficulty about Amy accepting an invitation when it is sometimes impossible to find Elaine disengaged—your attention has been occupied somewhere else."

"Well, it has," his wife confessed frankly; "I've been watching Karen, and wondering if she begins to see how interested Jack is in her every movement; and I've been studying Robin's grave face and thinking that an energetic young London clergyman wants a wife to help him, if only to remember his meal hours and his overcoat, and that Elaine thinks so too! I've quite missed your busy bees in the kitchen garden, but if anything should come of that, it would be really a capital match for them both; he wants a pleasant society wife to rouse him out of dreamy, scientific ways, and even Mrs. George would be content with the Marquis of Headport for her eldest daughter, and perhaps would take the ban off poor little Elaine's romance in consequence."

"Has she laid a ban on Elaine's romance, and what is it? Or rather, what are they? Romance and ban too?"

"Elaine is in love with Robin as evidently as Robin is in love with Elaine. I have guessed it ever since that afternoon when we had tea in Kensington Gardens. But her mother guesses it too, and that is why Elaine is so often engaged when we ask her here. Don't think me ill-natured, Robert, but Mrs. George doesn't like the idea of Robin as a match for her youngest girl, chiefly because Robin is a favourite of ours, or rather mine! Isn't there some way here in England of buying a young clergyman a living, or a canonry or something good, so as to make him eligible as a husband? I'm sure we could pay for it gladly, and Robin deserves everything we can get for him—he is the most unselfish young man I've ever known in my life!"

Mr. Christy-Wardell laughed heartily

at his wife's primitive notions of Church preferment.

"I'm sure he deserves Elaine, and that is saying a good deal, for she is a dear little girl; but he will have to work his way to the front like other men, and I don't doubt he will. When things are a little more advanced we might see what can be done; if he chooses to confide in you, dear, you might give him a hint that we should be pleased to help, and that he needn't have scruples about proposing on the score of his mother. Caroline is my care now, and I mean to tell Karen and Robin that I shall make her a settlement, so that their earnings need no more contribute to her support. So that is why Elaine's coming here has been stopped lately, and why Robin and Georgie have gone about together so dismally inseparable? If you can't get the Rose, I suppose you have to put up with the Rose's Eton brother! eh, Maria?"

"I don't know, dear—I never had an Eton brother," Mrs. Christy-Wardell answered a little absently. "It is a great responsibility bringing all these young people together, and if Jack Stapylton has any snobbish feelings about Karen having been his little sisters' governess——"

"But he hasn't, surely? Stapylton's a gentleman, if I know one," interrupted her husband.

"Of course he is, and I have no doubts of him, but Mrs. George said something to Caroline about the awkwardness of their meeting here so intimately, and I am afraid Caroline may have hinted something to the dear girl. I fancied since yesterday her behaviour towards Jack had changed in the slightest degree, hardly perceptible to any one except interested parties like Jack and myself."

"Probably if he feels it, it will bring matters to a crisis," said Mr. Christy-Wardell reassuringly. He wanted his wife to enjoy her position as benefactress and good fairy to all these young people, but he knew that her impulsive Irish nature must necessarily sometimes land her in disappointments, and he was always ready to soothe over a failure or clear away a misunderstanding from the path of the woman whom he loved as fondly to-day as on their marriage morning. "Perhaps Headport and Amy, who are my discovery, will set light to these other flames, and—— Why, what is that?"

That was a rattle of small gravel against the window of the boudoir which Mrs. Christy-Wardell kept exclusively for her own use. It was a turret offshoot from her bedroom, and a romantic winding stone staircase led to the garden beneath from its rose-garlanded balcony. Her husband opened the long window, and stepped out to find Robin Brandys just below, and half-way up the stone stairway.

"Are you there, Uncle Robert? I thought I should find you with Aunt Maria just now. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"To be sure. Why do you come like a thief in the night, and make us nervous with a handful of gravel? Come up, won't you?—your aunt's here, and we were just talking about you."

"Were you? No, I won't come any nearer. The fact is, uncle, Georgie Christy is ill, and I'm afraid it may prove something infectious. He hasn't been well for some days, but he made light of it. To-day while we were out fishing he got faint and queer, and Stapylton and I took him into that little empty lodge on the east side of the Thormanby water. We made up a bed for him there of rugs and things, and he got so suddenly light-headed that Stapylton fetched the doctor at once before coming up to tell you, or alarm the house. The doctor is with him now, and I came to tell you without frightening any one else. I'm not sure that I ought to come near any one, because I've been with him very constantly of late, and the doctor thinks—well, that it is dangerous."

"Is it smallpox he fears?" asked Aunt Maria, leaning over her husband's shoulder.

"Yes," nodded Robin. "He isn't certain, of course, but it looks like it, and we must all three be in quarantine till it declares itself or blows over. Stapylton agrees with me that we had better set up at the lodge, and see to poor Georgie between us. The doctor spoke of sending for a nurse, but she could scarcely be here before to-morrow night. It is fortunate that I am accustomed to this sort of thing, and not a bit afraid of it! When we had diphtheria in our parish I did a good deal of nursing, and I know something of what to do now."

"But smallpox," said Mrs. Christy-Wardell, shuddering; "do think, dear Robin, for your mother's sake before you expose yourself unnecessarily. We can get

ı nurse from the village till the London woman arrives, and——"

"And perhaps spread a panic all over he place," said the young clergyman, smiling. "Besides, neither Stapylton nor I ıre safe to go about as usual, so we may ıs well go into retreat with Georgie. But what I want you to do is to send us down ıome things and supplies to the lodge vithout alarming the household. That is vhy I came to you in this stealthy fashion. Don't you think we could get hold of your nan Arkwright? he seems such a steady, ool fellow. I'm sure he would be able to get together all that we shall want for the ıresent without frightening anybody unıecessarily. Time enough to do that when ve know what is really the matter."

The young parson's manner was so ıusiness-like and his words so natural, hat his uncle was contented to let him o as he suggested.

"I'm coming after you down to the odge," he said, "as soon as I have given Arkwright his instructions; you can run ıack now, and keep Dr. Murray till I get here. No, Maria," catching sight of his vife's white face, "I promise you I will ıot go into the room or near any of the hree young fellows without Murray's permission, but you must trust me to go and nake all arrangements for their comfort, nd believe me that I will not run any olish risks. As for Arkwright, I believe he s the very man in the right place: he had mallpox when he was with Headport in he West Indies—that was how he came o leave his service, and afterwards enter urs. I don't think he's afraid of anything ı the world, except perhaps of displeasing is mistress!—certainly not of any illness —and if he is with the boys, all will be one as it should. Robin's a fine fellow o manage so discreetly, and to make no ıss. Good-bye, dear. If I am late for inner you must begin without me; make ny excuse you can, and say I'll explain verything on my return. And for yourelf, remember that He giveth His angels harge over our dear ones to keep them in ll their ways."

From her window Mrs. Maria watched ıer husband, followed by Arkwright crossıg to the stables, and later a light cart, vhich no doubt had been packed in the etirement of the yard, drove away in the irection of Thormanby water and the East Lodge. Mrs. Maria heaved a sigh of relief to think that assistance was on the way to the three lads whom she had learnt to love. She knelt down for a moment, and prayed that God would protect them all in His good providence from the possible trial that lay ahead, then she calmly rang for her maid, and began dressing for dinner.

The windows of her bedroom looked into different views than those of the boudoir next door, and she felt that the maid's eyes were straying when they ought to have been engaged with the lace lappets of her *coiffure*.

"What do you see out of the window, Summers?" she inquired anxiously, for everything had a significance in these hours of uncertainty.

"If you please, ma'am, I see Miss Christy and the Marquis coming up the rose-walk, and it's a fact, ma'am——" Summers broke off nervously.

"What is a fact, Summers?"

"That his lordship keeps on kissing Miss Amy's hand."

"I am not surprised, but of course we mustn't say anything till we are told, Summers. And put me out my diamond necklace, please."

CHAPTER XI

THAT evening of anxiety, which necessarily ended in an explanation of the unfortunate situation to the chief guests at Thormanby, lived long in the memory of Maria Christy-Wardell.

George Christy and his wife were expected to dinner, and loud and long were the inquiries for their absent host, and for the three young men whose absence made such a woeful blank at the dinner-table; it needed all the hostess's tact and *savoir faire* to patch up her denuded party and keep things going till her husband appeared at length in evening dress and in apparently his normal spirits. He gave a quick glance and smile at his wife, and sat down apologising right and left to Lady Stapylton and his sister-in-law.

"No, honour bright, there has been no accident, and as soon as I've caught you up with my dinner, I'll tell you all about it, but I am afraid the young ladies will have to do without their cavaliers for a day or two. Headport, you will have to make up the deficiency. I hope you feel equal to it?"

Lady Stapylton, who guessed that Mr. Christy-Wardell did not want to be questioned, quickly turned the conversation, and Mrs. George was diverted from the attack by the appeal to Lord Headport; was there, or wasn't there something between him and Amy? If there were, the hideous humiliation to which she, Mrs. George Christy, had been subjected, by Robert's wife turning out to be a Somebody instead of a poor relation was almost compensated, for no doubt Maria had meant Karen Brandys to have the Marquis; there were no lengths to which this ridiculous radical woman was not capable of going.

"Lord Headport is coming over to Champneys to advise me about our new hives to-morrow," she announced proudly. "The poultry-yard is dear May's province, and Amy looks after the flowers and the bees. I am so glad my girls have country tastes, Sir James; they aren't all as clever at book learning as their cousin Karen Brandys, but they do enjoy everything so heartily."

"Very nice, very nice," growled Sir James Stapylton, who was a little deaf, and thought Mrs. George Christy a tiresome table partner, when there was such a good dinner before him. "They can't be all as clever as Miss Brandys, as you say, she's one in a hundred, but they can't do better than copy her. Eh, what, countrified did you say? Oh, they'll grow out of that. I'm sure I shouldn't have thought it to look at them, they always look as if they'd stepped out of a fashion book!"

But Mrs. George Christy was too much excited to-night to be disconcerted by Sir James's misinterpretations; she was sure that Lord Headport, who sat between Lady Stapylton and Amy, "meant something," his manner was at once so *empressé* and so *distrait* (Mrs. George felt that this description was almost epigrammatic in its French intensity!), and her eyes, ears and mind became engrossed.

And when the news of Georgie's serious illness had to be told after dinner, it was quite eclipsed, at all events as far as his mother was concerned, by the announcement of Lord Headport's proposal to Amy, which came almost simultaneously. "Quite a godsend, to spare us all the clamour she would have made over the poor boy if she could have possibly fastened it on to any of us as a grievance," observed Lady Stapylton to Mrs. Brandys; the little butterfly lady and the gentle invalid were great friends, and enjoyed certain confidences about Mrs. George which were not for the general ear.

"I cannot help being afraid that Mary Christy will think that my Robin has brought the infection from his parish," murmured Mrs. Brandys. "She is always so eager to push the blame on to us of anything disagreeable, and because my children work for their living, she hints that they ought not to be admitted into good society! Karen as a governess, and Robin as a curate, are inferior to their cousins, who do nothing but spend their father's money, and are more likely—I don't know why—to spread illness and low radical opinions! If she doesn't forget all about Georgie in this engagement triumph, I am sure we shall hear that Robin is the cause of the infection" (no one mentioned the word small-pox at Thormanby), "but it is true that both at Cambridge and at St. Aldains he has had a good deal of experience in nursing, and this will prove lucky for Georgie, I expect, under the circumstances."

"The luckiest thing in the world! Mr. Christy-Wardell says your son behaved magnificently; he managed everything without giving any trouble, or causing any panic among the servants, and now his devotion to his cousin, in remaining to nurse him, is above all praise."

"Oh, Robin never looks for praise. He thinks he is only doing his duty, and just what any other man would do," answered the proud mother, "and he has been through so much illness, that I think he has a special gift for helping people this way—and I believe God thinks so too," she finished with dropped voice. "But you and Sir James are very brave in making no fuss about Mr. Stapylton, though I'm sure you are anxious."

"Dear old Jack! of course we are anxious," said his step-mother affectionately, "but what is the good of worrying and adding to the Christy-Wardells' trouble? Jack has to run risks like other young men, he will never run as many as his father did before him, for you know, dear Mrs. Brandys, Sir James worked his way up from the engineering 'shops' at Swindon, and no one thought of risks then! Besides, Dr. Murray has taken Jack into quarantine in his own house; he had been with Georgie, it is true, but not so much as your son, and there was no good his running into useless danger by remaining at the East Lodge,

when your good young parson and the valet were sufficient for the nursing. Please God, we shall have Jack soon out of durance again, and Mr. Robin not very long behind him. Here come Mrs. Christy and the *Braut* to make their adieux; Miss Amy returns to the maternal wing to-night, with the formality that befits a future Marchioness!"

Mrs. Brandys had just time to wonder whether the allusion to Sir James's lowly origin were intentional or accidental, when Mrs. George Christy was upon her.

"My dear Caroline, I know how vexed you must be at Robert junior having brought this horrid infection down from St. Aldains to spoil our pleasant party. Lucky, wasn't it? that nothing came out before dear Lord Headport had spoken to Amy! I'm afraid we should all have had a crow to pick with your young curate then; I always say—and I believe Rudyard Kipling or some other clever writer says the same—the East End and the West End never ought to be brought in contact with each other. However, we are all too happy to-night to scold Robert junior!—don't they make a charming couple, Amy and the Marquis?"

Poor Mrs. Brandys could only meekly reiterate, "They do—they do indeed. I hope they'll be very happy!" but Lady Stapylton took up the cudgels briskly on behalf of her friend.

"What makes you think that Mr. Robin has brought the infection, Mrs. Christy? If he had done so, it would have been he, and not your boy, who would have been first taken ill. It is more reasonable to suppose that Georgie picked it up somewhere accidentally, and may perhaps give it to his devoted cousin, but certainly has not taken it from him."

The butterfly lady could look very fierce at times, and even Mrs. George, mother of a prospective Marchioness as she was, quailed before her logical sally.

"Oh, come along, mama! Lord Head—Charles, I mean, is waiting for us," exclaimed Amy, coming to the rescue. "Thank you ever so much for your congratulations, Aunt Caroline; of course we're going to be immensely happy! And isn't the mater pleased? A peacock with two tails isn't in it with her to-night!" she added, with a glance at her mother's retreating form, a portly figure in mauve satin, leaning on the arm of the Marquis of Headport.

Early next morning as Robin Brandys threw wide the casement window of his room at the East Lodge, to drink in the pleasant scent of the pines, he saw a girl, in sailor-hat, cotton blouse and bicycling skirt, wheeling her machine through the little wicket-gate, for the principal entrance was locked to preserve strict quarantine. Could it be Karen? Of course not, for Karen would have come from the other direction across the park, and this was some one smaller and slighter altogether. Elaine Christy, by all that was wonderful!

The young clergyman leaned out of his window. "Don't come an inch nearer, Elaine," he called down softly. "You've come for news of Georgie? he's had a capital night, and is going on—'developing' is the right word, I believe—beautifully!"

"Oh, I am so thankful! And you, Robin, how are you yourself?"

"Very fit indeed!"

Elaine's eyes met his, and could not but acknowledge, by their glance, that he looked it. He was wearing an old college blazer in place of his rigid clerical garb, and seemed once more like the old Robin of a certain wonderful Cambridge summer when Elaine had gone up for the May term and had been squired about by her Trinity cousin, the chaperon for the occasion being an easy-going aunt, who knew nothing of young Brandys' ineligibility in the sight of Mrs. George Christy. "And you really don't mind giving up your holiday and being cut off from everything, and running a fearful risk into the bargain?" Elaine went on, fingering the sweet-peas at her belt, and glancing up at him under the brim of her sailor. "Robin, I must say it, I think you're wonderful! However dreadful, or tiresome, or—or nasty a thing is, if you think it is duty, you go for it as cheerfully as if it were pleasure!"

"Oh no, I'm afraid I don't—but in this case I had no choice. You see, Georgie and I had been so much together that I may be infected, and I couldn't on any pretext roam at large among you all—so that I am just as well here as anywhere. And I can be a help to Georgie when he turns the corner; just now I am not as useful as Arkwright, your uncle's man, who is simply invaluable. And as for not minding—why, if you come and pay me a visit now and then like this, it will be worth any length of quarantine. Do you know, Elaine, that you haven't talked to me for five minutes alone for ages?"

"Haven't I? Oh, well, you see one doesn't get very much opportunity in a big family to talk to any one in particular, and —and that reminds me I must get home in time for breakfast. Has Georgie any messages, do you think?—are you able to ask him?"

"He's awake, and I hear Arkwright getting him some tea—I'll inquire," and Robin disappeared from his window, to return a few minutes later with the invalid's love, and were there any letters for him from the "Crimson Ramblers"? a cricket eleven of which he was the moving spirit.

"To be sure! no letters direct," answered Elaine, who was her brother's *aide-de-camp* in the matter of correspondence, for the Ramblers were abler with bat than pen; "a letter from Evie Pennington to me says both her brothers are ill—they don't know what it is, but they are said to be sickening for something, and young Crofts is the same —they all played in the Laleburn match ten days ago, and it looks as if they had taken some infection there, which is coming out now."

"Thank goodness!" said Robin fervently; then seeing how surprised the girl looked up at him, he added, "I'm sure I don't want the poor boys to be ill, but don't you see what a relief it is to me to know that the infection does not come from St. Aldains? Your mother does not love me overmuch as it is, Elaine, and if she thought I had brought any of my horrid East End diseases into your midst, she would have less cause than ever to like me!"

"My mother loves all the world just now; Amy is going to marry Lord Headport! Do tell Georgie that, if he is well enough to talk, though he won't think anything of that piece of news in comparison with the breakdown of the Ramblers! But indeed you mustn't think mama dislikes you, Robin; she is only afraid, I fancy, that you will persuade Georgie to take Orders, and she wants him to go to the Bar."

"And does she think I am likely to try and persuade you to enter an Anglican sisterhood?—is that why she keeps us apart?"

"Does she keep us apart? I—I really must go, Robin; you forget I've five miles to ride and haven't had any breakfast!"

"I won't keep you another moment, only come again to-morrow! Georgie is sure to have a lot of messages for you—and, Elaine, just remember this; whatever I try and persuade you some day to become, it won't be an Anglican sister!"

How handsome he looked as he leaned forward smiling and throwing these words meaningly after her. "May and Amy are always talking about officers in uniform," thought Elaine, speeding home on her

WHEELING HER MACHINE THROUGH THE LITTLE WICKET-GATE

bicycle to breakfast, "but give me a white shirt and a college blazer if a man wants to look his best!"

CHAPTER XII

THE Society papers were full of the disastrous break-up of the house-party at Thormanby Park in consequence of the case of smallpox among the guests. As several of the "Crimson Ramblers" were stricken with the same fell disease, and one poor fellow, Crofts, died of it, the affair excited a good deal of attention, and was traced to its source at Laleburn, where Georgie's eleven had been playing a match, thereby entirely exonerating Robin Brandys' East End parish from any connexion with the infection. And Georgie alone of the three suspects suffered; his case, though serious, ended in complete convalescence, and neither his devoted nurse Robin, nor Jack Stapylton, nor any one else in the neighbourhood took any harm from his presence in their house.

Uncle Robert and Aunt Maria said, "Thanks to God's great mercy, and Robin's strong common-sense." Mrs. George Christy said, "Thanks to Georgie's excellent constitution, the Mayne constitution, you know" (she had been a Miss Mayne), and there left the matter, being much more congenially occupied with Lord Headport's settlements and Amy's *trousseau;* and so the great scare of smallpox at Thormanby Park ended, as far as Georgie's actual illness went, though its consequences were further reaching.

There are, on occasions like these, great compensations in practically unlimited wealth, and so Mrs. Christy-Wardell realised, when, their autumn plans for a country life having been thus rudely upset, she and her husband were able to transfer themselves to a comfortable steam yacht, to cruise about the southern coast, taking Karen, Robin, and the recovered Georgie with them. Mrs. Brandys, who did not care for the sea, was established at a Dartmoor farm-house, with Elaine for company, an arrangement which delighted both ladies, and was grudgingly permitted by Mrs. George, conscious that she could not refuse her daughter to Robin's mother after all that had passed; she took small comfort in the fact that Robin himself was finishing his holiday on the high seas, nowhere near his cousin, or Princeford, for she began to feel that Fate, in the person of Maria Christy-Wardell, was too strong for her! Even the Headport engagement, which afforded her so much satisfaction, had been made under Maria's auspices and roof, and if the Colonial lady set her heart upon a match between Robin and Elaine, Mrs. George did not see how she was to prevent it. The Christy-Wardells and their dreadful fortune were able to accomplish anything they had a mind for!

Some of the sweets of this power Mrs. Christy-Wardell was enjoying on the September afternoon when she sat in her deck-chair on board the *Corona* and read a letter from Lord Headport which Robin had just brought her. The Marquis had been a valued friend of the Canadian couple long before he contemplated an alliance with their family: in offering Robin the living of Port-Stephen which was in his gift, he referred rather to the pleasure it gave him to secure Robert Christy-Wardell's nephew for the post, than the cousin of his future wife, though to the personal qualities of the young parson he paid a warm tribute of appreciation.

"You know what this means to me, Aunt Maria?" Robin said, as she finished the letter, and looked up at him.

"I think so. Princeford at once and Elaine!"

"If I can! You give me your good wishes I know, but Mrs. George Christy doesn't like me."

"Never mind, if her daughter does! Your aunt has got to put her prejudices in her pocket," said Aunt Maria, with a touch of her Irish brogue. "You can take the gig into Dartmouth harbour directly after lunch, and get the quick train up from Kingswear to Newton Abbott; then you will be at Princeford by dinner-time, and God bless and prosper you in your wooing, dear lad!"

Karen elected to go into Dartmouth with her brother, and do a little necessary shopping; she half thought her aunt would be tempted to accompany them, but Mrs. Christy-Wardell, though full of commissions for the town, seemed averse to leaving her deck-chair, and Georgie, long and lazy, preferred *Kim* to a run ashore.

"Your uncle has a big mail to get through," Mrs. Christy-Wardell explained; "he has written to ask Mr. Bowman to join us" (Mr. Bowman was the family lawyer), "so look out for him at the landing-

place, or—or for any one else for the *Corona*, Karen dear!"

Karen unsuspiciously promised to bring everything and every one safely back. But she had not counted on the appearance of Jack Stapylton in place of the wholly mythical lawyer; Jack strolling up to the landing-stage as the gig pulled in, and helping her ashore as if they had only parted the day before. She remembered certain little evasions and coldnesses of their visit at Thormanby, and felt shy—an unusual feeling for Karen—as she asked, "Are you coming out to the *Corona?*"

"It depends—I should like to see Mr. and Mrs. Christy-Wardell, but I am not sure of my plans. Suppose we see Robin into his train and then talk about it"—and for the few minutes the three were together the conversation ran on topics of general interest, all that had occurred since the break-up at Thormanby.

Then Robin having been despatched from Kingswear station with a hearty Godspeed from his sister, of which Stapylton, too, seemed to understand the significance, Karen and Jack were put across to the Strand opposite, and stood looking at each other doubtfully in the sunny afternoon light.

"I have some shopping to do for Aunt Maria," said Karen; "I don't suppose you'll care——"

"And I have something to say to you," interrupted Jack; "I won't be so rude as to say, 'I don't suppose you'll care.' I'm going to ask you to be so good as to try and care! Leave the shopping to the steward and come a little way down the road with me—it's shady, and we can talk without interruption."

They turned to the left and walked along the country road towards Stoke—the road which follows the line of the harbour. It is a quiet place, little frequented save by an occasional carriage driving into the town. They were soon away from the scattered houses, and were alone between sweet-smelling autumn hedges hung with wild clematis and matted with golden ferns.

Karen remembered a walk that she had taken long before with Jack Stapylton through Holland Lane, when she had felt the influence of a masterful character even as she felt it to-day; she guessed what was coming, and knew that between herself and Sir James's son there must be absolute honesty of dealing, whatever might be lost or sacrificed for the truth's sake.

They had come to a gate at a cornfield. Jack touched her arm, and turning off the road they stood side by side looking at the heavy, whitening crop that billowed softly like the sea, under the light, warm breeze.

"You were growing to like me a little at Thormanby, I think, six weeks ago," Jack said, speaking abruptly and without preamble, "and I—I was only waiting for a fitting opportunity to tell you I loved you—which perhaps you guessed—to ask you to marry me, which I dared to hope you would do, when something came between us and made you alter your demeanour towards me. Do you mind telling me if I am right?"

Karen's eyes were downcast, but she nodded her head.

"And—you will forgive my questioning, but this is a matter of life and death to me—your altered behaviour was in consequence of a conversation, of suggestions made by your aunt, Mrs. George Christy. Am I right again?"

Again Karen nodded affirmatively.

"Will you forgive me if I say I do not altogether trust Mrs. George Christy; at all events in a matter so important as this I cannot afford to act on hints, or on one-sided communications. I must ask you straight out, because, after all, you and I are the persons most concerned, and the absolute truth, not your uncle's wife's opinions, is what I want to get at—did you tell Mrs. George Christy that with your expectations of being the Christy-Wardells heiress you might look for a better match than Jack Stapylton, and that now you knew that his father was a self-made man, you would let them see——"

Long before Jack could finish this wonderful sentence Karen's brown eyes, blazing with indignation, were imploring him to stop. "Hush, hush! how could you—how could any one think I should say such horrible, unwomanly things! I know nothing of being my uncle's heiress, I have never questioned your father's position! I am Lady Stapylton's governess, at least I was, and I was so proud and happy in my work; now everything is changed, and I suppose——"

Jack came a little nearer, and laid his hand over hers on the bar of the gate.

"Something has changed since those days we spent together at Thormanby; I never believed that you said what Mrs. George

KAREN'S EYES WERE DOWNCAST, BUT SHE NODDED HER HEAD

Christy reported to me, but I felt that they might have been the general impression, and your attitude towards me was so different all of a sudden. I meant to come to you at once, and ask for an explanation, but everything was against me. So I am here today to get at the truth. What was said or done during those last days, before Georgie was taken ill, to alter you so completely? Please tell me truly; too much depends on this, for us to withhold anything now."

"Mrs. George Christy spoke to me about you during one of her visits to Thormanby; she said that you were taking more notice of me than Lady Stapylton approved, that to your step-mother and Sir James I could never be anything but the governess, and that even if Uncle Robert left me some of his money, I was not a possible match for a Stapylton. I had never thought of being a match for any one!" cried Karen, her cheeks and eyes blazing with wounded pride; "I was simply enjoying myself on the most delightful holiday that I had ever had, and her suggestion that such a dreadful thing was possible—that I was thinking of attracting—that——"

But this sentence was never coherently finished, for Jack had her in his arms before she could adequately express herself.

"So that is the bugbear that Mrs. George used to frighten you with, and mine was a different version! My dear, dear one, don't let us ever think of either of them again—only let me tell you how I love you, and how above everything else in the world I want you for my wife!"

"I haven't ever proposed to a woman before, and I've never even seen one that I wanted to propose to, so you really must excuse the stupid, confused way that I've done it," said Jack a little time later. "I've interlarded my formal offer with offensive and totally unnecessary quotations from irrelevant conversations with Mrs. George Christy—a person with whom, in the future, we'll have as little to do as possible. You can't think how miserable she managed to make me one day in the garden at Thormanby; she purported to quote your mother and yourself. If I hadn't been an ass and a lover—you know lovers have terrible ups and downs!—I shouldn't have believed her a bit; but you were playing tennis with Headport, and from that instant onward, till we all parted so suddenly, I never saw you again to speak to alone! Can you wonder that I was upset? But after the Headport engagement was announced, I made up my mind that I would follow you wherever you might be, and ask you for the truth. I knew you'd give me that, Karen, whatever other answer you gave me!"

"It was that same day that she spoke to me, and told me that your step-mother thought my behaviour unbecoming in her children's governess. All the time that I was playing tennis with Lord Headport I was going over in my mind what my behaviour towards you *had* been! Some nice talks, a few walks together, a little laughing, such as any young man and girl staying together in the same house might so easily fall into, yet Aunt George put this in so uncomfortable a light that I felt I had imperilled my position as a lady and as a governess as well! And as for thinking of marrying——"

"You referred to the possibility as a 'dreadful thing' just now. I must beg you won't do so again; it hurts my feelings, and I don't believe it is generally done," said Jack, and at this interruption he kissed her again. "You haven't asked me if I am coming back to the *Corona?*" he said, when it was time to return to the gig. "My things are in the hall of the *Castle*, either to be picked up and taken on board your uncle's yacht, or to be returned with me disconsolately to London. Which is it to be, Karen?"

"I think my aunt would be very disappointed if you did not go to the yacht; apparently she is expecting you," said Karen demurely

"Money and friends," said Robert Christy-Wardell, leaning against the *Corona*'s white side as she slipped gently through the water, and patting his wife's hand that lay on his arm, "you used to say that one was no good without the other! Are you satisfied now that you have both, Maria?"

"Our money was very little pleasure to us when we had not friends to share it, but the friends we have made independently of our money are the dearest and best of all," answered his wife, "and I shall never regret the ruse by which we won them. Of course it is delightful to have so much money, but if we could only have one I would choose the friends, wouldn't you?"

"Even at the risk of being considered poor relations," assented her husband, laughing.

Boobies and Penguins[1]

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," ETC.

UNLIKE any of the other birds of which I have been writing, the subjects of the present paper are really not pelagic, that is, they are birds which must find a rest for the soles of their feet upon something hard every night, preferably at their proper homes, although that is sometimes impossible. An almost invidious selection has now to be made, but one entirely necessary, since the varieties of such birds are very numerous. And I have endeavoured to surmount the difficulty by only taking those that are fairly familiar to sailors in out-of-the-way parts of the ocean, and almost unknown to the majority of landsfolk. First in my mind comes the Booby, which is a species of gannet, but varying in several important particulars from the pretty well-known gannets of our own coasts. It has a reputation for stupidity which I feel is hardly deserved, and is really only given upon very slight grounds. But in consequence of this reputation it has obtained this somewhat opprobrious name, first by the Spanish seamen who, trading in the Gulf of Mexico, made its acquaintance, and conceiving but a low idea of its intelligence called it "bobo" or stupid; hence our word booby, both words deriving from the same root.

Perhaps the sole reason for the idea of the poor bird's stupidity arises from the fact that when it alights upon any portion of a ship, as it often does in the vicinity of its home, it will sit still and allow itself to be taken, although it has only to tumble off its perch to be free and far out of reach of the marauding hand of the sailor. But there it sits, with its full dark eye staring full at its enemy, apparently hypnotised into insensibility, and only when it is grasped and its doom sealed does it begin to struggle vainly to escape. Really the reason for this immobility is fairly obvious, although I have never seen it stated. Of all the sea-birds there are none that toil so tremendously at their business of food-getting as the Gannets, and the Booby is no exception to the rule. The big, somewhat ungainly bird, with his long straight beak and his gawky wings flapping heavily and continuously, is, as I have said, a fairly well-known object off our north-eastern coasts, and most observant visitors have admired the wonderful way in which, while flying in utmost haste along at a height of over a hundred feet, he will suddenly fold his wings and drop, beak first, with a tremendous splash into the sea, emerging almost immediately after with a fish in his beak, and literally fighting his way into the high air again. Now, no other sea-bird, not even the lively gull or the ungainly cormorant, labours like this for its living. The poor Booby oftentimes finds itself far afield and quite weary, when a tempting opportunity for a perch presents itself, of which it takes advantage, and having done so, seems quite unable to exert itself further for some time even in the presence of the most imminent danger of capture. Why it should prefer the yards or booms of a vessel to rest upon to the sea at such times is a thing I do not pretend to understand, but the fact is that it does do so in preference to resting on the water, a thing I never remember to have seen one doing.

There is perhaps another and more convincing reason for the Booby's apparent stupidity. The lonely islets and cays which it frequents are seldom visited by man. Being naturally of a confiding nature, and getting little opportunity of learning how unsafe it is to place any confidence in the lord of creation, it is unprepared for the danger of capture which attends it upon alighting upon any place to which he has convenient access. And why sailors should take the poor birds I do not know, except that the temptation to lay hold upon a bird that is unable or unwilling to fly away is almost irresistible to most men. For the Booby, like all sea-birds, is anything but good eating, being rank, tough, and oily; while as a pet he is of no use at all. And I am ashamed to say that all I have ever seen taken on board ship were presently, after a period of maltreatment, flung overboard, a piece of cruel waste for which there can be no possible excuse.

[1] Copyright in the United States of America by Frank T. Bullen, 1904.

Boobies and Penguins

My first acquaintance with the Booby dates back to my first voyage as a small boy in my twelfth year. Of course I do not know the exact part of the sea in which we were sailing, but I know that we were at no very great distance from land, for we were sailing—not steaming—from Demerara to Santa Ana in the Mexican Gulf. And one night, being becalmed, one of the men pointed out to me a dark object on the cat-head clearly outlined against the moonbeams on the sea. I don't know why, but in those days any item of information conveyed to me in a whisper with an air of mystery always made my heart pump furiously; and my feeling, though perhaps not exactly fear, was not at all pleasant as Joe stole away from my side towards that dark excrescence on the cat-head. I held my breath as he crept nearer to it, and was suddenly relieved to hear a loud squawking almost like that of a suddenly irritated parrot. Joe returned to me, exhibiting to my delighted gaze a large white bird pitifully struggling to be free. Then the other men came around, and there was a long and voluble conversation about the bird, of which I wearied and went away to sleep. When I again saw the captive it had been skinned, but to my astonishment nothing was done with either skin or carcass —after a short time they were both flung overboard.

Less than three months afterwards, in another ship, I awoke one morning to find by the strange sounds and motions made by the vessel that she had run ashore, and when morning dawned I saw that many Boobies and Men-of-war or Frigate birds were hovering about us, the former filling the air with their shrill cries, and the latter calmly and apparently contemptuously watching us. Two days after we all left the wrecked vessel (she was broken in half) for good, and landing upon the little sandy cay which formed the apex of the vast coral reef upon which our ship had been wrecked, we found almost the whole sandy area in possession of these birds, Boobies. They did not venture over to the rocky side, for reasons which will appear later. It was a most surprising sight to us, to me especially, a city-bred boy, to see the wide beach covered with vociferous birds sitting on eggs lying in small depressions in the sand, or going to and fro, either waddling or on the wing, but none evincing the slightest fear of us. It was an entirely new sensation to have a bird as big as a duck, but with twice the wing spread, come flapping busily along and not trouble to avoid one: indeed, I was knocked down twice, and afterwards opprobriously assailed by the infuriated bird for getting in her way when she was hurrying back to her eggs. Of course the eggs were a great treat to us—when did ever a sailor, rightly constituted, feel indifferent to the sight of an egg?—and we started to gather them, careless of the feelings of the mother Boobies. But if they lacked sense they certainly did not want courage, and those of us who had not sea-boots on, soon found that a trouser-leg was but poor protection against a driving blow from a Booby's beak. So the majority of us retired to look for sticks (of course no such ridiculously sentimental notions weighed with us as consideration for the feelings of the parent birds), and meanwhile the din was deafening. There were many thousands of birds, and every one of them seemed to be protesting with all the power of his or her lungs against this piratical invasion of a peaceful and inoffensive colony. I know that I felt as if I should never recover my hearing again.

Presently, having armed ourselves with sticks, we returned to the charge and gathered many eggs; at least I say we, but I remember that being barefooted I merely hovered on the outskirts of the war, and bore the eggs away as others collected them whose feet were better protected against the Boobies' beaks than mine. I am sorry to say that in the struggle for the possession of those eggs many of the protesting Boobies were killed. Their bodies were brought into camp and flung down, a doleful heap, for some one to prepare for eating. But as the helots who were invited with many unnecessary sea-compliments to undertake the task sensibly observed, "We've got plenty of good grub, an' there's plenty more for the taking; why bother about getting meat ready that nobody will eat?" So there was more waste. And even the eggs, gathered with so much loss of life (to the mothers), were hardly eatable to men who could get other and more tasteful food, as we certainly could then. There were eggs on the island, delicious, plentiful, large, but they belong to another story. Only the honour of finding them was mine and mine alone.

Next morning I was awake and astir before daybreak, not because I then loved

THE COLONY OF BROWN GANNETS

Watching the tremulous shadings of coming light in the sky, and listening to the murmur of the wavelets against the sand.

arly rising, but because my sleeping-place vas so miserably uncomfortable that I laid io minute longer than I could help. Who vould, wedged into a long row of men as ardines lie in a box, with a lump of coral he bigness of a man's head in the middle of one's back, by no means get-at-able be-ause of the long cloth of canvas over it ield down by the bodies aforesaid? So I ose and strayed along the beach, watching he tremulous shadings of coming light in he sky, and listening to the murmur of the vavelets against the sand, and the low be-ginnings of conversation among the birds. And then my attention was divided between he glory of the new day, a never-ceasing source of delight in the tropics, and the strange sight afforded by the host of busy birds, parents present and prospective. As it grew lighter their cackling grew louder, until, when the full day swung like a fanfaronade of silver trumpets across the waiting concave of the heavens, they all burst into a deafening chorus of cries, apropos of nothing, as far as I could see. Of me standing close before them they took not the slightest heed. Those with young ones hatched poked at and preened them with their long beaks, preparatory to leaving them, and those with eggs only just laid took a parting glance or so at them, preened themselves, and flew—clean over my head, with rapidly jerking wings, towards their free and common hunting-ground, the teeming sea. I was so fascinated by the busy scene that for long I did not stir, and so was able to witness the return of some of the mothers, who had been almost immediately successful, with quite large fish in their mouths, which, dropping among their screaming young, they proceeded to distribute, at the same time keeping a bright

look-out upon those conscienceless, lazy marauders who continually endeavoured to steal.

In an hour after full day they were practically all away, although, as I have said, occasional stragglers, having been rewarded with an early catch, came dropping in with their prizes for their families. Then came my shipmates, bent on egg-collecting, but I was glad to see that now they were a little more discriminating than on the previous day. They examined the eggs to see whether they were edible or not, and when they found a couple of helpless unfledged ones in a hollow, they merely gave them momentary discomfort by taking them up and examining them; they did them no harm. Together we took a thorough survey of the great space occupied by the nesting Boobies, and admired the business-like way in which the parents provided for the needs of their offspring, also the ease with which the food was obtained. The sea over and adjacent to the reefs literally swarmed with surface-fish just of a convenient size for the birds to handle, and they, the birds, never seemed to flag in their earnest endeavour to get their living and provide for those dear to them. Of course they were all very much alike, but after a time of careful watching I was able to single out those who were most energetic, finding that even here where instinct ruled there were degrees in industry as well as among men.

The male birds had a reservation of their own, and seemed to be held in considerable disfavour by both hatching and nursing birds, as if they had contracted themselves out of any right to occupy the same space. They certainly did nothing towards the maintenance of the families, being apparently fully occupied in providing for their own clamorous needs. The mother birds had their domestic cares to attend to as well as the providing, which led me to think more than scornfully of the male Booby as regarded his affections, especially comparing him with the deep-sea birds of my acquaintance, but rather highly as regarded his iniquitous cunning, which certainly did not justify his contemptuous name. But there was one recurring circumstance which I continually noted about which I have some trouble. It does not appear very clear whether I should mention it here or in a later article, but I do not see how I am to do the Booby full justice unless I make some allusion to it at present, and so I fear I must do so even at the peril of repeating myself later on. I noticed repeatedly that as the mother birds were returning at full speed to their nests with a load of food (I say "nests," although, as I have noted, the eggs and young ones just lay on the open sand), they often evinced signs of great alarm and dodged about at full speed, sometimes rushing right out to sea again. The reason was evident. High above the busy birds fishing there hovered black wide-winged birds whose province it was apparently to live upon the labours of others. And when they saw a homeward-bound bird flapping heavily toward the land, one of them would by easy stages yet with amazing celerity descend from his lofty plane, drawing nearer and nearer to the labouring Booby like a kestrel descending upon a pigeon, but in far more leisurely fashion, as if perfectly confident of success. The unhappy matron, foreseeing the sacrifice of her toil and her fledgelings' hunger, would strain every nerve, her angular wings working furiously and her whole body trembling with evident anxiety, in striking contrast to the calm fateful approach of the black descending shadow. But dodge as the Booby might, exert herself as she would, there would come a time when, like a thunderbolt, the hovering thief would descend, his wings nearly closed and his tail wide-spread. Then, alas! poor Booby, there was nought that she could do but drop her treasure and flee for her life. And the graceful villain with one great swoop would catch the fish ere it touched the water, and soar skyward again unconcernedly, as if it was part of the appointed scheme of things that Booby should toil and he should calmly reap the fruit of that toil. Booby meanwhile was scouring the sea again in search of the much-needed meal for her family, and with who knows what ever-springing hope that next journey she might evade the ravishers of her little ones' food.

Such a sketch as I have endeavoured to give of the life of the Booby may be accepted as applicable to all these birds wherever they live. They are never to be seen very far from land and never exterior to the tropics, for warm weather is a necessity to them. Their homely virtues, as will be seen, are many, if their beauty and intelligence cannot be rated very high.

And principally I think from a fellow-feeling for common-place folk I have dared to strain a point, and include the essentially homely Booby in this record of the statelier denizens of the deep-sea spaces to which truly it does not belong, but still cannot be reckoned as one of the familiar sea-birds to any others but sailors. And for reasons which I am tired of reiterating, even sailors, by reason of the displacement of sails by steam, will soon as a class know the fussy, homely Booby no more.

One class of birds which I do not possess sufficient acquaintance with to make them the subject of a separate paper I am leaving to the end of this. I allude to that curious tribe, the Penguins. But of other truly deep-sea birds there are really none. The great gull tribe in any of its varieties never ventures far from land, in the comparative sense; the Petrels deserve (and will get) a section to themselves. Even essentially land-birds are often found at tremendous distances from the shore, having been whirled away most unwillingly from their course while journeying from winter to summer lands, which would never happen to sea-birds whose habits keep them in daily touch with the land. Nay, and I do not think any apology is needed for introducing the matter here, I have actually seen, not once but several times, fluttering about a ship becalmed in the centre of the broad Atlantic an ephemeral butterfly. The sight set all hands a-wondering whence the pretty waif could have strayed so far, and some even broached the idea that the chrysalis from which it came had lodged on board in some convenient but inconspicuous place, and had just been hatched out. But they were, as I think, very properly laughed out of court. In mid-ocean too I have seen, and that where even the strenuous gulls did not appear, a little flight of swallows board the ship as a haven of rest in the midst of the wide and to them inhospitable sea. I shall not soon or easily forget how, coming weary and hungry from the wheel one morning at two o'clock A.M., I went to the bread-barge which hung from a beam in the forecastle for fear of the rats which swarmed among us, and found perched along its edge a dozen tiny birds. I glared at them, disbelieving my sight for a moment, then reaching out I took one in my hand, and found that it was a tired-out little swift that had thus taken refuge among us, and the fact moved me strangely.

Many such waif-visitors I have seen and in many seas, but most pathetic of all I think was one during a strong monsoon in the China Sea. The sturdy ship under a heavy press of canvas was striving to get across to Manilla from Hong Kong. It was a bleak dismal day and I stood at the wheel, my whole attention taken up with the object of keeping the plunging vessel as near the wind as possible without shaking a shred of her straining canvas; when suddenly I became aware of a large bird that, with heavily-flapping wings, was striving hard to get on board, yet for some obscure reason was afraid to trust itself to windward, lest, apparently, it should lose command of itself and be blown against something that would do it injury. For over an hour I watched its painful labours alone, for the second mate was leaning over the break of the poop in deep meditation, and it was impossible under sea etiquette that I should call him. I cannot tell you how I suffered for that poor bird. He came so close that I knew him for a stork—I saw his long neck and beak, and his slender legs tucked closely beneath him. And I did want him safe. I almost prayed for his deliverance, he made such a gallant fight for life. But alas! he would not trust himself to windward, he would persist in coming up under the lee quarter, where the eddy from the spanker poured down strongly enough to sweep away the most powerfully-winged bird that ever flew. I saw him grow weaker and weaker, still fighting vainly against overwhelming odds, and at last in one of his swoopings to leeward that fatal down-draught from the spanker caught him, and whirled him, a dishevelled heap of feathers, into the foaming sea sweeping past, and he was gone. I felt as if I had been watching the painful fighting for life of a dear friend, and I was scarcely comforted when, on going into the gloomy forecastle at eight bells, I found a fluffy-feathered goatsucker perched on the edge of my bunk, who opened the wide gape of his mouth at me, as I tenderly took him, in voiceless supplication to spare his feeble life. Need I say that his request was granted? I fed him on cockroaches (we had plenty of those), and on entering Cavite Bay I let him go, feeling sure he would soon find a home.

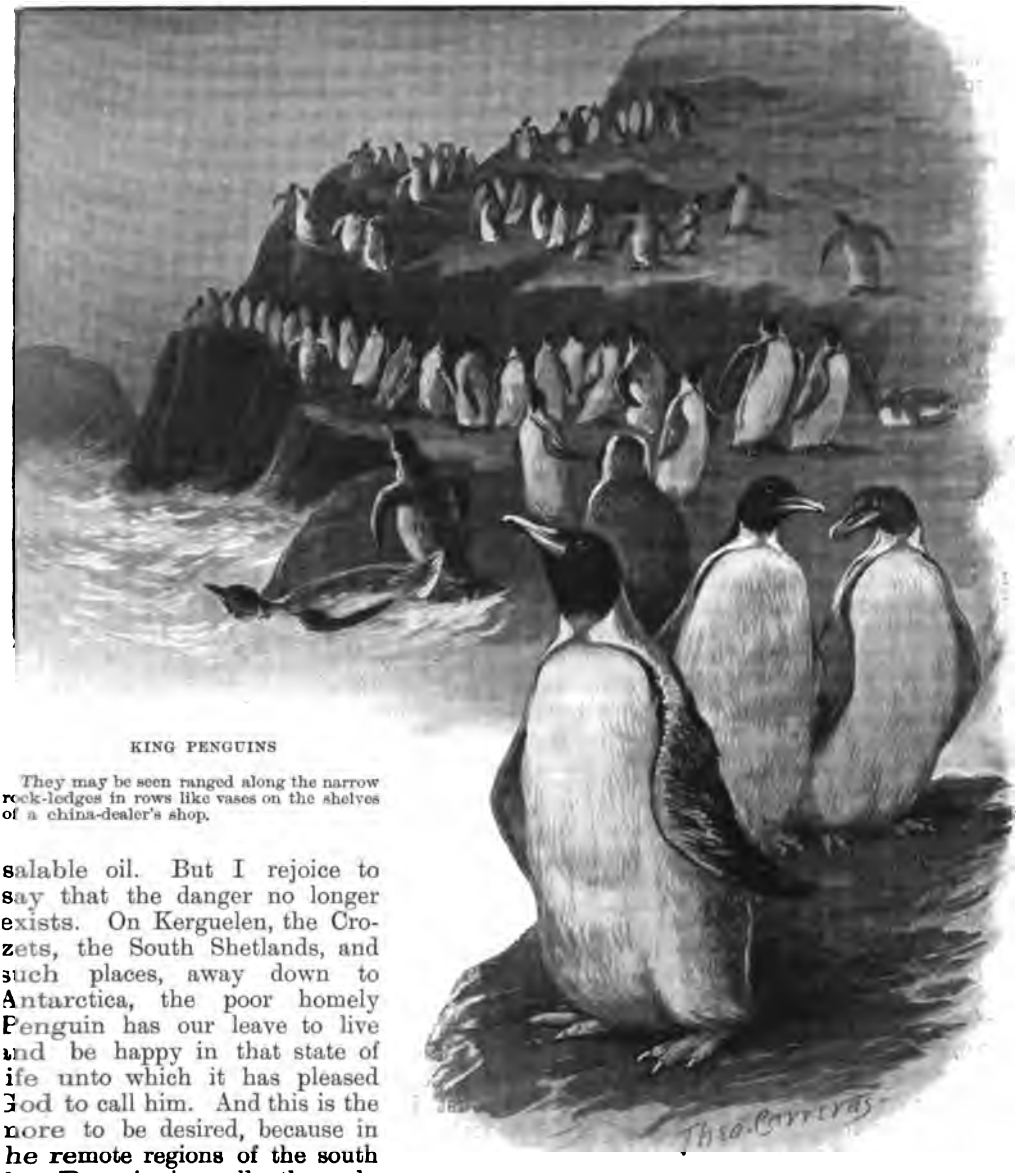
But this is a digression hardly warranted

by the subject. It is very necessary on account of space to pass on to the quaintest of all the feathered deep-sea people really entitled to the name, although they are never found at any great distance (as sailors count distance) from the shore or islands of ice. I allude to the Penguins. Their nearest counterparts in northern seas are the Auks; but the latter are able to fly, the Penguin is not. It is really a sort of compromise, to all appearance, between a seal and a bird, and but for the fact that the Creator has planted it in the most lonely and inhospitable portion of the round world, would certainly long ago have been exterminated. This sad fate has befallen the Great Auk, whose eggs coming now and then into auction-rooms command such fabulous prices. It unfortunately inhabited places comparatively easy of access, and consequently, though it was of little value commercially, and of none at all as food, it very soon became extinct when rapacious man extended his sway to the fringe of the Arctic Ocean.

The Penguin, however, has been preserved from this fate because the Antarctic regions offer little or no inducement to searchers after wealth to come to them. And in the days when seal-oil was valuable, and it was worth while to make expeditions to the barren shores of Antarctic islands in order to collect it, the Penguins were only molested for edible purposes, for they are just edible, with considerable culinary manipulation. There are several kinds of Penguins, varying in size from the diminutive Pygmy or "Eudyptila minor" of a few inches high to the Emperor Penguin of as many feet. Most good museums furnish examples. But all possess the same general characteristics. First, their legs being very short and thick, and their webbed feet wide and strong, they "sit up," as it were. It is really standing up like a duck stretching its wings, but almost perpendicularly. And this is their normal pose. They carry their heads with short pointed beaks very erect, and their flippers, for the wing in these birds is nothing but a seal flipper covered with feathers instead of fur, hanging down in a ludicrously pathetic and helpless manner. Sir John Narborough, an old navigator whose voyages make most entertaining reading, says that their appearance as he first saw them gazing at him from their rocky ledges was that of rows of school-children standing very quiet with little white pinafores on. This because the closely-set feathers on their breasts are white, with tinges of beautiful shades of purple and gold around the edges in the Emperors.

Their movements on shore are almost as ungainly as those of a seal; compared with them a duck or goose glides along with stately grace. For their land promenades their flippers are perfectly useless, dangling by their sides as if broken. Why they do not topple over I cannot think, although their webbed feet are so large and wide, for their centre of gravity certainly does fall far without their bases, and great muscular effort must be necessary in order that the erect position may be preserved. Yet they manage to climb with astounding celerity the almost unscalable icy cliffs of Antarctica, and may be seen ranged along the narrow rock-ledges in rows like vases on the shelves of a china-dealer's shop who has no idea of picturesquely arranging his wares. In places where materials for nests are to be found they build them or lay them down (there is little constructive work possible), but where no vegetation is to be found, they just choose a slight hollow and there deposit two eggs, one always larger than the other, which has been supposed to denote difference of sex. If so, how evenly the sexes must be balanced! What has puzzled many southern voyagers is the way in which the hen penguin, when disturbed and fearful for her eggs, will manage to convey one of them away. There is a little hollowing of the body just in front of the space between the legs, and in this it is supposed the mother carries the egg, but how she holds it there is a mystery.

The Penguin in all his varieties has a very wide range. All round the southern hemisphere, and as far north as the Galapagos Islands on the South American off-shore grounds, Penguins are to be found, and Hartwig says that Humboldt's Penguin, which is frequently found in Callao Bay, is made a household pet of by the Peruvians, who call it the *pajaro nino*. This he translates "little darling bird," but the good professor's Spanish is weak; it only means "baby-boy bird." The noble Castellano is splendidly furnished with terms of endearment. At one time it seemed as if the Penguin would be exterminated on all the temperately situated islands, when once it was discovered that they were so fat that they would yield a certain quantity of



KING PENGUINS

They may be seen ranged along the narrow rock-ledges in rows like vases on the shelves of a china-dealer's shop.

salable oil. But I rejoice to say that the danger no longer exists. On Kerguelen, the Crozets, the South Shetlands, and such places, away down to Antarctica, the poor homely Penguin has our leave to live and be happy in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him. And this is the more to be desired, because in the remote regions of the south the Penguin is really the only representative of land fauna. Even the seals are very few. But the Penguin congregates in his thousands, unsainly, mirth-provoking in appearance, but happy, and giving to those desolate regions the one touch of life that they need to keep them from becoming, in fact as well as in appearance, a land of death.

Now in the foregoing I have spoken, it may be thought, somewhat too slightingly of one of God's creatures because of its laughter-provoking appearance. Why should our risible faculties be excited by any creature perfectly fitted by its loving and all-wise Creator for its life-work? I do not excuse the laughter, I only note it, and quite admit that to a sparrow, for instance, if he possessed the power of laughter, a man may be the most ludicrous figure on earth, especially in a top-hat and holding up an umbrella. But though I plead guilty to having laughed at the Penguin, I have atoned. I have seen him in the

water, and I laughed no longer. For that top-heavy body, that pathetically peering head, those feeble-looking flippers had all come into play. The first time I really knew the Penguin for what he really is was when, making a composite great circle track to New Zealand, we reached latitude 54° S., and, wonder of wonders, it fell a calm. Between 12 noon and 2 I was at the wheel, listless and cold, and gaping all around me at sea and sky, when suddenly a Penguin popped up alongside, gave one wide-eyed stare at the unfamiliar ship, and disappeared. But he was not satisfied. Three times he came back to look, and so clear was the water that I could follow his every movement beneath it, note his exceeding beauty and grace, and—mentally apologise to him for ever having thought him ungainly or ludicrous in any way. I should add that at this time we were certainly about a thousand miles from the nearest land, which perhaps will justify my inclusion of the Penguin among the honourable company of the deep-sea people.

The food of the Penguin is of course fish, with which those remote seas are teeming. And this explains his amazing agility under water, for who would seize the living fish in his native element must needs move with a rapidity and a sinuous grace to which the most splendid efforts of a human athlete are very, very slow and clumsy indeed. But like most of the seals, and for probably the same hidden digestive reasons, the Penguin thinks well to burden his belly with boulders. Sir James Ross notes that in the stomach of one of them he found ten pounds' weight of quartz, granite, and trap. Well, the poor thing needs no doubt at too frequently recurring times something to impart a sense of fulness and stability to the stomach. For that organ is not only of huge size in proportion to the build of the bird, but has, in common with the seals and sharks, ay, the majority of the deep-sea people, a flood of digestive juices capable of dealing almost (as a sailor would say) with scupper nails.

Of the domestic virtues and daily shore life of the Penguin I dare not speak, as I have no personal knowledge, and my imagination recoils at the idea of cultivating the lares and penates on the eternally ice-bound shores of Antarctica.

Shakespeare's Attitude to Puritanism

BY THE REV. DR. CARTER

AUTHOR OF "SHAKESPEARE, PURITAN AND RECUSANT," "SHAKESPEARE AND THE GENEVAN BIBLE"

SHAKESPEAREAN scholarship has done much in recent years to throw light upon the career of our greatest dramatist; but there is still much painstaking work to be accomplished before what may be termed a satisfactory life can be presented to us. One line of investigation which promises valuable results is Shakespeare's indebtedness to and attitude towards the spiritual and intellectual movement in English life which is known as Puritanism, a movement in many ways greatly misunderstood and too often confounded with what was poorest and basest in it. Among Shakespeareans the views of critics like Mr. Sidney Lee and Dr. Brandes have been generally accepted, and their very definite assertions on the matter of Shakespeare's hatred to Puritanism have been received without much scrutiny into their historical or literary correctness. Mr. Lee has said that, "with Puritans and Puritanism, Shakespeare was not in sympathy. Shakespeare's references to Puritans in the plays of his middle life are so uniformly discourteous that they must be judged to reflect his personal feeling," and Dr. Brandes bases his conception of the character of the dramatist upon what he conceives to be a hatred of Puritanism manifested throughout the plays (Vol I. 281). "We catch a glimpse at this point of one of the subsidiary causes of Shakespeare's melancholy: as actor and playwright he stands in a more and more strained relation to the continually growing Free Church movement of the age, to Puritanism, which he comes to regard as nothing but narrow-mindedness and hypocrisy. It was the deadly enemy of his calling. From *Twelfth Night* an unremitting war against Puritanism conceived as

hypocrisy is carried on through *Hamlet*, through the revised version of *All's Well that Ends Well*, and through *Measure for Measure*, in which his wrath rises to tempestuous pitch and creates a figure to which Molière's *Tartuffe* can alone supply a parallel." Once started upon his career, Dr. Brandes presses Iago, Goneril, Regan, Timon, Malvolio, and Angelo into his theory, and uses expressions such as, "unctuous hypocrisy," "hypocritical virtue," "narrow-minded hypocrisy," "self-righteousness," "sanctimonious enemies," to illustrate Shakespeare's hatred of the Puritan model he was using. In Vol II. 77, he says, "It is a giant stride from the stingless satire of Puritanism in the character of Malvolio to this representation of a Puritan like Angelo." But is Angelo nothing but a Tartuffe, a sanctimonious hypocrite? Surely to make Angelo no more than this is to utterly misread the character. *Measure for Measure* is a trenchant sermon on the awful power of sin upon a man who up to the time of his greatest dignity, had not realised the true meaning and strength of Temptation. The unholy fire of his passion was lighted by one who, unlike the trifler and courtesan, had everything about her to induce to purity. "O, cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, with saints dost bait thy hook." At the end of the play the wise old counsellor Escalus does not speak to Angelo as an honest man would to a detected hypocrite. With sadness, he says—

"I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of tempered judgment afterward;"

and receives the still more sad answer—

"I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it."

All this is far removed from the attitude of a sanctimonious hypocrite, and to say that Shakespeare's wrath against Puritanism rises to tempestuous pitch in the creation of the character of Angelo is to be ignorant of English history and to misuse words. Dr. Brandes, like many others, bases his conclusions upon the Puritanism of the Caroline and Commonwealth periods, when to be Puritan was to be prosperous, and the days of persecution had passed away, leaving room for the snuffling and sanctimonious hypocrite to play his part. In the days of Elizabethan Ecclesiastical Enactments it took a brave man to be a Puritan. Whitgift and the Star Chamber soon winnowed out the hypocrites. There would no doubt be isolated cases of Puritan hypocrisy in Elizabeth's day, but Dr. Brandes' sweeping denunciations are entirely out of place in describing generally the great Puritan movement, and have about as much truth in them as a Cavalier caricature of Oliver Cromwell would be, which gave the Protector a hideously ugly wart for a face. Again, Mr. Sidney Lee says: "The circumstance that Shakespeare's father was the first bailiff to encourage actors to visit Stratford is conclusive proof that his religion was not that of the contemporary Puritan whose hostility to all forms of dramatic representations was one of his most persistent characteristics. The Elizabethan Puritans too, according to Guillim's *Display of Heraldrie* (1610), regarded coat-armour with abhorrence, yet John Shakespeare with his son made persistent applications to the College of Arms for a grant of arms." The applications were made in 1568 and 1596, but it is difficult to believe that Mr. Lee is serious in his argument when one remembers the men associated with the Elizabethan Puritan movement — Coverdale, Hooper, John Bodley (father of the founder of the Bodleian Library), Sir Anthony Cooke and his three daughters, Lady Burghley, Lady Russell, and Lady Bacon, the Earl of Leycester, Denzil Holles, Glynne (ancestor of the Hawarden Glynnes), Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Sir William Waller, Sir Robert Harley, Sir Philip Stapleton, Colonel Massey, Sir Henry Vane, Nathanael Fiennes, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Manchester, Philip Lord Wharton, Lady Vere, and Lady Fairfax, and multitudes of others whose arms may be seen to-day. Clearly these did not regard coat-armour with abhorrence. Guillim's statement made in 1610 was doubtless true of many of the low-born and fanatical Puritans, but it is not true of the Elizabethan Puritan movement. This is the style of argument—

Quakers are Nonconformists,
Quakers do not believe in war,
Therefore no Nonconformists are soldiers,

which is absurd. Concerning antagonism to the Stage, it must be remembered that

in many aspects the Elizabethan theatre did not commend itself to thoughtful minds. The gathering together of large numbers of people was sometimes attended with danger, and the strolling players were not of the most reputable character. But the legislation against stage players came from other quarters than Puritanism. High Church Bishops, Queen Elizabeth, James I., and many municipalities moved for enactments against the players on public grounds. As a matter of fact, it was early recognised by the Reformer that the Stage was admirably adapted for the teaching of religious principles. In Tudor days the Stage was to the people what the Art Gallery, the Newspaper, the Preacher, and Professor are to-day, and Protestant teachers soon recognised the opportunity afforded them and began to write religious plays.

Bale's comedy of the *Three Laws of Nature, Moses, and Christ*, 1538, was a bitter attack on Popery. In Mary's reign, 1556, a remonstrance was sent from the Privy Council to the effect that the servants of Sir Francis Lake were representing "certain Plays and Enterludes reflecting on her Majesty and King Philip, and the formalities of the Mass," and in 1559 it was enacted that no person should abuse the "Common Prayer in any Enterlude or play." The English drama may be fairly said to have taken its rise among those who afterwards became known as Puritans. Sackville and Norton were both intimately connected with them. Therefore to say that for a bailiff to encourage actors to visit a country town was to give a conclusive proof of his hostility to Puritanism is to go beyond any legitimate deduction from the historical facts. But we return to the statement that "Shakespeare's references to Puritans in the plays of his middle life are so uniformly discourteous that they must be judged to reflect his personal feeling."

The personal in Shakespeare is so difficult to trace that any instances which may reflect his personal feeling deserve the closest attention, and when a critic bases so important a judgment upon them they must be very definite in their teaching. Here the references are couched in language which is termed "uniformly discourteous." We turn, therefore, with deep interest to them, and find that Mr. Lee cites four in number—*Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 153; *Winter's Tale*, IV. ii. 46; *Cymbeline*, I. i. 136, I. ii. 30. Not many references, but doubtless of absolute significance! They are worth more than a passing scrutiny.

> *Maria.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.
>
> *Sir Andrew.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.
>
> *Sir Toby.* What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight
>
> *Sir Andrew.* I have no exquisite reason for it, but I have reason good enough.
>
> *Maria.* . . . Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him.

Sir Andrew was a truckling coward, and his courage might have risen to the height of attacking a man if he thought that his religion would induce him to turn the other cheek to the smiter and submit to be beaten like a dog. This may have been his exquisite reason, but in any case the opposition of men of the drunken, roystering type of Sir Andrew and Sir Toby is commendation rather than condemnation of Puritanism, and Maria expressly states that Malvolio is *not* a Puritan, although sometimes he affects the Puritan manner; he may be a pompous, solemn-faced, self-conceited ass, but not "a Puritan or anything constantly." It is hard to see that there is any discourteous reference in Maria's words.

The *Winter's Tale* reference is slight indeed—

> *Clown.* She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.

If anything, this is a stingless satire on the fondness of the Puritans and Calvinists for Marot's Psalm tunes, but it can hardly be said to be discourteous or to convey any personal feelings. The *Cymbeline* references are examples of Shakespeare's love of the quip—

> *Cymbeline.* Past grace? obedience?
>
> *Imogen.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Here Cymbeline in his anger uses the phrase "past grace," and Imogen turns

the word "grace" into its theological meaning, but this is a mere play upon words, a favourite method with Shakespeare: in some instances we find him giving at least four meanings to the word, a title, dignity, faith, and thanks before meat. The other instance quoted by Mr. Lee is in I. ii. 30—

Cloten. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2nd Lord (aside). If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

The second Lord has a bitter contempt for Cloten and a great admiration for Leonatus, and utters caustic asides when Cloten is speaking. His meaning in the words quoted above is that in choosing Leonatus Imogen has acted wisely, and so decisively that she is not likely to change her mind. If it were a sin to make such an election she would undoubtedly be lost, for nothing will cause her to depart from her choice. The reference is a Biblical one, based upon the text and ideas in Romans ix. 13, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated."

It is upon these instances that Mr. Lee makes his somewhat strong remarks of "uniform discourtesy" and "personal feeling," but we submit that the words do not convey the meaning thus forced into them. If one were inclined, the task would not be a difficult one to prove that Shakespeare shows a distinct Puritan leaning in many well-known instances, for example in the *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. 77, we have a jest at the making of the sign of the Cross, and blessing—

I will break thy pate across.

Dromio (Eph.). And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

In *Love's Labour's Lost* we have the doctrine of justification by works referred to as a heresy. The Puritan doctrine of justification by faith needs no comment. IV. i. 21—

Princess. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

In *Troilus and Cressida* the read prayers of the Church Services come in for a criticism, II. i. 17—

Thersites (to Ajax). I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book.

In *Henry V.* we have the use of undoubted Puritan phraseology in "wafer-cakes," which was the Puritan method of referring to the Sacrament, "wafer-gods" and "wafer-cakes," II. iii. 51—

Trust none:
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes.

In the *Winter's Tale* we have the dramatist's condemnation of religious persecution, II. iii. 114—

Paulina. It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't.

In *Troilus and Cressida* there is a reference to the evil of undue and ornate ceremonial, II. ii.—

'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god.

These words sum up precisely what the Puritans were preaching all over the kingdom.

In *Twelfth Night* we have a very stinging reference to the dissembling clergymen who found in the cassock of the curate a cloak for religious wavering, IV. ii.—

Maria. Nay, I prithee put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar.

The accusation against Puritan preachers was that they would not dissemble, peace would have been assured to them if there had been on their part conformity even with dissembling. The surplice of humility might have been worn even over the big heart of a black gown, but the Puritan steadfastly refused, and the utmost scorn was expressed against those men who were pitchforked into benefices or held their living by abject conformity.

In 1579 the students of Cambridge complained that unlearned ministers, "nay, the scum of the people," were being preferred before those who would not submit to the subscriptions demanded by the

ecclesiastical authorities, and in 1578 Cornwall sent up a petition to Parliament which set forth, "we have some ministers among us who labour painfully and faithfully in the Lord's husbandry, but these men are not suffered to attend their callings, because the mouths of Papists, infidels, and filthy livers are open against them, and the ears of those who are called lords over them are sooner open to their accusations, though it be but for ceremonies, than to the other answers."

Shakespeare's clown was only repeating the words of many earnest Puritans in England between 1578 and 1605, when he spoke of the dissemblers who hid their inefficiency and falsehood in the cassock of the curate.

In *All's Well that Ends Well* there is the reference to young Charbon the Puritan and old Poysam the Papist, and in I. iii. 92 the words of the clown, "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart."

The difficulty here is in the words "big heart," which may mean either proud heart or generous heart. The black gown of a proud heart appears at first sight to be the natural contrast to the white surplice of humility, although one fails to see how such pride concealing itself in the garb of humility can be spoken of as not being hurtful. On the other hand, the meaning "generous heart" seems to make the words more fitting; the honest heart, even though it wear the surplice of humility or conformity over the black gown, would do no hurt. The true heart was the important thing. This attitude would fairly represent the standpoint of a thinker like Shakespeare, who was in great measure lifted above the arena of partisan strife.

One can hardly base an argument upon the play of *Pericles*, but in the second and fourth Acts there are words worth quoting, IV. vi. 7—

Bawd. She has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a Puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her—

where a tribute is paid to the intellectual ability as well as to the goodness of the Puritan. Marina's high character was based upon high principle, and her skill in defending her character was such that she would make Good of Supreme Evil, or, in other words, make a Puritan of the devil. In the second Act we are reminded once more of the rapacious pitchforked clergy, II. i. 32:—

1*st Fisherman.* Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Pericles (*aside*). A pretty moral.

3*rd Fisherman.* But if the good King Simonides were of my mind, we would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Compare this with a petition which was sent up to Parliament from Cornwall 1578.

"Therefore from far we come beseeching this honourable House to dispossess these dumb dogs and ravenous wolves, and appoint us faithful ministers who may peaceably preach the Word of God."

The well-known passage in *Twelfth Night*, II. iii.: "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" is usually understood as being a jest against the austerity of the Puritan, but if the reference be established, it at least shows that to be a Puritan was to be virtuous, and therefore is commendation rather than depreciation. As may be seen also in the words of Dame Quickly in the first Act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Speaking of her servant, the jovial Dame says, I. iv. 9—

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault:—but let that pass.

If the servant is to be understood to be a Puritan the commendation of his character is worth noting. It would not be difficult to cite other instances, each one more direct than any of those which convey to Mr. Lee so clear an indication of Shakespeare's "uniform discourtesy" to Puritanism, but enough has been adduced to show that very hasty deductions have been made by critics who claim to be well informed, and that there is still much to be done before we can reach the true standpoint for an adequate reading of the life and character of William Shakespeare.

Off the Beaten Track in London

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLIFTON

PYE CORNER, WHERE THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON CEASED

THE average Londoner is usually ignorant of the glorious city he lives in. It is no uncommon thing to meet a ıan who has spent a lifetime in London ıd never seen the interior of even St. aul's or Westminster Abbey, and who ıows nothing of the treasures hidden in ıe by-ways and alleys.

The countryman who spends a week ı town goes one step further. He is ı authority on the sixpenny-guide-book-ondon. He can tell you the cubic capa-ty of the Albert Hall, and the number of eps in the Monument. He knows that ıe great fire which the Monument com-emorates began in Pudding Lane hard /, and stopped at Pye Corner, but because .e Corner is off the beaten track he cannot ll you where it is.

Opposite Newgate Prison, running past ;. Sepulchre's Church, is Giltspur Street. he first turning on the left is Cock Lane, .e haunt of the famous ghost of Dr. John-ın's time. The "Fortune of War" public-ɔuse which stands on the corner there arks the site of Pye Corner. On the all of the house in Giltspur Street you ,n see the stone image of an exceeding t boy who, in his more prosperous days, lieu of clothing, had across his arms and ıest the following inscription :—

This boy is in memory put up for the late fire of London occasioned by gluttony 1666."

Across Smithfield Square at the top of Giltspur Street, partially hidden in the wall, is a stone archway, having an iron gate. It is a relic of the past indeed, for it dates from 1123. It has witnessed some terrible scenes in the Square, and in its early days formed a proud entrance to the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great. Now it leads into a sort of passage, which in its turn leads to the church door. An old print of a couple of centuries ago shows this arch, gateless and not so worn, as an entrance to a sort of close which surrounded the church.

This district round St. Bartholomew's Church is one of the most quaint and interesting London contains. The narrow streets are tortuous. The houses are old, leaning against one another for support. The Cloth Fair is a typical specimen, better preserved than some of its

THE GATE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD, DATING FROM 1123

AMEN COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW

fellows, and carrying one back far into the past. It is not difficult to people this street in the imagination with the quaintly-dressed folk of long ago, doubletted and besworded, or with the famous 'prentice lads of old London.

In wandering through the by-ways of the great city one finds that London teems with charming surprises. Walk down Paternoster Row towards the west, and instead of turning round at Amen Corner step through those two high doors at the end of the street. "Amen Court" is painted on them, but that piece of information gives one no idea of the charming spot inside—trees and flowers, grass and quaint houses—a veritable oasis in a desert of streets.

Again, when on London Bridge, walk down the Borough High Street a little way. Keep to the left, and watch for the sign of "The George." This is a noisy, bustling, busy neighbourhood, but "The George" is the last remaining old balconied inn London contains, and as such is worth a visit to much worse quarters. One must go right into the courtyard to see it best. It is eloquent of the coaching days. A Sam Weller, as he cleaned the boots below,

A DOORWAY IN AMEN COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW, SHOWING EXTINGUISHER FOR TORCHES

might well have flirted here with the pretty chambermaid leaning over the balcony, or exchanged witticisms with the ancient parrot before the doorway. A Mr. Pickwick might have chosen many a worse house whereat to dine, for the low-roofed rooms and old-fashioned bar are snug and cosy, and the good fare and genial waiter make dining there a pleasure. The present building dates from the time of the second

THE OLD GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK. THE LAST REMAINING BALCONIED INN IN LONDON

THE GATE OF ST. STEPHEN'S, COLEMAN STREET, ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE PLAGUE

Charles, and was built on the site of a similar inn, which stood there till it was destroyed in the great fire of Southwark in 1676. The previous inn is mentioned by Stow as existing in 1554. It was known then as the "St. George."

The city contains two gates which are interesting memorials of the Great Plague. One stands in Coleman Street, a significant erection. Above the archway are a skull and cross-bones carved in the stone, and underneath a quaint alto-relievo of the Last Judgment. The gate leads to St. Stephen's Church. At the time of the plague the then sexton, John Hayward, is said to have carried the "whole parish" dead to the burial-ground there. He lived for twenty years afterwards. The carving has been compared sometimes favourably, sometimes adversely, with a similar piece of work over the lich gate of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Soho, another gateway little known and little visited.

The second memorial gateway is hidden in Seething Lane in the city. It is grim and forbidding with great spikes on the top, and is the entrance to St. Olave's, Hart Street, which is "our owne church" spoken of by Mr. Pepys. No less than 326 people were buried in the churchyard there from July 4th to December 5th, 1665. The condition of the churchyard worried Mr. Pepys not a little. He went there first after the Plague on January 30th, 1666, and tells us that "it frighted me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

A WELL-PRESERVED SPECIMEN OF THE OLD ROMAN WALL OF LONDON IN THE DISUSED CHURCHYARD OF ST. ALPHAGE, LONDON WALL

WARDROBE COURT

THE LICH GATE OF ST. GILES-IN-THE-FIELDS, SOHO

THE GATE OF ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET, ALSO ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE PLAGUE. MR. PEPYS ATTENDED THIS CHURCH

But he went the next Sunday (February 4th) with his wife, and was much relieved to find that snow covered the graves, "So I was less afraid of going through." Dickens speaks of this gateway in his *Uncommercial Traveller*—"A small, small churchyard, with a ferocious strong-spiked iron gate, like a gaol. This gate is ornamented with skulls and cross-bones larger than life . . . . which grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spears."

It would be possible to mention many other places hidden away in unfrequented London. The remaining illustrations show this. That remnant of old London Wall becomes more and more interesting every year, for the other pieces which remained have nearly all disappeared, and this particular piece is an excellent specimen.

Wardrobe Court, lying among the small streets south of Ludgate Hill, marks the spot where the King's wardrobe once stood, an old house, built by Sir J. Beauchamp, who died in 1359. Before its destruction in the Great Fire, it was a valuable historic museum, containing, as it did, the royal clothes of many Kings of England. To-day it is a peaceful spot where the noise of the city hardly penetrates.

Above Paddington Station, where the three branches of the Regent's Canal meet, we have a wooded island, inhabited by a pair of swans.

THE JUNCTION OF THE CANALS NEAR PADDINGTON STATION

"Pelorus Jack"

A STRANGE NEW ZEALAND FISH

BY CONSTANCE A. BARNICOAT

TO my certain knowledge fully ten years ago, and I think even longer ago than that, there was much talk in New Zealand of a mysterious white fish, the like of which had never been seen in waters of that Colony, which at that time no one could quite classify, and which came regularly to meet every steamer going through the dangerous French Pass, on the north coast of the South Island. People who had not seen this mysterious creature scoffed at and doubted its existence; and even when photographs were taken of it, that would not satisfy them. My home being in Nelson (north of South Island), it has been my lot frequently to make the 12- to 15-hour trip through the French Pass and the beautiful lake-like Pelorus Sound, across the stormy Cook Strait to Wellington (south of North Island). On an average, perhaps three or four steamers a day go that way, and unless the boat went through the Pass at a very late hour of night or very early in the morning, I always watched for Pelorus Jack. Any sailor or ship's officer could tell you exactly when he might be expected. The whole shipload of passengers, in fact, if not too seasick, would come on deck and watch for him.

About a year ago, one summer afternoon, I was leaning over the side of one of the New Zealand coasting-boats watching for Pelorus Jack. Any moment he might appear. Suddenly a great white form, indistinctly visible for a moment, darted through the waters and disappeared. Excited cries of "There he is!" and a general crowding to the side of the vessel. Another moment, and he rose to the surface alongside, and half out of the water—a beautiful, silvery white creature, with fins, in shape like a shark, fully 12 or 14 feet long, and with the graceful action of a porpoise, except that he never jumps more than half out of the water, whereas a porpoise sometimes jumps entirely out. But the curves that he describes, half under the water and a little below the surface, are exactly those of a sportive porpoise.

WHITE FISH (12—14 FT. LONG), THAT MEETS EVERY STEAMSHIP AT A CERTAIN POINT ON THE NEW ZEALAND COAST

(Photo taken from steamer.)

On these small coasting-boats there is much licence allowed; and if one goes to the bows it is not immediately a case of "The officer on watch sends his compliments, etc." So as the vessel had almost stopped to take up some fish or mails or something, and Pelorus Jack had shot away to her bows, the ship's passengers followed him, and for twenty minutes or more every one leant

over the bows watching the beautiful white creature dart backwards and forwards, exactly under the keel. Usually, however, he swims alongside, every few moments making a great rush and commotion in the water by coming up, apparently to breathe.

The sailors, who adore him, say he is fonder of some boats than of others; but this statement must be taken with some good sea-salt. Certain it is that day or night, wet or fine, year in year out, for ten or twelve years past he has come at a certain point to meet every boat going either way along Pelorus Sound, accompanied her a certain distance, and then left her, only to return to meet the next boat coming along. I have never looked in vain for him, nor ever heard of any one else who did. The last time I passed that way was at night. I had not realised that we were through the French Pass, and in the Sound, when suddenly some one called out "The Fish!" and a great, phosphorescent mass was plainly seen darting through the dark waters alongside—Pelorus Jack.

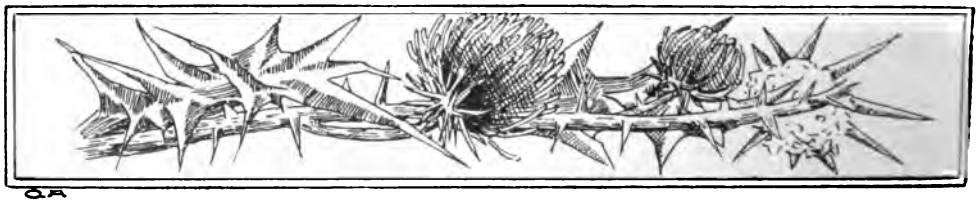
There are various theories to account for his meeting the steamers with such unfailing regularity. One is that he belongs to a species which usually goes in pairs, and the rushing, swishing noise made by the steamer cutting through the water is mistaken by him for the approach of another fish of his own species. If so, it is grievous to think what an infinity of disappointments the poor creature must have endured.

He cannot, of course, be caught in any net, for he is far too big, and any one who hurt him would be almost lynched by the sailors; but he is said to be a cetacean, and is classified, presumably correctly, as a Beluga (*Delphinapterus leucas*).

Another theory is that he comes because he likes to scratch his back against the keel of the vessel to rub off any barnacles or other parasites that might possibly be growing there. I have sometimes fancied in watching him that there may be some truth in this. I never saw any food thrown to him, else a frequent explanation offered is, of course, that he comes to be fed. In that case, unless very greedy, he would hardly meet two vessels following closely on each other. Certain it is that he has absolutely no mate in New Zealand waters, nor, so far as any one knows, has such another fish ever been seen anywhere in that part of the world at all.

With the indestructible instinct of the Englishman to "go out and kill something," one of the returned troopers from the South African War, either actually attempted or suggested attempting to shoot Pelorus Jack. The result was that the Government took him under their protection, and he is perhaps the only individual fish in the world who has attained such a position of importance.

It is curious how sceptical people are as to his existence. The gentleman who took the accompanying photograph (who is well known in New Zealand, where he is now Attorney-General) told me he could by no manner of means convince some friends of his, whom he was accompanying from Wellington to Nelson, that the fish was not a traveller's tale. "Would they believe if they saw a photograph?" No; they could not even do that. "Would they believe if they saw the fish?" Yes; that they would do. Presently Pelorus Sound was reached, and Pelorus Jack came along, graceful as ever, and then they believed, but not before. Therefore I am quite prepared, whenever I tell this story, to be bidden in polite language go and tell it to the marines. But it is, for all that, no traveller's tale.



The Critic on the Hearth[1]

BY JOHN A. STEUART

I HAVE a habit or foible, call it which you will, of preserving old letters of a friendly kind. For the person who desires to be complacently contented, to be an optimist in spite of fate, this practice is obviously and distinctly bad. A very wise man has told us that we ought not to dwell on the past. Its pleasures are not to be recaptured; its pains, if recalled, merely vex or reopen wounds which time may have healed. I bow in reverence before that superior wisdom. All the same I persist in the folly of preserving old letters, like a sinner who sorrowfully assents when he hears of his sins, yet by some inexplicable fatuity goes on cherishing them. I take this to be one of the cardinal weaknesses of human nature. Think of the immense number of sermons which are preached annually by able and zealous men, sometimes by zealous and superhumanly gifted women; and think, alas, of the small effect they produce. What is the reason for the inefficacy? It is not, as superficial people aver, that the majority of us no longer pay any heed to sermons, or that we doubt orthodox doctrines and deductions. Not at all. It is simply that in our illogical human way we fail to apply conviction to conduct.

Most of us are perfectly sound in belief; I shudder to think how few of us are impeccable in action. I take no account of the eccentric dealers in paradox. These are generally harmless young persons, performing antics to attract the crowd. In the end they invariably turn out models of propriety who would as soon think of laying violent hands on the British constitution as of outraging a well-accredited convention. No, I'm referring to the noble, the solid and respectable middle-class to which I have myself the honour to belong. In all times and seasons that class means well. Let no man affirm or insinuate anything to the contrary and expect me to agree with him. It is by no means a present-day discovery that this great middle-class is the backbone of the British Empire, the prop of society, the hope of the future and the stalwart upholder of the present, especially in the matter of taxes. I am aware it is often open to the good-natured ridicule heaped upon it by our gentle *persifleur*, the apostle of sweetness and light, though the defect is not the bluntness of feeling, the absolute insensibility to the beautiful and to culture deplored by Mr. Arnold; but the charming, if embarrassing inconsistency which is one of the primary qualities of British human nature. Luckily man is not a mere geometric problem to be summed up and expressed in an examination hall by any County Council scholar who chooses to essay the task.

"Have you forgotten the letters?" softly inquired Solomon, when the substance of the foregoing remarks was placed before the company at dinner.

"Please do not forget the letters," said the young lady classic. "It is so interesting to hear people in the confessional; and I agree it is nice to read old letters."

Even if they lacerate the feelings, I responded. There really is then a pleasure in pain.

"Certainly," said the Colonel. "Half the pleasure in life springs from pain."

I think that is putting it strongly; but I never argue with the Colonel. You don't dispute with the man who politely endorses your general views, thereby delicately indicating that you are a fellow of infinite penetration. I did not say he exaggerated, because on reconsideration I don't think he did exaggerate. Take this practice of re-reading old letters. It brings pain, yet in that pain there is a very subtle pleasure. That is why I like to turn occasionally and look back over the landscape I have passed. All persons of any soul know very well how agreeable it is to mark again the red of the heather tingeing the far horizon, the gleam of the distant water falling scattered down the rock, as Coleridge describes it, a shower of diamonds in the sun; to watch the cattle knee-deep in the clovered pasture, content beyond the dreams of philosophy, ay, and to inhale, though only through the imagination, the magic odour of June woods; or to loiter with one whose hand, now perhaps still and cold, or given to another, was once warm in yours. There indeed comes the sting of looking back.

You have probably remarked the ominous gap

[1] Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

which a single decade makes in your circle of friends. For yourself you are still in the forefront of things, strong and eager, pushing on to the El Dorado which lies just beyond the rim of the horizon, as ardently as ever, perhaps more ardently than ever now that you are in the full swing of your stride. You are in all essentials the very man you were at five-and-twenty; not a day older to judge by your feelings, less fond of trivialities, somewhat enlarged in girth perhaps, the years being generous, and vastly better off, let us assume, in regard to pocket-money, but really with all the qualities of youth undimmed, all the vigour of youth unabated. You are still planning, striving, achieving. Ambition like a hound on the leash strains to be at this or that fresh game. What you have done is but the meagre token of what you mean to do. Alexander could find but one world to conquer and must needs die of disgust and disappointment. You discover world beyond world, each new realm fairer and richer than the one already at your feet. You mean to leave a vast estate behind you, so that even from the grave you may move men to envy; you mean to direct armies, to sway cabinets, to write immortal books, paint immortal pictures, design everlasting cathedrals. If you are of the right sex you may even aspire to lead fashion. In the midst of your enterprises chance brings to your hand an old letter.

You read it and sigh. Poor Harry! He too was once thrilled by ambition, once planned and strove mightily; but the last time you visited the old village you read, with feelings not to be described, the inscription on his tombstone. It did not say half as much as you knew. The name, the dates, the memorial verse, setting forth in death the hope of life, seemed a poor epitome of the friendship which once was yours. Yet no pomp of eloquence could appeal to you with half the poignancy of that brief record. You remember the pathetic air from the harp of David over his lost child: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Perhaps you think of that as you read again Harry's letter telling of some promising scheme, something to be attained which would indubitably confer lasting happiness. Perhaps Harry tells you, with a rapture which seems very strange now, that the best girl in the world has at last consented, and—but there is no need to read on. As I expressed these sentiments I marked a look of sudden wonder and intentness in the face of the young lady classic. All things considered that was not surprising. But it was surprising to note the singular expression which simultaneously came into the Colonel's face, an expression which is perhaps best described as one of quivering emotion.

"It is curious," he said quietly, keeping feeling in hand like a soldier, "that you should chance to say that. The world often wonders in its rude way why such and such a man or woman remains single, and guesses reasons which are generally wrong. Let us take a case which is beyond conjecture. You will recall the profound impression which the tragic end of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, made on the public mind. The public, however, forgot quickly, as it still forgets; but there was one who did not forget. Read again if you please the little sketch by Washington Irving which he calls 'The Broken Heart,' in my opinion a gem of tenderness and truth. One sentence sticks in my memory; it is this: 'There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul, which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom.' I think that is true. Moore, in what has always seemed to me the most beautiful of his minor poems, celebrates the same event.

'She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.'

"Will your cynic digest that? Will your pessimist, who refuses to see the sun at noon, continue to deny the steadfastness and fealty of the human heart?"

"Washington Irving himself remained single for a very interesting and tender reason," put in the Curate, almost blushing over his own words.

"He did, he did," returned the Colonel quickly. "These are notable instances, because the magician fame has made them her own. But I tell you common human nature is often just as loyal, just as noble. Nothing astonishes me more than the constant goodness of men and women who have no thought of being heroic. Oh, I tell you there is hope of humanity notwithstanding the dismal noises of the croakers. But I have switched you off the track; I switch you on again and apologise."

Some of us wondered how far a personal experience prompted this little outburst. Was the Colonel in old age still cherishing a youthful

dream? Was he keeping one bright romance inviolate to the end? From her wistful expression I know the young lady classic thought so. It was interesting to interpret his punctilious old-world gallantry to the sex in the light of an unconfessed confession. There had been, it pleased us to think, an hour of celestial rapture; but, as the novelists say, something happened, or, as the ancient Greeks would have said, destiny intervened. The dream remained a dream, with this effect, that ever after woman was to the dreamer a kind of divinity to be treated with tender reverence. It is thus that in the eyes of a man one good woman glorifies the whole sex.

Even Solomon appeared to be touched in the secret places of his heart by the Colonel's tone. Perhaps he was telling himself that the experience which keeps men for ever young might certainly be worth having; and that for the future he would keep his social eye open. The Colonel, it was plain, held his faith untarnished. He had done the state some service in Othello's way; but it was agreeable to think that the smoke of battle had not so much as dimmed the early vision. My own private impression is that he still looks forward to the fulfilment of the long-cherished dream. Do you remember how in the ancient play Hippolytus brings the flowery chaplet to Diana—

"From meadows where no shepherd his flock a-field e'er drove,
From where no woodman's hatchet hath woke the echoing grove,
Where o'er the unshorn meadow the wild bee passes free,
Where by her river-haunts dwells virgin Modesty;
Where he who knoweth nothing of the wisdom of the schools
Beareth in a virgin heart the fairest of all rules;
To him 'tis given all freely to cull those self-sown flowers,
But evil men must touch not pure Nature's sacred bowers.
This to his virgin mistress a virgin hand doth bear—
A wreath of unsoiled flowers to deck her golden hair."

The lover, it seemed to me, was still holding that wreath of unsoiled flowers for a head that would always be young and golden.

The Colonel made us describe a wide arc, but left us still in touch with old letters. He remarked presently, with the invincible optimism of a veteran who has weathered many tempests, that old letters need not necessarily suggest sad thoughts. Harry indeed disappears, and the might-have-been pathetically engages our minds. But what warrant have we, he demanded, to think regretfully of Harry? If we looked at the matter with eyes from which the scales of prejudice or superstition had dropped, we might understand that he had simply been promoted on a shorter probation than is necessary for us. In that view is there any room for pity? The Colonel owned that vacant chairs are apt to be depressing. For that reason he has ceased to attend anniversary dinners commemorating this or that event in our recent military history. One is not wise in disregarding the sword of Damocles, but neither is one wise in brooding upon it.

"Since it is sure to fall," said the Colonel, "the great thing is to be ready. When the last Marathon or Waterloo veteran died a perfectly natural thing happened. Nature turned a leaf in the book of time, transferring another fraction of the past from the transiency of living memory to the permanent region of historic fact where it is safe. The process goes on daily. What then? Would you have the Alexanders and Napoleons, the Homers and Shakespeares live in the dotage of decrepit age? Think well, and you will find an infinite fitness in things."

He went on to expound the gospel of cheerfulness from the text of old letters. Harry's letter made you somewhat over-serious. To restore the balance here is one from Dick, which made you smile because of its preposterous and extravagant hopefulness. Is it not pleasant to reflect that the preposterous Dick has more than justified his absurdity? In your heart you half expected him to starve at the law. True, through many years he had a struggle for bread. But he persevered in that exhilarating folly of his, and behold him to-day—Sir Richard, if you please, delivering judgments in the High Court of Justice. You say he was never brilliant; so much the greater cause for rejoicing, since he has made the most of his few talents.

"By an odd coincidence," the Colonel proceeded, "only this morning I was looking through a packet of old letters——"

"Then," cried the young lady classic eagerly, "you preserve them?"

"Yes, my dear," answered the Colonel. "I am not of those who fling away the past, like old clothes that one is done with. In that respect I am a conservative of the conservatives.

Well, in this packet there were letters from half-a-dozen men who have all done better than the most sanguine of them expected to do. Three of them are, or were, in my own profession, the rest in civil life. I could give you other instances of the same thing. In fact, notwithstanding the lamentations over disappointed hopes and falsified promises, I am convinced it is by no means a rare experience to outstrip one's early ambitions. In every profession and calling there are men who must be a constant surprise to themselves in the matter of success."

"Do you imagine there are any who feel they don't deserve it, Colonel?" asked Solomon.

"Yes," the Colonel replied. "Since you ask, I believe there are men who modestly feel in their hearts they don't deserve it."

"I never heard that any of them made that confession in public," rejoined Solomon.

"May I take the liberty of asking a purely personal question?" said the Colonel politely.

"Certainly," returned Solomon briskly. "Fire away."

"Then have the goodness to tell me this—if you found yourself in possession of a million sterling to-morrow morning, would you honestly feel you deserved it?"

"I should probably be so elated as to forget all about deserving or not deserving it," laughed Solomon.

"Let us take the point at which the first gush of joy and excitement would be over," said the Colonel. "Suppose the novelty of having a million is past; then if you reflected at all on the matter, would not candour compel you to own to yourself that if it were a question of pure merit the million would in all likelihood have gone somewhere else? A latter-day philosopher has divided mankind into two classes—those who deserve little and get much, and those who deserve much and get little."

"That's me," cried Solomon, incontinently disregarding grammar.

The Colonel smiled, and went on, "I believe that the primary feeling of the men who get the great prizes of life is one of astonishment. Egotism enables them to bear up as if the thing were perfectly natural; but in their hearts they feel that their good fortune is mainly due to events or circumstances, or powers outside of themselves. In the common phrase they have been lucky. So it comes about that when Mr. Attorney-General is made Lord Chancellor his first sensation is one of giddiness, and this, mark you, though he may long have been sure of the promotion. The new bishop, the new commander-in-chief, the author who booms, none can tell why, the politician who finds himself in the Cabinet, the coster who finds himself in a corner shop, must all have the same feeling during the first twenty-four hours of greatness."

Do I believe in keeping a diary as well as in keeping old letters? It was the young lady classic who asked this question; and her tone and expression clearly implied a secret impulse to commit her confidences to the pages of a diary. The answer must be qualified. A private diary that really is private doubtless affords the diarist much pleasure. But you are to consider the danger of its falling into the hands of the scoffer.

"Like love-letters in the law-courts," put in Solomon, with a snigger. "Then Cupid makes sport for the Philistines while twelve good men and true appraise the damage he has done to young affection. It's an interesting spectacle."

I fear Solomon is at present a cynic. But he will improve when his own turn comes, and Cupid tickles him gently under the chin. Meantime you are to remember that he is very young and very full of the superior contempt of his age for the sentimental. I prophesy he will presently arrive, as John Bull never fails to arrive, at perfect orthodoxy; he will be a married man before he knows where he is. Touching a diary, the person who commits thoughts to paper must observe the strict rule of secrecy. There are diaries, of course, which are really intended for the public eye—Byron's, Scott's, Carlyle's, to take familiar examples: but I am not thinking of these.

"Aren't you somewhat illogical," inquired the young lady classic, "to preserve letters and speak against diaries?"

My dear young lady, I belong to that large class who instruct by precept rather than example. I am illogical. In any competition in which there was a prize for a plenteous lack of logic I should stand an excellent chance of being first. Why do I deprecate the keeping of a diary, not meant for the public eye? I will answer you in a sentence. Because of all judgments the most remorseless is self-judgment. You may reflect calmly on the failures of others as suggested by old letters; it is intolerable to be reminded of your own, say twenty years after date in words written by yourself. Avoid the experience if you would be happy.

From Our Own Correspondents

Temperance Legislation in Ontario

In Ontario, Canada, the provincial Government is working diligently on a stringent Temperance Bill which it is pledged to pass. The majority in the referendum last year, though not large enough to carry that policy in its most stringent form, was yet of such proportions as that the Government has been obliged to regard it as a mandate for restrictive legislation. Premier Ross has been notified by representative temperance men that three points will be insisted on: The abolition of the bar; the suppression of drinking in clubs; and the prohibition of treating. The prospect is that the measure soon to be introduced will cover all these points adequately, and that a large contingent will join the Government in enacting it.—A. C. W.

Adopted Children in Canada

In more than one respect the Colonies are ahead of the Mother country, and Canada, in particular, is always ready to lead the way in some new line of progress. In nothing, however, is Canada more in advance of England than in her treatment of neglected and delinquent children. The Children's Aid Society of Ontario came into existence in 1892 under a law passed in that year creating a State Department for the care of Neglected and Dependent Children. By the same law, juvenile offenders are entirely separated from adults both before, during and after trial, and trials of boys and girls are held privately without the odium and publicity of the police court. The Children's Aid Society, whenever possible, takes charge of young offenders, and where their offences are the result of neglect and bad surroundings, it endeavours to reclaim them by removing them from their surroundings and placing them with foster parents, preferably in the country. Neglected and destitute children are also cared for in the same way, and during the last ten years, over 2000 children—almost every one of whom would otherwise have grown up to be either a criminal or a pauper, and a charge to the country—have been placed with foster parents and given a good start. The Society keeps track of all children that have passed under its care, and according to its report for 1903, not one of these 2000 children was then in gaol. At first there was some difficulty in finding homes for the children; but as the work of the Society became better known, a demand for foster children was created, and, at the present time, many more homes are offered than there are children for them.

In addition to the care of Canadian children, the Department exercises an oversight over the children who are taken to Canada from Great Britain. Of these, by far the largest number are the boys and girls from Dr. Barnardo's homes. Seven hundred Barnardo boys and 420 girls went to Canada in 1903. These children are already of a serviceable age when they arrive, and as they have been trained in domestic and other work, they readily find homes, and there is a constant and eager demand for them. They are well treated and given opportunities for education, and are counted among the most desirable and welcome immigrants into Canada. Besides the Barnardo children, there were 555 other English child immigrants in 1903. All this immigration is under the strictest regulation, and the greatest possible care is taken by the Department of Neglected Children both to exclude undesirable children, and to protect those who are admitted. The cost of sending a child to Canada is £15. Once adopted they are no further cost to the Government or the Society in charge of them, as, even in the case of the adoption of infants or very small children, the foster parents bear all the cost of their maintenance; and in the case of older children, who assist their foster parents, a small sum of money is put away for them year by year, until they wish to leave to go into situations or to take more remunerative work.—A. G. P.

Italian Immigration and the Cotton Industry

A SOCIAL and economic change of much significance in the United States, and not without its portent for Lancashire, is now going on in the Southern States. After years of effort these States are at last diverting a small part of the immigration from Europe in their direction. Hitherto immigration has gone to the West, Middle West, and the North Atlantic States, and it has been found next to impossible to turn any part of it to the old slave States, where cotton is grown, and where since the early nineties it has been manufactured on an increasing scale. In the first seventy years of the nineteenth century newcomers would not go south because of the South's peculiar institution. As long as slavery lasted, landless white people, who must earn their daily bread by manual or artisan labour, were classed as white trash, and they occupied an equivocal position between the planters on the one side and the free negroes and slaves on the other. The traditions were all against manual labour for white people. These traditions long survived the war of the Rebellion; and exert themselves as they would, the old slave States could not attract immigration. In the last twenty years of the nineteenth century the South really needed it. White people were desired to counterbalance the growing numerical preponderance of the negroes, with the political dangers which accompanied this preponderance; and as the iron and coal resources of the South were developed, and as cotton manufacturing on a modern scale was extended, a large incoming of whites was also desirable in the interest of these new industries. Still, until about three years ago, newcomers from Europe were shy of the South, and continued to follow the blazed trail.

Now, however, Italian immigration is turning southwards in a constantly increasing stream, and a cordial welcome everywhere awaits the newcomers. Mississippi is getting most of them; and already the Italians are pretty well established in the larger cotton plantations, or are raising cotton on a small scale on ten-acre holdings of their own. Recent high prices and this immigration will tend to the cultivation of an increased area of cotton. In this way there may be some relief in a few years for Lancashire. But the incoming of a large white population will also add to the number of women and children available for the cotton mills, and against this labour available for the Southern mills, Lancashire will also have to meet an increased competition in the Far East. Hitherto it has not been lack of capital which has tended to keep down the number of cotton factories in the South. Capital was never more abundant than it has been during the last three years of high-priced cotton. In the mills, however, whites will not work with negroes, and the limit to available white labour was coming very clearly into sight.—E. P.

Music and Finance at the Vatican

FROM all parts of the world the re-establishment of the Gregorian chant in Roman Catholic churches, ordered by Pius X., was greeted with satisfaction and approval, it being a return to the classic traditions of religious music, and a banishment from the House of God of the *mondaine* music which had gradually crept in. According to a report which came to the Vatican, there were churches in which things had reached such an extreme, that, to repeat the words of the prelate who sent the report, they were transformed into "cafés chantants." A radical reform was therefore indispensable, and once initiated, it is only very natural that it found general support in all true lovers of sacred music. The Vatican has, however, succeeded in making it a source of gain, not in the sense of the prestige which comes to the Church from having put a stop to the scandal of dramatic music being performed during ceremonies, but from a money-making point of view. It has, in fact, been decided that the text of the Gregorian music to be used will be issued by the Vatican Printing House, from which alone it will be possible to buy it, no reproduction being permitted, and all churches, from the largest cathedrals to the smallest chapels, being compelled to provide themselves with this edition. This means a compulsory success of a book of music that not even the best operas of Verdi and Wagner have certainly attained, and no matter how small the gain of the Vatican for each copy, it will represent such a large speculation as to considerably strengthen the Peter's pence, which is gradually falling off. In this way art and finance are combined, as has been done in sending the exhibits to the St. Louis Fair, which include twenty-four examples of work made by the Vatican mosaic factory, with the notice that they can be sold in America, and if required, orders can be taken.—I. C.

Lady Parliamentary Candidates in Australia

An interesting feature of the Federal elections was the nomination of lady candidates in the two leading States. Victoria only had one lady candidate—Miss Vida Goldstein—who stood for the Senate as a Democratic reformer. For the Senate a vote is taken all over the particular State, so that the candidates have a lot of travelling to do to reach the electors. Miss Goldstein went to all the principal towns, and introduced a novelty by charging a silver coin for admission to her meetings. As she was young, good-looking, and a capital speaker, her meetings were crowded, and it is believed that her receipts more than counterbalanced her expenses. She announced that, having no private means, she was compelled to charge to pay her way, and that if there were any balance over at the close she would hand it to the charities. In spite of very fair support from the female voters, Miss Goldstein only polled something over 30,000 votes, as against over 80,000 recorded for the lowest of the four successful candidates. There were eighteen candidates, and Miss Goldstein was fifteenth on the list. For the New South Wales Senate there were three lady candidates, and they all polled so badly that they will forfeit their deposits (£25 each). A lady candidate was announced for a seat in the New South Wales House of Representatives, but she did not go to the poll; while in Queensland another lady candidate did likewise. Altogether the result was not encouraging to the lady candidates, and it is not likely that we shall hear any more of them for some time. It was very noticeable that they only got a small minority of the female electors' vote, though they tried hard to get a solid vote from them.—F. S. S.

Australian Problems

The future of Australia is providing food for serious reflection in the minds of those who have the best interests of the country at heart.

There is no doubt that on the part of many who entered with enthusiasm upon Federation, there is a feeling of disappointment that so little has yet been achieved, and could a vote be again taken, many would certainly desire a return to the old order of things, though how that would mend matters is hard to see. The causes of the disappointment are not far to seek.

First, the doings of our first Parliament were not such as to inspire confidence in the statesmanship of our legislators. Measures irritating to large sections of the community were proposed and often carried, and even amongst those who desired the adoption of certain bills there is not much admiration for the way in which their passage through the House was obtained.

Then it cannot be denied that Socialism has made a great advance here, notably in Victoria, where the English Labour leader, Tom Mann, has been lecturing for months. Socialism is now being constantly preached under favourable conditions, for its advocates believe that Australia, by reason of its distance from old-world poverty and hardship, and the better conditions under which men live here, is admirably situated for the great socialistic experiment which they desire. The better type of these advocates will tell you that they believe it to be providentially so situated.

New Zealand, where the legislation is increasingly socialistic, has had a time of great prosperity, and in the popular mind the legislation is the cause of the prosperity.

And there is little doubt that while the mass of our community is loyal to the core, there is a rougher element which mouths its views in parks on Sunday afternoons, who desire that the Imperial connexion should be severed, for that would always be a check on the full measure of communism they desire. And rough as the element is it has its influence. It makes itself heard; it has votes and it must be reckoned with.

Then we are certainly not making much addition to our population. Many of our younger men, as I wrote you before, have sought other lands, and we have legislated severely against the incoming of the skilled British workman, if he comes under contract, as well as against the dark-skin, and our birth-rate shows a decline almost as alarming as that of some of the effete peoples of the Old World. This is certainly not a reassuring sign.

And last, but not least, the growing power of the peoples of the East is bound to be felt by us in days to come. The late Professor Pearson was laughed at when he gave his pessimistic opinion on the subject, but we are too near those dense multitudes to shut our eyes to the acts of our neighbours, and consequently thoughtful men are asking if the amazing advance of Japan, especially in the event of a huge diplomatic or naval and military victory, augurs well for us.—A. J. W.

Over-Sea Notes

Centenary Celebrations at Hobart

THE Centenary of the founding of Hobart, which was celebrated towards the end of February, though it made but little stir beyond the immediate vicinity of the city, is another interesting reminder of the history that was being quietly made in these southern parts one hundred years ago.

The principal function was the unveiling of a monument at Risdon Cove, where Lieutenant Bowen landed in September 1803. When the writer visited the spot a few weeks back he saw the monument, which is hewn from Tasmanian bluestone placed upon a substantial base. The memorial is not of great height or imposing proportions, but there is a ruggedness about it which seems to fit in with the surroundings, and to fitly commemorate the hardy pioneers who first explored these unknown shores. The stone steps which mark Bowen's landing-place are still there and in good preservation a few feet in front of the monument, while winding up the hill to the right is a path to an old building still standing, which in the long ago did duty as a Government House.

Another interesting function which took place was the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Public Library by the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, for the erection of which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given the sum of £7500. This, I think, is the first occasion on which a gift from the American millionaire has been received and utilised in Australia, although he has already made a grant to an institution in New Zealand.

The celebrations began with appropriate religious services on the Sunday, and additional interest was given to them by the presence of the Fleet under Vice-Admiral Fanshawe, which makes Hobart its head-quarters in summer-time. Hobart is indeed beautiful for situation. Built on the bank of the majestic Derwent, on whose waters could swing the navies of the world, and backed by the massive front of Mt. Wellington, few places in Australia can compare with it.—A. J. W.

Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by *M. P. Davies*

CAPE RAOUL, SOUTHERN TASMANIA

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

THE OUTER EDGE OF PART OF THE CORAL ISLAND OF FUNAFUTI, SHOWING THE BEACH WHICH IS JUST AWASH AT LOW TIDE, AND THE BANK OF CORAL ROCK IN THE BACKGROUND

'airy Rings of Coral

A BAND of coral rock more or less circular in utline and bearing a rich growth of cocoanut alms and other tropical forms of vegetation; n the outer rim the ocean breaks on a dazzling 'hite beach of coral, and inside the ring is a ıgoon of clear green water large and deep nough to give anchorage to a fleet—such are he general characteristics of the coral islands r atolls which are plentifully scattered throughut the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The island of 'unafuti is typical of a great group of atolls ı the Pacific; the lagoon has a length of ›urteen miles and a breadth of nine miles, nd it is in free communication with the ocean hrough gaps in the coral rim, and also on ccount of the porous character of the rock, in he upper portions at all events. Inside, this ody of salt water is as deep as the Straits of Dover, and outside the shore sinks rapidly to many times that depth.

To account for formations of this character has long been a difficulty with naturalists for several reasons. First, there is the ring or horse-shoe form of the coral rock, and then there is the fact that the coral organisms, the remains of which build up the islands, do not flourish at greater depths than between twenty and thirty fathoms of water, and are, for the most part, restricted to fifteen fathoms; moreover, they perish when exposed above water, so that they are powerless to raise the land above low-water mark. The coral polyps, which resemble sea anemones in structure, and are popularly but incorrectly described as coral insects, feed on simple forms of plant life; and the depths at which they can live are determined by the depth at which the light necessary for these plants can penetrate sea-

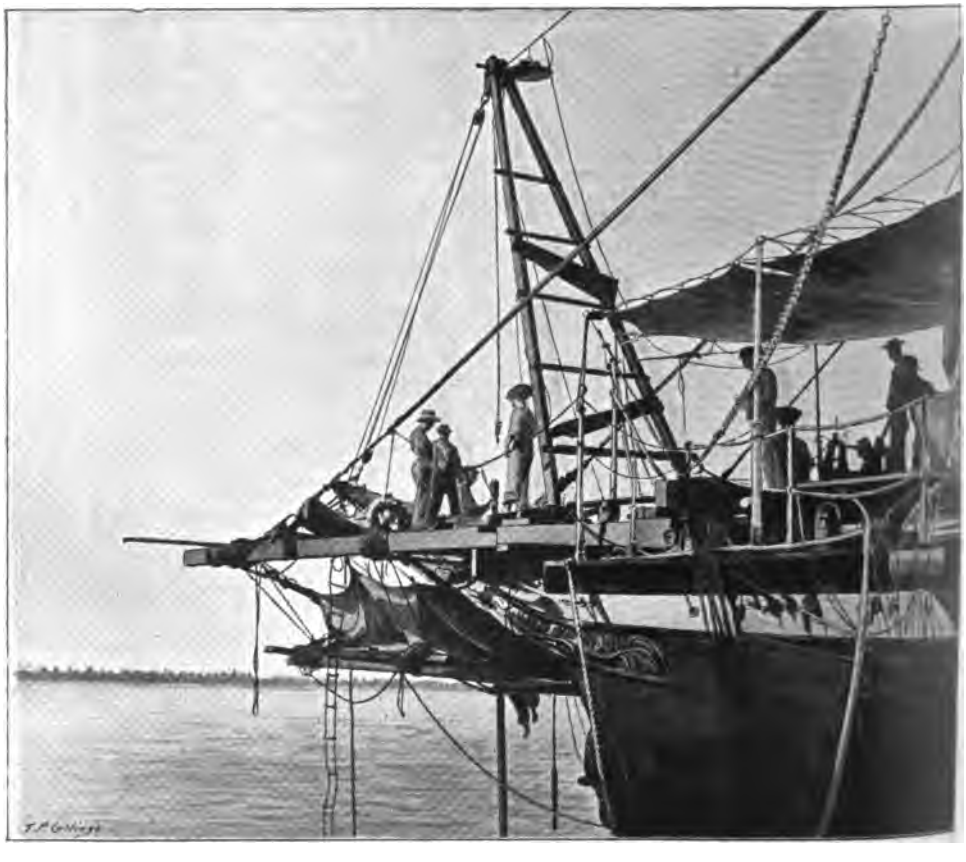
water. Dead coral is found at much greater depths, but how it got there is still somewhat of a puzzle.

Some time ago the Royal Society organised an expedition to investigate by means of a boring the depth and structure of a coral reef. Funafuti was selected for investigation, because it was typical of a group which probably had a common cause for the formation of their necessary foundations; and, after several attempts, a boring eleven hundred feet deep was reached, and the core of rock obtained was sent to London for examination. The report upon this expedition and its results has just been published; and as it gives for the first time the zoological and chemical composition of an atoll down to the depth mentioned it forms a most important contribution to natural science.

A LIVING COLONY OF REEF-BUILDING CORALS

From Parker and Haswell's *Text-book of Zoology*. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

There are numerous forms of coral polyps, but many of them have the appearance of the flower of a China-aster. The feelers spread out like those of a sea anemone, and collect the food upon which the animal lives. Mineral salts are extracted from the sea-water, and deposited at the base of the polyp as a solid cement which fixes the animal to the surface to which it is attached. When the polyp dies the



BORING APPARATUS RIGGED UP ON H.M.S. *PORPOISE* IN THE LAGOON OF FUNAFUTI

soft parts decay and are washed away, while the calcareous skeleton is left as a contribution to the rocks of the earth. The living coral polyps on a reef thus represent the summit of a monument built up of what may be termed the bones of their ancestors.

Suppose the coral monument to be erected on land which is slowly sinking. The part which is carried down below a depth of about thirty fathoms—that is, one hundred and eighty feet—is dead coral, but the polyps still build upward until their remains nearly reach the surface. On this explanation every coral island marks a subsiding part of the ocean floor. This view was held for many years; but more recently another explanation has been gaining ground; briefly it is that atolls are rims of coral rock built upon volcanic islands, or upon parts of the ocean floor brought within the range of life of reef-building corals by submarine elevations or by the deposit of the remains of organisms which live and die below the depth to which reef-building corals are limited. When a mass of coral rock built on these foundations reaches the surface it is approximately flat, but as the supply of food inside the margin is less than on the outside, the central part is in the course of time dissolved away so as to produce a hollow which forms a lagoon. It was to provide evidence for consideration in connexion with these theories that the expedition to Funafuti was undertaken; and it may be said at once that though the results obtained are very valuable, and seem to favour the theory that the atoll is on sinking land, they cannot be regarded as proving either case conclusively.

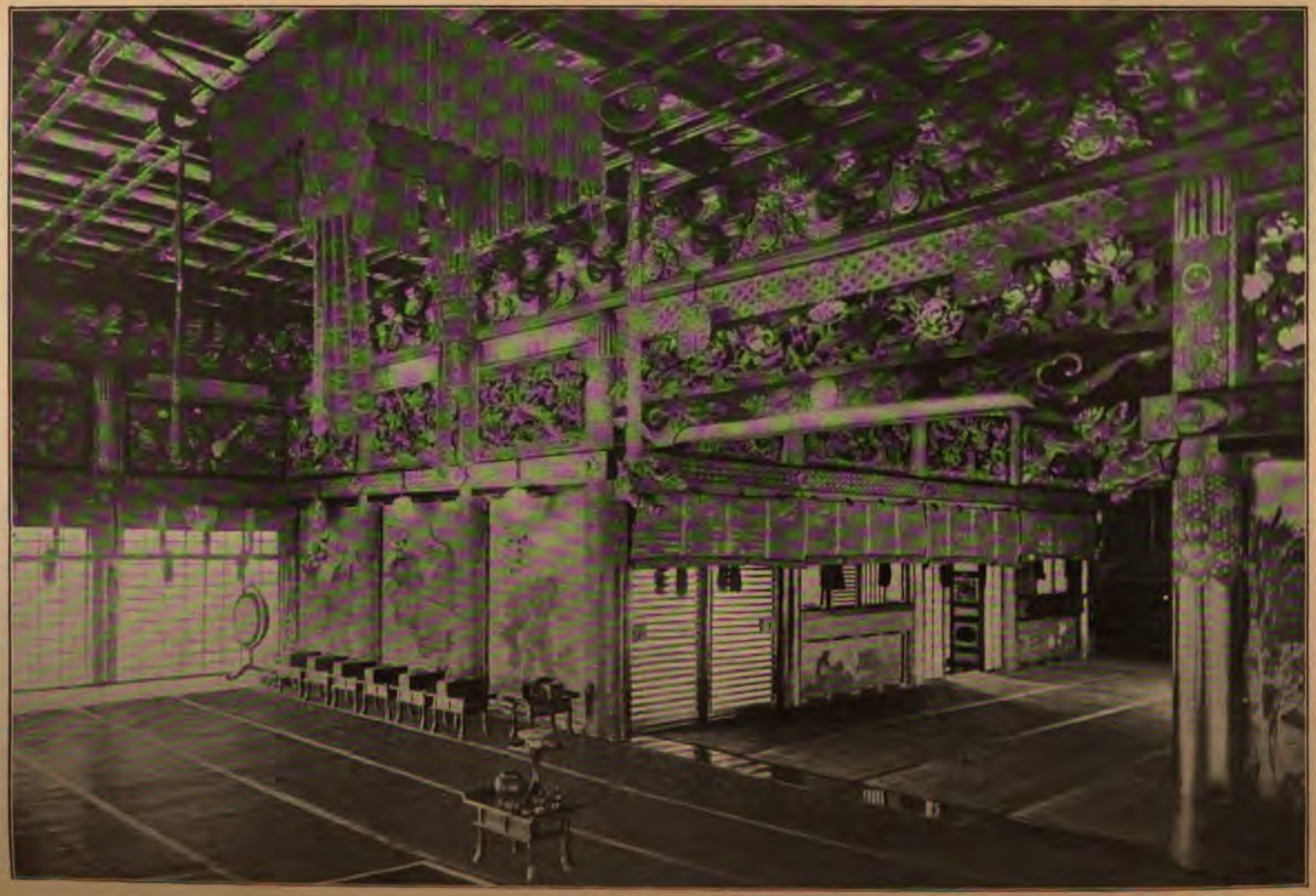
The bank of coral rock which encloses the lagoon at Funafuti is about seven or eight feet high, and in places rises to sixteen feet. Outside this bank, a view of which is given in the accompanying illustration, is a platform of coral covered by the ocean at high tides, and dry at low tides. From the low-tide mark the atoll slopes abruptly to a depth of nearly nine hundred feet, and then the slope is gentle down to the ocean floor eighteen thousand feet below sea-level. Funafuti may thus be regarded as an isolated conical mountain rising above the general level of the surrounding ocean floor, and crowned with coral rock and sand. The general depth of the lagoon inside the coral wall is one hundred and twenty feet, and the bottom is covered with a thickness of about eighty feet of sand composed of fragments of coral and other calcareous remains of simple forms of plants and animals. Below this depth the rock obtained by a boring was found to be a rubbly limestone in which the remains were bound together with a crystalline substance of the same composition as chalk.

As to the main boring which was carried down to a depth of eleven hundred and fourteen feet from the actual reef, examination of the core brought up shows that the same organisms occur from top to bottom, but in different proportions—sometimes the remains of corals predominating, in other parts the shells of deep-sea animals, and sometimes the chalky relics of oceanic plants. The lower third of the core is practically solid rock, and the upper two-thirds is mainly incoherent or lightly-cemented rock like limestone. The whole core appears to consist of the same materials, and to have been formed in the same way, though the parts at the lower levels had undergone great chemical and mineralogical changes. No remains of organisms other than those that live at the upper surface were found. Not a trace of pumice or any other product of volcanic action has been noticed in any part of the core, and no foundation rock of an earlier geological age than the present was reached.

The results of the boring are thus to a large extent negative; for it was expected that a foundation rock of a different character would have been reached at a less depth than that actually attained. But though nothing has been definitely decided, the material obtained for study will enable naturalists to consider the origin and growth of coral atolls from a firmer point of view than has hitherto been occupied.

In the course of the report several curious incidents are described. On one occasion a gearing wheel of the boring apparatus was damaged so seriously that it was feared it would be necessary to suspend operations for a long time until another could be obtained. A native who was watching an artificer attempting to repair the wheel exclaimed that he had a wheel like the broken one, and he went away and dug it up from the roots of one of his cocoanut palms, where he had put it as a fertiliser. It appeared subsequently that the wheel had been left behind by a previous boring expedition.

Handsome acknowledgment is made in the report of the services rendered by the London Missionary Society, which lent its steam yacht, *John Williams*, to carry the gear from Sydney to Funafuti, and in other ways assisted the expedition.



A JAPANESE TEMPLE

Mortuary Temple of Tsunoku, with Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, Shiba Park, Tokyo. This glorious building, perhaps the finest of the magnificent mortuary shrines and temples at Shiba, is forbidden to [illegible]

Varieties

Indian Words in American Speech

THE following words are some of those which common speech in America owes to the Red Indians: Chipmunk, hickory, hominy, menhaden, moccasin, moose, mugwump, musquash, pemmican, persimmon, papoose, pone, porgy, 'possum, pow-wow, raccoon, samp, skunk, squash, squaw, succotash, Tammany, tautog, terrapin, toboggan, tomahawk, totem, wigwam, woodchuck.

How Nerve Energy is Wasted

MANY people needlessly and recklessly waste their nerve energy. They drum the chair or the desk with their fingers, or tap the floor with their toes. They hold their hands. They sit in a rocking-chair and rock for very dear life. If they go up-stairs they make the whole body do the work that was intended only for the legs. If they write or sew they get down to it with a vengeance, and contract their brows and wrinkle their foreheads and grind their teeth.

If they have an unusual task to do they screw and contract and contort every muscle of the body, making themselves tense and rigid all over, when the work perhaps required but one set of muscles or perhaps the mind only, as the case may be.

Wasting nerve energy. Frittering it away.

Little things, to be sure. But little things have a way of adding themselves up into big things.—*Medical Talk.*

Sweetbreads

SWEETBREADS had no value formerly and were often thrown away as worthless, but with the increasing demand for them they have become correspondingly expensive and are now a luxury. Besides the fact that they are delicate in flavour, easily prepared, and may be presented in many dainty and delicious forms, they are invaluable as an addition to the dietary of the sick or convalescent, on account of their easy digestibility. They are at their best during the spring and summer, when they are also most plentiful and cheap. Although we speak of sweetbreads as a pair, in reality there is but one sweetbread, consisting of two parts connected by a short membrane. The round, compact part is called the heart sweetbread, from its position. The other, or elongated part, which, from its position below the throat, is called the throat sweetbread, is not as delicate, being neither so fat nor so firm. Therefore when sweetbread is found separated in market, avoid buying two of the throat sweetbreads.

Prescott was not Blind

PRESCOTT was known as "the blind historian"; and the tradition that he was totally blind became early fixed and almost impossible to dislodge. Maria Edgeworth sighed over the "poor man," on the supposition that he was entirely without sight. *The Edinburgh Review*, in its notice of *The Conquest of Mexico*, spoke of the writer as having "been blind several years." "The next thing," wrote Prescott in his journal, "I shall hear of a subscription set on foot for the blind Yankee author." At about the same time he wrote to Colonel Aspinwall, "I can't say I like to be called blind. I have, it is true, but one eye; but that has done me some service, and with fair usage will, I trust, do me some more." But in spite of all his explanations the world went on believing that Prescott was, as he humorously protested that he was not, "high-gravel blind." . . . The truth is, that Prescott always had precarious vision in one eye, which he was able to use only with extreme caution and for but short periods at a time; and even so, frequent intervals of complete blindness fell upon him with the recurrence of his disease. The oculists of the day assured him of the sufficiency of his one feeble eye for all the ordinary purposes of life, provided he would give up his literary labours. But he quietly refused to pay the price.—*The Atlantic.*

Astronomical Notes for July

THE Earth will be in aphelion, or at its greatest distance from the Sun, a little after midnight on the 4th inst. The Sun will rise on the 1st in the latitude of Greenwich at 3h. 49m. in the morning, and set at 8h. 18m. in the evening; on the 11th he will rise at 3h. 57m. and set at 8h. 12m., and on the 21st rise at 4h. 9m. and set at 8h. 3m. The Moon's phases for the month will be as follows: Last Quarter at 10h. 54m. on the night of the 5th; New at 5h. 27m. on the morning of the 13th; First Quarter at 8h. 49m. on the evening of the 19th; and Full at 9h. 42m. on the morning of the 27th. She will be in apogee, or furthest from the Earth, about half-past 5 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd; in perigee, or nearest us, about a quarter-past 4 on that of the 15th; and in apogee again a little after 8 o'clock on the evening of the 30th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 9th. Venus will also be at superior conjunction with him on the 8th, and will not be visible this month. Mars also is not visible, his apparent place being too near that of the Sun. Jupiter moves during the month from the constellation Pisces into Aries, rising between 11 and 12 o'clock at night; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 7th. Saturn is in the constellation Aquarius, near its boundary with Capricornus, and rises between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening.—W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

Helpers and Helped

THERE is one feature in present-day history that is as distinctive as it is hopeful, that is the general interest which the well-to-do section of the community takes in the condition both of the poor and of the handicapped. One is proud to be a human being, when one recognises what other human beings are doing, without thought of self, without expectation of reward—indeed with some certainty of disfavour—to roll away the burden of misery and difficulty that has pressed and still presses on multitudes. There is not a point where the individual or the community suffers injury that some other individual is not working with steady energy to uproot and overthrow the evil. Some time ago an objector seriously advanced the argument that when everything that is wrong has been righted, every sinner has been cleansed and every sufferer has been healed, there will be nothing further to effect and the world will inevitably lapse into a condition of indolent and unprogressive serenity. But as long as one generation passeth away and another cometh there will be battles to fight and mental worlds to conquer. Each child is born a heathen with the potentialities of the savage, and each individual has to light his own taper at the centre of light, and carry it as steadily as he can among the winds that blow. Wisdom does not come by inheritance, but each generation can increase the facilities for its acquisition.

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The very poor made the first appeal, and they are helped first. The workhouses were the earliest effort of the strong to aid the weak. But the reluctantly aroused conscience moves heavily and grudgingly, the gift we yield only to importunity is too often flung in the suppliant's face. What the nation hated to give the officials hated to administer and the recipients to accept. The costly poor law system has never been a success. But it will be vitalised too one day, the monster will acquire a soul. Then the deserving but unfortunate poor will be known to have rights which they shall be able to claim with dignity, and the wastrel will be recognised as entitled in some measure to better development, and the idler will be compelled to accept his human obligations and to recoup by his labour the institution that relieves his necessities. Parliament is to be offered a Bill during the present Session for the placing of the Casual Ward system of Relief under the control of the Salvation Army, so that an organisation which judges each human being by his potentialities and not by his past shall be left to replace a costly and unproductive method of dealing with the loafer by an inexpensive and redemptive one.

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For the respectable homeless working-man the Rowton Houses or Poor Man's Hotels proved an incalculable blessing, while the promoter unexpectedly found in them a sound financial investment. For 6d. per night the man who earns his living by one of London's many precarious industries may have a bed, a bath if desired, the use of the fire for cooking his food, and the use of the dining-room in which to eat it, and of a reading-room in which to sit and study the evening papers. If he pays by the week, each inmate can secure his bed and other accommodation, including the locker in which he can place his few possessions under lock and key. The Rowton Hotels have been so extensively and regularly patronised, that from the beginning a five per cent. interest has been available on the original outlay. Other hotels, including some for women, are in course of construction on the same principle, that of giving the most that is possible for the customers' money.

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What hospitals are doing for the suffering poor is too well known to call for comment. Accidents of childhood, physical defects due to ignorance and neglect, are treated free of cost at multitudes of centres throughout the kingdom, many of the most distinguished medical men placing their services at the disposal of all who need them. Doubtless the hospital system is abused, and many people, in no way entitled to rank as objects of charity, accept free hospital treatment; but no system can be guaranteed against trespass, certain tares grow in all wheatfields and have to be tolerated.

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To the working class the County Councils render yeoman's service, indeed it is possible that their consideration for the working-man's comfort may in time lay serious burdens on property owners, who already consider themselves more than sufficiently taxed. What the London County Council is doing to solve the housing problem is deserving of the highest praise. The workmen's dwellings, recently opened in Westminster, combine some of the domestic advantages more than once indicated as desirable by the writer of these columns. The dwellings afford, over some three hundred and five feet of frontage, accommodation for sixteen hundred inmates. Had these tenements taken the form of small houses they would

have run into half-a-mile of street. The dwellings consist of sets of two rooms, of three rooms, and in fourteen cases of four rooms for large families, while there are forty-four single rooms for the occupation of the solitary man or woman. Each living-room has a stove, a ventilated cupboard for the storage of food, and a capacious dresser. Every bedroom has a stove and a hanging cupboard for clothes. When it is remembered that myriads of working-class people resort to the pawnshop every Monday morning simply because they have no accommodation at home for their Sunday dress, the boon afforded by the hanging cupboards will be duly appreciated. The basement of each house contains a series of bathrooms available gratuitously to the tenants, certain hours being reserved for men and other hours for women. Every floor has a laundry fitted with a drying-room, so that all possible facilities are afforded for cleanliness both of the person and the clothing. These dwellings are reserved for people whose work is in the district and to whom time is very important. People whose work begins later in the day have more time for journeying backwards and forwards, and these are advised to seek suburban residence. Sub-letting will not be permitted, so that the large household which can afford to rent four rooms must reserve them for themselves. If working people are not thankful for practical consideration of this kind, they ought to be, though the true philanthropist aspires only to the end of social benefit, and has no thought or expectation of gratitude or reward.

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A more difficult class to reach with benefits is the genteel poor, impoverished ladies, broken-down gentlemen, especially where these are growing old and are absolutely destitute. Not only God, but man is willing to help those ready to help themselves. But when the time and the opportunity have passed, I fear little is possible but private appeals to philanthropic individuals. I could tell many tales, sometimes piteous, sometimes not wholly devoid of elements of sad humour, of cases I have known, of people fighting destiny with the few poor facilities left them. I knew one well-educated and gentlemanly-looking elderly man who first introduced himself as having missed the last train to his destination, and having spent his last available coin on his supper. He was full of apologies for his stupidity in not having brought more money from home. That was the beginning of an acquaintance kept up through protracted stages of personal dilapidation. Twice he had cards printed with fictitious names. On one he called himself Earl something or other, on another he awarded himself an obviously and patently bogus professional qualification. His visits, first of monthly occurrence, became ultimately bi-weekly, and finally ended just before a particularly bleak and bitter Christmas Eve. I do not think he was a drunkard, and he had been a well-educated man. Sometimes police magistrates say of prisoners brought before them, that the conditions of their existence preclude the possibility of any industry but theft; other derelicts on the sea of prosperity have no option but to beg; if they only beg of the well-to-do, where is the harm? It is when they repeatedly appeal to the struggling that the condition becomes poignant.

* * * * * * *

There are many kinds of aid available for the possessors of a little money. I know a charming set of little houses built in a picturesque country place by a benevolent lady, and available for the happy possessor of £60 per annum, who, being of good birth and education, is economical enough to afford herself a servant out of that little income. The fortunate one obtains a pretty house of four rooms adjacent to a good garden which is available for all the houses; she has coals and gas allowed her, and such share of the produce of the common garden as falls to her lot. The remainder of her own and the servant's food, as well as her clothing and the servant's wages, her income is expected to provide. I am under the impression that £100 per annum is the maximum income; and one possessing more is considered able to wholly provide for herself.

Women's Work in the Royal Academy

One of the outstanding pictures of the year is "Timber Hauling in the New Forest," by Lucy Kemp-Welch. Not only the subject, which gives to huge horses a prominent place on the canvas, but the virility of the treatment recalls Rosa Bonheur. That a woman should attempt so ambitious a subject on a scale so extensive is fully justified by the excellence of the result. Two other members of this gifted family are also exhibitors in this year's show at Burlington House. "A Whaling Wharf," by Nellie M. Fairpoint, is another of the subjects usually left to or annexed by the male sex. This is also a notable picture, though without the memorable qualities that pertain to Miss Welch's work.

"Verlaine's Friend," by Sophie Pemberton, is not merely a portrait, it is a picture full of suggestion and beauty. In portraiture women are very successful this year. Mary L. Waller, Bessie Rendall, Jessie MacGregor, Annie E. Spong, Lucy Gee, Alice Grant, Marianne Stokes and Agnes M. Corvieson are well represented. Beatrice Bright gives a very striking presentment of Mr. F. Dempster Smith as Richelieu. No visitor to Gallery III. will miss the pseudo cardinal's red robe. But did Richelieu ever wear a moustache, and if not, should either artist or subject assent to such an appendage?

Most of the flower pictures are exhibited by women. Katherine Johnson sends "Lilac," Agnes M. Veness shows "Violets," E. Margaret Woolhouse "Chrysanthemums," and R. C. Green "Pink Roses"; Miss Vena Jannoch has two flower pieces, "Briar Roses" and "Anemones"; R. Willes-Madox has also two pictures in the same genre, "Dahlias" and "In the Garden of Roses." The artist's name is without prefix, but one may venture to assert that if it were there, it would be Miss. The painter of "Firs and Furze" is in one instance given as Anna McLean and in another as Alec McLean. As there are two pictures there may be two people, though there is only one address.

In miniatures women are to the front. Viscountess Maitland sends three miniatures, one of Princess Mary of Wales; Alyn Williams contributes one of Queen Alexandra, Gertrude Massey paints the two elder boys of the Prince of Wales as well as Princess Mary, Mrs. M. Emslie has three miniatures, Winifred H. Thomson three, Gertrude K. Hutchinson three, Lucy A. Stratten three, Maud Mair three, Annie F. Shenton four, and a multitude of others two miniatures, and one.

Among the water-colours there is also a great deal of women's work, much of it excellent. In the central hall the sculptured group, "The Messenger of Death," is by Miss Edith C. Maryon, and a bust is by Miss Mary C. Buzzard. In the lecture-room women exhibit statuettes, medallions, plaques, miniatures in wax, reliefs and several busts, one of which, that of Miss Rose Gough, by Edith C. Maryon, is unusually attractive. It is in water-colour painting that the larger proportion of women seem to take a foremost place, but Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's picture in oils proves woman's right to aspire where she will in art.

Topics for Debate

One of the weekly papers recently debated the question, Should Women Emigrate? These discussions, in which the individual is privately, and the community publicly invited to take part, always sound like a cry of distress. Do the daily papers lack news and advertisements sufficient to fill their columns, straightway some trivial mind, generally that of a woman, it is grievous to say, is invited to think out a subject likely to aggravate a considerable section of the community, and to argue on this like a partisan. Then follows annually the tearing to pieces of such a theme as—"Are Women in Every Way inferior to Men, or, in moral matters are they equal with them?" "Should a Woman be granted a Dress Allowance?" "Is Marriage a Failure?" "Should Every Woman be ensured a Dowry at Birth?" "Are Women as Foolish as they Look?" These are infuriating topics, and can be written on by one or another till Parliament re-opens. Next come the silly symposiums, "Can Women Love more than Once?" "What is the Best Career for a Woman?" "Ought we to start a Matrimonial Bureau?" These topics have actually been discussed in monthly magazines devoted to the culture and entertainment of the female sex. Then come the debates that simply bore: "Should Women turn out their Toes?" "Should Women marry Men Younger than Themselves? Should they Emigrate? Take Physical Exercise? Love their Enemy's Son?" It all depends on special circumstances and individual traits of course, and such problems interest nobody and do no good to anybody or anything. The woman capable of making her way alone in a strange land is too valuable at home to be readily dispensed with. When women are capable beyond the opportunities that await them at home, they will do well to seek a more suitable groove, but if they are valuable units England has need of them.

* * * * * * *

Women who think of emigration to the colonies, whether of Australia, Canada, South Africa or elsewhere, may take for granted that it is the robust woman, proficient in practical industries, that will be welcome there, and that the clinging creature who wants to be well-treated and taken care of, has a much better chance of establishing herself among the amenities of home. Multitudes of middle-class women are beginning to understand that domestic work is one of the permanent certainties of life, and a good many have shown their willingness to take a practical share in it. Such periodicals as *Women's Employment* contain advertisements in every issue from lady cooks, lady housemaids, lady nurses. These would do well did they emigrate, but they will do better at home, and England has need of them.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

POSIES FROM POETRY

II

1. "Frail snowdrops that together cling."
2. "Myriads of daisies."
3. "A yellow primrose."
4. "The periwinkle trailed its wreaths."
5. "The spring's first rose."
6. "The last autumnal crocus."

From what author's works are these gathered? Trace each. A prize of the value of Five Shillings awarded for the first correct answer.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Last of Nine

WHOLE

Who, against all *his* pocket interests, wished to be
Upright, and all men else upright as he,
Forsaking ill with unanimity?

1. Never alive, *he* died in mimic show
   To teach the guilty what they feared to know.
2. Sharper than sword *his* cunning to the end
   Of championing and venging his great friend.
3. *He* wooed, all unaware, the maid he loved.
4. A minorite *he*, a would-be peacemaker.
5. *He* played the fool in tenderest craft of wisdom.
6. *Who* thought a woman could not write
   Words darker to the mind than to the sight?

Observe that the above lines are not quotations. Find the words and passages referred to. Final scores in this competition will appear in September. Answers to the above must be received by the 15th inst.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: PAUL FOUNTAIN'S *Great North-West*, Longmans, 10*s.* 6*d.* ANDREW MARVELL'S *Poems and Satires*, Methuen. ELLEN GLASGOW'S *The Deliverance*, Constable, 6*s.* MRS. LAING'S *Borderlanders*, Dent and Co., 3*s.* 6*d.* THOMAS À KEMPIS' *Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ*, 5*s.*, and *The Life of Col. Hutchison* (Dryden House Memoirs), 3*s.* 6*d.*, both from Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.; etc., etc.

With *The Great North-West*, Mr. Paul Fountain completes his trilogy of travel, and it is no small praise to say that this last volume is as soundly written and full of interest as were the two first. It is worthy of a place in such a limited library as that enumerated by him, in the camp of some twenty Scotch and French-Canadian lumberers, with whom he spent a winter. "There were four books only in camp," he writes; "the Bible, Oliver Twist, The Heart of Midlothian, and Valentine Vox, and these four were re-read to the assembled toilers several times before the winter was over, for the evenings were long; and in so great reverence were they held that any man who had ventured to tear a leaf from one of them from which to light his pipe, would have been in some danger of being lynched."

A long-wanted and most desirable volume of the Little Library contains the *Poems and Satires of Andrew Marvell*. Here was a man of parts, and these vigorous and many. Time has not stale the humour of his *Character of Holland*, or dimmed the beauty of *The Garden*, or falsified the religious feeling of his *Analogy of the Soul*, that exquisite little poem beginning—

> "See how the orient dew
> Shed from the bosom of the morn
> Into the blowing roses,
> Yet careless of its mansion new,
> For the clear region where 'twas born,
> Round in itself incloses;
> And in its little globe's extent
> Frames as it can, its native element."

In *The Deliverance* we have the long love-story of a poor man and a rich woman set against a picturesque and well-drawn background of life on Virginian tobacco-fields and farms. The man has a strong nature, so fettered by poverty that he ceases to care for great things, and occupies his thoughts in contriving and fostering a mean revenge against his enemy. From this bondage to evil and that enemy's grand-daughter delivers him—her love sets him free from the yoke of resentful pride as her travelled wisdom convinces him that the limitations he chafes under are not necessarily hurtful. When he asks what things really count in life, she answers, "I think it is the things one learns, the places in which we take root and grow, and the people who teach us what is really worth while, who teach us patience and charity." A well-planned and well-written story.

In *The Borderlanders*, while Mrs. Laing makes good the promise of her earlier book, *The Wise Aunt*, in development of style and power of characterisation, she does not, we think, show as much power of artistic selection in her work as might be expected. She wastes much clever execution on poor material, and lacks the unerring eye for what will make a good picture which is indispensable to success in writing fiction. *The Borderlanders* dwell on the borderland between mental sanity and insanity, in a haze of delusion, often grotesque, more often sad. The book is a realistic study of disease, and for that very reason it is not pleasant reading.

Although several English translations have before

now appeared, of Thomas à Kempis' *Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ*, it is an unknown book as compared with his *Imitation of Christ*. For the sake of the latter, religious readers will study this book with interest. It is much more subjective in form, and suggests in places a religious enervation, resulting from the cloistered life, from which the *Imitation* is singularly free. Dr. Duthoit, the learned translator, in his introduction gives an interesting sketch of the life of Thomas à Kempis. He was born in 1380. As a school-boy at Deventer in Utrecht, he came under the good influence of Florentius Radewyn, head of the "Brotherhood of the Common Life" there. Its members, though not bound by perpetual vows, agreed to live in obedience and chastity, to have everything in common, to earn their own livelihood, and to spend their leisure in works of charity and in prayer. Thomas (in whose own words what follows is recorded) "marked well and rejoiced in their devout life and conversation, so full of love towards God and their fellow-men. Living in the world, they were altogether unworldly. They were of one heart and mind in God." Then he prettily narrates a little incident, making it as vivid to us now, after more than five centuries, as when it first impressed and sobered his childish mind. "Master John Boëme, Rector of the school, was also choir-master; and by his orders I used to sing in the choir along with my school-fellows. Whenever I saw my patron Florentius standing in the choir, his mere presence, even though he did not look about, filled me with such awe that I did not dare to chatter. . . . It happened once, as I was near him in the choir, that he turned to the book and joined us in singing. Being close behind me, he put his hands on my shoulders; and I stood like a statue, scarcely daring to move, so overcome was I by the great honour he had done me." Throughout his long monastic life à Kempis was a laborious and beautiful copyist of the Bible, and many other books. His favourite motto is said to have been, "I sought for rest, but found it not, save in a little corner with a little book." He died in 1471, in his ninety-second year.

This initial volume of the Dryden House Memoirs, a well-got-up series in pleasant type, is *The Life of Colonel Hutchison*, by his wife Lucy, a book which needs no introduction to lovers of good reading, although the *Life* has for some time been scarce and difficult to get. Written in the English of Bunyan's days, it describes with naïve charm the courtship of the authoress by her hero, who first fell in love with her by repute, she tells us, for having written a song which had "something of rationality in it beyond the customary reach of a she-witt." The Colonel was "no man's sectary," and held his own course between violent partisans, being coldly received when he first joined the Parliamentary party because he did not use their religious phraseology nor crop his hair. One of those who signed the death warrant of King Charles, he yet was so aloof from and critical of Cromwell that he held no office under the Protectorate, and finally died a prisoner in 1664.

Also received: E. H. COOPER'S *Sent to the Rescue*, Ward, Lock and Co., 3*s*. 6*d*. REV. D. WHINCUP'S *Training of Life*, 2*s*., seven excellent sermons on the Pilgrim's Progress, and Mrs. THOMAS' *Early History of Israel*, 2*s*. 6*d*., an illustrated and readable handbook, both from Longmans. *Dictionary of Hygiene*, Kingzett and Homfray, 2*s*. 6*d*. F. TYRRELL-GILL'S *Turner*, 2*s*. 6*d*., one of Messrs. Methuen's little Books on Art, well illustrated, and with unusually full data in its letterpress. *Tennyson's Poems from* 1830 *to* 1859. Newnes' thin paper Classics, 3*s*. 6*d*.; a really wonderful volume for its small bulk and cost, containing five-sixths of Tennyson's poetry, in clear type and pocketable form.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

BRADSHAW RAILWAY PUZZLES

TWENTY-ONE PRIZES.

List No. 3

Find the quickest way of getting by rail from:—

17. Queenborough to Queensferry.
18. Retford to Ross (Hereford).
19. Stratford-on-Avon to Strathpeffer.
20. Teignmouth to Tamworth.
21. Ulverston to Uppingham.
22. Vowchurch to Varteg.
23. Wroxham to Wrexham.
24. York to Yoker.

N.B.—State:—

1st. The route, naming all stations where change has to be made.

2nd. The times of starting and arrival.

3rd. The whole time occupied.

All other particulars, together with Lists 1 and 2 of the Puzzle Journeys, will be found on pp. 602 and 697.

Answers to the above questions must be sent in to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., not later than August 1st. The coupon to be found on the Contents page must be affixed. The word "Bradshaw" must be written outside envelope.

Photos by *Mrs. Ellen E. M*

STOCKS

Rochdale, Lancashire.

Moncton.

Eyam, Derbyshire.

Grappenhall, Cheshire.

Lymm, Cheshire.

Our Chess Page

Summer Solving Tourney Problems

We are offering **Three Guineas** in prizes for the best sets of solutions of problems to be published during the months June, July, and August, 1904. For conditions see page 703.

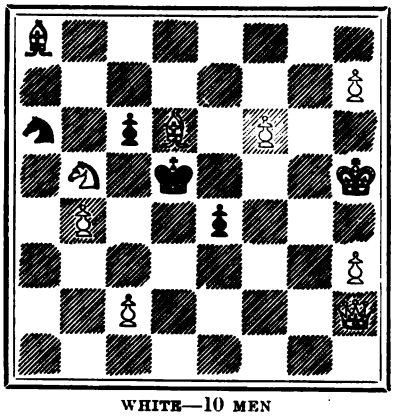
Here are three more problems, solutions of which, together with those of Nos. A and B, must be sent in by August 1st.

These problems are also included in the Competition for the Gold and Silver Medals offered in February last. (*See page* 348.)

C

Indian Prince

BLACK—4 MEN



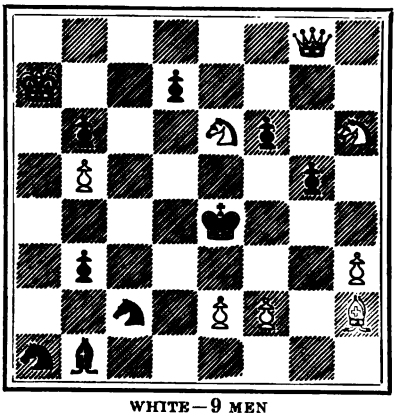
WHITE—10 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

D

Marc Antony

BLACK—9 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS (Key moves only).

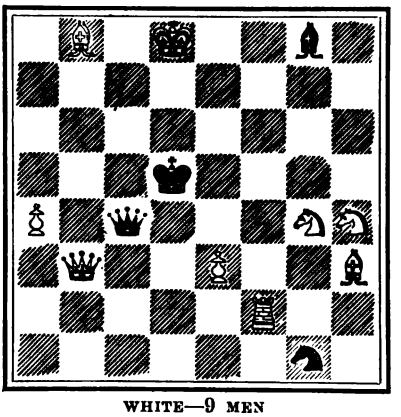
Problems Nos. 11 to 17.

No. 11. Q—Kt 5.
,, 12. R—K B 5.
,, 13. R—K Kt sq.
,, 14. Kt—B 3. (This problem has called forth much admiration.)
,, 15. Q—Q B 7.
,, 16. K—B 7.
,, 17. R—B 6.

E

"Bright Spark"

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions received from—

H. Balson and A. Watson (Nos. 11—17); F. W. Atchinson (11—15); E. Atfield (11—13); Col. Forbes (11, 13, 14, 15[1]); E. T. George (12 and 13); A. J. Head (11, 13, 14, 15); H. W. Holland (13—15); W. Mears (11—13); Percy Osborn (12—17); John A. Roberts (9—17); R. G. Thomson (11—15); E. Thompstone (12—15); J. D. Tucker (11—15); Roger J. Wright (11—15).

Several solvers gave Q—K B 4 as the key to No. 11, overlooking the fact that it is defeated by Kt—Kt 4 ch. The problem deserves all the commendation bestowed upon it, and perhaps rather more.

A correspondent kindly informs us that problem No. 11 (March) was composed by Mr. F. M. Teed, of New York, and No. 13 was by Mr. H. F. L. Meyer.

[1] By, doubtless, a clerical error an impossible key was given to No. 12.

Mrs. Baird's Retractors.

Solution to No. 4.

White R was on Q 6 replace R.
Black K was on Q 5 and × P on K 3, replace K and P.
and play black K—B 4.
Then R × R dis Mate.

Solutions received for No. 3. *Prize winner:*—H. Hosey Davis, 143 Sefton Park Road, Bristol.

The next in order of time were from Percy Osborn and J. D. Tucker, and later correct solutions from—F. W. Atchinson, H. Balson, J. Chadwick, Colonel Forbes, Geo. M. Norman, Basil Spooner, E. Thompstone, R. G. Thomson, A. Watson, Jas. White, E. J. Winter-Wood, Rev. Roger J. Wright.

No. 4. Up to going to press, correct solutions have been received from—H. Balson, J. Chadwick, H. Hosey Davis, John A. Roberts, Jas. White, E. J. Winter-Wood, Rev. Roger J. Wright.

Mrs. Baird has very kindly sent us a further batch of retractors which will afford the subject for another Competition. The first will appear next month.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

Photos by *E. W. Jarvis*

VIEWS AT KNARESBOROUGH

1. BOATING ON THE RIVER NIDD. 2. THE RAILWAY VIADUCT. 3. THE CAFÉ HOUSEBOAT
4. DROPPING WELL. 5. PARISH CHURCH AND VILLAS. 6. RUINS OF THE CASTLE. 7. KIRKGATE

Copyright reserved by the artist

WHEN THE BOATS ARE AWAY

MR. WALTER LANGLEY'S CORNISH PICTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

Mr. Walter Langley, R.I., is a native of Birmingham, and began his career as a lithographer. He settled at Newlyn in 18[illegible]. He has received gold medals for painting from Paris and Chicago, and he painted an autograph portrait by invitation of the directorate for the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence.

For King and Country

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—"THE SHADOW OF PARTING"

THE garden of the "Red House" sloped down to the river, and the river fell into the sea within a long stone's-throw of Major Beauchamp's drawing-room windows. When he had been sent to the depôt at Haverford from the glaring hot island in the Mediterranean that is one of England's fortresses, his friends had told him that he would dislike the place and the people who dwelt there. But Major Beauchamp and his wife turned to England with a longing born of six years' absence and exile. No one who has not followed the drum in a foreign land under alien skies, can realise the joy of waking under a grey, sunless expanse of cloud, and sleeping in the cool dusk of a night fresh with English winds and English scents.

They had come quietly to Haverford with their two children, Peggy and Stephen, and had settled down in the old ramshackle house that no one would willingly rent, since it was old-fashioned and out of repair, save a soldier who must take what fortune offers him.

The "Red House" was built outside the town of Haverford, which was a fashionable north coast watering-place. But although the tram-lines passed very close to the old garden bordered with lilacs, yet none of the tourists who flocked to the parade and ate shrimps upon the pier ever found their way up to that quiet corner by the river!

When Stephen had come to Haverford, he was a delicate child of seven years old, weakened by a long residence in Malta, but now he was as robust as his five-year-old sister, who, having been born abroad, had not felt the stress of the climate so greatly.

But now Major Beauchamp's appointment at the depôt had expired, and he was daily awaiting the orders that might take him to any corner of the globe where the English Artillery officer guards the coast and looks across the sea line from the grim forts where the muzzles of the great guns lie concealed.

The garden of the "Red House" was looking its best that bright May day, for lilac and laburnum were out in gay profusion, and over the gate the white horse-chestnut had lighted its pale tapers. Mrs. Beauchamp was sitting at work at the open drawing-room window. She was a pretty woman, of little more than thirty, with a fresh complexion and graceful figure, that went far towards making up the charm that was completed in the pathos of her brown eyes and the tender lines of her mouth. In the garden she could see two little blue serge figures dodging under the trees, where she knew that Stephen and Peggy were busy planting seeds that were never destined to come up, since they were sown in defiance of all rules of horticulture. There was a distant clattering among the pots and pans where Patty the cook was at work, and a melodious whistle from the pantry where Beck, the soldier-servant, was polishing the silver with all the misdirected ardour of a man who has only been accustomed to clean things that required physical violence. The bees were humming in the Pirus japonica round the window, and the bed of hyacinths in the centre of the walk was sending out a delicious fragrance in the soft air.

Mrs. Beauchamp was stitching many thoughts into Peggy's frock, many of them anxious ones. Where would her husband be ordered, and what would become of the children if the station was an unhealthy one? Would there be any difficulty in meeting the expenses of the move, and what about her gowns should their new home be in a smart garrison town?

There are few soldiers who are blessed with means sufficiently large to set them above the many anxieties of life, and perhaps the only trouble so far in Mrs. Beauchamp's happy married career had been that ready money was often unattainable, and that it was hard to see her

husband deprived of many of a man's usual interests because wife and children absorbed the income that often seemed so very minute. She was not so deeply wrapped in a brown study but that she heard his step in the hall, and called to him gladly:

"Oh, Harry, how early you have come home: I am so glad."

But when she saw his face, she put down her stitching and ran to him with open arms: "It has come, dear—I can read it in your eyes—and it is—somewhere—where we cannot all go together?"

Her face was hidden on his shoulder, and he put his arms about her.

"Maye darling, it is Barrackpore—not a good station. It means separation for us for the first time."

"But not for you and me," she said quickly, "I can go with you."

"But—the children cannot."

Oh, happy English fathers and mothers who never have to look separation in the face, who can always spend your lives together, do you reflect that there are others less happy, whose lives are often spent in fear, lest children or dear ones should be parted from them?

"Ah! Stephen and Peggy." Mrs. Beauchamp's voice was steady, but her husband could feel the quiver that ran through her.

"You must stay with them, dear wife; you cannot leave them."

"Harry, my first duty is to you—my first joy to be with you."

He held her away from him for a moment and looked down into the shadowed depths of her eyes. She looked bravely back at him with a smile, for if her heart was breaking, he should never know it.

"But who can we leave them with, Maye? We must sail in a fortnight."

He sat down, and she took her old chair again, feeling that she could better bear the strain with the needle in her restless fingers and Peggy's frock on her knee.

"Neither you nor I have any relations who would take them. Ethel has too large a family, and Willie dislikes children. But do you remember that Mrs. Brown told us last week that she had some friends who were anxious to eke out their income by taking children whose parents were in India? Should you think much of Mrs. Brown's opinion?"

Maye lent a swift thought to the memory of the doctor's wife at Haverford, who was a lady of many aspects, and of a turn of mind that reminded her acquaintances forcibly of an acidulated drop, since she was so unexpectedly sweet at odd moments.

"I think she would be kind and trustworthy where children are concerned," Mrs. Beauchamp said gently; "and besides that, I think her friends lived near Mitcham in Suffolk, where your aunt Elizabeth lives, and she could look after the darlings occasionally and see that they were well and happy."

Major Beauchamp smiled a little, unseen, for his aunt Lady Elizabeth Marillier was a woman who had seldom been known to do anything for her relations that entailed any personal trouble, but he said nothing to his wife.

"We will go over to-morrow and make inquiries, Maye," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "But perhaps to-morrow you will have found that you cannot leave the children?"

Mrs. Beauchamp laid one white hand upon his brown one.

"Dear," she said, "when I married you, I said, 'till death do us part.' I have always tried in everything to keep my marriage vows."

Major Beauchamp leaned forward with sudden tenderness.

"My dear, you have been the best wife in the world to me," he said, and they sat silent, hand in hand, for a few moments.

In at the window buzzed an impertinent bee, flying heavily into a great bowl of roses that stood on a side-table. The bee knew nothing save of sunlight and the yellow hearts of honey-laden flowers, and if he thought of anything, he might have wondered why it was that two people who ought to have been outside in the May sunlight when all the world should be happy, were sitting with the shadow all about them, in silent sorrow.

Outside in the garden, Stephen had put a flower-pot on his head and was drilling Peggy, while the sparrows were thoroughly enjoying the Campanula seed in the little furrow that the end of a wooden sword had turned up.

"You never will do 'Right, turn!' properly, Peggy," said Stephen with severe resignation. "Sometimes I think that girls brains must be all wrong: they never can do things right."

Peggy's blue eyes peered out at him from under the pink frills of her sun-bonnet.

STEPHEN'S QUICK EYES SAW THAT THERE WERE TEARS ON HIS MOTHER'S LASHES

"Oh, but, Stephen," she said, "sometimes you says I do quite nice things, like s'gestin' 'bout havin' the barracks in the green-house, and makin' the white rats into sergeants."

"Oh yes; sometimes you are almost clever."

The patronage of his approval brought a radiant smile to the piquant little face, and Peggy hugged herself with delight.

"Daddy's come back," she said. "I heard his sword clatterin' as Beck took it off in the hall."

"We shall soon have to leave this place, Peg," Stephen said suddenly. "I shan't like going, shall you?"

Peggy's lips fell in an ominous quiver: "We shall come back again though."

She could not distinctly remember any other home, and had hardly grown accustomed to the fact that she was one of the rovers of the world.

"We shall never come back again. It will be the same as it was when we left Malta. I cried because we left Denham behind—he was the soldier-servant, and the nice fat cook Salvo, only he was funny sometimes when he made caramel pudding by hotting the poker and laying it on the top of the sugar. I don't think mother knew. But don't cry, Peg, that's silly. We shall go to a much nicer place than Haverford, where we can hear the bugles all day, and where p'raps there'll be a hundred-ton gun behind the house like there was in Malta, that breaks the windows when it goes off."

But as this prospect presented no charm for Peggy, who was merely alarmed, he kissed her tears away and dried her eyes with a minute pocket-handkerchief.

"Come and see mummy," he said, "p'raps she'll let you have Molly."

"Molly" was a large and florid wax doll, reserved for special occasions, and the very thought of her roused Peggy from grief at once. She put her hand into her brother's and they trotted off together, their small feet noiseless upon the grass.

"Muvver!"

Mrs. Beauchamp sprang to her feet and ran out into the garden, where she fell on her knees by the side of the little figure and caught Peggy to her heart.

"What is it, my sweet?" she said, with her face hidden against the yellow curls.

Stephen's quick eyes saw that there were tears on his mother's lashes even before she put her arms round him and drew him close to her. But he said nothing, for he was afraid of distressing her, and in his small soul there was a depth of unselfishness unguessed at even by his mother.

"Have the orders come, mother?" he said quickly.

Mrs. Beauchamp nodded: "You will have to take care of Peggy, my son. Father and I cannot take you two with us: you would be frizzled up like the little nigger boys in India."

She spoke so lightly that Peggy laughed, and it was only Stephen who read the tragedy that underlay her brave words.

"Mother, where shall we live, Peggy and me?"

"With some nice kind people, dear. Father and I shall soon be home again, and time passes so quickly when one is young."

There was the tramp of many marching feet in Stephen's head: tramp—tramp! Were they the years passing by like a squadron of cavalry, the years that he was convinced must pass before his mother came home again?

Still with her face on Peggy's curls, Mrs. Beauchamp told him of her trust in her little son and of the happiness of the weekly letters, and of the wonderful presents that she would send to her children; and at last Stephen laughed too, with Peggy, till the garden rang with merriment, and Major Beauchamp put his head out of the window to share in the fun.

But that night, when the children were asleep, Mrs. Beauchamp could give way to her grief. Her husband was dining over at the Mess at a "farewell dinner" given in honour of one of the boy subalterns of the regiment who was sailing next day for South Africa. She could hear their voices faintly floating across the narrow strip of river in the still air, and the chorus of the song that they were shouting: "He's a jolly good fellow"—the time-honoured salutation to departing heroes. She pressed her burning forehead against the window-pane for a moment, hearing far off as in a dream the voice of Gunner Beck conversing spasmodically to Patty on the wonders of India and the beauty of its graceful brown women. Then she opened the door of the nursery very softly and went in.

Peggy was lying with her arms flung out of bed, round and dimpled upon the quilt: but it was to Stephen's side that Mrs

Beauchamp crept in silence. They were so much to one another, the mother and son, each with such a capacity for love and unselfishness, each with such a passionate sense of the beauty and the justice that should go towards the making of a perfect life. Maye Beauchamp put out her hand tenderly to smooth back the hair from the hot forehead, and stooping, found that there were tears upon his black lashes. She knew what had brought them there, but she did not cry out against her lot; only, with the quiet heroism of a soldier's wife, she folded her hands and prayed that God would keep her children when they passed into other hands.

If she endured her bitterest hour of agony alone in that silent room, there was no trace of her suffering upon her face when her husband returned, but only a light in her eyes as of clear shining after rain.

CHAPTER II

"As the earth when leaves are dead;
As the night when sleep is sped;
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left, love—alone."

THE next day when Peggy and Stephen had gone out for a walk with their daily governess, Major and Mrs. Beauchamp started for their visit to Mrs. Brown, that was to decide so much that was momentous in their lives. Mrs. Brown lived in a small house in the very centre of Haverford, which was gay with pink curtains and muslin blinds, and painted outside a pale sea-green colour, that made it a very brilliant object of attraction in the street. She herself was a very gushing lady, whose one trouble in life was the increasing size of her waist, and who regarded the fact that she had no children as a very unfortunate circumstance indeed, since she alone knew how to bring up young people in the way in which they should go. She disapproved of Peggy and Stephen Beauchamp, in so far as she considered them forward little people, who received far too much attention from their elders, and were in need of snubbing; and they returned the compliment by always regarding her with silent scorn when she crossed their path.

She was "At Home" to society in Haverford every Wednesday, and was sitting up behind her starched window-blinds, clad in a gown of violet silk, when Major and Mrs. Beauchamp knocked quietly at her door. There was no one in the room with their hostess when they entered, but they found her—though it was very early in the afternoon—sitting behind a massive silver tray on which were heaped cakes and buns in a dazzling variety, flanked by a wonderful Crown Derby tea-service of royal scarlet and blue.

"Dear me! And so you are really going to India, after all?" said Mrs. Brown when she had shaken hands with her visitors, and had poured out tea and discussed the weather and one or two other topics. "Such a nuisance for you to be so thoroughly uprooted. And what are you going to do with the children?"

"That is what is troubling us," said Major Beauchamp steadily. "We have less than a fortnight's notice, and we have no idea who will look after Peggy and Stephen."

"Then why not send them to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bland?" cried Mrs. Brown triumphantly. "They are charming people, and when I mentioned them to you, I wondered really whether you would ever need their help for your own children."

"We have so little time to make their acquaintance," faltered Mrs. Beauchamp. "Would they—would they be kind to Peggy and Stephen?"

"My dear Mrs. Beauchamp, I can answer for them with the utmost confidence," said Mrs. Brown glibly. "They are delightful people in every way, and are devoted to children."

"Then they are personal friends of your own?" Major Beauchamp was so anxious that he hardly knew what he was saying. "They are people whom we should in every way think desirable for our children to be with?"

"My dear Major Beauchamp, is it not enough to say they are personally known to me?"

Mrs. Brown was evidently ruffled in her feelings, and Mrs. Beauchamp hastened to avert what might have been a cause of some offence.

"Of course we do not mean anything slighting to your friends," she said in her gentle winning way: "it is only that we are so terribly anxious about anything that concerns our children—and we have heard sad things about people who take Indian children."

"Oh, I quite understand." Mrs. Brown's face cleared at once. "Mr. and Mrs. Bland were friends of my sisters, and they lost all their money in some unfortunate speculation, and as they had not been brought up to earn their living in any way, they had to do what they could. They have a little poultry farm in Suffolk, a nice old-fashioned place, and are most anxious to hear of some children to look after, like your two."

"My husband has an aunt living near there—Lady Elizabeth Marillier," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "She is not at home just now, but she could always see how the children were getting on and let us know."

"Of course, of course; and you can go down with them. I will write to the Blands to-night;" and after some discussion it was settled that on the strength of Mrs. Brown's warm recommendation, Peggy and Stephen were to be taken to Frittingham in a few days' time and left there, since there was so much to be done before the transport sailed, and so little time to complete everything, and to procure outfits for Major Beauchamp and his wife.

"I may perhaps be able to come home in eighteen months' time," said Mrs. Beauchamp with an attempt at cheerfulness, as she bade her hostess good-bye. "But I feel sure that you would not have recommended any home for my children that you were not perfectly sure they would be happy in?"

Her pathetic eyes sought Mrs. Brown's face, learning nothing from the smile that wreathed the sharp features in a perpetual mask of amiability.

"My dear Mrs. Beauchamp, how can you imagine that I should deceive you in any way? I assure you that the charm of your dear children makes me most anxious for their welfare."

She talked so agreeably on the subject for the short time they remained with her, that Maye Beauchamp went away comforted in her heart, and sure that the children were to be happily provided for.

That night, when Dr. Brown came home from his rounds, tired out and exhausted by hours of hard work, he found his wife waiting for him, with a satisfied expression on her face that he knew heralded some successful piece of business performed on her part.

He was a short man who was inclined to stoutness, and he divested himself slowly and breathlessly of his overcoat, waiting for the eager news that was somehow so long in coming.

"Well, Caroline," he said at last, "what has happened to-day? You look brimming over with suppressed excitement."

"John, my dear, do you remember the Blands?"

Dr. Brown nodded, for the recollection was not an agreeable one for him.

"I remember them," he said briefly, "very well."

"And you know that they certainly did help us out of an awkward hole that time in London?"

Dr. Brown nodded again, frowning a little.

"You see, John, they were rich then and we were poor; and do you remember we vowed that if ever we got the chance to help them we would? It is always horrid to be under an obligation to any one, is it not?"

"I suppose so. I should, at any rate, be very glad to help the Blands."

"And I have done so," cried Mrs. Brown triumphantly. "My dear John—I have repaid them ten times over, and we need not feel bothered about our obligation to them again."

"Have you lent them money?" Dr. Brown's voice was full of astonishment, for he knew his wife's character sufficiently well to be sure that she could not willingly have done so; "or perhaps you have induced some one else to help them?"

"That is certainly more likely; and for once you have guessed right in a way."

Mrs. Brown laughed a little as she led the way to the dining-room.

"Major and Mrs. Beauchamp are going to India at once, and I have persuaded them to leave their children with the Blands. Little spoiled monkeys they are too, and a little timely severity will do them no harm."

"Then you have done very wrong, Caroline," said the doctor nervously, "for you know nothing of the Blands, save that they helped us for old time's sake many years ago. You know certainly that Mrs. Bland has a bad temper, and that her husband cares for nothing outside his books, but of their qualification as caretakers of little children you know absolutely nothing. I must insist, Caroline, on your telling the Beauchamps the extent of your acquaintance with the Blands. Why, those little children might be unhappy."

A very tender spot in the doctor's heart was reserved for every child of his acquaintance, and Peggy and Stephen had unconsciously won their way into the softest corner of it.

"My good man," returned Mrs. Brown contemptuously, "my letter to the Blands was posted an hour ago, and besides that, any one can look after a child, and it is a real charity to help poor people. Major Beauchamp has an aunt or some relation in the neighbourhood, who will give them an eye occasionally."

"You have done wrong, Caroline," said the doctor uncomfortably.

"I am not afraid, John; and anyhow, the Beauchamps can see for themselves whether they like the place or not, and as they are going to pay very well, we shall have put an end to any obligation towards the Blands that we may have felt. And besides that, we shall never see the Beauchamps again. Army people are like birds of passage—here to-day and gone to-morrow."

And as her husband still shook his head she grew angry, and he ended, as usually happened, by regretting that he had ever spoken to her on the subject. She knew how to make his life uncomfortable in the way that only a nagging woman can do, and he was weak enough to consent to anything for the sake of his peace of mind.

When he was alone that night in the quiet of his study Dr. Brown gave way to his thoughts. Life had not represented an unceasing round of pleasure to him since the day that he had married Caroline Ashe, and had submitted his conscience and his courage into her hands. She had swamped his individuality, and had soured a nature that might have been a strong one had it not been naturally timid and sensitive. He knew now that his wife was wrong, and yet he could not resist her, for he had allowed her to have her own way for so long that to thwart it would mean a moral upheaval.

"I hope they'll be all right," he said at last. "Poor little souls!" and he went up-stairs heavily, to think and wonder, until heavy sleep overpowered his tired brain, and he slept the sleep of the country doctor who is afraid that every moment the night-bell will call him to work again.

The next few days seemed like a dream to Peggy and Stephen, for their parents had begun to pack at once, the house was given up, and every one seemed too busy to have time to look after them at all. Children like the bustle and excitement of a move, and it is delightful to them to see strange possessions unearthed in some dark cupboard that they had long ago given up as lost. But Stephen was old enough to realise what separation meant, and if he kept a stiff upper lip, it was only that he remembered that soldiers never cry, except when they are alone in the dark and no one can see them. He hated having to say good-bye to the little sweet-shop opposite the gate, to a mouse in the conservatory that he had tamed, and finally to Patty the cook who had to be left behind, and whose announcement of her engagement to the master tailor at the barracks only raised a momentary thrill of delight in Stephen's breast. He would never be able to look from the attic window that was his own, far out to sea, and watch the dipping sails as the herring-boats ran up the coast, or see the great red lamp of the light-ship blazing like a watchful eye upon the ribs of dangerous sands. There were mysterious histories, too, connected with all the shimmer of light and cliff outline—and these he would have to leave behind him. He knew the exact moment when the evening star suddenly shot out of the blue heaven and shone like a steadfast beacon in the west. Perhaps the star would miss the little white figure in the narrow iron bed? Perhaps something of sympathy would pass out of its brilliant life, for Stephen kissed his hand to it every night, and was anxious to think that some one would miss him. Of course he would see the stars at Frittingham, but he was not sure even that it would be the same star, or at any rate that his bed would overlook so fair an evening scene.

He was silent when they drove away, for there are moments when a child feels as acutely as a grown-up being, and has not the language at his command to express his thoughts.

Peggy was full of chattering curiosity—a bright-faced baby under her pink sunbonnet, and Major and Mrs. Beauchamp were quietly cheerful. Beck bade them good-bye at the carriage door with an unclouded brow.

"Good-bye to you, Master Stephen," he said. "I've an uncle what owns a wherry down Frittingham way, and it won't be long afore I come and look you up, and you too, Missie, and maybe I'll bring some

of Patty's cakes with me, though I misdoubt she'll be too proud to bake them when she's married Sergeant McKinnon."

Stephen put out a chill little hand—

"Good-bye, Beck," he said. "Peggy and me 'll be pleased to see you again, and thank you for the knife, and I'm so glad it can cut wire."

The gunner's honest face clouded as the carriage disappeared in a whirl of dust, for one of the characteristics of the British soldier is his passionate devotion to children, and a dogged loyalty that never fails where the sons of his officers are concerned. And he read the trouble in Stephen's eyes that no one else had time to see, and he wished that he could have gone away to far-off Frittingham with the two little ones.

"If any one hurts you in the Major's absence," he said, apostrophising the empty house, "that person will wish he hadn't ever come into the world; and if any one does you an unkindness, I'll tell Patty what I think of her a-trapesing off with a soldier instead of telling the mistress as she would not ever leave them. I've no patience with women-folk now-a-days—that I haven't. All for theirselves they are and their comforts, and nothing at all for their masters and mistresses. Now I'll wager that if a poor gunner had asked her to marry him there'd a been a toss of her head. But when it comes to a master tailor——"

Beck's feelings becoming too much for him at this moment, he flung himself with ardour into the work of sweeping out the rubbish of the deserted house, and speedily forgot Patty and all her want of appreciation, that had hurt his self-esteem more than he would in any way allow.

Stephen leaned out of the window to catch a last look at Haverford as the train steamed out of the station.

"What are you doing, my boy?" said Major Beauchamp gently. "Come and help Peg with this beautiful new book of 'Puss in Boots.' Look! the pictures do all sorts of funny things!"

Stephen moved obediently over to his sister's side.

"I was saying good-bye to the sea, daddy," he said quietly. "There is one time when the sun always makes a yellow ladder just under the cliff, and sometimes I think there is a cave there which has wonderful things in it, but no one has ever been into it except me in my dreams."

The eyes of the husband and wife met over the child's golden head, and then Maye Beauchamp drew Stephen to her and kissed him.

"Go on with your dreaming, my son," she said; "it keeps your mind stored with pretty thoughts, and you can tell them to Peggy."

"Muvver," said Peggy suddenly, with an air of great determination, "when I am a big woman, I shall dress just like 'Puss in Boots.' It would be so nice and cool."

"Oh, Peggy, you'd look just like the little yellow cat at home—I mean at Haverford. I hope some one will take care of her now; she will miss us to-night when she comes for her saucer of milk."

"There will be a new cat at Frittingham," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "I believe that Mrs. Bland has two blue Persian kittens with long fur."

And in the joy of considering the future, that held unlimited possibilities of Persian kittens, Stephen and Peggy plucked up their spirits again.

CHAPTER III

"As we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry."

MOTHER was gone; the brief agony of farewell was over; the last day and night spent together in the new home, and Stephen and Peggy began to look about them and take up their lives again with all the cheerfulness of a child's nature.

Frittingham was a charming little village in the wilds of Suffolk, within touch of the North Sea spume, near enough to the coast to get the fresh sting of the sea tempered by the inland breeze, and instinct with a charm of its own. It was a quaint little place, set under a ridge of higher cliff-land wooded to the top of the slope, and before it stretched the wide valley of the marshes. Through the marshes, flat and green and lush with wild orchids, flowering sedges and heavy-scented meadow-sweet, the river wound like a broad silver ribbon. From far away, a man walking on the slope would see the sudden flash of a sail apparently moving through the fields where the brown canvas of a wherry caught the breeze. At night the call of the bargemen, as they tacked round every bend, fell plaintively on the quiet air, and the rattle

and strain of the cordage and flap of the sail made a quiet harmony with the cry of the nightjar and the delicious music of the nightingale.

Suffolk in summer-time is a place full of enchantment and delight. It is in the winter, when the wind blows dead from the east with a harshness in the air that is characteristic of the eastern counties, that Suffolk is at its worst.

But Stephen and Peggy came to the place in June, and the month of roses is peculiarly sweet in that county. Mr. and Mrs. Bland lived in a quaint old house called the "Manor Farm," and the charm of the red gables covered with ivy and the Jacobean stacks of chimneys had won their way to Mrs. Beauchamp's impressionable heart when she first saw them. There was a long, undulating stretch of field round the house, set with clumps of fine oaks here and there, and the poultry run at the back was not too evident to be unsightly, with its neat black coops and red outbuildings that were the evidence of what had once been a fine farmstead.

Mr. and Mrs. Bland were wreathed in smiles for the twenty-four hours in which the house held Major and Mrs. Beauchamp, and if there was a dawning doubt in Maye's mind as to the lurking ill-humour about Mrs. Bland's mouth, she thrust the suspicion away from her resolutely.

One strong maid-of-all-work kept the place clean, and Mrs. Bland vowed that children were her delight, since her only daughter had grown up and married and gone away, and that Peggy should be under her own care. She held out hopes, too, that her grandchildren, the little Warrens, would come to stay now and again, and would be nice companions for her charges; and Mrs. Beauchamp hoped that so plausible a manner was the real outcome of a genuine child-lover's nature.

"You need be anxious about nothing, I can assure you," Mrs. Bland said, with a wave of her thin hand. "The dear little things will be a real comfort to me. Mr. Bland is so concerned with the book he is writing that I seldom see him, and their little lessons and doings will fill my life."

"You must sometimes be lonely if you are so fond of children," Mrs. Beauchamp said earnestly; "and I am going to trust you, and will pray that as you act towards my little ones, so God will act to you."

She had said this over their cots the night before as she stood looking down at them in the half light, and Mrs. Bland had assured her again that she would be kinder to them even than their own mother.

A child's tears are soon dried, and the antics of two kittens that were blue Persians of the most engaging description made Peggy think the Manor Farm a most entrancing place, and even induced Stephen to forget his sorrow for a time. Mrs. Bland watched them through the window for a moment or two, for she was making pastry in the kitchen.

"A real handful those children will prove to be, no doubt, but I never spoiled Celia, and I am not going to spoil these. It's a good job that that aunt of theirs, Lady Elizabeth Marillier, is in Switzerland, for I could not bear to have her poking her nose in and out of my arrangements. I did hear yesterday that she was not likely to return to these parts at all, and I am not sorry."

She slapped the pastry viciously down on the board as though she had Lady Elizabeth under her strong hand, and was glad. Then she called through the window—

"Don't keep hanging about there, children, for goodness' sake, and don't go and disturb the sitting hens that are in the yard on the pheasants' eggs. Get along out for a walk up the field till dinner-time."

"Yes," said Stephen obediently, as he took his sister's hand and trotted up the path.

Mrs. Bland looked sharply after them for a moment to see whether they avoided the forbidden precincts, then took her way up-stairs and speedily forgot them in an exciting hunt through their boxes to discover which of their large stock of garments would fit her own grandchildren. For, she argued to herself, it was absurd that children of Peggy's and Stephen's ages should possess so many and such dainty clothes when other children had to do without them—a line of argument which was difficult to follow, and when followed did not appear to be satisfactory.

She sat enviously surveying the pile of lawn and cambric that comprised Peggy's wardrobe, and the strong serge sailor suits that Stephen affected. She felt no touch of pity for the gentle motherly hands that had gathered the little trousseaux together, and she had no thought for the tears that had been shed over the fine stitching, nor

"AT IT AGAIN," JANE MUTTERED

for the all-loving motherhood that had suffered in leaving the little children so short a time before. Mrs. Bland was one of those women who are constantly at war with fate, and because of the sudden loss of her fortune owing to an unwise speculation, she had never ceased to rail against her lot, in which she included her useless husband. She always allowed that poverty had disturbed her mental equilibrium. She might have also acknowledged that it had deprived her of her last residue of honesty in things large and small, though it was perhaps doubtful whether she had ever possessed what might have been called honour in any sense at all.

Jane the maid peeped at her through the door while she sat absorbed, and the contemptuous expression that crossed the honest good-tempered face as she became aware of her occupation yielded to no surprise.

"At it again," Jane muttered, as she crept down the steep stairs with her apron full of the apples she had come up to the attic to fetch. "She's a caution, is the mistress, and I verily believe she'd go through my boxes now and again if I didn't keep them locked. Poor children, poor little souls; if I can ever make up to 'em in any way, it'll be a rare treat."

She fingered the half-crown in her pocket that Maye Beauchamp had pushed into her red fingers that morning, with an unspoken request written in her sad eyes that Jane's honest heart interpreted at once.

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," she said, "if I get the chance I'll make 'em happy, poor little souls," and the womanly sympathy

on her broad face made her for the moment almost beautiful in Maye Beauchamp's eyes.

Meanwhile Stephen and Peggy had crossed the garden walk under the study window, where Mr. Bland sat in solemn isolation writing a book on monumental brasses that no one would ever want to read. His bald head and near-sighted eyes peering so closely over the paper gave him an odd appearance, and Peggy shrank closer to her brother.

"Is he a wizard, do you think, Teeven? Why does he wear robes like Jack the Giant-killer ogre?"

Stephen looked at the dirty red Indian dressing-gown into which Mr. Bland had subsided now that the Beauchamps had departed. The tarnished gold-and-red smoking-cap had evidently been a purchase at the same time, and the room in which Mr. Bland lurked like a bloated spider in its web was so engrained with dust and rubbish that it had passed as a lumber-room during Maye Beauchamp's inspection of her children's new home.

"No, Peggy, there's no ogres here, and I think there's no fairies," he said mournfully. "Mrs. Bland talks so loud that they couldn't live in this place. They want very gentle voices, you know, Peg, and when Mrs. Bland was telling Jane about the broken saucer just now, why I'm sure they would have heard her at Haverford."

"It makes people hear when people talk loud," said Peggy contentedly. "Perhaps Jane is deaf."

"S'posing Mrs. Bland shouted at you like that if you broke anything," hazarded Stephen.

Peggy stopped short in her trotting steps. "I should go home to Patty," she said decidedly, and Stephen had not the heart to explain that there was no Patty any more.

It was not yet eleven o'clock, for the Beauchamps had made an early start, and the sun was shining on the fresh green of the oak leaves, and dappling the mossy sward beneath with threads of light.

"What shall we do?" he said at last, when the excitement of flinging up brown oak apples at a chattering squirrel had ceased to charm, and a wood-mouse had proved an unsatisfactory playmate, while a frog had indignantly resisted even temporary imprisonment.

"Walk," said Peggy, "to find muvver."

"We might walk for days and days," said Stephen with a quivering lip, "and we couldn't find her. I 'specs she lives under the earth now, with her feet against ours, like we read in a book."

"Couldn't we dig through with my spade?"

Peggy was very hopeful as visions of exciting excavations came to her, but Stephen checked the dream at once.

"If muvver had wanted us she would have took us with her—not have liked us coming through the wrong way up. Besides, Peggy, do you remember when we tried to dig to fire and couldn't even dig to water? And muvver is further than the fire."

"Oh!" said Peggy. "What shall we do?"

"Pay calls like she does."

Peggy slipped her hand into her brother's, for the thought was a brilliant one, and at that moment she would have heralded the arrival of any stranger with interest.

"There are some quite nice houses in the trees," continued Stephen cheerfully, "and if you want to know people, the way is to go and call. Muvver always did."

"Will it be dinner-time?" said Peggy's rosy lips anxiously.

"Oh no; and we might get cake when we are calling. Jane said there wasn't as much dinner as would feed a cockroach, let alone five hungry people. I heard her say so when Mrs. Bland asked her if there was any cold mutton left."

"I don't like cold mutton," whimpered Peggy; "I want my twicken." But thoughts of unwonted excitement in the shape of fresh acquaintances urged her to further attempts at self-control, and she knotted her bonnet-strings more firmly under her chin, and allowed her brother to lead her through the field gate into the road.

Frittingham village lay beyond the Manor Farm, and though it was small in size, yet a few houses of more important condition nestled in their own grounds by the river-bank above the small grey church. Stephen, as he came upon them from the road, gripped Peggy's small hot fingers in his own, and stood surveying the outlook thoughtfully. Then he selected a new-looking, red bungalow house, with a trim green garden leading up to a stained front door, and without hesitation opened the gate. The house and grounds bore evidence of refined occupation, and the rows

of herbaceous plants and the borders of young rose-bushes told of loving hands that had planted them there, with an interest that was full of cunning knowledge. The house itself was a small, red-brick building faced with white, and the dainty curtains that hung across the windows were of cream-coloured muslin, fresh as the day itself.

No one was in sight, and the two children walked up the path unnoticed, with an interest that displayed itself from time to time in little animated remarks.

"There's a big fairy-bell flower, Stephen," cried Peggy, pulling him to where a clump of foxgloves stood up against the sky. She lifted herself upon tip-toe to look into the great white bells, but Stephen pulled her on.

"Muvver never did that when she called in Haverford. We must ring the bell," he said solemnly.

But when they reached the green door there was no sign of any bell, and the knocker that was in the form of a bronze fish was too far up for small hands to reach.

"What shall we do?"

Peggy's lips quivered a little, and she was on the point of tears, but her brother solved the question with a resolute foot, and then sat down on the grass to await events. They arrived in the shape of hurried steps in the hall and a hand upon the latch of the door. Stephen held his breath, for he could hear a high, clear voice within, no doubt talking of him.

"Oh yes, Margaret, it must have been the front door. I heard it quite distinctly. Don't be alarmed, mother dear, it can't be a tramp."

Stephen scrambled up from the grass. He had once seen a tramp, and the memory of the scowling, unsavoury individual in rags with his unkempt hair still remained with him.

"Indeed, I am not a tramp," he said loudly. "It is just Peggy and me come to call."

The door opened immediately as if by magic, and the figure of a girl appeared, framed by the cool dark hall behind her, and by two other faces looking a little anxiously over her shoulder. One glance placed her in full possession of the meaning of the pathetic dusty little figures in front of her, and her tact showed her the best way to treat them.

"How do you do?" she said gravely. "How nice of you to call. Mother, they are just two visitors; I will take them into the drawing-room, and Margaret shall bring them some cake and milk."

There was something about the charm of her sweet serene face as she held out a hand to each that went to the heart of Peggy, and she broke into a sudden wail—

"Oh, muvver, muvver!" and in another moment Stephen had followed suit, in spite of his advanced years and boasted bravery.

In an instant Peggy was whirled up by a pair of tender arms, and Stephen was swept into an enchanting room all furnished in cool green and primrose, where together their new friends dried their tears.

"Come, is that better? I hope you are not in any trouble?" she said, and her voice sounded like the wind blowing through a field of ripe corn at daybreak.

"Muvver went to India this morning," said Stephen's trembling lips, and the new friend understood at once.

"My poor little darlings. Never mind, you must turn all your thoughts to remembering that she will soon come back again. That is the best of people going away from home, you know—they always return; and while she is away we three must be friends. Where are you staying now?"

Peggy's bonnet was off and her yellow curls were being smoothed very gently.

"We are living at the Manor Farm," said Stephen, "and Mrs. Bland has pigs and chickens and a scolding voice."

"At the Manor Farm? Ah!" There was a note of something like dismay in their new friend's voice, but she checked it at once. "I know Mrs. Bland a little, and I will ask her to let me come and see you. But what are your names, you two little pets?"

"Stephen and Peggy Beauchamp; and what is yours, please?"

"My name is Lucinda Sweet."

"Then I shall call you Sweetheart," said Stephen promptly, "for I love you."

They spent the most agreeable half-hour after this, until Lucinda warned them that it was time for them to return to the farm, if they wished to be in time for their dinner. She even volunteered to show them the shortest way across the fields, and they started off from the door in admirable harmony. Margaret, the gaunt, elderly, Scotch servant sped them on their way with a blessing and a piece of cake.

and they had a brief interview with a delicate-looking lady who was lying on a sofa in an inner room.

When they left the old-fashioned garden behind them, they turned up the road at a new angle, which brought them out directly in front of a fine house set in a wooded hollow of the village.

"Who lives in there, Sweetheart?" said Stephen, surveying its handsome solid front and stone terrace on which peacocks were sunning themselves like amethyst bunches of feathers. There was a glimmer, too, of a lake away among the trees, and the shadow of a graceful swan that bowed and nodded under the low hanging willows as though he were admiring himself in the surface of the silver water. "Who lives there, Sweetheart?" said Stephen, looking away up the vista of park seen through the graceful iron-work of the great gates.

"A man who is very unhappy," said Lucinda in a gentle voice. "A man who has everything that he wants except the one thing that makes life worth living. He cannot see—he is blind."

"Do you know him, Sweetheart?"

Lucinda nodded. "Yes, I used to know him very well."

There was something in her voice so mournful that it was almost despairing, and it made Stephen, divining sorrow, look swiftly at her. But Lucinda's eyes were fixed on Peggy's yellow curls, and he could only see the droop of her mouth.

"I am sorry," he said wistfully. "Sweetheart, could we help him, Peggy and me?"

They were standing at the farm gate, and Lucinda's hand was on the topmost bar.

"Why, yes, dear," she answered slowly. "You could help him. You could go and call upon him, you and Peggy, in the same way that you came to me."

"We will," said Stephen, with a resolute nod. "Come along, Peggy, there's Mrs. Bland looking for us; I expect we're late." And Stephen took his sister's hand, and with a hasty kiss to his new friend, trotted off up the field.

"Peggy," he said, "we won't say anything about Sweetheart, 'cept Mrs. Bland asks us. She might say we wasn't to go to her, and I love her now; but of course if we are asked, soldiers always tell the truth."

"Love her too," said Peggy cheerfully, and with an eye to future cake and kisses she promised silence.

CHAPTER IV

"The hearts of the little children are like the sun in heaven,
For through them half the tenderness of this sad world is given."

MRS. BLAND never asked Stephen where he and his sister had spent the first morning of their residence at Frittingham. It was a matter of indifference to her what they did, so long as they gave her no trouble, and it never entered into her head that they would form independent acquaintances of their own. She had made no friends since she came to the village, and had neither sought nor received any advances towards intimacy from any one. It was not her wish that any one should know what went on within the four walls of her house, and even her servant had been chosen from some distance away, so that no blabbing tongues might make free with what concerned the interests of the Manor Farm alone.

She kept a great number of animals that demanded her time and attention, and as she discovered that the Beauchamp children were quiet and independent in their amusements, she impressed upon them the hours at which their meals would be served, and was glad to be rid of them for the long summer mornings when her work occupied her. In the afternoons they were expected to do a little spelling from a dog-eared primer, and to exercise the fox terrier puppies on the lawn in front of the house. There might also be peas to shell, or weeding to do, and she only regretted that Peggy was not old enough to help her in the ironing and folding on washing days. She did teach Stephen to clean the knives and boots and to make himself generally useful, and he did not complain, although now and again he looked ruefully at his little hands, which soon grew rough and hard, and unlike the chubby baby fingers that his mother had left behind her.

Mr. Bland their host appeared at mealtimes, when he seemed to be forcibly dragged to table by his wife, and to regard people with a far-away air as though they were hieroglyphics or monumental brasses. Peggy was frightened of him at first, for he appeared to look through her as though she were transparent, but she grew accustomed to him in time, and watched him eat his salt pork or indifferent mutton with as much relish as though

it had been a dish of truffled ortolans. His wife only addressed him with contemptuous scorn now and again, devoting her whole attention to preventing the children from leaving any scraps on their plates, and discouraging them from taking too much coarse sugar with their porridge.

The food was a trial to Stephen, who had the delicate appetite of a child bred up in a hot climate, and he was punished so often for his daintiness that he began to wonder dismally whether it was a crime to desire finer nourishment than thick hunks of bread and salt butter, and weird slices of meat with fat upon them in unexpected places. Peggy fared better with a certain piquant defiance that ate daintily like a bird and evaded coercion. But she took life less heavily than her brother, and even her sorrows would fall lightly from her shoulders a moment after they had seemed impossible to endure.

There were elements of kindness about Mr. Bland, although he did not seem at first to realise the personality of the children. Sometimes he used to prowl about the house and grounds as though he had suddenly awoke to the fact that they belonged to him. In one of those rambles, during a spell of wet weather that had set in two days after the arrival of the children, he came upon Stephen, framed in the gloom of the knife-door house, cleaning a pair of boots. Perhaps it was the forlorn smallness of the little figure in the blue serge suit that arrested his attention, or perhaps it was some sudden pang of remorse, but the child looked up swiftly to see a stout, spectacled figure in a skull-cap staring at him from the arch of the garden door.

"Good-afternoon," he said politely. "I'm trying to do this properly, but I nearly scraped a hole in your boot, sir."

"Dear me; you're very small for this work," said Mr. Bland in a hollow voice. "I must see about it—see about it."

He shuffled into the house again, striving to keep his mind from wandering from the case in point, and encountered his wife in the passage, panting, after a sharp encounter with Jane, who had given her opinion forcibly on the iniquity of expecting an able-bodied woman with an appetite to subsist on salt fish for dinner three times a week.

"My dear," he said feebly, "surely that child is unfitted for the dirty work of boot cleaning in which he is now engaged. What would his parents—what would——"

Mrs. Bland seemed to be one sudden flame of unexpected anger.

"Go back to your study," she cried. "I will not have you interfering in my business. Who lost every penny of my money in folly, and made me a pauper, I should like to know? You deserve penal servitude, Mr. Bland, and if you don't let me go my own way undisturbed, you will wish that you had had it."

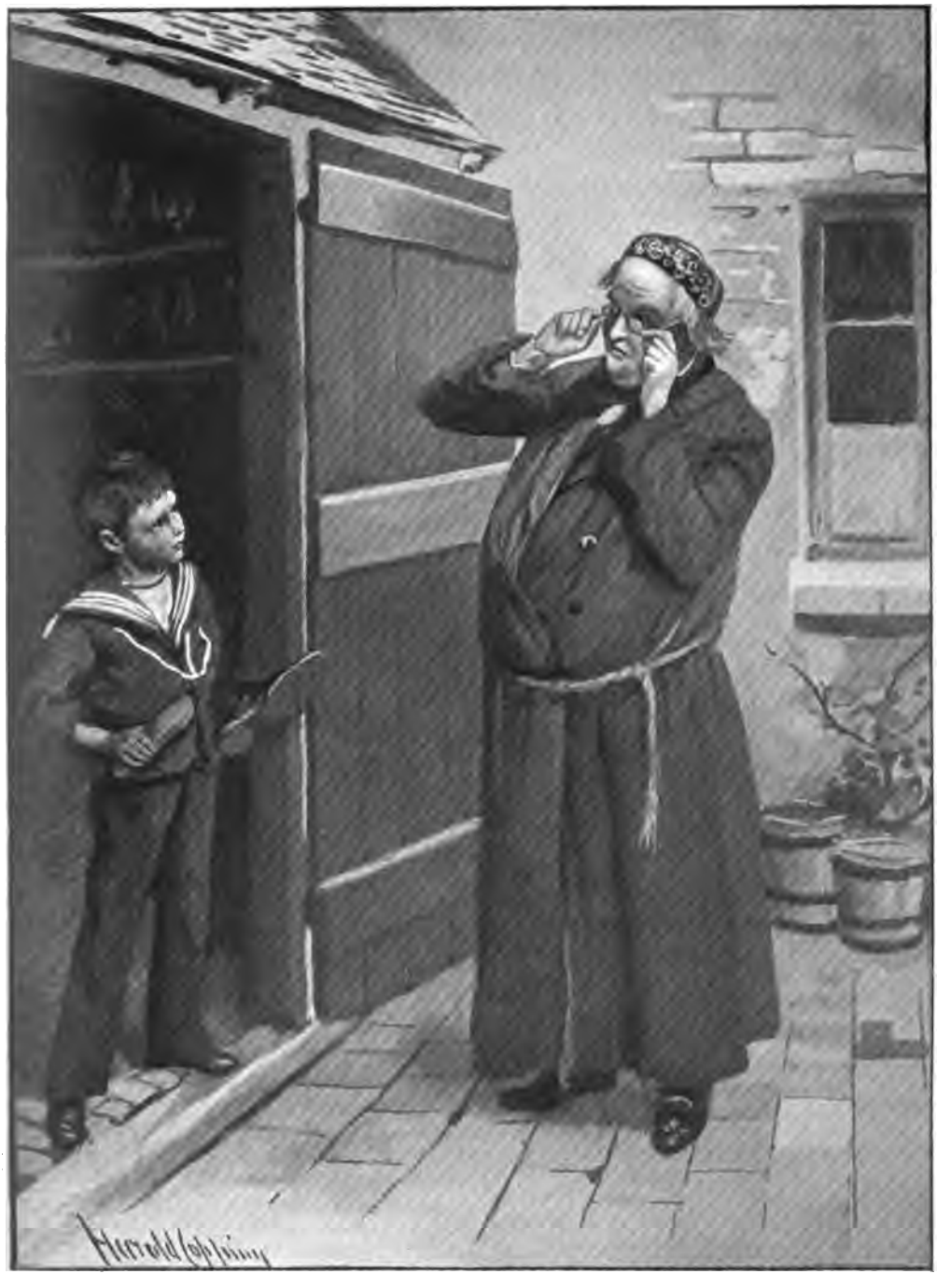
She shook her fist in his face, and he retreated slowly backwards in helpless terror, until his study door shut him out from all the turmoil of a household that he had long ago ceased to hope to control.

A spell of wet weather, of dripping trees, and green lush fields had kept the children in for a day or two after their first visit to Lucinda. She had wondered now and again how they were faring at the Farm—had half determined to ask Mrs. Bland about them, and had finally decided that she could do more good by keeping silence where they were concerned and letting the future shape itself. She did not see them for a few days, but she was too deeply occupied with her own affairs to concern herself much about them, for Mrs. Sweet, who was always more or less of an invalid, had one of her attacks of heart trouble, that prostrated her and left her as weak as a child, and Lucinda found her thoughts engaged with her suffering mother. She lent one or two moments to wondering what had become of the quaint little couple, and Peggy's baby face and Stephen's pathetic eyes haunted her. Once, when there was a knock at the door, she went hastily to it, remembering her little visitors who had arrived so unexpectedly, and when it proved to be merely an uninteresting individual with a basket of apples to sell, she was conscious of disappointment.

But Stephen and Peggy were watching their opportunity of increasing their visiting list, and when it came at last, they set out hand-in-hand for the house of the man who had all he desired in life save the one thing needful. They passed the gate of the bungalow reluctantly.

"May we go inside? I want to see Sweetheart," said Peggy's mutinous red lips, but Stephen was resolute.

"No, Peg, muvver always said it was a mistake to call too often. Do you remember, when Mrs. James and Mrs. Potter



"GOOD-AFTERNOON," HE SAID POLITELY

quarrelled, that she said it came from always running in and out? and we mustn't run in and out of Sweetheart's house."

"Oh, no," said Peggy.

They had a whole long happy morning before them, for Mrs. Bland was very busy

with the incubator, and they knew that their absence would not be commented on, for when hatching time was due meals were apt to be uncertain.

There was a freshness in the air after the rain that was delicious, and the soft south wind blew Peggy's hair about her face till her pink sun-bonnet looked as though it were strewn with glittering golden threads.

The woods of Frittingham Park lay green along the undulating slope that ran up to the cliff. Once the sea had washed inland to the ridge itself, and in its retreating, centuries back, had left the flat plain of the marshes behind it.

In at the great gates the children walked unhesitatingly, and the lodge-keeper, looking out from her window, thought they were guests for the house arriving with a note, since it was evident that they were of gentle birth. There were deer, shoulder deep in the brake, their gentle faces and fierce antlered heads showing above the fern and undergrowth, and Peggy was so enchanted with the sight of them, and the dozens of soft brown rabbits that danced in and out of the sunlight, that their progress was certainly delayed.

The stable clock was striking eleven when they walked up the stone steps between the marble lions that guarded the entrance, and finding the bell within easy reach, pulled it, and then paused half in fear and half in delight at the clangour of sound that seemed so long before it died away in the back regions. The bell was answered by an extremely correct footman in livery, whose face expressed no surprise at the sight of his master's visitors, but who concluded, like the lodge-keeper, that their errand was an important one. Stephen, never at a loss for words, found himself inspired with sudden dignity that invested the sailor suit with a grandeur it had never assumed before.

"Is the gentleman at home?" he said, hoping that Peggy's open-mouthed gaze at the vision in scarlet and black with marvellous silver hair was unobserved.

"Yes, sir. Lord St. Ives is at home. Did you want to see him?"

"Of course I do want to see him; that's what I comed for." Stephen's voice was so suddenly aggrieved that the footman blew his nose rather loudly, and appealed to a second man in plain clothes who was then crossing the hall.

"Mr. Tupton, here's a young gentleman and lady to see his lordship."

Mr. Tupton advanced, and proved to be a kindly-featured man of middle age, who bore on every inch of his person the sign manual of a "gentleman's gentleman." He looked at Stephen and Peggy for a moment with a subdued twinkle in his eye.

"You may go, James," he said loftily. "I will take them to his lordship myself;" and James reluctantly departed to discuss the event in the servants' hall.

"Would you believe it, Mary," he said to the upper housemaid, whom he encountered in the passage. "As sure as I stand here, there's two little kids as high as my hand come up the steps with as fine a manner as you please, asking for his lordship. They're the first visitors as have crossed the threshold for many a long month, for Mr. Tupton let them in, though I shouldn't wonder he gets the sack for doing it."

"Oh, he won't do that," said Mary, "he knows what he's about, and maybe he's thinking that their prattle may turn his lordship's thoughts."

Lewis Hamilton Vane, Lord St. Ives, lay on a sofa under the window, with the sun shining full down upon his face. He knew every inch of that view by heart, although his eyes had long ago been closed to the sight of the green trees and undulating meadows that were part of the great inheritance that had come down to him from his ancestors. Five years before he had lost his sight out hunting, and had also scarred and disfigured his face so that he could be called no longer "the handsome Vane." Five years before he had been on the threshold of the greatest happiness in the world, and had missed it then completely, becoming, during the weeks of his illness, a morose, hopeless man. He was only Lewis Vane then, a subaltern in a dragoon regiment, in love with a beautiful girl, but as yet unbound to her by any spoken word. That word would never be spoken now, he realised with dogged sullenness as he turned his face to the wall and shut himself out from friends and hope for evermore.

A few months later he had come into his inheritance and his title, and coming to Frittingham very quietly, had taken up there the life of a recluse, never leaving the grounds nor inviting any one inside his house. He was lying there listlessly now.

with his melancholy face set in the stern lines that were familiar to it. His quick ears caught the fall of unaccustomed footsteps on the marble paving, and he turned sharply.

"Who is that, Tupton?"

The old impatience of his blindness took him, for his nerves were shaken by much loneliness.

"Who is that?" he cried again. "What do you mean by bringing people here?"

"Go on, sir," whispered Tupton a little brokenly, pushing Stephen into the room with a gentle hand. "He is really glad to see you; it is only his way." Then aloud: "Visitors for your lordship. They are very little children, and I thought you would have no objection to seeing them."

And Tupton the wary, the cunning, went out and shut the door behind him, for he knew that very often the hand of a little child will effect a miracle that whole armies of grown-up people would fail in advancing one step upon its way.

(To be continued.)

The Highways and Byeways of Britain

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

SINCE travelling by train became the chief mode of progression throughout the length and breadth of Britain, its highways and byeways, as even every long-distance cyclist could tell us, have been very much neglected. And now have come the days of motor-cars, and however much we men, who like to tool through the now lonesome though still very beautiful country to the music of the jingling of harness and

Photo by *Louis B. Watson*

A WELSH GLEN

sweet tattoo of our horses' feet, may object to the *teuf-teuf*, it will stay the century out in one form or another.

The question whether it is worth while to make British highways and byeways more passable, and consequently safer, for all kinds of wheeled traffic, I do not lay myself out to discuss in this paper. Let me say, however, that more than eight years ago I endeavoured in the Press to point out the advantages that would accrue to all kinds of road-men, if a cinder-path 'twixt London and Edinburgh were made, to be used solely for motors and cycles. Anyhow, in the coach days, the roads must have been better kept up than they are now, for the old pumps used for watering them still stand like iron ghosts all along the Bath road. To keep up the roads some money must have been spent. Who paid?

The health and physique of Britain would vastly improve if the state of our roads presented even the ghost of a chance of a return to the land. But are real improvements possible? Assuredly so. Should motor men pay their share of these? That would be but fair. If a motor-car man is to be allowed the free use of roads which he pays not a cent to keep up, I think that he ought to be permitted to dine or drink at any inn on the highway he traverses, and to ride away without paying a bronze farthing.

This paper treats of the roads of Britain, however, mostly from the point of view of the tourist with chariot and horses. I have had sixteen years' experience of a life on the road in that most idyllic and perfect of all ways of travelling—by caravan, and ought to know as much about the highways of England and Scotland as any one.

Of the thirteen millions of people packed into forty cities in this Britain of ours, like as many herrings in filthy barrels, very few indeed have any notion of the health and beauty to be found every spring, summer, or autumn day in the cool green country. If they had, and were unable to afford horses and vehicles, they would walk, they would tramp and camp, rather than be carted away in trains as "cheap trippers" to the seaside. It is probably better for gentlemen gipsies like myself, that they do not possess such knowledge, for at the present time rural Britain belongs to us alone and to the wild birds.

The roads are ours, the woods and forests, the lonely magnificence of mountain lands, strath and glen and meadow green, lake and linn and streamlet, ay and something more which city-dwellers know little about, happiness, health, and peace.

Roads Roman and Saxon

With the exception of the Roman ones, there are no really straight roads in the kingdom. The haughty Gauls, who first conquered the southernmost counties of Great Britain, or rather the whole of England and some Lowland shires of Scotland, went in a bee-line through the country. They knew the advantage of taking time by the forelock. Many of these roads are now beautifully tree'd avenues, while others, such as that from Wareham in the east to the old camp close to Bere Regis, lead through open and charming moorland. There is no waste ground by the sides of these.

But many of even our very best English roads are so winding in character that I have often wondered how they came to be evolved. They no doubt date back to the earliest ages, long before the Romans made so free with the land of our sires.

They were but footpaths at first, leading from hamlet to hamlet or village to village, and their trend was determined by many trivial circumstances. Men walking, especially lovers and their lasses, would naturally go a bit about to avoid a bog, a hill, a rock or stream. Not always the latter though, for the lover and his lass would think it great fun to wade the river at its shallowest part. The path once formed would soon become a bridle path as well as a bridal path; sheep and cattle would be driven along it also, and as agriculture of a more refined sort began to make progress, and country people laid out claims for themselves, the rubbish and stones from the cleared land would be thrown up along the side of the path, and wild bushes such as furze and bramble grow thereon.

Hedges and Fences

In course of time the rude barriers thrown up at each side of the narrow roads became transformed into the hedges and fences that are now so distinct and beautiful a feature in our midland and southern counties.

In all my romantic caravan wanderings these hedges were nearly always with us, one long-drawn-out summer delight. In shires where stone walls or wooden palings

now and then took their place for a time, I feel sure even the horses were not quite happy until they again appeared.

Whenever I came to a part of the road where hedges were "neatly" trimmed, and probably a makeshift of a footpath appeared on the side of the road, I closed my notebook, for we were near to a town where vandalism and civilisation took the place of romance and poetry. Give me the hedge elder, elm, or infant ash-trees, each and all have a beauty of their own. And it's oh! to see those same hedges when the wild roses spread over them in June, or the white bryony crowns them with its foamy foliage. Honeysuckle too is here, and the sweetly beautiful woody nightshade, and all beneath among the straggling grasses grow wild flowers too numerous even to name in this brief article.

THE CARAVAN ON A MOUNTAIN PASS IN THE GRAMPIANS

that bill-hook has seldom if ever come near since it began to grow. Its very ruggedness and vandyked irregularity lends to it an infinite charm. Little does it matter what these hedges consist of: blackthorn stuck over with snowy blossom in May; whitethorn with flowers in garlands pink and white; dwarf oak, with brown or crimson foliage; sycamores with broad sienna leaves that seem to have been dipped in glycerine, so sweetly do they glitter in the sunshine;

And yet that goggled horror, the motor person, grumbles because these wondrous hedges are not kept short that he may have a bird's-eye view of the scenery. No need of such sacrilege. He has only to put on the brake when he comes to a stile, and if not a speed-maniac, his eyes are feasted on charms he is never likely to forget.

The hedgerows would soon lose much of their charm were it not for the bees that,

themselves most beautiful, drone and hum over all this glory of colour.

Wild birds, for the most part unseen, make music in every bush, and lighten the heart of the wanderer as he goes trudging along.

The Widening of the Highways

There came a time when, as cities and towns grew bigger, the highways had to be widened; especially those that led Scotland way. This was partly because armies had often to be hurried up and away towards the Tyne and the Tweed to meet the fierce foe,—a foe that, bred in the wilds, cared little for roads, but chiefly because in times of peace huge herds of cattle and sheep had to be driven southwards to feed the good folk of London and other large towns.

Those who travel by road now-a-days, often marvel at the difference in width of these main highways in different places 'twixt hedge and hedge.

For miles one may journey along roads that, though fairly good in bottom, are closely flanked by enormous trees, that the wagoner often wishes he could shift; then all at once, for no apparent reason, the roads widen out from probably fifteen or twenty feet to seventy, and 'twixt fence and wheel-worn path are acres of rich and beautiful sward. But the riddle is easily read. These swards were left there on purpose that herds of cattle and flocks of sheep might feed as they were driven slowly on towards the southern markets.

Many of these swards are now overgrown with dwarf bushes, with golden furze and tasseled broom, the mauve and prickly rest-harrow, or the irrepressible bramble. Others again are still luxuriantly covered with succulent grass, with clover red and white, and great patches of the scarlet-tipped orange flowers of bird's-foot trefoil. On these, errant gipsy folks, like myself, camp for the mid-day halt, and while horses graze or have the nose-bags on, cook, eat, drink, and enjoy the *dolce far niente* "*sub tegmine fagi.*"

As a rule a stream of water or a cool pond in some tree-shaded glen is to be found not very far from these bee-haunted and restful swards.

The temptation to go in for forty winks after one's early dinner in places like these is often irresistible; the grass so soft; the perfume of flowers so enthralling; the murmur of bees and song of birds so soothing. The amateur gipsy soon gets accustomed to the presence of insect life, whether afloat in the air or busy in the grass. They are each and all too busy to think of him. Little creatures clad in fur peep out from the hedge-foot at him with dark beady eyes, a glittering, sheeny snake may glide past him or over him, but disturbs him not. He is sleeping the sleep of the just and the gipsy.

Pen in hand, I could linger long describing the incomparable beauty of English hedgerow and sward, but space forbids, and I reserve them for my dreams.

ON A ROAD IN DEVON

The Trees

The trees that almost everywhere stand in line on each side of the highways are, for the most part, beautiful in some way, yet, as a rule, all over England the vandalism of the wooden-headed agriculturist is very much in evidence. The elms especially are hacked and lopped till they lose all

resemblance to the real forest tree. And almost every other tree suffers in the same way, till neither grandeur nor dignity is left about lordly beech or ash or patriarchal oak. This is done, it may be said, so that they shall not hang too closely over the road, but the squire or farmer has neither method in his madness nor any sense of the beautiful.

Even Scotch fir-trees and the drooping drapery of the spruce are entirely spoiled. No one who has ever seen the wild Scottish pine with its brown spreading branches, its masses of ink-black foliage, and its wandering gnarled roots, could believe it to be the same tree as its poor distorted English brother. Lop the trees by all means, if they interfere with wheeled traffic, but, in the name of all that is noble in this England of ours, do it with an eye to art and beauty. I must not go off the highway, I suppose, else I should like to speak a pleading word or two in behalf of the trees in private parks, which are so often treated in precisely the same brutal fashion.

IN AN ENGLISH WOOD

Good Roads and Bad

The best roads in Britain, although very good about Leamington and Warwick, are certainly not to be found in England but in Scotland, all through the Midlothians, but especially about Perth. Around the latter fair city they are all a wheel-man or horseman could wish—level, wide, well kept, and splendid as to surface.

Even in the Highlands of Scotland—though not of course in the mountain depths—the roads are very much superior to those south of the silvery Tweed.

Nothing in Nature, for example, could beat the beauty of the road that leads from Inverness away to Beauly, and thence on through the Muir of Ord to Dingwall.

The roads through Derbyshire, Durham, and Cumberland are probably the most horse-killing highways we have to negotiate. Especially is it so in the mining districts, where often, when your nags stop to breathe on a hill-top, you look down through a black, steep, wet tunnel, which seems to end far away in the very bowels of the earth itself. The traffic may be accountable for this. But there is another reason for the superiority of Highland roads. In Scotland the hills are mountains, and the road must wind through the straths and green valleys; in England the hills are simply hills, and the road takes you right over them.

One finds fairly good highways branching in almost every direction from London, but they go not very far. Then you are plunged into desert wilds, until you get in touch with large towns or the sea. And some of the seaside roads themselves,

though comparatively wide, are more like the beds of dried-up rivers than anything else.

The roads through the Black Country are *sui generis*, and my caravan experiences therein are terrible to look back upon. In Wales or in the Lake District the roads may be narrow, and they are generally give-and-take, but then you have beautiful scenery to reward your toil.

Down Dorset and Devon way they are often simply lanes, that, owing to the encroachment of rock and bank and tree, it would be almost impossible to widen. From Wareham to Swanage in wet weather the highways (tremendously hilly) are too dreadful to think of, and so narrow that an ordinary motor-car can scarcely get safely past a village cart.

In Surrey, Kent, and Sussex the scenery is all very charming, and although hilly one has little to complain of.

By far and away the most beautiful and romantic road in Great Britain is that which leads from Perth *viâ* Dunkeld, Pitlochry, Struan, Dalwhinnie, and to the left from Carr Bridge right over the Caledonian Alps, and down through beautiful forests which last into Inverness itself. With a very large house-upon-wheels and a pair of spirited horses, there is, of course, a spice of danger, but one's reward is very great. Even those that journey up the Tay by train, Killiecrankie way, see some of the wonders of this enchanting district, but only by road can it be appreciated in full. There is an easier way by which I have twice or thrice driven to Inverness, hugging the eastern shores of England and Scotland all the long way to Aberdeen, thence striking through the Donside Highlands, the beauty of which is so little known to the tourist, then by the coast-line from Banff or Elgin. This is a very pleasant tour and has much to recommend it: the sea-scapes, for instance, or the tree-scapes, especially the forest lands of Forres.

Finger-Posts

Down south these are kept in fairly good order, but the farther north you get the more dilapidated and dissipated-looking do they become, till they are quite unreliable, and in Scotland itself they are, for the most part, conspicuous by their absence. You must be possessed of a good Scotch tongue, and when in doubt climb a hill and look ahead, or call at a cottage and "spier." Cottages, however, are few and far between in the Grampians. You might travel for twenty miles and not see one, nor a soul to ask a question of, but as there is only one road and plenty of "snow posts," you are hardly likely to go far astray. These posts are meant to show where the path is in winter, when every gulley is filled to the lip with driven snow.

In the south the average policeman makes but a poor finger-post. He is willing to direct you, though standing right in front of one his "turn to the right" means your "turn to the left."

LONESOME HIGHWAYS IN YORKSHIRE

How British Roads are Kept

Well, fifteen-sixteenths of their surface are neglected entirely, taking them all and all. They are allowed to hang as they grow, and in the lanes and byeways you can see grass, poppies, and

even furze growing between the deep wheel-ruts, and more than once I and my merry men have had to alight and saw or chop up a fallen tree which may have lain there for a week. The metal for mountain rounds is the rough unbroken shingle dug out of the hillsides. This plan of keeping up the roads cannot be bettered in lonesome wilds, but in the frequented districts of England, and especially near towns, the method of metalling is a disgrace to this country. It is usually done at the wrong season of the year, and instead of one-half of the road being negotiated at a time, it is metalled all across, and the road thus rendered almost impassable. The cruelty to horses from so slovenly a method need hardly be pointed out.

Fords, Bridges and Old Toll-Bars

There is a great deal of weird beauty and romance about the old-fashioned English bridges. We meet with few of the really Gothic build now-a-days. There is no question about their stability, and they are good for vehicles of short draught, but if the carriage is a very long one, the after half is left in the air when the fore-part begins to descend, and the timbers are thus greatly strained.

Fords are nearly out of fashion, but now and then we come to a river that runs athwart the road on a sandy bottom. It is best to rush it, as horses on a summer's day may want to lie down therein—my own have done so several times—and this is a trifle awkward.

There are many bridges in Britain at which you have to pay toll before you cross. This runs from sixpence to one-and-six. If you want some real good fun, you can always have it when you come to a toll-bridge. You have only to pretend that you don't mean to pay, then you shall see what you shall see.

Toll-bars proper are now a thing of the past, but the houses remain, and you see them everywhere, and cannot mistake them, for the gable stands toward the highway with a door in the centre of it and a window on each side.

After having been so long on the road as a gentleman gipsy, my opinions may be not altogether unreliable. Here they are in brief, and they may be taken for what they are worth:—

I. The highways and byeways of Britain could be vastly improved at comparatively small cost.

II. They should be widened so as to permit motors, steam carriages, and large wagons to pass each other easily.

III. Although all road-men would miss their beauty, the vast tracks of sward—tens of thousands of acres—might be sold and cultivated.

IV. W-shaped hilly pitches should be brought nearer to a level.

V. Wherever possible, the road should wind round a long hill instead of going over it.

VI. More attention should be paid to the surfacing of byeways, and bridges widened; thousands of the latter are very dangerous to heavy traffic.

VII. There should be laws to regulate the metalling of roads, with reference to the size and cleavage of the stones used—flints mean horse slaughter—rolling, and the season of the year.

VIII. Toll-bars should be resuscitated for the encouragement of the steam traffic and motor-men.

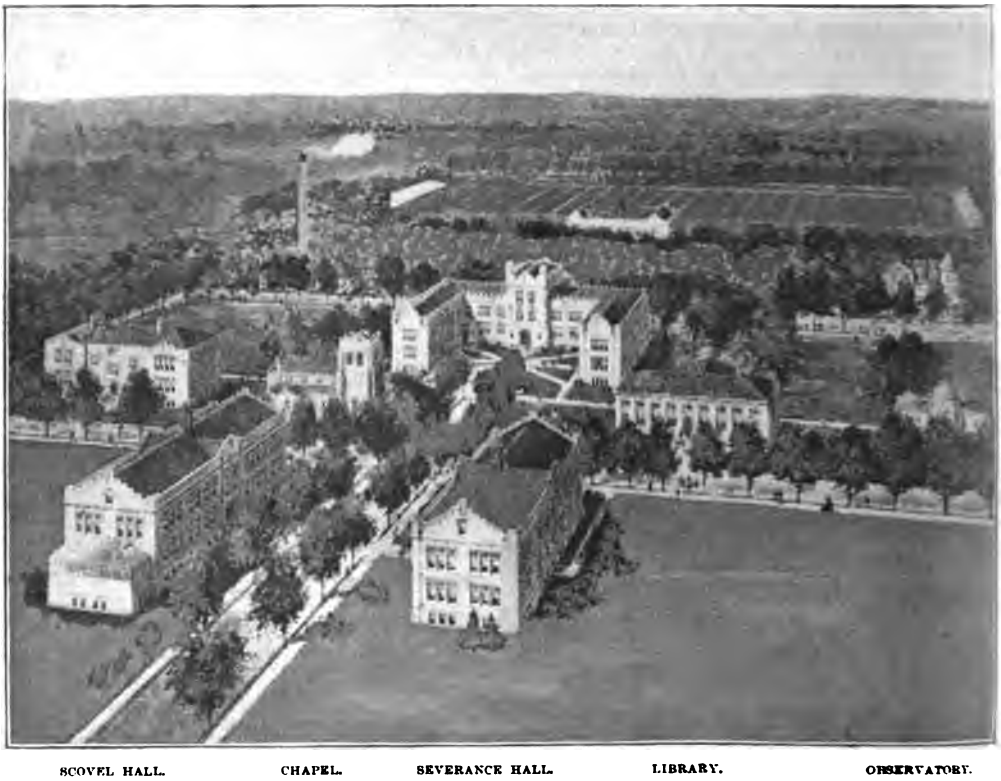
IX. And lastly. If the roads of this great country were improved as I suggest, all kinds of country produce would find its way to London and all large cities by motor; in towns we should have better food and cheaper; those portions of England which are now howling wildernesses would be cultivated; country hamlets would become pretty villages, and villages would expand into clean and beautiful towns; railway fares would be cheapened by half, and the wretchedness and misery of East-End life in London would be minimised. In the country we could give work to starving millions, we should not have even alien emigration to fear; with the increase of work drunkenness would diminish, the cry would be, "Back to the land," and the physique and health of our people would increase from year to year.

A University Built in a Year

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON

A UNIVERSITY built in a year? Of course it was in America that I discovered this remarkable instance of speed in the cause of education. But it was in the most unlikely place for a University, judged by our English standard.

TAYLOR HALL. HEATING AND LIGHTING PLANT. KAUKE HALL. GYMNASIUM. HOOVER COTTAGE.



SCOVEL HALL. CHAPEL. SEVERANCE HALL. LIBRARY. OBSERVATORY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER, OHIO

On the outskirts of a little town in the State of Ohio, which though it had a daily newspaper had only six thousand inhabitants, was a magnificent University, equipped in the most modern manner with every idea which could assist education. Yet it had arisen on that lovely hill in exactly one year from the day when its predecessor, a much less imposing structure, had been burned to the ground. Surely such a remarkable achievement is deserving of notice, not simply because of the extraordinarily short time so fine a University took to be erected, but because of the courage and skill which led to such a record piece of work.

Early in the morning on December 11, 1901, flames were seen to be bursting from the chemical laboratory of Wooster University, Ohio; in less than one hour the whole of the main building was demolished. Scientific laboratories with valuable fittings, the museum, the organ, libraries, and many other adjuncts were destroyed completely. In fact, when old students visit the place they see hardly any familiar sight except the caretaker, whose years of service are now exceeding those of most of the officials.

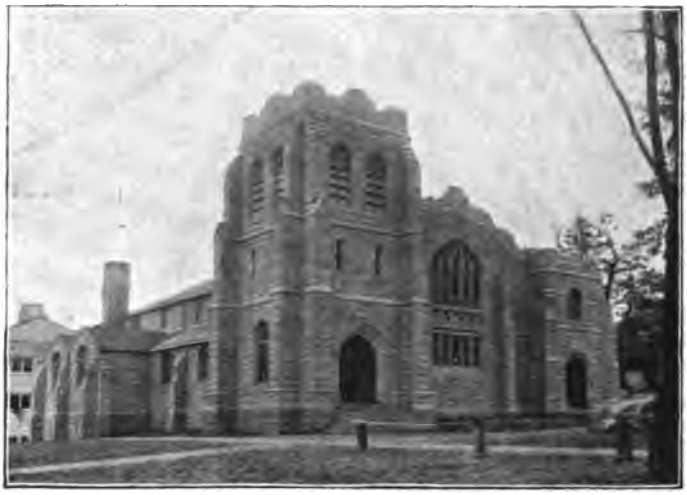
What happened when this terrible misfortune occurred? The President of the University was absent from home, but the Faculty summoned a meeting while the flames were still illuminating the horizon, and decided to commence re-building. The students rallied with enthusiasm to their support, and the President returned to Wooster to be welcomed by crowds of people who pledged themselves to do all in their power to replace the destroyed University. The day after the fire the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees met and begun to formulate plans for the new building. Their first decision was not to risk again the placing of their treasures all in one building. I must mention here that the money received from insurance only amounted to about £11,000. The ideas of the trustees, extended by the inspiring enthusiasm of Dr. Louis E. Holden, President of the University, soon reached to the erection of five buildings to cost not less than £50,000. That seemed a tremendous responsibility, but the very greatness of the scheme helped its success. Not only was the original total of cost obtained, but the University as it now stands represents more than double that sum, for it has cost about £110,000. It rejoices in the possession of the finest college plant in Ohio, a State which has given close attention to education and is rich in colleges.

DR. LOUIS EDWARD HOLDEN

President of Wooster University, Ohio

There is a fascination about any story of courage, and so I think every reader will be interested in the incidents which preceded the triumphant opening of Wooster University on the first anniversary of its destruction. First of all, let me relate how the money was obtained. A friend who had shown an interest in the University, Mr. Louis H. Severance, of Cleveland, asked the trustees what their plans were. They laid their idea of a group of five buildings before Mr. Severance, and he

KAUKE HALL, THE CHIEF BUILDING, WOOSTER UNIVERSITY, IN WINTER



THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WOOSTER UNIVERSITY

said that he would give £10,000 so that one of these buildings might be constructed. "Severance Hall" cost its generous donor £12,500 in all, but he and every one else are agreed that it is well worth the money. It may be described as the most up-to-date scientific department in any University built recently. On each floor there is a lecture-room with accommodation for one hundred and twenty students. I should like to describe each student's desk in the chemical laboratory as an example of the thoroughness of the equipment of the whole building. The top of the desk is of alburene stone; around the desk there are cold water, gas, a sink, a hood with strong down-draft, an electric current, a filter-pump, a balance, and a set of reagents and apparatus. I said to my guide that there would be no excuse if Wooster failed to produce some Liebigs and Edisons, considering the splendid scientific education that it gives.

The next step in the provision of a new University was taken when Mr. Andrew Carnegie offered £20,000 if the full plans of the trustees were carried out, and if an equal sum was raised within sixty days from December 21. The citizens were put on their mettle by this challenge; they canvassed every possible donor in the county, and met the requirements with a day to spare! When Dr. Holden first approached Mr. Carnegie on the subject, he did not meet with immediate success. Mr. Carnegie said that he did not think he could do anything for Wooster. "Well," said President Holden, "I'm beginning to feel like the man who went down to Jericho. The priest and the Levite have looked at the ruins of our University, and then passed by on the other side. Now that they have 'sandbagged' me, I thought it was time to turn to the Good Samaritan." The illustration caught Mr. Carnegie's attention; he laughed, and asked for more details as to what the district meant to do. By and by he offered £10,000 as a challenge. Dr. Holden was emboldened to plead for an even larger sum, seeing that the needs were so great. "I never met with such a beggar as you are," said Mr. Carnegie, and, to the President's delight, he increased his offer to £20,000.

But it must not be thought that the giving was all on this big scale. The rank and file of the community did their part nobly, and at least five thousand people took a hand in providing Wooster with its new University. The Library was the gift of Mr. H. C. Frick in memory of his parents. It contains already 23,000 volumes, and is supplied with most of the leading reviews and magazines. I was interested in seeing rows of bound volumes of British magazines of the high order of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Nineteenth Century*. There is an alcove in the library devoted solely to missionary literature, and it has one thousand volumes. From Wooster already forty-four missionaries have gone forth, and many more will follow.

Scovel Hall, a companion building to Severance Hall, is used for tuition in Biology, Geology, and Mineralogy; it has a conservatory with aquaria, ponds, and plant-beds, and everything else necessary for a complete course. Taylor Hall is used for preparatory study. Besides having twelve fine class-rooms, it possesses an auditorium with seats for four hundred and fifty, in which concerts and lectures are given under the pleasantest conditions. The various literary societies, which are such a popular feature of college life in America, have their habitations in Scovel Hall; and very attractive their rooms are made to look by the

SEVERANCE HALL, WOOSTER UNIVERSITY

skill and taste of the students. On the third floor is an art school, lighted excellently.

The beautiful chapel I saw under delightful conditions, for I was present on Graduation Sunday, when the graduating class of about thirty-five students stood up to listen to the wise counsel given by the President of the University at the conclusion of his sermon on the Heavenly Vision. It was sunshine inside and outside of the chapel that afternoon, and from long distances the relatives and friends of the graduating class had driven in order to be present. The music was rendered by the large choir, and about one thousand people were assembled for a memorable service. The organ was the gift of Mrs. Livingston Taylor, and the chapel itself was the gift of Mrs. Davidson, of Chicago, and other friends.

In describing the new building I have left to the last Kauke Hall, which stands on the site of the main building destroyed by fire. It is from a fine design by Mr. Lansing C. Holden, the well-known New York architect, and the English visitor recognises with pleasure the influence of Oxford and Cambridge college architecture in its conception. It is capitally adapted to every modern need, and contains the offices of the University and lecture-rooms. It cost over £27,000 to erect, and does the utmost credit to the architect, who also planned Severance Hall and Scovel Hall.

This does not exhaust the list of buildings which constitute the University, for there are also the following: A splendid conservatory of music, a gymnasium, an observatory, a residence for about seventy women students, and a house with heating and lighting plant. It was this last-named building which some one suggested wittily should be named after the President of the University, as it was the Power House of the place, and he had been the chief driving force in the University!

It is time to tell of the students who come and occupy these fine halls of learning. Many of them are of that large class in the States who are so eager for a good education that they "work their way through" college—that is, they work for part of the time in order to receive education the rest of the time. I met with young fellows who lighted furnaces early in the morning for factories, and then hurried off to lectures

HOOVER COTTAGE, THE RESIDENCE OF SEVENTY WOMEN STUDENTS

THE McKINLEY BELL, PRESENTED TO WOOSTER UNIVERSITY BY SENATOR MARK HANNA

on Latin or geology. I saw others who did gardening, waited in restaurants, or helped in house-work. Some at Wooster will earn the money they require by selling magazines in the district around the University; some of the young women would do domestic work for their college expenses. Let me relate one story out of many which I heard, showing the intense desire for a college education. One day there arrived at the President's house a young fellow, begrimed with dust and worn with travel. He had trudged from a town five hundred miles away, and asked if he could enter the University and work his way through. Just at that time there was no employment to be obtained, but the President could not turn away a man who had taken so much trouble, so he found him some work about his own premises. The student justified this decision, for he has proved a hard worker and has done very well in his classes. Another student whom I saw was a Jap who had actually run away from Japan in a vessel as a stowaway, and in mid-ocean was discovered by the captain, who was so impressed by the boy's intense desire to be educated in America that he treated him very kindly. He has worked his way through Wooster with satisfactory results. The maximum charge for tuition in the University would be about £15 per annum, and this is only possible because there is an endowment which Dr. Holden and the trustees are now seeking to increase to £200,000. I have every belief that they will obtain this handsome sum, judging by their success in the past and the excellent work which the place is doing.

There is one feature of the work which will surprise British readers. Instead of slackening down during the warm summer vacation, more than four hundred teachers from different parts of Ohio take a course of study to fit them all the better for their ordinary tasks. This summer school is growing in popularity every year, and is now the second largest connected with any University in the United States.

The religious aspect of the University must be emphasised. It is primarily a Christian institution, and its connexion with the Presbyterian denomination assures its rigid adherence to this ideal. Of course, the students are not nearly all Presbyterians, for that is not required of them. I was delighted to learn that 97 per cent. of the students are avowed Christians, a most extraordinary proportion for a college of this size. Bible study holds a prominent place in the daily curriculum, and most of the students take further Bible study in connexion with either the Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A. During the thirty-two years in which Wooster University has educated about six thousand men and women, 279 have become ordained ministers; 130 have become teachers; 50 are professors; 44 are in the mission field; one has risen to be Governor of a State; 117 are in the legal profession; 72 are physicians; nine are presidents of Colleges; and many more have attained distinction in other walks of life. Close to the college buildings I saw the Presbyterian Homes for children of foreign missionaries; the children, when they are old enough, attend the University, and this is one more claim on the loyal support of that denomination.

I have written for the most part of the *work* side of the college. Let it not be supposed that recreation does not have a proper share of the students' life. A visit to Wooster would soon dispel any idea like that, for you would see a splendid recreation ground in process of formation.

on which many a pleasant game is played. The students fenced in the ground, and have done much to make it a suitable place for athletic exercise. Then there are gymnasia, and I believe that there is a dream in the mind of the President of a still better gymnasium, which is to be built later on in the rear of Kauke Hall. The happy faces and healthy looks of the students testify to the active life they lead in outdoor games as well as in study. The University stands on the highest ground in Ohio, and it will be content with no record less than the highest. Every one from the President downwards is animated by a just pride in its past attainments and a steady determination that Wooster shall flourish.

Day of Delight

TARRY no longer, Maid most sweet,
To bind thy tresses in array,
For I can hear in sunshine beat
The sanguine heart of holiday.

Come in thy homespun frock to me,
Than velvets of a queen more fair,
And let this gipsy weather be
The cordial playmate of thy hair.

The hyacinth and the harebell blue
Are married in the cloudless dome;
The lark is almost out of view
Above the wife that keeps his home.

I grant the bird on fire with song,
And yet despise his narrow zest:
Could he but hear how broad and strong
The chant that thunders in my breast!

For I to-day with thee am paired
To wander woods and follow streams,
With brow and spirit finely bared,
And heart unpacked of fevering dreams.

And where beside some eloquent brook
Moss spreads an emerald counterpane,
Deep in thy soul my soul shall look
For heaven and angels, not in vain.

There shall it profit me to learn
Thy starry stature, and to fear
That of a sudden thou may'st burn
A lamp too bright for me to bear.

And when within the heavenly fold
The eyes of lambkins, silver-fleeced,
Begin to sparkle as of old
Along the hillside of the east,

Home will I take thee, and entrust
Thine excellence to solitude,
Incredulous that man is dust,
And sure of angels in the wood.

Tarry no longer, Maid most sweet,
To bind thy tresses in array,
For I can hear in sunshine beat
The sanguine heart of holiday.

NORMAN GALE.

His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Lord Menloe, a poor nobleman and a writer of poems, on the strength of a present of meat resolves to give a dinner-party. On the strength of the dinner-party he engages, in addition to Thady, his old man-servant, a butler who offers his services and gives his name as James James.

But on the day before the dinner, Menloe himself, touched by the tale of a tramp, led him to the larder and told him to help himself. On the day of the dinner, to which the Bishop and other local personages of importance had been invited, Menloe writes poetry till ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten the dinner-party. And James, finding no meat in the larder, told the guests when they arrived that his Lordship had had a fit, and they had all gone home at once.

Next day many came to inquire, but James was equal to the situation, and had straw on the avenue and a bulletin posted on the gate. That evening there arrive from Canada Miss Persephone Tite and her mother. The mother takes James for Lord Menloe, and Menloe, hoping thus to get rid of them, at first acquiesces in the mistake. But it soon becomes serious, for after dinner, James, as Lord Menloe, invites them to stay the night. Next morning Menloe gives James a bit of his mind.

CHAPTER XI.—SIR THOMAS QUAIN WEEPS

SUDDENLY Menloe's manner changed. "But, though I can allow a good deal," he said severely, "to a man who steps into a breach, I can't excuse barefaced——" "Lies" was on his lips, but under the calm gaze of James the phrase lengthened. It came out "romantic inventions."

"I don't quite understand," said James.

"Oh, come; all that——" Menloe stopped, tender of a harsh word: then he hardened himself; "that twaddle — that farrago—that hash—that inconceivable rot about Aunt Eustacia. Why, man alive, the dates—the people—you jumbled things together like a madman's dream."

James's eyelids fluttered; a dangerous spark broke from the eyes beneath them. He controlled himself with difficulty, but he did control himself.

"I think I began by saying," he answered, "that when it happened I was quite a child."

Menloe stared in amazement. If James were joking, James's jokes, like Ezekiel's bones, were very dry.

At that moment a voice was heard in the staircase gallery—the voice of Persephone.

"Look here," said James, "we must come to an understanding. I have a character—a reputation to support." He spoke with such restrained sincerity that Menloe, remembering the plight in which the man had come to him, hated himself for the meanness of the recollection. "Since it was for your sake," James went on, "that I entered into this, I rely on your sense of justice not to give me away. I should look"—James seemed to push the thing from him as an abhorred incongruity—"ridiculous; simply ridiculous."

"Well," said Menloe, "perhaps I should look a bit of a donkey too."

"More than a bit," said James, "much more than a bit. Then you agree?"

"Ye-es,—I suppose so—to what do I agree?"

"As long as these ladies stay, I have your word that you will support me in my part; that under no circumstances — no circumstances whatever——"

Persephone was in the hall; time did not serve for exact verbal contract. James held out his hand, and Menloe took it.

The bargain was sealed.

Persephone came into the room with a burst of sunshine.

"Surely," thought Menloe, "a very comely creature—as such creatures go: amiable, too—if the feline nature ever can be amiable."

Persephone knew how to dress. Her colours were as natural to her as the finch's to him, and no leopard was ever better groomed.

Menloe found himself trying to note the details of her costume. He was just on the point of deciding that her bonnet—so he mentally described her elaborate hat—was like a mushroom in its tint and texture, when he was pulled up short.

"James," said James, "you can leave us."

Flurried, and a little angry, Menloe stalked out of the room. In the kitchen there was trouble for Menloe. Wherever he went, thither went also Thady's eye. Never could he stand for a moment, but a furtive hand caught up a cold compress. To assure Thady that he was not on the verge of another seizure was worse than throwing words away.

"I know it, darlin' jewel, I know it right well," Thady would answer with conviction, but with the last word there was always the dab of a towel.

At last, in desperation, Menloe locked him up in the turf-house, whence his howls went up to heaven.

Nor had Menloe better success with the maid. With great difficulty—for at first she hovered about the passages ready to run on the slightest alarm—he coaxed her into the kitchen. It was only after he had retired to the opposite end of the kitchen that she would attempt to light the fire, and hardly had she begun laying the turf when a sneeze from Menloe sent her off like a hare.

Menloe had to go to work himself, and he was not lucky. At last, however, he did produce a thick blue smoke; certainly it stung the eyes; conceivably it might boil eggs. Eggs there were in plenty, and of several kinds—that was a comfort; and now he looked about him, there were many other things to eat: trout, for example, and grouse, and an unseasonable hare—all poached from Menloe's land and water. A tolerable turkey hung beside a miserable little hen, with vast reaches of leg and a wrinkled, yellow, almost invisible body; there was a ham, too, with several pieces of bacon, and there were many pounds of butter.

Menloe was much surprised. How did it come about that they were so victualled?—nay, now that he thought of it, had been so victualled since James's arrival. James might be an admirable manager, but no economy can beguile milk from a milestone. Really it was very queer. Menloe might have feared that James was making free with the credit of the house, had he not recognised a home-industry look about all the contents of the larder. Those things that had not come from stream or moor had come from neighbouring cottages. Butter and bacon were innocent of brand; he knew the guinea-hen by sight and the turkey to bow to—the guinea-hen who had offered her eggs; the turkey who had offered herself.

Were these the gifts of sympathisers with Menloe in his illness? Had the lady who wished him not to die, wired or posted the yellow hen as an incentive to life?

He was shaking his head in great perplexity when his question seemed to have some hint of an answer. A little boy came up whistling and carrying a large green-white cabbage nearly as hard as a cannon-ball. Suddenly catching sight of Menloe, he drew back, and would have run, cabbage and all. As it happened, however, James came up from behind, and to him with a singular look—a look of familiar devotion—the child rendered his cabbage.

"Good boy," said James, patting him upon the head, and yet in his manner there was something of the priest receiving tithes.

While that child turned to go, another came up; a girl this time, and none other than Molly Molony. With a pretty little curtsey, that implied reverence and fellowship, Molly held out a little paper. It was an ounce of tobacco: Menloe knew the brand—the only packet-tobacco on sale in the "town." Again did James, receiving, almost bless. Menloe could not make it out, but he would try and pump it out.

"James," he said, stalking out of the larder, "what in the world is going on? One might almost think that we were on our keeping and the folks were bringing tribute in."

Even as Menloe spoke, recollection came like a stab. That likeness to the woodcut on the police-notice! There it was, sharper than Menloe had seen it yet, in James's Irish face, half-flattered with the child's offering, half-insulted by Menloe's question. That it was half-insulted Menloe could not doubt, and, among many other wonders, he found time to wonder at that.

"I hardly think," said James with frigid

grandeur, "that it becomes you to ask, or me to answer."

"I don't understand," Menloe began to say.

James cut him short. "I see that," he said: "you do not understand your position."

He turned round and without a word opened the door of Thady's prison.

Sobbing and trembling, yet light and ghost-like as ever, Thady came out. He struggled for words, he looked round for a weapon. Then James laid a hand on his shoulder: "I bid you be quiet," he said, unconsciously or intentionally gliding into the heart of the vernacular, and Thady's passion was over. "Be getting brekwist now," James added, "be getting brekwist, daddy, like a good little man."

"'Deed I will, thin," Thady answered in miraculous submissiveness; "why not, Mick?" With that, a very lamb, he fell to his work.

A moment after, James's influence again was displayed. Standing in the courtyard he whistled, a whistle long and rasping as a syren; then he called, "Molly, Molly, come here to me, like a good child."

Straightway from some lurking-place the little serving-maid came into view. When she caught sight of Menloe her eyes grew large with terror. James, however, passed his hand over her shoulders in a half-caress of encouragement, and her fears seemed to fall from her. Dropping a curtsey to Menloe, she entered the kitchen and fell to energetic setting of cups and saucers.

Menloe's mind was much exercised. That singular power of pacification might be hypnotic in its nature; certainly there was in James an influence to be felt rather than to be defined. That, however, hardly could account for all that Menloe had discovered. Personal magnetism could not victual the house as something about James had been doing.

Again Lord Menloe looked at the man. Under its reticence, its soft self-subdual, the lines of O'Gorman's face lay clear. Knowing his country's tender sympathy with all who break the law, Menloe shook his head in unwilling conviction. There was not much doubt that the gentleman to whom the style and status of Menloe were pawned was as ferocious a villain as ever broke head or gaol. A hundred pounds might have come into the pockets of any poor man in that poor village. Not a beggar would stoop—not a tramp would dare—to claim the Government's money. O'Gorman was the honoured guest of Ireland.

But he was not, Menloe thought, an ideal Fourth Baron. His reputation was that of a leveller; no one had shown more conclusively than O'Gorman the wickedness of owning anything. Yet he was at home among spoons with armorial bearings: he looked appreciatively at family portraits. As butler, in all his soft-footed ways he had shown an hereditary deference; now in his brief nobility he seemed to show an hereditary pride. Again Menloe shook his head—this time in perplexity. Indeed, he was more than perplexed. He was annoyed and worried. It was bad enough to have those doubts concerning his butler; it was worse to have to stand behind his chair; it was worse yet to know that some of his neighbours half-believed him, Menloe, a ghost, while others fully believed him a lunatic.

Just as he was following James out of the kitchen, Menloe's eye fell on a book. It was his old Peerage, and had no business there. He took it up, and it opened at his own name. What was this? In a laboriously neat hand—a hand that reminded Menloe of his own best caligraphy—there were two erasures: for *Lucius, 4th Baron*, was substituted *William, 5th Baron*.

In the name of wonder what could it mean? The writing Menloe identified as James's fist, but what could it mean? The Christian name of O'Gorman, Menloe remembered, pertinently or the reverse, was William. Standing there, more puzzled than ever, Menloe discovered, now that the stout Peerage was removed, another smaller volume. He took up that too. It was called *Traits and Stories of Noble Families*.

It was all very queer.

An hour later, having previously performed on the gong, Menloe stalked into the dining-room in an official capacity. He bore a hot-water silver dish containing bacon and eggs. In depositing that dish—awkwardly enough to threaten universal parboiling—he contrived to lay at Persephone's side the poem of his love.

It was some little time before she noticed it, for at that moment the postman came.

That morning, as it happened not infrequently, there were no letters, but merely a local paper, *The Cork Sunbeam and Limerick Typhoon*.

"Bring it to me," said James, and rather sulkily Menloe laid it beside him.

"Pray excuse me," said James to his guests, "I thought there might——"

He was interrupted by a little scream.

"My goodness," cried Persephone, "look at that. Why, it has a black border, and a portrait, and head-lines all about *you*."

James clucked in gentle annoyance. "Really," he said, "they——"

At that moment Persephone's bright eyes rose suddenly, embracing Menloe, as it seemed, in something arch and sly. His curiosity was piqued. He leaned forward and stared, shortsightedly, at the engraving.

It seemed to be a picture, an unflattering picture of O'Gorman, but it bore the legend: "A late portrait of his late Lordship."

Scanning the headlines, Menloe made out so much—

AFFECTING SCENES.

VERY LITTLE HOPE.

SIR THOMAS QUAIN WEEPS.

DEATH OF LORD MENLOE.

Menloe snatched the paper out of James's hand, hardly avoiding Persephone's little nose. "This is all your confounded meddling!" he roared. "I shall never hear the last of it—it's the most disgusting——"

James turned round—and so did Persephone—eyeing his spluttering fury. "James," he said, with calm severity, "you forget yourself."

Menloe reflected. "Yes," he said, convicted of a thing that his soul abhorred, a breach of faith, "I'm afraid I do."

"Then remember yourself," said James, calmer and more severe.

"I beg your pardon," Menloe answered, "it was a pure mistake."

"James," said James, with great severity, "you are behaving outrageously, and I know why. Bring me that whisky-bottle."

Persephone gave a start, and looked from James to Menloe with a puzzled face; also with a puzzling face; its look was incredulous, vexed, angry. Then it underwent a swift change; jumping up, she said in a voice, like her eyes, shocked and compassionate, "James, will you take the pledge?"

Angry, yet welcoming chucklingly the absurdity of the thing—"No," said Menloe; "yes, I don't——"

Persephone ran up-stairs, and returned in a moment. She beckoned Menloe into the hall

"*All* intoxicating liquor," she said; "oh, James, you'll need help, won't you?"

"Not a bit," he answered, with a growl and a snigger, and fell to signing the card. Unaccustomed to write in so restricted a space he was rather slow in effecting a signature. All the while Persephone watched him with a sharp scrutiny.

"I got a bit of schooling," Menloe said; "that is not a bad fist, is it, for a poor serving-man?"

"No," Persephone answered; "it is like Lord Menloe's. We corresponded, James, about—oh, about French, and that—the subjects wouldn't interest *you*, James—but I know Lord Menloe's hand quite well, and yours is like it."

"Perhaps it is," said Menloe.

At that moment the gaze of James, angry, almost malignant, drew his attention.

"The bottle," said James, with a thump on the table, "bring your degrading bottle."

Red as a peony, and yet comforted by the excellence of the joke, Menloe withdrew. Fidgeting here and there, he found at last a half-filled bottle, and handed it to James.

Rising, James flung it ferociously out of the window. Menloe glared at James, doubled his fist and rushed out of the room.

When he re-entered the dining-room, the first words that fell on Menloe's ears were these: "Well—at the very outside—a week."

He looked from face to face, and those words' impossible meaning became inevitable. James was gently flushed with hospitality. Mrs. Tite and Persephone wore the unmistakable look of persons overpersuaded to do what they want.

Menloe glowered at James as he stood behind his chair. He glowered so hard that James rubbed the back of his head—which was the part affected by the gaze; but the invitation and the acceptance held good.

During that morning Menloe had several meetings with Persephone. Always her eyes and sometimes her voice asked a question, "Kept it so far?" Once she even said, "If you feel a kind of sinking, make yourself a cup of coffee."

To all of these questions, Menloe answered, "Yes, lady, so far."

He prided himself particularly on the knowledge of life implied in that word

"lady," permitted to graze, but not to touch, the cockney sound; and always, a little after its delivery, he exploded with a sense of ginger-beer in the nose. On all of those occasions Persephone shook her head, and uttered an almost inaudible "Tchut-tchut!"

Once, when Menloe was gazing short-sightedly at a cat, Persephone took it up and stroked it ostentatiously. She must have judged it encouraging to Menloe to know that it was a real cat.

That little object lesson so completely upset Menloe, that absolutely he rushed into Lady Di's wood, carrying with him a tray of glasses, and writhed in the bracken.

It was horribly vexatious that this doom of laughter should lie upon him, for it deepened Persephone's conviction that he went attended by toads, apes, and little black dogs.

CHAPTER XII.—"WE'LL HANG MENLOE ON A SOUR-APPLE-TREE"

IT would have been a curious thing, in any personality less whimsical than Menloe's, that the absurd position into which he had been thrust should begin to have its charm. In him it was almost inevitable.

It was from the quarter of Persephone that the pleasantest airs blew to him. The thought that he was beguiling her filled him with satisfaction. There was an exquisite piquancy in being called "James" by her. The stiff ease—the unintimate familiarity of the address delighted him; the name itself—"James"—had a humour so exquisite, so reticent, that he could not have enough of it.

But there was more than that in the situation. Gradually and unconsciously Menloe had drifted into an experiment.

Without permitting himself the least deviation from his understanding with James, Menloe was trying to reveal himself to Persephone. Condoning the unfortunate and irreparable flaw of her femininity, Menloe had determined to make the best of her. She was, as he had felt during their correspondence, a creature of singular receptivity—a born percipient in psychical investigation. And for years he had longed to prove how far unspoken thoughts could foregather. He meant to try to plant sweet thoughts in the garden—the neglected garden—of Persephone's mind.

Already, he almost fancied, some success had come to him. She looked at him, he half believed, with a certain twinkle in her glance—a certain sweet perplexity. (Again the epithet was corrected by Menloe's second thought. For *sweet* read *quaint*, he said to himself.)

Besides, James had become interesting. Over the muffled, mouse-footed man an amazing change was spreading. Already his position, after a few hours' holding of it, seemed to be natural and easy.

In James's orders from the head of the table, in his behaviour to the guests, Menloe could detect no sense of unreality. If James were play-acting, then assuredly the world knew nothing of its greatest comedian. If, on the other hand, as Menloe could hardly doubt to be the case, the man was beginning to take his place seriously, he was worthy of careful study. His action implied an imagination of astounding realism.

By dint of some personal exertion, Menloe had secured for himself a snug little bedroom in an off-passage not far from his old room. With some help from Molly, he collected for it, from that great lumber-store that James had unearthed, such things as were needful.

To James, Menloe had said nothing, recognising that they stood to one another in an unexplained relationship which implied, on Menloe's part, very little confidence and a good deal of scrutiny.

His new bedroom gave Menloe a new look-out. Its window faced Lady Di's wood—a little copse where trees were queerly jumbled together—here a great walnut, there a deodar, there a beech, dappled like a deer, or touched with tenderest green and grey.

When Menloe went to bed, the moon was well risen, and the copse's intricate shadows and its alleys of white light—washed, as it seemed, with flowing dew—fell restfully on his eyes.

Strange to say, Menloe really was excited—a thing which had not happened to him for years.

There was hardly any use for a candle, so he blew it out and leaned into the silver wash of the moonlight.

Halloa! What was that? A bird? No, it was a chink—the sound of metal.

What in the world could be going on?

FROM ONE OF THE TREES A THING WAS DANGLING—A THING LARGE AND DARK

Menloe listened intently, and heard nothing.

At length, with a sudden dash and a hampered flurry through branches, a wood-pigeon flew into the light. Then, clucking fiercely, a blackbird followed.

Now there was silence and now again that metallic sound.

In a very little while it became regular and familiar—the swig-swump of a spade.

At another time Menloe scarcely would have troubled himself to identify the sound, certainly not to explain it. Now, however, he was breathing romantic air. Wonder was everywhere; household stairs might plunge into mysteries; the leaves that tapped one's panes might sing.

Very quietly, Menloe went down. In the hall he found a convenient shillelagh. A shillelagh is useful when romances are stirring; sometimes it assists them to stir.

The kitchen-door was open; that might be accidental—it might also be significant.

Standing in the courtyard to listen, Menloe accurately located the sound. It came from the middle of that plantation of experiments, Lady Di's wood.

By describing a half-circle to the right, Menloe could come upon the outer edge of the plantation without much risk of being seen or heard. From that point he ought to be able to creep near enough to pluck the heart out of the mystery.

At the outset, by bad luck or by short sight, he kicked a stone.

Instantly the noise stopped. For what seemed to Menloe several seconds, during which he stood motionless and breathless, there was no sound but the silence. That was loud enough.

At length the spade began again.

Moving very cautiously, testing as far as possible every step before him, Menloe crept on; through the fir plantation, across the neglected path, brown-carpeted with needles, on to the skirt of Lady Di's wood. There he paused.

The sound went on, but nothing was visible. For twenty paces, with feet almost noiseless on the leaf-mould, Menloe held his way.

Then he stopped, aware of something.

From one of the trees a thing was dangling—a thing large and dark. At first Menloe could not distinguish more. After a little the object took outline. Its shape was the shape of a man; it wore an Inverness cape and a grey wide-awake hat. Of itself it dangled limply, but in the spring of the bough it made now and again a movement like dancing.

Meanwhile, the chink of a spade, the swish of slipping earth, came from behind the tree.

Menloe felt his heart stand still; then it splashed—splashed, like a leaping trout; then it raced with the patter of litti- frightened feet. For a moment he thought of creeping back as silently as he had come.

Only for a moment: grasping his cudgel firmly, Menloe stepped on: two steps gave him shelter and a clearer view. He could see now, under the wide hat, with its chin sunk against the breast, the face of the thing that hung. Two more steps brought the face into clearer, though still doubtful, view.

Menloe stared, and found it hard work not to scream.

The face was hardly human: grotesque, wild, sinister, it grinned with a wide and evil grin; its cheeks were crimson, its tongue lolled, yet in its total effect the face was his own.

At that moment the digging stopped. behind the stump of the dead man's tree a shape rose confusedly visible.

Against the tree there was set a step-ladder, and, rung by rung, the figure ascended. It emerged, sidewise to Lord Menloe, with its arms above its head. A knife shone in the moon, and, limp and huddled, the thing that hung dropped into the man's arms.

Slowly and with difficulty—though the body seemed light—the man stepped down the third rung; the man's face turned a little, and Menloe knew it. Ferocious as it was, with its eyes of deadly brilliancy, Menloe recognised it. It was the face of James.

Menloe crept on. What his purpose might be he did not know; he moved like a man in a dream, and asked no questions.

In a few seconds Menloe stopped, chilled and almost frozen.

Laughing—a laugh like nothing that Menloe had heard—James stopped, and took the body into his arms. Then, dandling it as a nurse dandles a baby, he began to sing; the song might have been the lullaby of devils.

A fury came upon Menloe. Putting off all caution, seeking no covert, he stalked to the spot where, above a dark vagueness, the dark figure swayed and crooned.

So absorbed was it in its evil nursing, that Menloe's feet conveyed no sound to its mind.

It stood, generally, with its back to Menloe, but sometimes wheeling round a white half-face and an opalescent eye.

Menloe lifted his cudgel: then, in silence, he passed it to the other hand; he would use no weapon beyond his own knuckles. He doubled his fist and drew it back.

As the face of James rolled round again, Menloe put all his will into his arm and sent it home.

There was a clash of teeth, and James, still holding the body, plunged into the grave.

CHAPTER XIII.—SOMETHING WRONG WITH PERSEPHONE, AND SOMETHING VERY QUEER WITH JAMES

As soon as James had fallen into the pit that he had digged for another, Menloe's fury was appeased. He even went so far as to hold out a hand towards the spot whither James had receded. That, however, on reflection, he withdrew. Also, on reflection, he withdrew himself.

To Menloe's returning footsteps there came no sound, no muffled blessing, no petition, not even a remark about the weather.

James, it appeared to Menloe's tender conscience, was unduly taciturn. Occasionally people hurt themselves in falling. James might have hurt himself.

Menloe paused: he was on the point of turning back, and of asking after James. That, however, might expose him to misconstruction. Menloe continued his homeward course.

About an hour after he had regained his room, steps came along the main passage. Evidently James had seen his way not to remain in his hole.

Then Menloe felt that he might indulge a blameless chuckle. Already he *had* chuckled, and even had drawn noiseless corks, but there was a twang of conscience in the mirth. Now, however, all parties were pleased; Menloe laughed himself to sleep.

At breakfast, when he came in with the sausages, Menloe felt a little uneasy. While he removed the cover his eye fell upon James.

On James's left cheek there was a large bruise, traversed by a cut of fair size. It was such as might have been caused by some blunt instrument, and Menloe's right fist became self-conscious.

Mrs. Tite soon observed the mark.

"Dear me, my Lordship—your Lord—my Menloe," she exclaimed, "you have cut yourself."

"Yes," said James: "shaving."

Mrs. Tite turned to her daughter: "Persephone," she said, "run up-stairs for my panhelicum."

In a moment Persephone was back with the valuable pot in her hand. In spite of earnest entreaties, James was anointed and bound up, and left with the knot of the handkerchief flapping at his eye.

On the whole, Menloe was glad to be rid of that eye. It was still very bright, but it smouldered too. It had seemed to Menloe during the bandaging altogether an undesirable eye.

At first nothing was said to suggest that any part of anybody's night might have been disturbed.

At length, however, James began to speak.

"Did you ever," he asked blandly, but with watchful eyes, "walk in your sleep?" The question was proposed with a wave of the hands, alike to Persephone and Mrs. Tite.

"Not much," said Mrs. Tite, "one thing at a time is enough for me. When I'm in my bed—no, Persephone, I do *not* snore."

Persephone had not spoken.

"Well, Momma," she now said, "you remember about Cousin Deborah? but perhaps that isn't"—Persephone's eglantine hues deepened into the hues of the garden rose—"quite a nice story."

"Well," said Mrs. Tite, "when all is said and done, they was *silk* stockings."

"She walked in her sleep," Persephone went on, encouraged by her mother's opinion. "Cousin Deborah walked in her sleep, and she couldn't abide a speck of dust anywhere; and one morning they found her on the top of a high chest of drawers--in her——"

"Nighty," said Mrs. Tite.

"Things that she didn't wear in the daytime," Persephone continued, preferring her own touch upon a delicate string, "cleaning the window with her stockings."

"They was silk stockings," Mrs. Tite repeated.

"Now that," said James, "is a most

interesting story; I might add, a most touching story; it exhibits woman at her best."

"Well, I wouldn't say that," Mrs. Tite made answer; "not on a high chest of drawers in her——"

"Things that she didn't wear in the daytime," Persephone put in.

"Morally at her best," James said, with a bow. "How sensitive, how tremulously delicate, must have been the nature that a smeared window could urge up a high chest of drawers—a tallboy, as we call the thing now."

"But that upward impulse," James continued, "is a common feature of somnambulism. My ancestor, Boru — the first Baron—would climb poles in his sleep."

"Like a bear," said Mrs. Tite.

"Where did he get 'em?" asked Persephone, with the leaves of her note-book flying.

"Oh, he managed; sometimes there was scaffolding."

"How was he dressed?" Persephone inquired.

"Always," said James, "in his chappie brass."

"Is that a thing that a young lady ought to write?" Mrs. Tite whispered like a steam-engine.

"It is," James answered, with a delicate suggestion of rebuke, "the name of the hat of the period; it was carried under the arm; hence its designation—chappie brass."

James smacked his lips a little over the flavour of his French.

"My ancestor," James continued, "wore, in addition to the chappie brass, a sword, the gift of Lord Guildford Dudley, silver buckles set with diamonds, and the Order of St. George."

"That wasn't enough," said Mrs. Tite. "I yield to no one in my affectionate admiration of the aristocracy. They are a credit to a great empire; but," concluded Mrs. Tite, "I can't approve of some of their goings-on."

"My dear Mrs. Tite," said James firmly, almost severely, "my ancestor was an Irish nobleman, not an African chief. Do you imagine he would expose himself to—to——"

"The night air?" suggested Mrs. Tite.

"No, madam, *not* the night air, to the scrutiny—the censure—of possible eyes—even of possible *female* eyes—in *merely* a hat and etceteras?"

"I didn't know," said Mrs. Tite apologetically, "in his sleep . . . up a pole."

"Our family instinct," said James, "is very delicate. It never deserted us——"

"Not up poles?" asked Mrs. Tite, quite humbly.

"No," James answered, "not up poles. Lady Emilia, who drove William Penn to drink——"

"*Did* he?" exclaimed Persephone; "they ought to know of that in Pennsylvania."

"Ah! Beauty," said James, "fatal Beauty, Miss Persephone! When *she* walked, she always wore her train, and waked up two little page-boys to carry it."

"Did they not know she was asleep?"

"They never had the smallest suspicion, and sometimes—for Lady Emilia was a great pedestrian—the poor little chaps would go off on their legs as sound as roaches; so there were three of them sleeping and walking."

"She never climbed anything, I suppose?"

Persephone looked up from her note-book.

"Never," said James, with extreme decision, "never, never; no lady of our family ever climbed."

Persephone looked rather ashamed of Cousin Deborah.

"Sometimes," James continued, "our ladies danced in their sleep. Lady Ierne, who was the innocent occasion of poor Buckingham's death——"

"I thought he was stabbed . . . at Portsmouth . . . by a Puritan . . . named Felton——"

Persephone, beginning with confidence, ended with extreme diffidence. Under the indulgent, almost the pitying, eye of James, her trust in Hume and Green oozed quite away. Evidently they were not behind the scenes.

James had said nothing; he said nothing now. The least lifting of the brow—an almost inaudible cough—sent Persephone under covert of her book. Somehow, it seemed, she was made to look like a raw colonial, with a trick of treading on delicate ground.

That was what Menloe thought, listening to James in his most improbably historical mood; and yet, there was something in Persephone's eye; something almost Puckish—something that puzzled Menloe.

"I myself," said James, with the air of

"WELL, I NEVER DID!" PERSEPHONE EXCLAIMED

a modest amateur in a difficult art, "walk a little.' He looked at his guests; did a glance from the tail of his eye flit towards Menloe, as he added: "Last night I took a turn"?

"I'm sure," Mrs. Tite exclaimed, "you give *me* a turn. Oh, Lord Menloeship, be very careful; for the sake of your friends, avoid eaves and belfries."

"I will—I will," James answered, almost tenderly. Then he said sharply: "James, tomatoes to Miss Tite."

Handing the tomatoes, Menloe was conscious of James's gaze. It rested full upon him, whether abstractedly or searchingly he could not tell. In James's look there was at times something strange and baffling; a veil in Menloe's mind that was always lifting, never lifted.

"Last night," said James, in a voice that went well with the eyes whose brightness seemed to shine through a cloud, "I dreamed I had to bury a man."

"That is not surprising," Mrs. Tite replied; "after those absurd reports, it is just the thing *you would* dream of."

"Exactly." James's polite head descended almost upon the table. "Well, I must have walked, and, what is more, I must have digged a grave."

"Oh," said Persephone, shutting up the book, "I never heard of such a thing.

You dug a grave in your sleep. Are you sure, Lord Menloe?"

"Very nearly," said James quietly.

"Why, Mister," exclaimed Mrs. Tite, so much excited that she fell from the heights of the Peerage upon the side-walks of common address, "what makes you think you dug a grave?"

"Because," James answered, with restraint, as though not to over-estimate the evidential value of his statement, "I found myself at the bottom of it."

"Oh, Lord Mister," screamed Mrs. Tite, "you shouldn't do such things: no person's health could stand it. And that," she concluded, gazing at James's cheek, "is how you cut yourself."

Here Persephone broke in.

"Nonsense, Momma, as though he'd shave in his grave. My! that's poetry."

Then the postman came.

For Mrs. Tite and Persephone there were several letters.

"Our motor will be here by eleven," said Mrs. Tite, when she had read her first letter. "Shall we take a tour round, and make it right about that absurd report?"

"You mean about the funeral?" James inquired.

"Yes; shall we call right round, saying that it will not take place?"

"Saying," James corrected, "that it has taken place."

"What, Lord—oh, excuse me—what on airth do you mean?"

"Just that," James answered, almost testily it seemed—"that the funeral took place last night."

Mrs. Tite's eyes grew round and frightened; her colour deepened to an uncooked red. "Oh my," she said; "I'm real skeered."

Persephone gave her a push. "Can't you take a little joke, Momma?" she said. "Lord Menloe dreamed he was at a funeral."

"I see," Mrs. Tite answered with increasing cheerfulness.

"Yes—of course; anybody could see that joke."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE FUNERAL IS OVER

HAVING traversed the whole Barony, Mrs. Tite returned in high spirits to Menloe. Not only had she put off the funeral, but she had hastened the millennium. Altogether she had dispersed a thousand temperance pledges. It was true that the due signing of the same had not been accomplished, but the extreme readiness with which they had been received implied that happy consummation.

As Menloe opened the door, James and Persephone came into the hall.

"You never understand a country," said Mrs. Tite, "till you see it with your own eyes. I tell you, Mister your my Lord, Ireland is just thirsting for temperance."

A slight shaking in Lord Menloe's shoulders caught the eye of Mrs. Tite, she looked at James. "Yes," she said, "I'm afraid he's incorrigible."

Persephone turned, looking at James with a face which might mean many things. "Oh, James," she said, "you *promised* me; and only half-an-hour ago when I inquired, 'Kept so far?' you met my eyes and answered, 'Kept so far.'"

Mrs. Tite laid a heavy hand on James's arm. "Leave him to her," she said, in her world-girdling whisper; "she has a great way with men like that, and she can't keep at it too hard. Ah, if poor Mr. Tite would only have signed, he would not be in heaven now."

With a voluminous sigh the stout enthusiast glided through the hall. "Really, she glides," thought Menloe, as he watched her; "Persephone trips: you can't glide under fourteen stone."

While he made this reflection, he felt a hand slip into his; he did not know what it wanted, but he let it stay; one cannot refuse a little hospitality to a hand on the tramp.

In a moment Menloe felt that the hand was trembling, and the moment after that something splashed on to him.

"Had you not better get out of the rain?" he said, with the wraps on his arm.

The hand shook. "I'm raining," Persephone said.

Menloe looked at her. "Are you crying?" he asked.

Persephone nodded. "Yes," she said.

"But aren't you laughing too?" he asked, bending and scrutinising her face. "Yes, you are; it's a sunshiny shower, Persephone."

The hand was pulled sharply away. "Are those your manners?" she said; "is that the way helps behave in this country?"

"Upper helps," said Menloe, "are allowed——"

Persephone broke in with a little cry of

astonishment. "To call ladies by their Christian names?"

"Unmarried ladies," Menloe answered solemnly.

"Well, I never did!" Persephone exclaimed; "there are things in Europe that I don't understand yet."

Persephone felt for her note-book.

"Well," she said, "Poppa was always for democratic institutions, and he thought Europe was kind o' used up; but in some respects, I tell *you*, we're just in the feudal ages compared with you. Why, if a help took to calling the ladies——"

"The unmarried ladies."

"I don't see that that makes things tot up much better; I really don't, James."

"There, now, you called *me* by *my* Christian name."

"And wasn't that right?—do you mean to tell me——"

Menloe bowed decorously. "Well, then, I will call you Miss Tite."

Persephone, with her forefinger up to her lip, frowned thoughtfully. "No," she said after a moment or two, "do what's right; call me—though it does seem queer—call me 'Persephone.'"

"Well, Persephone, this is the way of it. The landlords have had such a bad time that most of them have gone into service."

"My goodness—oh, James—oh, Mister!" Persephone sent the leaves of her note-book flying like a windmill. "There's things in real life," she said, "that don't get into books at all. On the other side there ain't no conception of the state of this country; folks' notions are just chaotic. Let me get that down in your own words: 'The landlords have had such a bad time that they have mostly gone into service.'" Persephone scribbled down that comprehensive picture of the broken pale of Ireland; then, remembering, she looked up. "But didn't they get anything when they sold out?"

"Just enough," said Menloe, "to keep them in shirt-fronts."

"Oh, then, washing ain't allowed; well, I never! I'm real sorry for them, Mister; effete or not, they were fellow-creatures, and it does seem desperate hard. I suppose, Mr. James"—Persephone looked up with a pretty bird-like glance—"*you* were never a landlord?"

"I!" said Menloe; "what put that into your little head?"

Persephone's mouth made a funny little movement. "They are usual, too, are they?"

"What 'are usual,' Persephone?"

"Remarks—remarks:" Persephone's eyes fell, and a bright aurora flashed upon her cheeks: "about the size of folks' heads."

"Oh, very usual," Menloe answered gravely. "'Little' is one of our *most* customary words; 'little goose' is often heard, and sometimes 'little dear.'"

Persephone made an entry: then, nodding her head, shut the book with a snap. "Custom or no custom, I wouldn't put up with 'Dears' and 'Gooses.' Custom is one thing, and impudence is another."

Again she looked at Menloe with a sidelong head. "Mr. James," she asked again, "were you ever a landlord?"

Menloe felt that he was on dangerous ground—forbidden ground also. How all this fooling had sprung up, he could not tell at all. The thing had been utterly unplanned and utterly unforeseen. He was angry with himself for his almost broken pledge, and angrier for the wrong to Persephone's simplicity. Simplicity so limpid—particularly when its head turned sidewise and its blue eyes deepened—was entitled to respect. Only a night or two ago he had listened almost incredulously to James's mad romances, and now he himself had being doing almost worse.

"Persephone," he said, "I ought not to call you Persephone, and all that I have told you is nonsense."

Again the tears rose into Persephone's eyes; her lips trembled, she made a piteous effort to control the slipping, breaking lines of her face.

"Forgive me, Miss Tite," said Menloe, "do try to forgive me. I don't know what came over me. I have been an abominable cad, but my caddishness was unpremeditated."

"Well," said Persephone, at length mastering herself; "I suppose I'm a regular young cuckoo, with my mouth open for whatever folks take a fancy to chuck in. I shan't be taken in again quite so easy, you bet," she added, as she moved away with dignity. Then, turning half round, she said again a little piteously, "I thought I was dealing with gentlemen."

"With gentlemen!" said Menloe; "I was the man behind your chair."

"I thought you were the gentleman behind my chair. There was something about you that interested me; a something that kind o' drew me; I wanted to—well, to save you from drink."

At that moment there appeared Mrs. Tite, with James in her wake. She was telling him of the noble following that his remains would have had. "We would have given him," one of the villagers said, "two miles of a funeral."

Mrs. Tite burst into a shout of laughter, and neither Menloe nor Persephone, stately in her indignation, could refrain from joining in. James, however, showed no sign of amusement.

"The fellow looks at me," he thought, "as though I had no right to be here."

"Come, ladies," said James at length pulling away his eyes, like limpets, "let us take a ramble about the grounds. They are full of memories; I feel my ancestors walking with me as I tread the terrace. Five hundred years are peopled with them, five hundred noble years, and more."

He motioned to the ladies; they went out, and he followed them.

CAVANAGH HAD HIM BY THE THROAT NOW

"Nonsense," he said, "nonsense; the funeral is over."

Menloe turned to look in his face, and their gaze met. In James's eye there was no twinkle; his whole aspect was serious, contentious, urgent.

"Lor', Mr. Menloe," said Mrs. Tite, "nobody as didn't know you would believe as you was joking; your witticisms is chips."

James did not answer; his eye stuck to Menloe. In their regard was something that almost frightened Menloe.

CHAPTER XV.—MISTAKEN IDENTITY

ON the evening of that day Menloe was prowling among the woods, fairly impervious to the devouring midges that make the stranger's being a burden and a bump. In that soft-carpeted realm his footsteps fell almost soundlessly, and before he knew whither he was tending he was the third in a conversation meant for two.

Menloe gave a little instinctive cough nobody heard it, but it silenced his con-

science; a gentleman who has coughed is not an eavesdropper. The truth is that Menloe had recognised one of the voices. It was the voice of James, and of James it was so desirable that more should be known, that no information could be neglected. That consideration—and the cough—justified Menloe; he sat down on a fallen fir and listened.

"How did I do you then?" James was asking; "tell me that; how did I do you?"

"Now don't be putting on that manner and that voice, as injured and as innocent as Joseph in the bulrushes. Why, man alive, didn't ye levy a conthribution on the whole counthry-side? Hadn't ye the pick of our men-servants and our maid-servants, our cock-turkeys and our hen-turkeys? Faith, the widow and the orphan, and the beggar with his pack was shtinted to contint yez; the riches and the threasures of Kilbooby was powered into your lap."

Menloe had identified the second voice now: it was that of Jim Cavanagh, head man of the village.

"Well," James made answer, "did I ask you for it? If the counthry felt that it owed me anything, was it meself would conthradict it?"

"Is it ax for it? faith, no, and while there's a bit o' dacency in the counthry, Pat O'Gorman"—Menloe felt his heart jump at the calling of that word—"should have no cause to be axin'. There doesn't be the man in Ireland, nor the woman, nor the child, that would begritch his last penny or his last shpoonful o' male to Pat O'Gorman."

"I barely did my duty," said James. "What's a bit of a still for potheen, and a couple o' shots through a window, and my speeches, and just breaking gaol? Troth, there's plenty did more for Ireland."

The wrath grew hoarse in Cavanagh's voice. "Begor," he said, "av I was to shtrike you down where ye shtand, I'd be doing a deed for Ireland that few would ayquil. Why, ye thraitor, ye impostor, ye fawning solecism,—for a couple o' pins I'd shteam-rowl yez under the two feet o' me. *You* O'Gorman, when I know the honest poor man whose son ye are, and who little t'ought to rare the likes o' yez!"

This was becoming very interesting. Menloe rose and crept nearer; he could see the two men now, Jim Cavanagh red and fierce, keeping a difficult mastery over his working face and his oratorical hands; James seemingly cool, but with a nasty snarl upon his lips and an evil pallor upon his cheeks. His eyes seemed to come and go like the light at sea.

"That ye may never be sorry for this same night, Jim Cavanagh, for your bad manners and your bad heart, and your black, un-Irish suspicions;" James's voice trembled—artistically, Menloe thought—but it was an impressive tremor, and it seemed to move James a little when he heard it.

"If ye have anything against me," James went on, "speak out like a man, for I wouldn't demean myself to take notice of shrugs and winks and inferences and innuendoes."

"Whist," said Cavanagh, lifting his hand, "them's no worruds to be using before ladies."

James glanced about him uneasily, like an animal who has sniffed a doubtful presence.

"Ladies?" he asked, "what ladies?"

"Walls have ears," said Cavanagh: "ye'd never know." Then there was a little sound of crackling, and Cavanagh was holding a paper under James's nose.

"Is that a s'rug or a wink?" he asked, "or an imperence, or a worrud that I wouldn't soil my dacint lips wid? I wonder ye wasn't tuk spontaneous wid combustions, like Ananias, Azarias, and Mizzle, and the rest o' thim."

"What's this at all?" said James, "a New York paper? Well, what harm?"

"What harrum? this harrum." Cavanagh snatched the paper back from him and began to read aloud, the sheet jerking and crackling in his excited hands: "'Three Negroes Burned for Shtealing Bread'—no, that isn't the place, hear this: 'Judge Hooligan gave his decision to-day: the shooting of two young ladies at the piano, and also the skinning of a live cat, was a political offence; a vehement, perhaps an unchastened, but a sincere and noble patriotism had prompted to the commission of these deeds. O'Gorman himself had admitted that, for the young ladies, and also for the cat, personally, he felt only love and good-will; as he skinned the cat he wept. The extradition of O'Gorman would be refused.'"

"Well," said James, "that seems reasonable enough. I wouldn't wonder if America gave me a bit of an illumination."

"If burning ye, like Naygars, is illumination, Amer'ka would give ye that same,

I'm thinking, wid a heart and a ha'f. Why, ye shpalpeen"—Cavanagh had him by the throat now—"'twas only the day before yesterday they released him: and you! you! you!"—at each repetition Cavanagh shook him till Menloe fancied that he heard a rattling as of teeth—"you was here a week, dhrinking the heart o' Kilbooby."

"Mis—taken identity," James managed to shake out; "stop the throttling; won't you give a man a chance? Faix, I thought there was always fair play in Ireland."

To that flattering appeal Cavanagh hearkened. "Faith," he said contemptuously, "make what defince ye can," and he loosed his strangling hold on James.

On the instant, leaping forward, James gripped Cavanagh by the shoulder and the waist: his leg twisted under Cavanagh's: there was a roll and a snap, and the big publican lay on the broad of his back.

Then from a hundred different points faces sprang into the moonlight, wild arms were brandishing sticks, were lifting themselves in movements of execration—dramatic, terrible, ancient as hate. Then a stone was thrown, feebly, without direction, for the thrower was Raftery, the blind man. But others followed, and stones fell all around where James stood and Cavanagh lay. One stone hit its mark, and the blood sprang, streaming down James's face.

Then James leaned forward, and took up something that lay against the trunk of a tree; what it was, Menloe could not determine, he could see only that James's hands, set forward, one above the other, seemed to rest upon it.

There, his chin slightly advanced, the man stood absolutely still. Though his face now was quite invisible to Menloe, Menloe could infer the eyes. That gaze of wondering hate that he had seen once or twice filled them now. He was quite sure of that. It was an evil gaze to meet, for it held something that Menloe never felt before—something supernatural, incalculable, something that was free from human law, and owned allegiance to unknown powers.

For a moment there came back to Menloe the thought of those who are not living and cannot die; the things that once were human, and now are—what? For Menloe felt some dim hereditary fear spread over the crowd, slackening the threatening arms, quelling the wild voices, lifting the brows, setting the mouths agape, fixing the eyes in a wild stare. Like a ghastly presence it crept—that rooted spiritual horror—binding them in all but visible coils: rough-clad men, women bare-headed or wrapt in shawls, boys and girls with naked feet, and even little toddling children. Last it came to the blind man; without a word, he dropped upon his knees, and, turning up his white eyes, prayed in silence.

For several seconds that dreadful stillness held; then, very slowly, James turned and moved away.

As he came close, revealing a face almost blue in its pallor, Menloe discerned the thing that James held. It was a besom—the besom that Menloe had used the night a week ago.

At length Menloe understood the source of that frozen panic that had held the crowd. The legend of the Ghostly Sweeper was still capable of being quickened into present belief. All the queer talk about Menloe, and all the queer talk about James had been preparing the imagination of the place; there were many even now, Menloe did not doubt, who questioned seriously the statement that there had been no death already the Sweeper had been at work, and now again a figure, strangely like that of the man who was reported dead, was sweeping drift from a new-made and mysterious grave.

All this time Cavanagh had lain like a dead man. As James's steps receded, Jim rose to his tall and solid height.

"Isn't there the manhood of a mouse betune yez?" he asked contemptuously "is it come out ye did to shtare like sheep ye ignorant and superstitious omadhaums and him aiting ye holla, and playing the—Oh!"

A tree rustled, a child screamed: a yell drove through the people, and they turned, scuttling away for dear life.

"Come on," shouted Cavanagh, whirling his shillelagh to the height, "divils, or ghosts, or banshees, come on in your t'ousands; come on, I say, and get a shmack taste of ould blackthorn. Come on—ch blessed Bridget; oh, holy Pether—ow!"

There rose, distinct among all the conflicting cries, a rasped and twisted shriek, and on the heels of it Jim Cavanagh disappeared.

Only the blind man remained, praying in gusty howls.

(To be continued.)

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ROAMING

From the painting by Peter Graham, R.A.

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)[1]

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," ETC.

PROPERLY speaking, several members of this great family of marine birds have already been dealt with by me under the heading of Albatross. But I am not a stickler for adhesion to any scientific division of birds into their varieties, and in considering the Petrels my mind is mainly fixed upon one species only, the tiny creature known as the Stormy Petrel, or to sailors most affectionately and inconclusively as the "Mother Carey's chicken." Why Mother Carey or why chicken is a mystery. Who Mother Carey may represent in the seafarer's mind I really cannot imagine, unless she be Davy Jones's aunt; but even so, to compare the Stormy Petrel with a chicken, either Mother Carey's or another's, has always seemed to me a great error of judgment. I know and love chickens thoroughly, but between them and the Stormy Petrel there is not one single point of resemblance, except that they are both birds. For the chicken is essentially a domestic creature, delicate, full of liabilities to ailments, needing great care and a snug roosting-place every night if it is to be kept alive. But the Stormy Petrel! Tiniest yet sturdiest of all sea-birds, ranging all over the wide, wild ocean, lilting fearlessly under the curve of a mighty Cape Horn sea, or skimming swallow-like over the glassy surface of the Equatorial Current; equally at home on the weather scarp of a frowning iceberg, or around the pleasantly-lapped beach of a coral atoll in mid Pacific; cheery, indomitable little waif, who with a heart as big as a grain of mustard seed could help loving you? I could not wish the Bible other in any respect than it is, but somehow I have always wished that mention of the Stormy Petrel had been made in it. I rejoice to note the gentle Saviour's reference to the sparrow, to the dove, to the hen gathering her chickens under her wings; but I have never seen the Stormy Petrel flitting between crest and hollow of the mighty storm-waves in mid-ocean, when the great ship was being tested in every fibre of her build, but I have thought how much I should have liked to see that dear wee brave thing mentioned in the best of all books.

The Stormy Petrel (*Procellaria pelagica*) is a black-and-white bird of about the bigness of a thrush. Its wings are somewhat broader and sturdier than those of the latter bird, and its legs are longer—very long, in fact, in proportion to its size for a sea-bird. With the tiny webbed feet attached, they look as if made of black silk, and they are much more in evidence than those of any of the other pelagic birds, from an inveterate habit this Petrel has of stretching them out one after another, and just touching the water with them as it skims over the surface. For the Petrel does not fly high; no one ever saw a Stormy Petrel twenty feet above the sea unless it had been taken there, or was at its nesting-place, of which more anon. Its principal characteristic is, I think, insusceptibility to fatigue. It does seem to have solved the secret of perpetual motion. In the course of fifteen years' voyaging, scarcely a day of which while at sea has passed without seeing these dear little birds, I have never seen one at rest. When feeding they do not settle on the sea; they hover over the wave and peck at their food, whatever it may be, much as a butterfly hovers over and sips at a flower. But the idea of resting upon the sea surface never seems to occur to them, either by day or by night; for on a fine night in the middle watch—that is, from twelve to four—I have often watched the little dark shapes still flitting around, and heard, by listening closely, their low, twittering cry. This faculty alone would in so small a bird have given them a mysterious importance in the eyes of sailors, but in addition to that there is the fact of their constancy to ships everywhere. There are parts of the ocean where no birds but these are ever seen by the sailor; but I have never sailed anywhere, from Behring Straits to Antarctica, from Labrador to the Crozets, where I have not seen these little nomads of the sea. Of course, and I am rather tired of pointing it out, they, like the dolphins and fish, cannot

[1] Copyright in the United States of America by Frank T. Bullen, 1904.

accompany a swift steamship as they used the leisurely wind-jammer, and in consequence future generations of seafarers will not know them at all—a very serious loss. Naturalists declare that the Stormy Petrels in one ocean differ from those in another, while at the same time admitting that varieties from the Southern Pacific have been seen in Britain. Common sailors like myself prefer to believe that all this nice division into sub-families, except for purposes of high science, has no value, and, indeed, very often we know that varieties have been tabulated between birds and fish of exactly the same character on account of some little peculiarity. One property of the Petrels, both large and small, has often been noted, their peculiarly musky smell, which extends to their eggs both outside and in, and may be recognised, no matter how long a period has elapsed since those hollow shells were added to the collector's cabinet.

Here I feel that it may be pardonable to digress for a few lines into considering the extraordinary fact of the universality of the scent of musk. On shore we are, of course, very familiar with it in its most delicate and delightful form, namely, that emanating from the pretty little plant, *Mimulus moschatus*, which will, with such slight encouragement, perpetuate itself year after year, and make the whole garden fragrant on summer evenings, especially after a light rain-shower. But for the needs of the perfumer the Himalayas are scoured in order to secure the musk pods of a certain kind of deer, which are so intensely odoriferous as to induce bleeding at the nose in many people who take an incautious sniff. The musk rat's tail, not even his scent sac, but his tail, will suffice to perfume a drawer for a musk lover for many years; in fact, once that scent is diffused it is improbable that the receptacle containing it ever loses it again. The cruel and hideous saurian that slimily awaits its prey at Indian village fords, in South American creeks, and Australian back-country brooks is redolent of musk, pungent, nauseating, and never-to-be-forgotten odour that it is. The marvellous ambergris of the sperm whale, although only faintly smelling of musk itself, has certainly one quality amidst all the fabulous ones credited to it, of enhancing ten-fold the power of any perfume to which it is added during the process of distillation. And any one who has ever had occasion to use a tube of sepia or stick of China ink, has probably tested its genuineness by smelling it, the faint yet penetrating odour being immediately apparent.

Now as far as the genesis of musk in land animals is concerned I am unable to offer any opinion. But the power of ambergris, the scent of sepia, the muskiness of Petrels and their eggs, are only to be referred to one origin—the squid or cuttlefish in all his varieties, and how numerous they are let Mr. Edgar Smith, the erudite curator of the mollusca at South Kensington, tell you, I cannot. Again and again I am conscience-smitten at having ever said a word against the squid, for at every turn in discussing the lives of the deep-sea people, aërial and marine, I find that without the squid the other creatures simply could not be. He is the basis, as it were, on which they are built. This is most specially the case with regard to my tiny friend the Stormy Petrel. So feeble, so small is he, that any competition with the ordinary sea-bird in the universal struggle for food, or any capture of fish in mid-sea are alike out of the question. But the languid loligo, the little squid of an inch or so in length, is always handy on the surface, easy of capture by even so slight and weak a bird as the Stormy Petrel, and in this way the latter little hungry creature is fed. More times than I can remember I have seen the little fellow in the midst of its dartings to and fro in the wake of our flying ship, well on one side of us, where it could not have been possible for anything dropped from forecastle or galley to float, pause suddenly, and with fully stretched legs and quickly fluttering wings reach down to the creaming surface, and snatch something therefrom with a shrill cry of satisfaction. That something was invariably a little squid, a boneless succulent morsel created to that end, without prevision or possibility of feeling pain, and consequently perfectly happy even while in process of transition into other forms of usefulness.

For a brief space, and before entering into the family history and sea-going career of the tiny wee wanderer I love so well, I must pay the compliment of notice to an almost unique member of the family, the Fulmar Petrel. Its front name indicates to those conversant with Scottish idioms the prevalent characteristic of the bird. The word has been crudely translated by the practical Americans into an unpleasant but

entirely appropriate Anglo-Saxon equivalent, stinker. The reasons for this coarse cognomen is self-evident; the bird is really the skunk of the feathered world, and on the principle, I suppose, that the more unpleasant the remedy the more certain the cure, the islanders of St. Kilda seize the living bird and squeeze from its throat a little oil, a table-spoonful or so, which is considered to be an infallible remedy for chronic rheumatism. I will not say that the remedy is worse than the disease, but certainly those using it deserve to get cured. It almost helps one to understand the Chinese predilection for the application of the moxa, a red-heated iron, to an inflamed part for curative purposes. But Pennant, that entirely unreliable but most delightful writer, says, that no bird is of such value to the islanders as this. It supplies them with oil for their lamps, down for their beds, a delicacy (!) for their tables, and a medicine for their distempers.

THE FULMAR PETREL

In the Southern Seas among whalemen it is notorious as being the only bird which, in the midst of waiting thousands, will fearlessly perch upon the body of a dead whale, and begin tearing at the skin in the hope of getting an advance subscription to its dinner fund. It comes down with a thud, and hence the terrific threat of the Yankee whaling officer: "I'll light on ye like a stinker on a carcass."

Not even the most enthusiastic of nature lovers could truthfully profess to see any beauty in a Fulmar. Its colours are nondescript, dingy; its beak huge and cabbage-water green. In numbers south of the line it is to seek; only up north, in those untilled regions of cold and storm does it flourish in vast flocks, and provide a patent medicine for St. Kildians. Among the almost inaccessible rocks of the Hebrides it breeds, but nowhere in such numbers as at St. Kilda, affording to the hardy lonely islanders, who have long learned not to be fastidious, a never-failing means of livelihood. Although one would have thought that a Fulmar's egg for breakfast would act as a sure discouragement against any further experiments in the direction of eg

eating, from the exceedingly rank and inimitable odour thereof, these dainties are so highly thought of by the St. Kildians that the collecting of them forms the principal occupation of the islanders. In it they continually risk their lives, as the bird roosts in the most inaccessible places, on ledges a few inches wide, worn in the faces of perpendicular or overhanging precipices. In like manner also do the islanders collect the live oil from the bird's stomach; just a few teaspoonfuls of clear but intensely fetid oil, which the bird vomits when seized into a vessel held for the purpose. But all this is a many-times-told tale, and one perhaps which is not strictly within the limits of my subject. It is exceedingly strange, however, that while the northern Fulmar is so very abundant, and is, moreover, never seen far from shore, his southern brother is a solitary bird as far as his own kind go, and is met with as far from land as any bird can get.

And now, as it would only be tiresome repetition to go over the small difference between the varieties of Procellaria, and besides quite contrary to my usual rule, I gladly return to the Mother Carey's chicken biographically, giving first of all some few details of my own personal acquaintance with them, ever gratefully remembered. How timidly on my first voyage did I ask the mate, a big gruff Norwegian, what those pretty little birds were. How could I tell that I was committing a serious breach of etiquette? He replied very gruffly and unintelligibly, "Stern Pitter." I ventured to say "What?" and was at once bidden to "shut up" and look out for myself, as if he had been insulted by my not understanding him. I took the hint and asked no more, nor did I learn that "those little birds" were Stormy Petrels for a very long time, although, like other sailors, I of course knew them as Mother Carey's chickens. But they were always a source of never-ending delight to me while at sea, and of wonder too, for I could not help feeling that they had indeed solved the great problem of perpetual motion; never needing or desiring rest apparently, and always sticking to the same ship to which they had taken a fancy in calm or storm, whether flying before a gale or stagnating through many days of windlessness, as was common with the old sailing ships. I was glad to see how the sailors generally regarded them as birds of good omen, and in nowise to be meddled with. Indeed in my day not a few seamen really looked upon them as the spirits of departed sailors, who, never weary, flitted over the bright pure sea eternally. But then many seamen thus regarded the albatross also, yet I never saw the same sincere reluctance to do them harm as was always evinced towards the Stormy Petrel. Once I saw a man, a second mate, wearying for something to do, catch one of the pretty creatures by means of thickly-tarred roping twine attached to a bait of pork, which was hooked on to the end of a fishing-line. The little bird, fluttering over the meat and continually touching the water with its feet, as is its wont, got them entangled in the sticky twine, and was hauled in all bedraggled, its bright vivacity gone, and presently lay panting and helpless in the grip of its silly tormentor. Fortunately the captain, coming on deck at an opportune moment, saw the shameful deed, and gave that second mate such a wigging as I hope did him good. It was the only time in my life that I ever rejoiced to see a subordinate on board ship receive a public reprimand.

Even to the last day of my sea service I was unable to divest myself of the feeling, when watching the movements of the wee Petrel in a gale, that they were sent to the sailor as an object lesson of the all-pervading care of God. The mighty ship in a heavy storm does look so insignificant in conflict with the ocean, all man's skill and genius and courage count for such a little against the immeasurable power of His sea, and is so dependent upon the faithful co-operation of all concerned, that it comes with a wonderful relief to study the tiny wee seafarer alongside coquetting with the wildest waves, and untroubled by the fiercest storm. In nothing I think under heaven is the wisdom, love, and care of God more manifest than in the behaviour of a Mother Carey's chicken in a tempest. But let us associate ourselves more intimately with a pair, for only by so doing can we realise what a wonderful thing life is. . . .

That was a very lonely morning when I discovered that my father and mother had both left me. Ever since I first found myself in the cosy little rock tunnel in Kerguelen Island, my only sensation that of being ravenously hungry, I had never been out of their sight, one or the other of

STORM PETREL: THE FLYING LESSON

them, for an hour by day or by night. At first they used to come and go almost continually, always dropping some delightful morsel down my gaping throat, and scurrying away through the tunnel again as if they had not a moment to spare. And they would hardly be gone before I began again loudly lamenting my lack of food. But let me tell you about my home, for I never forgot it in all my long journeyings; when the time came at the fall of the year for me to return thither, I did so over the thousands of miles of intervening sea as straight as the wind blows over those mighty open spaces. As perhaps you know, Kerguelen is, for those people who use the land continually, just a desolate mass of rock and sand, with hardly a sign of anything growing but birds and seals, far down the slope of the Southern Sea.

At one place there is quite a mountain rising straight up from the sea facing the south, but this mountain is split in half; right in the middle of it there is a crack as wide as a porpoise that runs through from the sea to a quiet little plateau beyond. All around this little flat patch, which is floor- with black sand, there are round holes the rocks which run in about ten times length and widen out a little when you as far in as you can. Here in this shelter from storm and wind, which never felt the need of at any time afte left it, I first knew I was alive. And wh first, after a long stay in that dark

warmth, I was lured slowly along the passage by my gentle little mother (I was *so* much bigger than she was), I trembled so that I could hardly move. You see, I had never before moved except in the tiny little hollow where I was born. But at last we reached the opening, and to my amazement and fear my mother floated away into space, leaving me shivering there, and watching her with starting eyes. Feebly I cried to her to come back to me, but she replied with gentle twitterings of invitation, in response to which I felt an earnest, an almost fierce desire to do as she was doing, to join her in those graceful airy circles that she was making. Then my father flashed on to the scene. Where he came from I did not see, but there he was joining his entreaties to those of my mother's, and every little while caressing her with his beak. Oh, how patient they were! It does make me ashamed when I think of the long time during which I resisted their invitations to join them, to try those new wings of mine, which indeed were working jerkily of their own accord at my sides. How many false starts I made, until at last, quite by accident it seemed, I found myself in the air, full of fear but working my limbs frantically in obedience to some hidden, unknown, compelling power.

It is all a blur, all full of mystery, that first flying lesson. All I remember is that presently I found myself on the ledge at the mouth of the tunnel again, with a new strange feeling of triumph all over me, almost overcoming the trembling which had so distressed me. I was trembling still, but part of it was due to joy. After that, I was coaxed again and again to try those wings of mine, and no more food was brought into the tunnel for me. I found myself growing apparently stronger, lighter and lighter. I did not know, of course, that the latter was really the case, the mass of fat with which I was encumbered when first I tried to fly having become absorbed in my tissues, and muscle having taken its place. It had been necessary in order to keep me warm when I did not move, but now as I needed it no more it had gone. So day by day I became stronger and more daring, until, almost unthinkingly, I dashed out of the narrow opening between those mighty rocks and was on the glorious sea, my real, my splendid home. And in that wonderful moment I felt all the joy of living, the delight of being in my rightful place and master of my surroundings. I felt eager to emulate my parents, to do what they could not do, although instinctively I followed their every movement. Another surprise, and an essentially pleasant one; as my father swooped down the side of a wave, I saw him snatch at a little white wriggling thing there and swallow it. There was another by its side at which I dashed, seized it and gulped it down. Delicious first morsel, how sweet it was to feel that I had gained it, and that all this wide feasting ground was mine.

For a few days this finishing portion of my education went on, I growing more and more impatient of being taught, until one day my father and I hooked our beaks into the same squid, a bigger one than usual, and I fought savagely with him for the possession of it. Unknown to me the parting of our ways had come. From henceforth he was no more to me or I to him than any two chance-met members of our family, and although we returned to our home that night, it was for the last time together. I slept soundly till dawn, then waking to instant activity, as is the custom of all our people, sped outwards to sea to find myself, as far as my two parents were concerned, quite alone. As I have before said, for a little time it was very lonely. But soon the natural adjustment took place, pride in my ability to do as my parents had done, even better than they, took the place of my first sense of loss, and I went on with my task of getting food whole-heartedly. But now I felt no desire to return to that quiet little nook which had hitherto sheltered me. I did not feel the need of shelter at all. Nor did I feel the necessity of companionship. Blithely I fluttered from wave to wave intent on finding food, nor noting how the grim peaks of Kerguelen were fading even from my keen sight. I felt as if I had just been released for a long, long holiday, the mighty ocean for my playground, abundant food at my feet, and the possibility of weariness withheld. Ah, I was so happy! I flew on and on, unheeding whither, taking note of an occasional lordly relation, a huge albatross, or a flight of petrels of much greater size, but, as I noted with satisfied pride, far less vigorous than I, but with none of them did I speak or stay for one moment. What had I in common with them—I, the self-sufficient, the weariless

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)

STORM PETREL

one? They must perforce rest upon the waves now and again, I never. They could not feed as I did, their great bodies disdaining the tiny succulent morsels upon which I feasted so royally, and I was glad, so glad. When night fell and the sky darkened I still rejoiced; when the mournful wind began to wail over the great spaces, and the waters snarlingly rose in protest, I hovered twittering, content. I was satisfied, why not they? Steadily rose the wind, higher mounted the waves, what cared I? I was master of the whole wild scene, the tumult of the elements was but a lullaby, not to rock me to slumber, but to please my delighted ear, as, unconscious of effort, I still sped to and fro in the darkness of the great night.

By morning I was hungry, so eager for food that all other sensations lay waiting. The storm was at its height, the sky nearly touched the sea. The waves rolled long and sullenly, unable to rise to their desired size, for the pressure of the wind held them down. The air was full of wetness, it was hardly to b known from the s itself. But I was shut in from it all by downy envelope, my body (you could ho three in your hand at once) hot, f sheltered, palpitating with eager livi I skimmed along the hissing, curdl surface of the sea, eating my fill in pea and utterly unheeding the war of wind a wave as I did so. But when my hun was appeased I felt no slothful desir fold my wings and sleep. Added ene ecstasy of movement impelled me, and f me with great content. The bliss of livi possessed me entirely, and although t another of my kind was near, I felt r

need of one. I was satisfied with myself for company. But presently I saw, looming up through the gloom of the spindrift, a vast shadowy bulk which for the moment gave me a strange sensation of dread. I did not know it; was it my island home that I had unknowingly come back to? I drew nearer to it in spite of my fears, and then suddenly knew that I had nothing to dread. It was a ship, a great vessel being sorely beaten and battered by the mighty sea. How proud I felt as I saw that gigantic bulk straining to keep her place, quivering to the summit of her tall masts, and rolling in the seething smother like a dying whale, that I, whose body, by her side almost as a grain of dust, was so absolutely safe, comfortable, and free from all apprehension even of danger! I saw men for the first time. Strange beings they were, tottering about that great thing as I did ere I learned to fly, evidently not at home, evidently very much at the mercy of that vengeful sea, and fully conscious of the fact. Poor men. I knew somehow that they would not harm me, knew too that I should here find food. Felt strangely certain that in some mysterious way we had been friends for many generations: that is, my forefathers had with theirs, and the knowledge had come down to me. So I fluttered about and about her, noting her every detail, and especially the half-admiring, half-pitying glances cast upon me by the men who stood clutching some support, all over her.

As I hovered around her my liking for her increased, and especially for the sweet, the delicious morsels which continually floated away from her in the broad smooth space she left as she drifted sidelong. I was very busy, happy of course, but kept fully employed because these morsels did not cloy, but rather tempted my vigorous healthy appetite. And besides, I felt prouder than ever because I was sure that those strange beings were continually admiring me, and wondering at my familiarity with the terrible sea which was so threatening to them. And then suddenly there came *the* great joy of my life. Had I been able to tell my experience to any, I should have said that my joy was full, complete, but I did not know. As I fluttered around her for the thousandth time, I met one of my own kind. For the moment I was indignant. The ship was mine by right of discovery. Who else dare intrude, and by what right? And then with a sweet low voice the new-comer introduced herself. Oh, the exquisite sound of it! I flew to her side, I found her, she was mine. The climax to my joy was reached, it was love! First hunger, then fear, succeeded conscious effort, sense of power overcoming, and now love. The sea, the sky, the ship, the food, the power of unwearied flight were now all leading up and accessory to this, the greatest of all forces, overbrimming with delights, the all-embracing joy of love. Henceforth our desires were entwined. Did I find a delicious morsel, it was hers, mine the exquisite pleasure of seeing her enjoy it. Did she call me to a new treasure of food floating by, oh! the rapture of sharing it with her. And when a little boy on the deck of the ship, the weather having moderated greatly, said to his mother standing by, "Oh, look, mamma, I believe that dear little bird has found a wee wife!" I could have screamed with delight had it been in my power to do so.

In due time we tired of the ship, for when the breeze suited, and all her wings were spread again, she went steadily, straightly forward, so fast too that it became irksome for us to flutter round and round her, as we loved to. And besides, her company was no longer to us the pleasantness it had been before we became all in all to each other. Still for long we flew side by side in perfect content, visiting many ships, seeing many new faces, and always happy, for we were never afraid. Our world seemed inhabited only by friends. We skimmed over seas that teemed with life under the continual sun by day and the tender violet of the sky by night, we saw many new lands—and sheered off from them—what needed we of the land? We lived and loved, and were happy because we did; until there came a day when we both, having all feelings, not to say thoughts, in common, had the need laid upon us to go south again. We were then trying to be fond of a great ship that sped, unrestingly as ourselves, through the sea with an everlasting whirlpool behind that we did not like—I cannot say we feared it. And with one accord we abandoned our pleasant fluttering to and fro. Side by side we stretched our wings and made haste, as never before, towards the bleak south, nor ever paused until once more we darted in between those

mighty walls of rock, sheltering the tiny nook where I was born. As we did so I felt just one doubt lest it should be pre-occupied, but I need not have done so. It was ready for us. My sweet one crept in, I following her, until settling down she cooed contentedly, invitingly, and I, nestling by her side, let all things slip away into deepest peace.

When I awoke my dear partner did not stir. I knew, and, caressing her, hastened away intent upon what I understood as love's privilege, to provide for *her*. Out between the rocks I darted, found what I sought, and returned. It was another added joy. Oh, I was so happy! Of all the delights I have ever known—and my little life has been overflowing with them—there have been none like this. I worked incessantly, untiringly to feed her, my patient love. I did not know why, nor could I inquire. But she sat in darkness waiting for some blissful event, I her only sunshine, her only means of support, the one whom she trusted, and with reason. I could have wished that time to have lasted but for her. I did feel the need of her sweet company out upon the sea. And yet I was content, for I knew in some strange manner that all was well. But when she rose to meet me, as one morning I returned with full beak for her, her little velvety body swelling with conscious pride, and I saw a strange gaping bunch at her side, I felt a shock. Had I a rival? Indeed I had, my son. I had no joy in him, for I felt he separated me from her. She was all I needed, no third. Still with her I laboured to feed him, to teach him, to launch him in life. And at last I was rewarded, when, finding he was well able to fish for himself, we two sped northward again to renew our happy journeyings to and fro upon the lovely sea.

A Day with the Blind

A FRIEND of ours tells us of a house-porter to a City firm, whom he once heard giving directions to some one in search of a place in South London. "Go over Blackfriars Bridge," he said, "go by the obstacle in the middle of the road, and then turn up by the school of the indignant blind." The "obstacle" was, of course, the familiar obelisk, but why the "indignant blind"?

The reference is not so obvious, until you remember that until 1903 there stood at

SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND AT LEATHERHEAD

View of main building from entrance gates

St. George's Circus, Southwark, for more than a hundred years the School for the Indigent Blind.

The school originated at the close of the eighteenth century in a visit to Paris of seven gentlemen who were much impressed by the work carried on among the blind by Valentine Haüy. They succeeded in interesting others and in obtaining generous contributions, as the result of which the School for the Indigent Blind was founded in 1799. In 1901 the site in St. George's Circus was purchased by the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway Company, under compulsory powers granted by Parliament, and after much consideration, the Committee decided to acquire fifteen acres of land at Leatherhead, in Surrey, on which to erect their new building. It is little wonder that the beautiful county which has attracted the Charterhouse School to Godalming should have exercised its spell also upon the authorities of the School for the Blind.

THE REV. ST. CLARE HILL, M.A., PRINCIPAL

The blackbirds and thrushes are warbling among "the budded quicks" as we make our way on a bright morning in spring through the pretty town of Leatherhead to the hill where the school stands. Beside the great door which leads into the central hall we notice a foundation-stone, bearing an inscription, which records that it was laid on November 13, 1901, by Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian.

Presently we receive a hearty welcome from the Principal, the Rev. St. Clare Hill, M.A. A moment's glance tells us that he is the right man in the right place. A keen eye, a kindly smile, a quiet but firm bearing toward subordinates and pupils—here assuredly is a man who knows how to combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. A graduate of Cambridge University, it was a paper which he read on blind education in a debating society when a

VIEW OF THE SCHOOLS FROM "HIGHLANDS"

SASH-LINE MAKING AND BRUSH-DRAWING
(GIRLS' DEPARTMENT)

student there, that began his interest in his sightless friends. He was for seven years Inspector of Blind Schools, and is now consulting expert for education of the blind in England and Wales.

He begins our talk by explaining to us the structure of the building, and it is easy to see that, with the able help of the architect, it is largely Mr. Hill's creation. He and the architect visited the important blind schools in England and on the Continent, and inspected plans of various institutions in America. A glance at the plan of the ground-floor as we pass, shows us the main principles on which the school is constructed. On either side of the central hall is an open grass court surrounded by corridors or cloisters. The buildings on the right of the main entrance are those for the "boys" or young men; those on the left are for the "girls" or young women. The cloisters enable

BRUSH SHOP (BOYS' DEPARTMENT)

pupils to take exercise in the open air without being exposed to the rough weather. Pupils can reach every part of the building without passing out of cover. The recreation-rooms are distinct from the schoolrooms and the workshops. Reading-rooms, where silence is enforced, are provided on each side of the institution. Provision is made for the physical development of the pupils. Before we pass from the question of structure, we notice the excellent precautions taken against fire and the provision made in case of it. The building is regarded as fire-proof, yet external staircases have been provided, and fire-drill is practised. In the sanatorium there was only one patient on the day of our visit, and it is gratifying to learn that there has not been an epidemic in the institution for over fifty years.

The principal is ably assisted by his staff of teachers. On the girls' side there are a matron, Miss Purnell, and two mistresses resident. On the boys' side the head schoolmaster, Mr. Adams, a London University man, and an assistant, reside. As visiting teachers there are a work-mistress, a music-master, a drill-instructor, and four trade-instructors

There are over 200 pupils from all parts of England, about two-thirds of whom are males. Admission is by two methods: (1) by election of the subscribers, and (2) by payment of £30 a year. Out of the 200, about 154 are free, and the rest are paying pupils. The great aim of the school is to teach self-reliance. "The primary idea," said Mr. Hill, "is to teach them something by which they can earn their living." This becomes clear as we go through the class-rooms and workshops.

On both sides there are junior classes engaged in reading, with the Braille type, and some of the pupils read aloud for our benefit with a distinctness of enunciation which "sighted" pupils might well imitate. Arithmetic, too, is being done, the system used being that known as "Taylor's," with its perforated boards, and figures like the type used by printers. Then we see the girls at needlework and knitting, at brush-making, and at the production of window sash-line — the fingers moving so nimbly that it is indeed hard to believe that they are not guided by seeing eyes. On both sides large attention is given to music. There are seventeen practising-rooms, and six music-rooms, so constructed on an ingenious plan that a pupil practising

THE DRILL-SERGEANT

ONE OF THE DORMITORIES ON THE BOYS' SIDE

in one room will not hear the piano which is being played in the next.

All pupils are admitted for a period of six years. In that time they are expected to learn a trade, the minimum time required for this being three years. Basket-making is an important in-

AUTOMATIC KNITTING

THE MATRON
MISS PURNELL

dustry. One of the young men engaged in this work had lost his sight in the China War. He was in the Navy, and was wounded when with Admiral Seymour's force between Taku and Tientsin. Then a great deal of attention and skill are devoted to the making of mats and rugs. A healthy rivalry among the pupils in all these workshops is encouraged by a system of marks, and twice a year money-prizes, varying from £1 to 1s., are given as rewards of diligence and skill.

As we saw the careful work turned out in the shape of baskets, brushes, mats, rugs, etc., the question arose in our mind, which, as it doubtless arises in the minds of

HAND-SEWING AND KNITTING ROOM

BASKET SHOP (JUNIORS)

others, we put, though with some diffidence, to the genial Principal. It was this, "If your pupils can turn out such excellent work as this, why is not the institution self-supporting?" His answer entirely satisfied us. "The factory in Waterloo Road, London, is," he said, "self-supporting, as the blind persons who work there have already been trained. But obviously the trade done in the school cannot be, as so much of it is teaching. Contracts are undertaken, however, both at the school and at the factory, and illustrated price-catalogues are to be obtained at the dêpot, 491, Oxford Street. By purchasing goods here, much useful help might be given to the work among the blind."

Amid all this busy industry, it is pleasant to find that the spiritual aspects of life are not overlooked. The services held in the beautiful chapel are an important factor in the life of the little community. Music, as might be expected, has a large place. The Principal assembled the choir of about fifty voices, so that we might hear some of their religious music. Five pupils (three girls and two boys) take it in turn to act as organist, the teacher of music being Mr. W. Lucas, A.R.C.O., a sighted man. Among the music which the choir sang were the Magnificat (Barnby in E flat), the anthem by Garrett, "Our soul on God with patience waits" (No. 1253 in Novello's Anthem-book), and Mendelssohn's beautiful "Judge me, O

MAT SHOP

AN ORGAN LESSON

God." The enunciation and the sustained notes in all were almost perfect, the last-named music in particular being splendidly sung. We were also struck with the utter absence of restlessness on the part of the choir during more than half-an-hour of singing and intervals. During the actual singing they stood with their hands absolutely motionless. One could wish that many of our "sighted" choirs would learn the lesson—a lesson taught here by continual and patient training.

How perfect the discipline is, we saw in connexion with the singing. When the Principal asked for one of these anthems, it was found that the soloist, a girl who had taken the solo part on the previous Sunday, was unable to sing, as her throat was being attended to. At first the choir thought they could not sing the anthem; but then they said they would try it. The monitor on the girls' side just named another to take the place of the absent soloist.

This monitorial system is carried out with admirable results on the boys' side. The idea is to make the pupils not only self-reliant in work, but also self-governing. There is a prefect of the school, and a monitor in every department, and it is really through them that discipline is maintained.

We had a further glimpse of the orderliness of the school when we visited the boys' dining-room just as the bell rang for dinner. From the moment the bell was rung, and the grace sung, until every boy was served, the whole time occupied was less than five minutes. The words of the grace were, "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Glory be to the Father, etc."

Large platefuls of meat soon disappeared. No limit is placed on the food, which, as the Principal very truly remarked to us, is really the most economical plan, if people only knew it. With remarkable dexterity the pupils cut up the food for themselves. During the dinner-hour, the letters which have arrived for the boys are opened for them, and read to them in turn by the assistant-master; and here, too, no limit is placed to the correspondence.

The spotlessly clean and airy dormitories, the spacious gymnasium, the well-arranged system of baths, all go to complete one of the finest philanthropic institutions to be seen anywhere in the world. The annual sum of £3000 required for maintenance of the Institution seems small in comparison with the excellence of the work done and the results obtained. To help one of the most helpless classes in the community thus to help themselves is surely a noble and Christian work.

C. H. I.

'Twixt Frosty Caucasus and Ararat

BY JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S PAGE," "JOHN WESTACOTT," ETC.

IT is the mood of some travellers to think that any journey done by railway is of the commonplace; but there are some bits of railway in the world that are as exciting as a camel journey, and as full of interest as a cross-country expedition on horseback. Many an excitement have I experienced on queer railway journeys,

from the rail that penetrates into the Arctic Circle to the little clambering hill-trains in Sicily, or on the newly-laid rails in Upper Egypt. But one of the most fascinating of railway journeys is the twelve hours' run on the rail that leads one from the shores of the Black Sea to Tiflis.

A PASTORAL GROUP OF TZIGANI

Everything combines here to keep the traveller on the *qui vive*, for both nature and man are exciting and strange to look upon.

The distance is only a little over two hundred miles, but we are in no hurry on this railway that demanded so heavy a toll of human life in the making; so we settle down for twelve hours' enjoyment. The carriages are the usual comfortable Russian bed and lounge carriage with corridors and plenty of windows, so that the glorious views may be enjoyed. Our carriage happened to be at the end of the train, and close to the engine was the refreshment saloon, where excellent chai, the light, delicate Russian tea, with lemon and other drinks and eatables were obtainable; and we looked forward to a walk along the train, but we little knew what that walk meant.

After the wide streets and the new forts that command the port of Batoum are passed, we soon run out and on along the coast of the blue waters of the Black Sea, with corn growing on our right hand, and to the flat, swampy plain that still gives out malarious miasma, but which is fast being made to yield payment to its inhabitants. At Tchakhva tea is being cultivated successfully, and other Eastern plants, such as rami, bamboos, oranges, mandarins, camphor-trees, etc., and the variety of fruit that is offered for sale in the district is remarkable. Chinese have been imported to direct the tea-growing.

Marsh and lakelets and jungle-like undergrowth cover still a great part of this plain, and the little huts are built on piles to raise them above the swamp. The primitive carts are on solid timber wheels without spokes, looking like antique vehicles strayed from some old Greek sculpture. In the distance over the flat land are the peaks of the Caucasus, as light illumined vapour piling cloud over cloud.

At Samtredi, where the Poti line joins in, the scene was full of colour and life —Georgians, Kurds, Tartars, Persians, and a score of other Asiatic nationalities, with Turks and Russians, Greeks and Armenians, in fez and turban, fur or sheepskin head-dress, and in robes of many colours.

And now we were on classic ground, following in the steps of Jason, for lying in the plain is a little town that creeps up the mountain slopes, beyond which rises up the great chain all snowy and glittering of the Caucasus. It is Kutais, in the land where grew the sacred oak on which hung the Golden Fleece, for this is the ancient land of Colchis, now a great silkworm plain with miles of mulberry-trees, their leaves in the autumn brilliant in their golden hues. The people of Kutais do not forget the ancient legend of Jason and his search, for the fleece is in the Arms of their town.

Here the traveller is indeed in Georgia, surrounded by its princes and princesses, who need not be wealthy, for the chiefs of districts after the Russian occupation were dubbed princes, and all their descendants have adhered to the title. Kutais is well worth halting at, for it is the place to study Georgian customs and Georgian history, and near by is the monastery of Ghelath, with many a reminiscence of the Kings of Georgia, and above all of the famous Queen Thamar, around whose fame have grown up song and legend.

As we halted at Rion a prison train was drawn up at a siding, its windows all barred, and gendarmes with rifles and fixed bayonets on guard, and all along the line one noticed detachments of gendarmes and soldiery, and little pickets at certain spots on the route, reminding one of the careful guarding of a train in which the Tsar travels, when the whole route is patrolled by men, all marching the way of the train.

As we approach Kvrilly we get away from the plain country and enter some glorious mountain gorges, where the rapid, turbid rivers rush down to the inland seas. In this late autumn, for it is at the end of October, the foliage on the hill slopes is a brilliant gold and red, intersected with green verdure in which feed numerous flocks of geese that you may buy fatted for a shilling; and baskets of apples for which the peasant traveller offers in Grouzinian or Georgian a tchauda—so struck the pronunciation on the ear—and this coin is but five kopecks, or a penny, and the whole basket of lovely apples was bought for the copper coin. The sight of the peasant travellers and their purchases suggested a stroll through the train to the dining-car, and what a sight we saw ere we arrived at that car, for the train was a very long one, and packed with the natives of many a land all in their distinctive dress.

It has been perhaps rashly stated that Tiflis is a city of seventy nationalities, and certainly this strange, brilliantly-clad crowd that were journeying thither seemed to warrant the truth even of this statement.

The train was an emigrant camp or a ship on wheels; the whole of the third-class was a hive of varied peoples grouped on seats or on the floor of the carriages smoking, talking, eating, sleeping, men and women and children all in varied dresses. There were Georgian women well dressed with the picturesque circular head-dress, the tassakrave, over which falls in graceful folds the chadra or veil of silk or lace; near by was a group of stalwart Circassians in their long dressing-gown-like robes knotted with girdles, out of which stuck great knives or daggers. Across their breasts were the numerous cartridge-cases, on their heads the high fur or astrachan caps of varied colours, their long robe-coats being of very varied hues, old-gold being a favourite colour. A dervish or two in their ragged robes of many colours, with faded turbans twisted round their long, unkempt hair, their long beards falling upon their chests.

With these, in strong contrast, were some Armenian pastors in black robes, and

ON THE BRIDGE AT TIFLIS

some Russian priests with long beards and hair falling over their shoulders, one young man having his long, jet-black hair in a fine plait down his back, enough to make any young girl envious.

A Turk in a brilliant pink shirt and dark fez was near a Persian in long, faded rose-coloured robes and old turban. Some Tartars were in robes of every brilliant hue, and some of the tall mountaineers in dark-brown dresses looked as though brigandage or even murder would be a pleasant pastime;[1] and yet this was but the third-class carriage of a train, and we were passing through to a dining-car—truly a kaleidoscope of cosmopolitanism. The scent in these carriages was positively hot and pungent—it was an admixture of the Bedouin odour with the scent of a Russian moujik crowd—but the strange sights repaid one for this touch of the disagreeable. But the arrival at Kvrilly and a halt, made us leave the train for the scenes on the platform.

TWO TARTARS AND GROUP OF CIRCASSIANS

[1] Since writing this article a *Times* correspondent describes this train being held up by seven or eight third-class passengers, who had swiftly changed into first-class brigands.

ACROPOLIS OF GORI

From this point the interest increases, the rail becomes snake-like in its windings amidst the rocky gorges and golden valleys, for all the trees are rich in their brilliant autumn hues; at one spot we see a timber bridge has been carried away by the floods that form wide bays to the river during winter floods;

purple range on purple range of hills rise up with the old castles, now in ruins, of the Georgian nobles.

One gets bits of Scotland, of Ireland, and of Wales, but with the giant peaks and frost-bound chain of the Caucasus beyond these purple and golden and ruddy hills, whose lower slopes are of green pasture dotted with numerous flocks of geese.

At Michaelovo we lose sight of the six-inch oil-pipe that has run beside the rail all the way from Batoum, and now we soon run on to Gori, famous in legend and history.

What a glorious view is had as we enter Gori. The town with its acropolis reminds one in this latter point of Athens, the isolated rock with the citadel upon it rising out of the plain; but instead of the little heights of Parnes and Pentelicus and Hymettus, backing this acropolis is the Caucasus glittering in the sunshine. The building of this citadel is attributed in a poetical legend to Queen Thamar. The grey-brown walls of the fortress rise up above the pink and white houses of the town that are dominated by the grey and green spires of the churches, and beyond over the plain rise up those mightier spires and domes of frosty Caucasus, glittering in pure white and capped by glorious cloud masses. The lovely fruit sold here in quantities shows the fertility of the plain, and the diversity of dress and its multi-coloured hues prove the variety of the population.

Between here and the strange old town of Mzkhet a sharp look-out should be kept to the south of the train, for at a certain spot rising up far far away between a break in the nearer mountain chains may be seen Ararat, with its snow-clad flattened cone. It is only for a few minutes that it can be seen, but it rises up into the clear blue, sharply defined by its pure whiteness and is a sight worth watching for.

At Mzkhet there is much to be seen, and the groups here at the railway-station are very noteworthy. A couple of Tartars in vivid red were surrounded by a group in deep-blue tunics or long old-gold robes. One man was attired in purple trousers, jack-boots, a black tunic with silver decorations with a purple collar, and capped with a large black astrachan cap. It is such colour as this added to the variety and hues of the women's dress that keeps the eye of the traveller ever interested.

AT MZKHET

But Mzkhet is a place of great interest, and so close to Tiflis that a day's excursion may include it. It was the capital of Georgia, and around it now are the gardens that produce the wonderful fruit one has in Tiflis: grapes an inch and a half long, and apples thirteen and a half inches round, of lovely flavour.

It was here that Sainte Nino or Nina—for her name is spelt in both ways by the same writers—preaching Christianity in the fourth century, is said to have discovered the coat of Christ brought here by Longinus who witnessed the crucifixion, and was a Georgian. The whole history is curious but space forbids more here. Mzkhet is now but a village, but its cathedral and churches retain much of interest. The church on the hill above it stands on the spot where Nino erected one of her crosses.

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

THE writer of the letters from which we give the following extracts is a young man of twenty-two. He was for several years clerk to a chartered accountant, and afterwards held for two years a responsible position in a firm of woollen merchants, until his health became bad.

Thinking that an outdoor life would be beneficial to him, he decided to try farming in Canada. Paying all his own expenses, he went out with the "Barr party." Leaving Liverpool on March 31, 1903, they arrived at St. John's, April 11, 1903.

He and his friends left the party at Winnipeg, having arranged with the Rev. Mr. Barr to join the "All British Colony" at Saskatchewan in a year's time. They had paid their homestead fees and other money to him *before leaving London.*

The letters were written to his father, mother, and other members of his family. It should be stated that they were written without any thought of publication, but were handed to us at the suggestion of a friend who had read them. Our readers will agree with us in thinking that they contain much interesting information, and are a graphic picture of the life of a settler in the far North-West.

S.S.—— ——,
Sunday, April 5, 1903.

This is my first Sunday from home. So I thought you would like a short letter. Now, before I commence, you must distinctly understand I am in good health. I was very ill on Wednesday, as also was F—— E——, but we have recovered quite for some days. So, you see, I am now able to look at things in a quite unbiassed light.

Now, about this boat. She is a slow and filthy tub; licensed by the Board of Trade to carry 980 passengers. She has, however, now on board over 2200, so the congestion can be imagined. Only half the people can get meals. They have "shoved" up so-called sleeping accommodation in the holds, etc. We sleep in a hold, three decks down, and below the waterline. It is horribly close and "smelly."

It appears there are some 200 persons on board who have no connexion with the party, but who were put in as ordinary passengers by —— —— & Co. Anyway, I came prepared to rough it, and I have done so, although, I am thankful to say, it has done me *no* harm.

Tuesday, April 7.

It is a wretched day, and we are having a terribly slow passage. It does not seem at all likely that we shall reach St. John, New Brunswick, before Sunday. There is a possibility of the ship putting in at Newfoundland, in which case we shall not reach St. John until an even later date.

I suppose you have had a good many yarns dished up in the papers about the arrangements that have been made for the comfort and transport of this large party. So far as the accommodation and catering of this ship is concerned, I can assure you they are *lies*. We shall be more glad than can be imagined to get off this overcrowded and filthy boat. So far as the people are concerned, the Londoners are all right, but the provincials and yokels, as a rule, have no manners or sense of decency. We shall catch the first train we can at St. John and leave them, as we do not wish to see any more of them until we go to our homesteads next year.

Our party of four are going to Qu'Appelle and Regina, so that we shall be in the same district.

I have not come across my basket yet, containing provisions, enamel-ware, etc., and feel very anxious, as I must have them on the train. Having those small parcels was a great mistake, as one is compelled to have them taken on board; the baggage people plant them anywhere, and do not discriminate between the "Wanted" and "Not Wanted" labels, which are all bunkum. The small parcel you sent I did not receive until *yesterday*, after being on the ship nearly a week.

Canadian Pacific Railway, Colonist Car 1107,
Province of Quebec, nearing Montreal,
April 13, 1903.

Yesterday was the most extraordinary Sunday I have ever spent. We were divided into four parties; the first to go

by the first special train being those who were not going right on to Saskatoon. We —the first lot—were landed at 9 o'clock A.M., and anxiously waited and watched the luggage coming on shore. It was frightfully bleak and cold, so about midday we went to the Government store and purchased enough food for the four of us on the train journey. Then we sat down on our baggage, and had dinner on the quay. *Menu:* brawn, bread, biscuits, cakes, oranges, apples—eaten *à la* pocket-knife.

As there was no sign of the train going, and anyway we could not go without our luggage, we went to the dock end of St. John for a couple of hours, and finding two coffee shops open, we had some hot coffee. "The boss" was a Boston nigger, and we had some fun with him. Next we discovered a druggist's open, where we bought some chocolate and cigarettes. The chemists here take advantage of being allowed to open Sundays, and they sell almost everything. Then we went back to the quay, and *all* our traps turned up in a few minutes. We quickly borrowed a truck, piled it with the luggage, which we planted in our above address. It is like a yacht—"clean and sweet and very convenient." You can go from one end of the train to the other; it has a passage down the centre, with seats at right angles, in twos, facing each other. These seats pull out like a roller-top desk, and meet together, forming a bed for two. Then running along each side of the car are things like big hat-racks, which lower down and make bunks, so every one has a sleeping-berth.

Well, we all four kept together, and, after we started, unpacked and pooled our provisions. Then we had "high tea"—birthday cake (sister Mabel's), biscuits, bread-and-butter, tea (very good).

It seemed so fine to get our own wholesome food after the filth on the boat. After tea we adjourned to the next car (a smoker), where they were having an extempore concert. Afterwards to bed. We might, however, have slept better if the train did not roll, bump, and jerk quite so much. We got used to the motion of the boat, but this is much worse. I do not know how we shall feel when we sleep on a firm foundation again. We rose at six o'clock, washed and brushed, then prepared our breakfast—bread, boiled bacon, butter, biscuits, cakes, apples, oranges, peach jam, tea. I can assure you we do our food fu justice.

It is beautifully bright now; there is st a little snow to see about. It is rapidl disappearing. The wooded country a plains looked lovely by the bright moo light.

Chapleau Station,
April 1

A poor fellow has just jumped off t train on to this station, and has his completely smashed. They are send him back, some two hundred miles special train, where the leg will amputated. We are all well, and when are not eating or preparing a meal, we on the steps outside the car, and let the soak into our lungs; it is glorious; t engines simply tear along. It is impossi for any one who has not been here to gra the magnitude of this continent and magnificence of its varied scenery. H after hour, and day after day, travelling a great speed through vast forests a great lakes, waterfalls, prairies, farm-lan snow, ice, and sunshine, and the co moonlight at night. I saw Lake Super by moonlight.

Wednesday, 15th, just passed F William. Our party on this train a collected £20 for the man who lost his yesterday.

South Qu'Appelle Station,
Assa, Canada, N W.T.,
Saturday, April 18, 19

I arrived here 7 p.m. on Thursday. W reached Winnipeg at midnight Wednesd and explored that city by moonlight. W had to change trains there, and had to w until 7 A.M. for the local train, which g to Moose Jaw, so you see it took us tw hours to get here from Winnipeg. W we arrived we were completely knock up, and did not care what became of

C—— is not here, but a letter awa me, saying he had secured me a job w a farmer some twelve miles out. W directly I knew I was fixed up all righ all "got a move on us" (as they say here), and went and called on sev farmers, one of whom engaged E— others saying they would see us to (Saturday), being market-day in to when all the farmers drive in, one of wh engaged T—— this morning. The rema ing one of our party was advised to carpentering, as there is a great dema

for that class of work in the spring, and the wages are high. He saw a builder, who has promised to give him a job next week. We are now all full up for work. I am leaving to go to my job to-morrow afternoon. We are all now in the best of health and spirits, although we were run down after our long and trying journey. For the first few hours that I was off the train I had a roaring in my ears. We had no sleep for two nights, so you may guess how we felt.

I cannot describe the country yet; it is so vast and strange. There are great prairie fires at night which extend for many miles; it is appalling to see the great flames and the red sky. It is glorious weather; the sky is blue, and the sun is very, very bright; there is a lovely breeze, which is scented with a sweet aroma from the many thousands of miles of prairie grass, which is all dry and bleached by the extreme winter cold. This little town is a typical North-Western place. It is very picturesque, and so strange—nothing but horses and cattle-ranchers, cowboys, farmers, crossbreeds, Indians, and oh! the aliens that are pouring in; but they are invading all parts of Canada; they are mostly the very worst types of Russians, Germans, Scandinavians, Galicians, and the scum of Europe; there are lots of Dokhoubors too. It does seem a shame that this fine country should be swarmed by such people, but at times they are so short-handed on farms, etc., that they have to get any labour obtainable, and these creatures can exist where a decent dog would go under. If you know of any one coming out, unless they are carpenters or mechanics, etc., pray them not to go to Winnipeg or any big settled district. Winnipeg is crammed, and there are hundreds of inexperienced men walking about who cannot find work.

Assa, Canada,
Monday, May 18, 1903.

I thought you would like to have a letter, telling briefly how things are with me. When I went to —— Farm, I felt fairly well, as I had had two days' rest and the weather had been fine, but ever since then it has been very changeable. After I had been there a day or two, they put the hired man and myself in the barn to sleep (the house was small and overcrowded). It was dreadful; there were horses, cows, and pigs underneath, they made a noise all night, and the smell was unpleasant. So what with getting wet and cold (we could have no fire), and working hard all day, and scarcely any sleep at night, when 5 A.M. came I was very unfit to rise. The food, too, was very poor. The only meat we had was pork (fat), with indifferent potatoes and very weak tea, which practically constituted our three meals a day. As I could see no prospect of bettering myself there, after three weeks I quit.

You see, some of these people do not know how to treat a greenhorn (as they call us out here), but some do, and a fellow who gets in with that kind strikes it lucky. I heard yesterday that some of the Barr colonists, who went right up to the Settlement, had come through on their way home to England again.

The people here denounce Barr, and it is predicted by settlers of long experience that the colony will turn out to be a failure. The first winter here will be a great expense. Work is scarce then, men will work for their board alone. The cold is intense, 40 and 50 deg. below zero. A fur coat and cap are indispensable and are very expensive. It is all paying out for the first year. The winter work is principally hauling the grain from the farms to town, on big wagon sledges over the snow and ice, and unless properly clad one would go under.

I heard that some one wanted a man temporarily to do some odd jobs. I applied, and he said, "Start now, I will board and sleep you, and hire you for one month, paying you what I find you are worth." I would not hire for the month, but agreed to go by the week.

I started on Wednesday last and took my meals in the house, but had to sleep in a terrible loft, over the cowshed, etc. My first job was to put up a rough fence round the garden. He had no "lumber," and I had to break up packing-cases, tubs, and use any odds and ends I could get. I finished it on Saturday. The Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were tropical hot days. Saturday it turned cold, and has poured with rain, in sheets, which freezes on the ground. I got wet through at night in my bed in the loft, the rain and wind came through the holes and cracks in the wooden roof and walls, which with the straw and my traps became sodden. Last night (Sunday) it was ten times worse; I had not a dry stitch on me, I was awake

with pains all the horrible night. In the morning I said I should have to quit for two or three days, as I felt very unwell. I am boarding in town, which costs me one dollar per day. I came to Canada fully prepared to rough it, but, at the same time, I never expected but to be treated (especially by those who have every opportunity) decently, and like a human being.

I am very disappointed in Canada, although of course the North-West is far rougher and harder than the Eastern Provinces. The majority of the farmers in this part are not well off.

Many would probably think a great deal of what I have told you exaggeration, but it is quite true; if any one is coming to the North-West they perhaps will like to know what they may possibly have to put up with.

There are many things that seem trivial perhaps, but taken together they have made up a pretty formidable whole. Many men could go through more than I have, of course, but I am handicapped by not being as strong as I could wish.

Assa, Canada, N. W. T.,
May 24, 1903.

In my last I told how I had to quit work on account of being unwell; had I returned there, the next job required of me was to paint the house (rather beyond my capacity, I fear). I took two days' rest, then engaged to work for an Englishman (who has been out here five years) for a month, and who has bought some land with a bachelor's shack on it, which he wished help to enlarge, also to make a "corral" for cattle. He would have hired me for a season, but was expecting an old friend from England to join him in a fortnight. So it is here I am living and working; the weather has been terrible, it has rained and stormed now for eight days. I have been bucking lumber and cutting pickets for a corral, etc., and have been wet through out in it for three days; even the bed-clothes in the shack are damp at night. You cannot guess how hard these very wet tree-logs are to cut.

I was very glad, when I awoke and rose at five o'clock this morning, that all the rain and storm was over, and it has been a perfect day. The warmth has made me feel much better. I am alone now at this place for the night. It seems very solitary. I have just lit the little camp-stove and the lamp, and had my supper. The kettle is still singing to me as I clear away.

All around these parts are small ponds they call them sloughs (pronounced "slews"); and in them are swarms of frogs, which keep up a great singing sort of chatter all day and night, something like large crowds of sparrows do at times and this is the noise that lulls one to sleep. It is now 9.15 and the sun set long ago. It was glorious, and I ought to be in bed as I must be up at five sharp.

Assa, Canada, N. W. T.,
Sunday, June 28, 19[illegible]

Since writing you a fortnight ago, I had the misfortune to be rather badly kicked by a "broncho" mare. I noticed she had broken her tether and was loose, and went after her and caught the rope, when she turned on me and gave me a terrible kick just below the thigh; I went down like a log, but managed to kneel with my right leg on the rope, and after a few circles she quieted down, when with some difficulty I got her into the stable. I could not stand or move my leg for some days, but it is much better now. I shall be lame for some time. It was not through carelessness on my part, but sheer "devilry" of the horse. Some of the horses they have and drive out here people would not look near at home.

My month here will soon be up; I do not yet know what I shall do.

The country is full of "green Englishmen"; it makes my blood boil sometimes to hear the way that the farmers speak of their fresh men, they seem to expect a man to be able to stick the work at once as well as they can. An American said to me yesterday, "What is needful in a human man is brute strength and ignorance." I hear that the C.P. Railway are taking emigrants back from Winnipeg to England for £5 10*s*. So that will show what a number there must be who are full up in Canada.

Assa, Canada, N. W. T.,
July 6, 19[illegible]

I sleep in one of our tents which T— managed to get when he was in Saskatoon with his "boss." (We paid for two, and for waterproof sheeting, etc., to Mr. B[illegible] before leaving England.) I wrote long ago about them to Mr. Barr, and received no reply.

I left Mr. J—— at the end of my month (his English friend had arrived). Like most fellows green out, I went to him for a month for what he thought fair. After working at every kind of laborious work from 5 A.M. to 9.30 P.M., and getting near killed by his vicious beast of a mare, he "roped" me. Gave me $5—at least gave me $2 on account of $5; said he was short of ready cash, and he would give me the balance later. It is a lesson though that I have taken to heart, and there is not a man on this earth that will do this with me again.

W——, *N.W.T.*,
July 14, 1903.

I am writing from W——, some thirty-five miles from A——. Last week, as I told you, I was in town, not being at all well. We heard a great deal about this district, it being known as the "famous" W—— district. There is a new railway being built through it, and two new towns are being located.

The other boys, W—— and T——, thought we might be able to start a little store at one town, if we could get enough money together. As H—— is "batching" on his homestead here, W—— and I decided to come out on Friday and have a look around. We arranged with a German who was hauling oats to the railway camp, to bring us. We left town at 5 A.M. I turned out of my tent at four, and we reached the camp at six in the evening. We then had to strike across the prairie for six miles to H——'s place. When we got there, thoroughly done up, the sun was just setting. H—— had just come in, with a big eagle he had shot, and with a fine young one he had taken alive, and which is now installed as household pet; he is now feeding it with a "gophir" he has shot.

SHE TURNED ON ME AND GAVE ME A TERRIBLE KICK

One of the towns is ten miles from H——'s, and the other four. At the former, a man has already started a store, and cannot get stuff fast enough to meet the demand in his neighbourhood. There is no store at the other township, and W—— has gone to-day to find out all he can, but I can see it would cost a good deal of money to start. All the land is taken up around here, and railway land sold. There is one homestead quarter adjoining H——'s, however, where the person who entered has not put in an appearance, and I am making application to Regina to have it myself; but there is only an off chance of getting it. I am going to work for H—— for a time, and that will give me an opportunity of looking round. He came on this homestead this spring. He has four horses, all the necessary implements, a small stable and shack—the latter he built himself, of course; it is of boards, and measures 12 ft. by 12 ft.; he has a few pigs. The staple food is pork, bannocks, dried beans, dried apples, and "straight tea," no *milk* being obtainable. It seems pretty rough to me, but I have had a good deal that is new to me to put up with, and it is not so bad, they say, when a man gets down to it, but it is the getting down that is stiff, I find.

H—— has one wagon and is going to get another, then he will be able to haul loads from and to the railway camps here and in town, he driving one and I the other. I shall like that, as it will break the monotony of existence on the prairie and be a change from the hard farm-work. I shall not be able to write very regularly, as the nearest post-office is thirty-five miles.

W—— Settlement,
July 24, 1903.

Last week, after H—— had finished what he wanted to do on his homestead, we started freighting goods from A—— to the railway camps on this new line. The camps belong to the contractors who build the line.

It is awfully rough going over the hummocks on the prairie and on the bad trails, and we have to feed and sleep as best we can. We spent last night at the big railway camp, four miles from where the nearest station will be. It is very strange to see the big tents and marquees, and lots of horses tied to wagons, which form a circle round a camp. At intervals there are fires, or rather "smudges," to keep the mosquitoes and flies off the horses. The men are Yankees and blacks. There are large ploughs and graders standing about, which take sixteen horses to pull them. And altogether, seeing it on the prairie, it is what you would imagine a circus camp to look like at night. We are back at the shack again now, and I ought to be in bed. I am dog-tired, as I have had very little sleep lately. We got into town with two wagons and teams at two o'clock Sunday morning, and slept in a loose box in a stable. On Sunday night we slept in my tent, and last night we were in the "feed" tent at the railway camp, *i.e.* where they keep hay, etc. We did not turn in till late, and had to turn out at four this morning. I could not sleep a wink for the mosquitoes. I have been terribly bitten the last six weeks or so. They make a raid on persons new to the country.

W——,
Sunday, Aug. 2, 1903.

I am sorry I do not get much time to write now. We have been doing long journeys. The only time I have had at all has been the few hours I have had to sleep; I have not been in a bed for some days until yesterday.

Last Friday week we left the railway camp near here for a place called "Yellow Grass" with two teams and wagons, to fetch some earthenware drain-pipes, which are placed crosswise under certain parts of the track to drain it. They are of two sizes, large ones of about 3 cwt., and small ones about 1 cwt.

We did not have two wagons, but only one, the other affair being the flat bottom of an old hay-rack which, H—— theorised, would carry a good many pipes. I drove this precious concern, and it will always be a wonder to me how I did it without breaking my neck. Going over the rough trails and hummocks on the prairie it jumped and tossed about like a small boat in a very rough sea.

In the wagon H—— drove were some pigs, which he hoped to sell in Yellow Grass. We reached that place about 8 P.M. H—— would not go into town for supper, so we camped by the side of the railway track and managed with what we had got, which was precious little.

Well, about eleven o'clock he had sold the pigs, and I had to drive them out to

A THUNDERSTORM CAME ON, AND THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN SHEETS

farm some distance and deliver them. I got them out, and after a great deal of trouble unloaded them. You do not know what trouble good-sized, healthy, live pigs are. When I got back to Yellow Grass, and we had got things together, it was nearly two o'clock *Sunday* morning. We slept on the ground in the livery stable, and H—— said we must be up at four o'clock and load the pipes, and get away again. Just fancy, two hours' rest! But I must tell you H—— is a very inconsiderate person.

Well, we got up just after four and put on our two loads of pipes and got out about midday, just as the people were driving home from church. We managed to get a few miles out, and then the old hay-rack was rocking so that we had to

stop. We had a dry dinner—I have had several now, and it is not nice. Our Sunday dinner consisted of "soda biscuits" and jam. We stayed there until about six o'clock, and then, being thirsty and not having watered the horses, we hitched up and went on.

Presently we came to a bachelor's shack, and, looking through the window, we saw a bowl of lemon drink, but alas! the door was locked and we could not get in. In the yard was a barrel, and at the bottom was the remnant of the water it had contained. It was mud then, but I swallowed a handful. About eight o'clock we camped by the side of a big puddle for supper. Just as the tea and things were ready a thunderstorm came on, and the rain came down in sheets. By the time we had got the things together and had fixed the horses I was drenched to the skin. We got under the wagon, but the rain came through in torrents. We lay there until nearly midnight, when we got up and groped our way through mud, water, and dense darkness to a shack about a mile off, where I lay down on the floor thoroughly exhausted, and fell asleep. We went back to the wagon at 4.30, and broke our fast as best we could. The man whose shack we had slept in sold us a loaf.

We went on very carefully until the middle of the afternoon, when we reached an Englishman's shack. H—— being then convinced that the hay-rack was not the thing for the job, we dumped off both loads there and started back for Yellow Grass, where he purposed buying another wagon-box to haul with instead of the rack. I had a terrible cold, and was sick for want of sleep. We arrived back at Yellow Grass late on Monday night, and went to bed at 2 A.M. under the wagon, and within a stone's throw of the hotel.

We got up at five; my cold was bad, and I fairly ached. The days have been very chilly lately and the nights bitterly cold.

We reached the Englishman's that night (Tuesday), but had to camp in a little tent of his some two miles away, as there was no water at the shack for the horses. Where we camped for the night it was wet and swampy and very cold indeed. We went back to Yellow Grass on Wednesday, and came into camp on Thursday. I have felt real bad, and so on Friday I got off at a bachelor's shack and stayed the night there. I went to the railway camp with a load yesterday and hoped I might have seen the doctor, who visits them periodically, but he had gone. The "boss" of the camp gave me some physic; he says he will give me a job. I shall only get small wages to begin, and it will not last long, as they have to quit constructing as soon as the frost sets in.

I cannot stay any longer with H——. I told him I did not know what he expected for $10 per month, which is all the farmers give green Englishmen, board and lodging included (such as it is).

W——,
Monday, Aug. 3, 1903,
8.30 *p.m.*

I had to knock off my letter rather suddenly last night, so I am going to add a little more this evening. I was up at four o'clock this morning, and busy helping H—— to start off on his journey to Yellow Grass, which he did at ten o'clock.

I felt very queer, but packed some things in my portmanteau (which, by the way, is all to pieces now), and started for my new job at the railway camp. When I had gone a mile I felt very bad. It was raining hard, and was bitterly cold. I stopped at a neighbour's shack and lay down for a time.

After a dinner of pork, bread, and straight tea, I borrowed one of his horses, and rode a few miles off to see a man who is going into town to-morrow. He will take me with him, so I shall be able to see the doctor. I must be up at four o'clock and get over to his place in the morning.

However, I will write more before I post this.

(*To be continued.*)

The Critic on the Hearth[1]

BY JOHN A. STEUART

YOU remember Johnson's pungent description of a patron in the epoch-making letter to Lord Chesterfield:—"Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?" Similarly one is at times tempted to ask: "Is not a philosopher, so-called, one who sits at his ease telling others how they ought to behave in circumstances of which he has no understanding, or laying down the law concerning things of which he has no knowledge?" In these days of almost universal omniscience, when babes are born with a wisdom which puts their elders to shame, the world is so exceedingly well supplied with counsellors that nothing ought ever to go wrong with us. Are we in reality then wiser than were our fathers? Do we understand the science of life better than they understood it? Knowledge has indeed increased prodigiously. Have nobility and happiness made a corresponding advance?

That enchanting writer who from the fulness of his own content gave us *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, remarks in his quaint way that "one of the greatest miseries that can befall a man, in the world's esteem, is poverty or want, which makes men steal, bear false witness, swear, forswear, contend, murder, and rebel, which breaketh sleep and causeth death itself. . . . Money makes, but poverty mars." Mr. Burton arraigns that statement as a popular fallacy. In point of fortune he had himself the felicity to realise the apostle's ideal: for he had neither poverty nor riches. It was not his lot to lie awake o' nights planning how to make inelastic ends meet. Of the worry which makes old at the rate of two years in twelve months he knew nothing. His daily dinner was as sure as anything in this world can reasonably be, and he could count on a new coat in season.

"I hear no music, I find no feast,
I slay no beast from a bounding steed;
I bestow no gold, I am poor and old,
I am sick and cold, without wine or mead."

That Celtic wail of misery found no echo in the heart of the Oxford recluse. Nor, on the other hand, did he ever feel the grievous oppression of riches. From the cloisters of Brasenose College he looked forth upon a struggling, tumultuous world with that feeling of security and detachment which makes men amiable friends, graceful moralists, and admirable counsellors to such as have to endure the heat and dust of battle.

"His theme is not the most promising in the world, is it?" remarked Solomon, lifting his head meaningly. He had sniffed at the first mention of Burton's name in our cursory table-talk as at something mouldy and out of date. Reverence for the past is not Solomon's strong point.

His theme, I responded, is ostensibly the cause, effect, and cure of melancholy; in reality it is the whole range of man's sublunary interests. As a moralist, I ventured to point out, he has not the pithy shrewdness of Montaigne, the preceptor of Shakespeare and father of a very large tribe of essayists. He is the old man garrulous, the learned babe (there were babes at Oxford, you see, long before the days of Cecil Rhodes) who ransacked the Bodleian, despoiling the ancients with an innocent effrontery that is bewitching. He is perhaps the oddest medley of conceit and quotation in existence. In all the three volumes of the *Anatomy* there is not a single original idea, yet it is one of the most original books in the language, as that shameless plagiarist the Rev. Laurence Sterne discovered to his own great benefit. Why do I dwell on the *Anatomy?* Because it is the handiest compendium of ancient wisdom outside the Proverbs of Solomon—not our Solomon, but the great King. Try it for a rainy day at the seaside.

It does us good to glance back occasionally, to be reminded from time to time that there were great men before the inventor of the motor, and problems or ever the new woman shocked the world with her cigarettes and her mannishness.

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If you be pleased to sit awhile and listen to the prattling of Mr. Robert Burton you may rise with enlightenment on many things, and especially what men, who helped mightily to make the world what it is, thought in regard to the momentous problem of living. What is the question which most occupies the thoughts of active men? Is it not how to make the best of themselves and of circumstance? He who has found out how to make the best of himself has discovered a secret more precious than rubies or fine gold, ay, though the gold should bring a castle in the Highlands and a mansion in Park Lane.

There are certain things which do not change, which are not subject to the refluent movements that agitate the world in general. The man who first experienced the pangs of hunger came inadvertently on a matter which has puzzled the best of philosophers and to-day engages practical men in dire and relentless contest. We are often told that the problems of each age are peculiar to itself. Don't believe it. True, the tremendous question of furbelows and crinolines keeps every successive generation in a state of feverish unrest. Fashion is perhaps just a little more variable than the weathercock on the steeple, as paterfamilias, alas! knows to his cost. Do I object to variety? By no means. What would become of your Court milliner, your enterprising haberdasher, your fashionable tailor whose privilege it is to encase the august legs of dukes and princes, if a mandate were to go forth that last year's fashions were to be permanent? A stereotyped fashion would mean intolerable monotony to professional beauties and other deserving people, not to speak of the ruin of many admirable industries. But there is something deeper than fashion, something pristine, elemental, the mere sheer desire to live. Those who understand such matters tell us that every man has a right to live.

"I don't know in what statute-book that is enshrined," put in the Colonel quietly. "I think I know many men and a few women whose right to live at my expense is at least questionable. But we won't argue the matter."

"What about suicides?" inquired Solomon blandly.

"Suicides are of course insane," returned the Curate.

"I don't know about that," says Solomon, shaking his head very wisely. "I once attended an inquest, and it was with the greatest difficulty that three-fourths of the jury could write their own names. Do you think such men capable of judging the delicate balancings of intellect?"

"The law allows it," said the Curate.

"Who or what is the law?" inquired Solomon blandly.

"Go out and break a pane of glass in the nearest shop-window and you'll find out," said the Colonel.

"A policeman is not the law," retorted Solomon, with the coolness of a lawyer, "any more than a locomotive is the man who drives it. As there is some one behind the locomotive, so there is some one behind the policeman. You say it is the law. If you were to speak quite accurately wouldn't you say it is a body of respectable but by no means over-intelligent gentlemen who buy their way into Parliament, and then proceed like so many little Cæsars to issue decrees?"

Stop, stop! I cried. We could not of course allow such criticism of our legislators to pass. The British Constitution, as Edmund Burke long ago remarked, is too exquisite a thing to be handled by the ignorant or the inexpert. If it directs that a coroner's jury shall say that in committing *felo-de-se* the person so breaking the law is not only a felon but insane, then according to law he was insane though fifty experts on psychology should deny it, and there is no more to be said.

It is curious to note, I proceeded, how when the preliminaries of life are arranged—meat, drink, clothing and lodging—men's ambitions vary. Some merely desire a selfish personal gratification; others, including some of the noblest and best, strive to found families. That was Shakespeare's ambition and Scott's. The creator of Lear and Hamlet took particular care in his will to perpetuate his name and estate, and Scott killed himself that field might be added to field and Abbotsford rear its turrets in proof of territorial power. False ambition, you say, and therefore frustrated. Do not judge hastily, please. Pliny and Cicero were for glory. Renan too declared the world has nothing better to give, and Matthew Arnold was disposed to assent though with some qualification. Juvenal, on the other hand (as you might expect), asks, "What is glory, be it as glorious as it may, if it be no more than glory?" In the same strain Montaigne, who is a Latin through and through, inquires why men should give up such "effectual and substantial goods" as riches, peace, life and health, "to pursue this vain phantom and empty word, that has neither body nor hold to be taken of it?" Tasso, more poetically, calls

it "an echo, a dream, nay the shadow of a dream, which a breath disperses and dissolves."

The excellent Burton (be good enough to hand me down Volume II. from the third shelf), following suit, calls ambition "a proud covetousness or a dry thirst of honour, a great torture of the mind, composed of envy, pride and covetousness, a gallant madness. One defines it, a pleasant poison; Ambrose, a canker of the soul, an hidden plague; Bernard, a secret poison, the mother of hypocrisy, the moth of holiness, and cause of madness, crucifying and disquieting all that it takes hold of." There is much else to the same effect, I said, closing the book; for Burton does not stint authorities. You don't agree with all he says or quotes. Of course you don't. When he speaks of envy as an element of ambition he is manifestly wrong. Was ever mortal less envious than Walter Scott? Yet we have seen that he was ambitious. The fact is that both Shakespeare and Scott wished to combine Montaigne's "effectual and substantial goods" with the glory which Montaigne affected to despise.

"*Affected* to despise," repeated the young lady classic, as though to say, "What, accusing the frankest of all writers of insincerity?"

In discussing such matters it is well to begin by clearing our mind of cant, I returned.

"Hear, hear," cried Solomon, whom the array of moralists was beginning to oppress. "Isn't there a good deal of canting about this same sin of ambition?"

That is too dangerous a subject, my friend, for an amiable discussion like ours. Let us, however, get rid of cant, and if you please discard convention also. In this late age we see most things through the mists of tradition. We are all apt to be conservative (no political allusion here), because conservatism is easy. It is the creed, speaking in general terms, of the lazy and the timid. If men had always been content with what was and never pushed on to what might be, our inheritance would be considerably less valuable to-day than it is. By the sacrifices of yesterday we enjoy the benefits of to-day; by the sacrifices of to-day will come the benefits of to-morrow. At the same time let us be honest. When a man tells you with bland fluency of the unspeakable pleasure of dispensing with this or that unnecessary possession, you may with perfect safety put him down as one who keeps an exceedingly tight grip on his own goods.

It is a foible of the rich to instruct the poor in the art of being happy on nothing. The mentor may be sincere, though it must be admitted that when a man first dines sumptuously, and then proceeds to dilate on the benefits of hunger, appearances are against him. The listener may well suspect him of moralising with his tongue in his cheek. Doubtless a person in the agony of gout is perfectly sincere in extolling the virtues of a lenten fare. But as a rule the plain man concludes that a plutocrat enlarging on the blessings of poverty is merely a gratuitous example of the Pharisee; because for all rich men there is an easy, open way to the felicity they commend to others. If to be poor is to be happy, I undertake at twenty-four hours' notice to secure happiness for the richest man in England. It is a pathetic mistake on the part of the overburdened rich to suppose that they cannot get rid of superfluous wealth.

"We know how the rich young man in the parable took the suggestion that he should part with his riches," said the Curate.

The example, I returned, is as pertinent to-day as ever it was. To my mind the most nauseous form of cant is that of the rich pretending to envy the lot of the poor.

"Almost as nauseous as the hypocrisy of the toady," remarked the Colonel. "Byron said with a sneer that his friend Tommy Moore dearly loved a lord. There are hosts of Tommy Moores walking the earth at present. It is instructive to note the art with which the sycophants adjust their reverence to the position of the momentary idol."

Very instructive, I owned. In America, where they do everything with an eye to results, snobbery is a developed science, nicely graduated to mark the proper distinction between the man who is worth only one million and the man who is worth ten millions, as between him who is worth ten and him who is worth fifty. The same nice distinctions are beginning to be noticeable in England also. To say that a man is worth five millions sterling is to procure him obeisances and flatteries which must make him almost imagine himself a demi-god. "You have no conscience," a plutocrat was told the other day by a friend. "No," was the frank reply, "I have no conscience, but I have three millions in railway stock."

"And you call that instructive," cried the young lady classic, flushing indignantly.

"Instructive, my dear," returned the Colonel, "because it teaches us what to avoid. If a sycophant saw himself as others see him, he

would immediately cease to be a sycophant. The world would be a very tolerable place if flatterers and parasites were abolished by law or transported to some new Botany Bay. They are among the most despicable of our social pests, and what makes them intolerable is that often they affect an air of extreme independence. It goes almost without saying that such as cringe to those a step or two above them are invariably bullies to those below."

"That," observed the Curate, "is the contemptible creature's mode of self-compensation —witness the behaviour of Jonathan Swift. As touching the rich man, perhaps the word satiety expresses or explains his sad condition."

"There is something in that," admitted the Colonel. "The prize for which he strove has turned to Dead Sea fruit in his grasp.

'E'en if won what's the good of life's medals and prizes?
The rapture 's in what never was, or is gone.'

That's experience set to music. You see we are back to the supreme question of ideals. It was said of old, 'Tell me what a man thinks, what he admires, and I will tell you what he is.' The tragedy with most of us is that we go through life with our eyes on the wrong things. Only a man here and there, a Carlyle, a Newman, a Pater, let us say for illustration's sake, keeps himself free from the prevailing contagions of misdirected ambition."

"Just so," said the Curate, with an evident unction of agreement. "The youth entering the world finds the golden calf an object of universal adoration. The conduct of his elders declares that it, and it alone, can confer benefits and extend privileges. Hence he takes Iago's advice, and proceeds with all his heart and soul to put money in his purse. He forgets the benefits that are not to be weighed or appraised by that great auctioneer, the public; or rather he does not know of them since they find no place in our latest system of education. To be rich, to be richer than his neighbour, that is the end and aim of existence as he is taught to understand it. I believe that youthful Americans have a saying, 'If I don't die rich it will be because I shall die young.' Does not that very aptly sum up the national ideal?"

And the youth of America, I observed, excel in the art of money-making. As you perhaps know, there are scarcely any old men in the United States. Some years ago a friend—since, alas! gone the way whence no traveller returns —took me over the Board of Trade in Chicago. I was struck by the fact that the bawling crowd was made up almost entirely of young men, and that the vast majority of them were bald. They were making money at the expense of nerve and hair. They never stopped to consider the wisdom of going at such a pace. Their very dreams in the stillness of the night were of "corners" in wheat and pork, and the sensation of a five-cent rise. In one of Hawthorne's tales there is a description of an unfortunate youth whose real life is crushed out by the piles of ancestral gold which descend upon him. It is not at all an uncommon event. You don't read Walt Whitman. He is even more difficult than Browning and Meredith. Permit me to show you your error—based on popular fallacy. Embedded in his prose works you will find a tiny sketch called "The Boy Lover." The boy viewing the gay perspective of the world ahead is invited to *dream* himself old. Then he is told to look back "through the long track of the past years. How has it been with thee?" he is asked. "Are there bright beacons of happiness enjoyed, and of good done by the way? Glimmer gentle rays of what was scattered from a holy heart? Have benevolence, and love, and undeviating honesty left tokens on which thy eyes can rest sweetly? Is it well with thee, thus? Answerest thou, it is? Or answerest thou, I see nothing but gloom and shattered hours, and the wreck of good resolves and a broken heart, filled with sickness and troubled among its ruined chambers with the phantoms of many follies? Oh youth! youth! this dream will one day be a *reality*—a reality, either of heavenly grace or agonising sorrow."

"I had no idea," said the young lady classic softly, "that Walt Whitman could be so tender."

Madam, as Robert Louis Stevenson found, he is not only tender, he is (despite a seeming chaos) wonderfully and sagaciously sane. As for his greatness in writing, do me the favour to read that passage in *Specimen Days*, describing a night-walk under the stars—his thoughts full of Carlyle dying.

You just remember that Whitman did something heroic in war time. Which do I consider the greater, the hero of thought or the hero of action? I make no distinction. Scott's death at Abbotsford and Gordon's at Khartoum are to me equally sublime. For the rest let us comfort ourselves with the words of the wittiest of English divines, "He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault."

"Good," cried Solomon. "That enables a poor fellow to breathe again."

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

The Tsar at Home

An interesting book has just been published in Leipzig, written by Bresnitz von Sydaroff, who was for long a resident at the St. Petersburg Court. It sketches the manner of life at the Court, and what Sydaroff says of the Tsar and his consort is of peculiar interest at the present time. Like all other European monarchs, Nicholas II. is an early riser. Regularly at seven o'clock winter and summer he enters his working-room. Ivan, his valet, serves the early breakfast. Ivan is perhaps the only person in the world except his wife whom he implicitly trusts. Piles of reports are on the table, and as the Tsar looks them through he drinks his tea and eats his bread-and-butter. Seldom is an egg or a slice of cold meat added. Those papers on his table are not from his regular ministers and counsellors. They are from the powers behind the throne, from men whom the ministers fear, irresponsible favourites commissioned by the Tsar to report. They are secret reports, and are frequently acted on by the Autocrat, to the consternation often of his regular advisers.

Nicholas II. works at these and other papers, usually alone, until ten o'clock, when he has luncheon, or, as the Russians call it, second breakfast. This meal is invariably taken with his family alone. It is a mark of peculiar favour, and a sign of the greatest confidence, should any one be invited to this meal, when the Tsar chats with his wife and plays with his daughters, often helping them himself to food. From the breakfast-room he goes either back to his working-room or to the Audience Chamber should it be a reception day. Endless magnates, ministers, officials of all sorts, functionaries from the provinces are admitted, and lay their business before the Emperor, who has at his back his private secretaries. This audience-giving usually lasts until three o'clock, and then the Tsar goes to dinner. This meal is also taken *en famille*, and is of the simplest character. There is a drive after dinner, and visits are made. The evening meal, or supper, as the Russians call it, is usually an elaborate state affair, and nothing is wanting to give it a character of grandeur and opulence. But the Tsar himself eats little at these great functions, and drinks hardly anything except now and again a glass of champagne. Beer or spirits he never touches, and his smoking is confined to an occasional mild cigarette. He retires to rest between ten and eleven o'clock after an hour with his wife and an hour or so in his study, where he pores over books of mystical theology.

The Empress is in the first place a mother. Her children are her world. When Court duties do not detain her she hears her daughters say their evening prayers, and not infrequently the Tsar is present at this beautiful little service. According to Sydaroff it is not Russian which the imperial family speaks when alone, but French. I have heard, however, from another authority that English is the language of the nursery. The children's food is of the simplest —plain nutritious things, no luxuries and no unnecessary sweatmeats.—M. A. M.

The Papal Secretary of State

Cardinal Merry del Val when raised to the Secretaryship of State, merely on account of his polyglot accomplishments, as ill-natured tongues at the Vatican say, was hailed by his few friends, led by Cardinal Oreglia, the *doyen* of the Sacred College, as the man who would cast in the shade the figure of his predecessor, Cardinal Rampolla. Pius X. frankly and naïvely said that he knew nothing about politics nor had he any leaning towards them, and to his greatest intimates confessed that he had decided upon Merry del Val after having received the Diplomatic Body for the first time, when, being unable to speak anything but Italian, and even that with a very strong Venetian accent, he was mortified in realising that not one of them understood what he was saying, except the chargé d'affaires of the Republic of Nicaragua—because he is an Italian. As can easily be understood, Cardinal Merry del Val assumed power amidst the distrust of the members of the Sacred College, as he being the youngest and just appointed Cardinal, all the others considered themselves superior to him in diplomatic ability, as well as in experience, for the direction of the political and ecclesiastical affairs of the Church. The new Secretary of State, it must be said to his credit, did not feel at all discouraged, and set to work to draw on his side some of the most reluctant among his opponents, and he succeeded, chiefly with Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who has become his right hand,

and with Cardinal Vives y Tuto, who, although until the election of Pius X. one of the strongest supporters of Cardinal Rampolla, afterwards followed the new star for the consideration that it belongs to his nationality. Contemporaneously Merry del Val announced that he was conceiving a master-stroke, which his friends beforehand qualified worthy of Machiavelli. Thus came to light the famous notes of protest for President Loubet's visit to Rome, which is only one example of his diplomacy, it being all on the same lines. The feeling throughout Italy is summed up in the words of the *Capitan Fracassa*, which says that all true Italians should get up a petition to Pius X. to keep the Secretary of State in his present position, as he has brought more people over to the Quirinal party than any of their own adherents.—I. C.

An Unenfranchised City

THERE is one city on the American continent whose inhabitants are never called upon to go to the polls. The residents of the city of Washington, the federal capital of the United States, have no voice in their government either in municipal or national concerns. City affairs are regulated by a Congressional committee, and the district of Columbia elects neither a representative to the Lower House of Congress nor a Senator to the Upper. In spite, however, of this complete disfranchisement, the residents of the Capital City are not disinterested onlookers during a Presidential campaign. In the United States the most important preliminary to an election is the nominating convention. Theoretically any man out of the eighty millions of Americans, who is native born and over thirty-five years of age, can be President of the Republic. In fact, however, when the election takes place only the two men who have secured the nomination respectively of the two great national parties have any chance of the Presidency. Hence the nominating Conventions of the dominant parties are really the fields on which the fight is made, and in these conventions the unenfranchised residents of the district of Columbia have long been permitted to take part. This concession has been made to them on the theory that their nearness to Congress and their personal knowledge of the men in national politics renders their advice of value in the choice of candidates. The Democrats give the district six delegates —the same number as is granted to the least populous of the States. The Republicans more reasonably limit the district to two delegates in a Convention of about nine hundred. Neither the nominating Conventions nor the delegates have any place in the Constitution. The election of the delegates is entirely a party matter, but it is the one electoral activity of the people of the district; and the coloured population in particular, who are entirely excluded from the Democratic representation, but are always allowed one of their race in the Republican delegation, rejoices once in four years in the political excitement afforded them by their share in this preliminary of the Presidential campaign.—A. G. P.

Women in American Business Life

ACCUSTOMED as one quickly becomes to the presence of women in every business office in American cities, it nevertheless occasions an Englishman a start of surprise to find them acting in capacities entirely forbidden to them by English usage. That women clerks should be at work among the men in a bank is no more unreasonable than that they should act as cashiers in large retail establishments; yet the one seems perfectly natural, and the other something of a phenomenon. In the higher positions in commercial and financial life also, women are much more frequently found in prominent places in the United States than in England. Three such instances were recently recorded in different columns of one single newspaper. The first was from Texas, in an account of the formation of a company for growing Cuban tobacco. The president of the corporation, it was stated, was Miss Alice T. Webb, who was already a partner in a Chicago tobacco firm. The second was from South Dakota, and recorded the fact that Mrs. A. R. Gossage had undertaken the editorship and business managership of a daily newspaper in Rapid City in that State. The third came from the more conservative Southern State of Maryland, and stated that Miss M. Brandt, of the firm of M. and J. Brandt, had brought to a successful completion some difficult negotiations in connexion with the sale of city property belonging to a bank in Baltimore. These are but the record of a single day, but they illustrate the wide variety of avenues now opening to women of ability who enter business life in America.—A. G. P.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

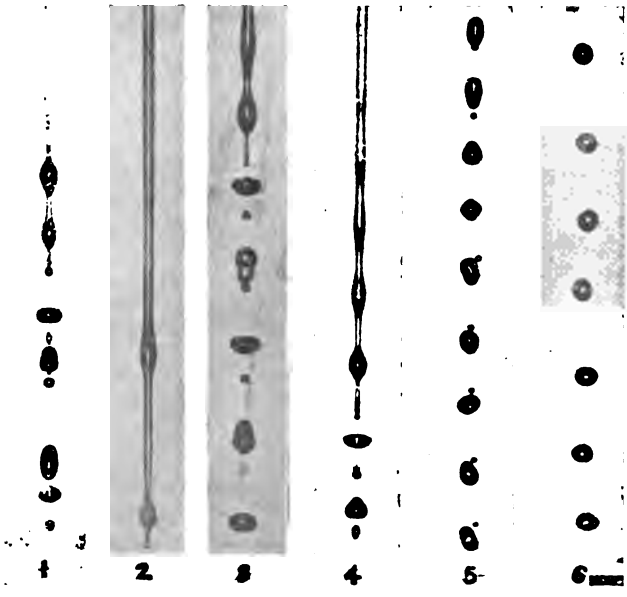
Fire-walking Ceremonies

ABOUT three years ago Dr. S. P. Langley gave a reasonable explanation of the so-called fire-walk at Tahiti, based upon his own observations of the ceremony, and an examination of the heated stones over which the performers walked. He found that the stones were extremely porous and very bad conductors of heat, so that they could be heated red hot at one end while remaining comparatively cool at the other. There is little doubt that the success of the performance depends entirely upon this property, and not upon any ability of the natives to walk through fire unscathed. Dr. R. Fulton shows in the latest volume of *Transactions* of the New Zealand Institute that the fire-walking witnessed by him at Vilavilairevo, in the Fiji Islands, and here illustrated from his paper, admits of a similar explanation. There was no actual walking through fire, but only over stones which have been piled on wood burning in a pit about twenty feet across and two feet deep. The stones were certainly very hot while the fire was burning, but the walk did not commence until all the smoking wood had been removed from under them, and as this took nearly two hours they must have cooled down considerably in the interval. The entire walk over the stones occupied about fourteen seconds, and as in that time each performer took from twenty-five to thirty steps, the sole of the foot was at no time in contact with hot stone for more than half-a-second. As at Tahiti, the performers use one particular kind of stone, which they carry from island to island; and they will not walk upon any other kind.

FIRE-WALKING IN FIJI

1. STONES BEING HEATED ON BURNING WOOD
2. HEATED STONES AFTER THE BURNING WOOD HAS BEEN REMOVED
3. PERFORMERS WALKING OVER THE HOT STONES

These basaltic stones are bad conductors of heat, and do not give up their heat easily to anything in contact with them. The stones are heated until split by the expansion of the water they contain, and are then arranged with the inside or fractured surfaces upwards, so that the part walked upon is not so hot as the spectators are led to imagine. These facts, and other observations made by Dr. Fulton, prove clearly that there is nothing in the performance which does not admit of scientific explanation, and the suggestion that some of the Fiji islanders are able to withstand the effects of fire may be relegated to the limbo reserved for the exaggerations of impressed but uncritical observers.



WATER JETS BREAKING UP INTO DROPS

Photographed by Mr. P. E. Belas

Effect of Sound on Water Jets

SOME interesting photographs of jets of water breaking up into drops have been obtained by Mr. Philip E. Belas, and are here reproduced from his paper published by the Royal Dublin Society. When a jet is issuing from a narrow tube alternate contractions and swellings appear at the lower part of the clear column of water, while at the extremity drops form as shown in Fig. 1. If the foot of a vibrating tuning-fork is made to touch the stand which supports the tube from which the jet is issuing, the jet begins to break up into drops nearer the orifice than before, as illustrated in Figs. 2 and 3, which show the appearance of the jet before and after the vibrations of the tuning-fork have been communicated to the stand. In the upper part of the stream large and small drops follow one another alternately, but lower down collisions occur, and at the lowest portion the small drops have been absorbed by the large ones. This is seen in Figs. 4, 5, 6, which show the upper, middle and lowest part of a jet influenced by a vibrating tuning-fork. If the drops are allowed to fall on a stretched membrane of parchment or india-rubber, their regular patter will cause the membrane to sound the same note as that given by the fork used. When two tuning-forks sounding different notes are placed together on the stand, the note emitted by the membrane is that due to the difference in the vibration numbers of the two forks. The experiment thus provides a proof that the difference-tone or grave harmonic of two forks has a real or objective existence, and is not merely a subjective effect produced within the ear on account of a peculiarity of construction of that organ.

Decrease of Transparency of the Air

DR. S. P. LANGLEY has directed attention to a remarkable diminution of the transparency of the earth's atmosphere which occurred during the years 1902—1903. Records obtained by other observers in various parts of the world have shown that this decrease was a general one, and to it is attributed the unusual coolness of the summer of 1903. This decrease of transparency of the air for the sun's rays appears to have commenced between November 1902 and February 1903; and at all observatories where records of the intensity of solar radiation are regularly obtained, the measures have been appreciably lower than for corresponding months of former years. The difference was not due to an excess of moisture in the air, but to an actual decrease of transparency, in consequence of which the amount of direct solar radiation which reached the earth surface was reduced, and temporary alteration of climate was caused over a large area. Fortunately the atmosphere seems to have assumed its normal condition of transparency for the sun's rays about the end of last year; which fact gives support to the suggestion that the effect was due to the wide dissemination of fine dust clouds from the great volcanic eruptions of 1902.

Varieties

How do you wear your Veil?

THE French woman arranges her veil just to include the tip of her nose, and allows it to fall in loose and graceful folds at the back. It is a style that is recalled from the beginning of the last century. The Americans drape the veil over the back of the hat in a style no other nation seems to copy. The English woman strains hers over her face, overlapping the chin.

Conundrums

WHAT time is it when the clock strikes thirteen? Time the clock was fixed.

On what did Noah live when he was in the ark? On water.

What ship has two mates and no captain? Courtship.

What is the keynote of good manners? B natural.

In what month do men talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest month.

What was the longest day of Adam's life? When there was no Eve.

Why are fowls the most economical creatures that a farmer keeps? Because for every grain they eat they give a peck.

What will turn without moving? Milk.

Japanese Adaptations

IT is often said that Englishmen are not so ready to adapt themselves to special requirements in business as other nations. Here is a curious illustration from Lynch's *Path of Empire:* "The Japanese are quick to adapt themselves to the requirements of the new markets they seek to enter. For instance, in Korea the bales of English cotton the natives were in the habit of buying were too large to be carried by the Korean donkeys. With traditional conservatism of possession, the idea of altering the sizes of the bales would never enter the Englishman's head. The Jap competitor offered bales the size to suit the donkeys. As most of the goods-carrying throughout Korea is done a-donkey back, this is an important consideration; anyhow the Japanese goods may now be seen all over the country."

Female Brain versus Male

THE University of Berlin has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on Miss Ina Milroy, of Detroit, Mich., for her work in chemistry, her dissertation being the result of original work on the optical rotation of dextroglucose. She orally defended against three male opponents her proposition that the effort of the natural sciences to reduce everything to a common denominator has received valuable support through the recent investigations of radioactive substances. Miss Milroy is the tenth woman to receive a doctorate from the Berlin University, of which number five are Americans, two Germans, one Dutch, one Roumanian and one Australian.

Literary Glasgow

MR. ALEX. S. BROWN, Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes to us:—"Apropos of the article on 'Literary Glasgow' in the June *Leisure Hour*, I beg to point out a slight omission, viz. the absence of reference to Dr. John Moore, the father of Sir John Moore. It was to Dr. John Moore that Burns wrote his famous autobiographical letter from Mossgiel, and it is from Moore's novel *Zeluco* that Byron is said to have got the suggestion for 'Childe Harold' (see *Chambers' Encyclopædia*). There is a short article on Moore in *The Medical Friends of Burns*, likewise a reference to his visit to Voltaire in the volume entitled *Voltaire in England*."

Astronomical Notes for August

THE Sun rises on the 1st of this month, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 4h. 25m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 47m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 40m. and sets at 7h. 30m.; and on the 21st rises at 4h. 56m. and sets at 7h. 10m. The Moon's phases will be: Last Quarter at 2h. 3m. (Greenwich time) on the afternoon of the 4th; New at 58 minutes past noon on the 11th; First Quarter at 4h. 27m. on the morning of the 18th; and Full at 1h. 2m. on that of the 26th. She will be at perigee, or nearest the Earth, at about a quarter past 9 o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and at apogee, or furthest from us, about a quarter past 4 o'clock on that of the 27th. Exceptionally high tides may be expected about the 12th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 20th, and visible in the evening during the greater part of the month, moving in a south-easterly direction through the constellation Leo, and entering Virgo about the 23rd, when it passes a little to the south of the star Beta Virginis, which is of the fourth magnitude and about thirteen degrees nearly due south of the much brighter star Beta Leonis. Venus is visible for a short, but increasing, time after sunset, also in the constellation Leo, but to the north-west of Mercury. Mars will begin to be visible in the early morning towards the end of this month, but of feeble luminosity, in the constellation Cancer. Jupiter is now nearly stationary in Aries and rises before midnight, earlier each evening; he will be near the Moon on the 30th. Saturn is at opposition to the Sun on the 10th, and visible all night, but at no great elevation, being situated in the southern part of the constellation Capricornus. The August meteors, radiating from the constellation Perseus, may be looked for from the 8th to the 12th, and the Moon being New on the 11th renders the occasion favourable for seeing them.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club

POSIES FROM POETRY

III

1. "Claspt by a Passion flower."
2. "The wild marsh marigold shines like fire."
3. "Sweet is the new violet."
4. "Burned . . . the red anemone."
5. "Purple spikèd lavender."
6. "Meshes of the jasmine and the rose."

From what author's works are these gathered? Trace each. A prize of the value of Five Shillings awarded for the first correct answer.

Note.—*Results of the Five Guinea Prize Competition in the series of Nine Shakesperian Acrostics, which have appeared monthly from November till July, will appear in our October number.*

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE'S *Scottish Reminiscences*, Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow, 6*s*. G. K. CHESTERTON'S *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, John Lane, 6*s*., etc.

"We . . . anchored for the night at the head of Loch Scavaig. . . . A more impressive anchorage can hardly be imagined. The precipices on either side plunge almost perpendicularly into the water, and mount upwards, crag over crag, into the far black splintered crests and pinnacles that surround Coruisk. The tints of sunset flame along these peaks, while the evening shadows creep slowly upwards, and deepen into such darkness below that one cannot tell where land and water meet."

Sir Archibald Geikie's *Scottish Reminiscences* abound with fine word-pictures such as the above, memories of things seen in the course of that geological survey which familiarised him with every county, almost every parish of his beautiful native land. The book is a storehouse of observation and humour as well as of beauty. The veteran geologist's sixty years' harvesting of good stories has added a notable volume to those of the three or four hitherto leading authorities on Scottish humour.

The climate of Scotland he defends from the sweeping aspersions of tourists who generalise from a few weeks' experience of transient bad weather. "Geological surveying affords a good test of climate, and I have found it possible to carry on this work the whole year through." That the topographical features of Scotland influence the national imagination, is largely proved by the local legends and place-names—or such a story as the following of an Ayrshire stone-breaker. Asked how he supposed the grey granite boulders with which his native valley is strown, came to lie where they are, after a pause he gave the following picturesque explanation: "Weel, ye see, when the Almichtie flang the warld out, He maun hae putten thae stones upon her to keep her steady."

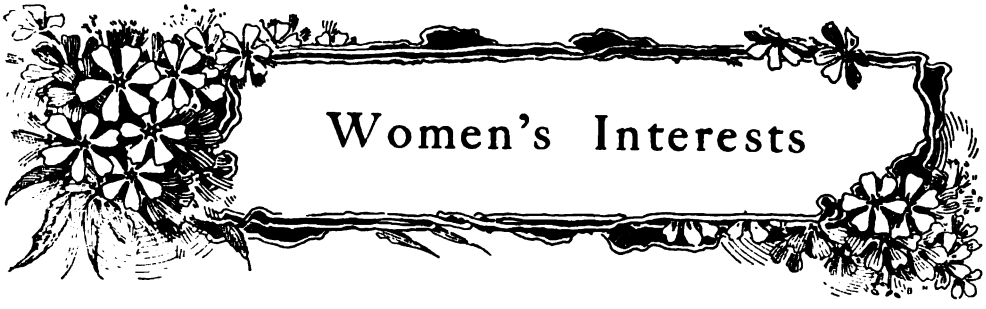
In spite of its burlesque style and much tiresomely detailed street fighting, the *Napoleon of Notting Hill* is a notable book, a serious book, and worth penetrating to get at its purpose. Mr. Chesterton writes of England eighty years hence, when the system of alphabetical shall have succeeded the present system of hereditary monarchies. "Some one in the official class was made King—no one cared who. He was merely an universal Secretary." Mr. Chesterton begins by crossing swords with those mechanicians and scientists who would rule out all romance in their anticipations. "The heroic thing," he sings, in a spirited dedication to Hilaire Belloc,

"did not end by Nelson's urn
Where an immortal England sits—
Nor where your tall young men in turn
Drank death like wine at Austerlitz.
And when the pedants bade us mark
What cold mechanic happenings
Must come; our souls said in the dark,
Belike; but there are likelier things."

When the alphabetically chosen King Auberon from sheer flippancy proposes "a revival of the arrogance of the old mediæval cities applied to our glorious suburbs, Clapham with a city guard. Wimbledon with a city wall, Surbiton tolling a bell to raise its citizens, West Hampstead going into battle with its own banner, etc.," his idle words fall on the ear of one imaginative idealist, who takes them as an inspiration, and in due time becomes the organising Napoleon of Notting Hill. He breathes, he burns, he inspires his fellow-parishioners—he reforms the very nature of things. "He inflames every one so much," as the King neatly puts it, "that he is lost himself in the blaze." As an instance of the romantic changes accomplished, look, towards the close of the story, into the shop of Mr. Mead, the Notting Hill grocer—who had once been a very Peter Bell in his prosaic views, but now he

"was dressed in a long and richly-embroidered robe of blue, brown and crimson, interwoven with an Eastern complexity of pattern, and covered with obscure symbols and pictures, representing his wares passing from hand to hand and from nation to nation. . . . The wares were shown plainly, not so much as an old grocer would have shown his stock, but rather as an educated virtuoso would have shown his treasures. The tea was stored in great blue-and-green vases, inscribed with the nine indispensable sayings of the wise men of China. Other vases of a confused orange and purple, less rigid and dominant, more humble and dreamy, stored symbolically the tea of India. A row of caskets of a simple silvery metal contained tinned meats. Each was wrought with some rude but rhythmic form, as a shell, a horn, a fish or an apple, to indicate what material had been canned in it."

Also received: From Mr. Pitman, MR. T. MACLAREN'S *Systematic Memory*, 3rd edition, 1*s*. Two numbers of FREDERICK PITMAN'S *Shorthand Library*, 6*d*. each, all practical handbooks for journalists. *Letters of Horace Walpole*, one of Newnes' Thin Paper Classics, 3*s*. 6*d*. With a finely-toned portrait, this pocket volume contains a large and representative selection from these always readable letters. Also from Messrs. Newnes. *Alpine Climbing* and *All about Wheat*, 1*s*. each Written with liveliness and point, and copiously illustrated, this series maintains its interest from volume to volume.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

Esperantist.—I am glad you are making progress with your study of Esperanto. You need not fear that the language will cease to be at an early date. Here are some facts that were reported at a recent meeting where Mr. Moscheles, the well-known artist, was in the chair. First, the list of business men using Esperanto in various countries is increasing daily, and one firm of Huddersfield iron-workers received so many orders in Esperanto, that it was necessary to send a secretary to London to learn the language. Had the heads of the firm known, the secretary could have mastered the language at home, as that is one of the advantages of Esperanto. Pronunciation as well as construction can be acquired from books. One member stated that during his daily train journey to and from town, he had in two months taught himself sufficient Esperanto to enable him to converse with Bohemians, Spaniards and Frenchmen, who knew only their own language and Esperanto. Second, more than a score of reviews and newspapers have an Esperanto section, the latest recruit being a Cuban journal, and the *Universal Science Review*, which has contributors of eleven different nationalities. For conversational purposes, Esperantists meets every Monday evening at 6 o'clock, at the Club Café, 5 Bishopsgate Street Within. I have no doubt any one interested in Esperanto who would call there and mention *The Leisure Hour* would be cordially welcomed, especially if Mr. Bolingbroke Mudie, Miss Laurence, or Mr. Farnes be inquired for. During tea only Esperanto is spoken, but subsequent discussions may be in English. Mr. Bolingbroke Mudie is the honorary secretary, Miss Laurence, of the *Review of Reviews*, is an ardent lover of the language, and Mr. Farnes is the business secretary. No doubt either of these gentlemen would answer inquiries, were a stamped addressed envelope enclosed in the letter. Mr. Bolingbroke Mudie's address is 41 Outer Temple, London. Mr. Farnes' address is 120 Crofton Park Road, Brockley, S.E.

Unhired Labourer.—The Medical Mission at Bermondsey seems to be carrying on its remedial work in the Master's way, healing the body first and retaining hold of the mind later. Christians have sometimes forgotten that both body and mind proceeded from the Divine Hand, and that the Creator despises nothing He was concerned to make. The Medical Mission sees or visits every week 500 to 600 patients. The work is carried on entirely by ladies, under the direction of a fully-qualified lady Doctor and Surgeon. A short religious service precedes medical treatment, and this many of the patients appreciate so much that they ask leave to return for it when their ailments have been cured. Ladies anxious to acquire the mission's method of helping the suffering, may join the mission for the purpose of gaining experience in medical, surgical, district, or maternity work, with a view to labouring subsequently either in home parishes or in the foreign mission field; these can obtain suitable residential accommodation on application. As the work is charitable, applicants are expected to defray their own expenses. Letters should be addressed to Dr. Lena Fox, 44 Grange Road, Bermondsey, S.E.

PERSONAL.

Fidelia.—It is difficult to know what to advise when matters have gone a considerable way in the wrong direction, and this is all the more unfortunate, seeing how easy it is to arrest any current at the start. Ruskin says the yoke may be of a silken thread in early youth, where in age gyves and fetters might hold, but would not subdue. Paradoxical as it may seem, it by no means follows that the worst people make the worst parents. In the parental relation the most ineffectual of all are, first, those who let their children do exactly as they like, and never put before them, in an intelligent or any other way, that childhood and youth are the preparatory time for a definite maturity, and that all ideas and habits are preparing their future as obviously as though their fate were written in a book. Second, the parents who always treat their children with levity, laugh at their first stumbling efforts to express themselves, to think in words, even to think at all. The child's mind is not jocular, it is preternaturally serious; even a child's play is not funny to the child, and the parent who makes sport of the childish ideal before other adults—and hundreds of thousands do this—will expiate this offence acutely in the remote future. The finer the fibre of any creature, the more sensitive it is, but even the dullard has his or her *amour propre*. Respect the child where it is right or trying to be right, and it will respect us when we are constrained to show it that it is wrong. To control the young we must have control of ourselves; let ourselves go and we drop the reins, and never never shall we be able to gather them with a firm and easy grasp again. I do not know what you can do now, except just be good, find out what is right and adhere to it. Shut frivolous and trifling things away from your own practice, avoid denigration, be just, be sincere, if you feel cause or principle to be right stand by it steadfastly, whether it is popular or unpopular, and in time—a long time it may be—the young will begin to rebuild your pedestal. You may never be able to command their actions now, but to win their confidence is much. Do right, right is so permanent that they who cling to it enter into some measure of its greatness. All good things are of such slow growth, that we may have to wait long for our harvest, but it is as certain as the sowing of the seed. "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. G. R.—There is no sale for hand-painted ornaments. The firms that offer to sell materials and take the finished goods at a remunerative price are swindlers who batten on the inexperienced, and, what is far worse, on the anxious. They would merely say when your samples were sent in—produced from materials sold by them at three times their value—that your work was not up to their standard. *It would never reach their standard*, though you had the skill of Michael Angelo, because they neither have a market nor desire one. As you write on nice paper, from a nice address, it may be that you do not need to work for money at present. If so, there are some people who would say you are not entitled to try to effect sales of your produce, since every amateur wage-earner helps to congest the market for the genuine labourer who must work to live. It is difficult for the young to regard themselves individually as items in a stupendous whole, and yet that is the happiest view to take of life. Provided with that, we shall be willing to ask ourselves, "What are the world's needs?" and then, "Which of these am I specially qualified to supply?" After that will come the preparation, often long and laborious, for the opening that stands waiting, but when that is obtained it will be found that it is worth what it cost. Aim at the things that will be permanent, they are worth it.

Beatrice.—Your hair is suffering from a slight tendency to seborrhœa in the scalp. This accounts for the occasional attacks of itchiness, accompanied by some measure of falling hair. A simple shampoo with one or two beaten-up eggs, followed by washing in tepid water, a subsequent cold douche and effectual drying with a soft bath towel, could be resorted to once a week with advantage. The friction will cleanse the scalp and restore its tone. The day after the shampoo, and on subsequent days, you might use the Kappuka Hair Tonic. I do not know who manufactures it, but it can be ordered through any chemist. Each bottle is provided with a sprinkler. Part the hair, shake the Kappuka from the bottle into the parting, rub in with the tips of the fingers, and proceed to make other partings all over the head. You will find Kappuka pleasant to use, and beneficial.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

THE MAN-EATER

From the picture by Verestchàgin, referred to in Miss Keeton's article in our July number (p. 713).

Our Chess Page

PROBLEM TOURNEY

Preliminary Award

HOME SECTION :—Three-movers.

First Prize : **Two Guineas:**
I leave it to you. [See page 527.]

Second Prize : **One Guinea:**
Pathfinder I. [See page 615.]

Highly Commended:
Arioso, Indian Prince, Taraban, Leopardi, Petit Jour, Paolo, The Society Idol, Mark time!, Hodie Mihi! Cras tibi!

Two-movers.

First Prize : **Fifteen Shillings:**
Pensée (*Pathfinder II* at least equal).

Second Prize : **Livesey's Patent Board:**
Can I?

Highly Commended:
Paolo majora II and I, Medusa, Fanciullo, Jester, Find the dual, Pyroxylin, Alpha.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN AWARD.

Three-movers.—First and Second Prizes (**45s.**) divided between *Brinca, Remember* and *Sic!* (published June, Problem B, p. 703).

Two-mover (Livesey's Patent Chessboard).—*Le Général.*

Highly Commended:

Three-movers.—*Pitraccu, Dum spiro spero, Sub sole, Suum Cuique, Riche en images, Si gam os.*

Two-movers.—*Minor, Goeden, Egai! Nejle, Secundum artem, Rococo.*

Composers' names and the Judges' comments on the whole Tourney will be published next month.

Summer Solving Tourney

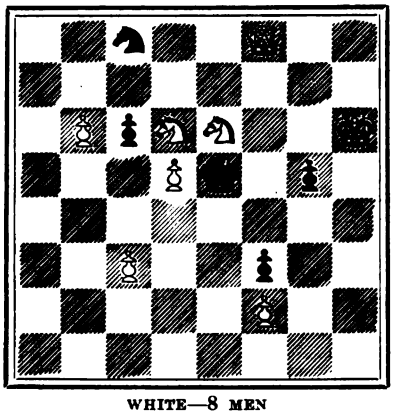
Last Problems.

Solutions must be sent in by September 1.

F

Brinca

BLACK—5 MEN



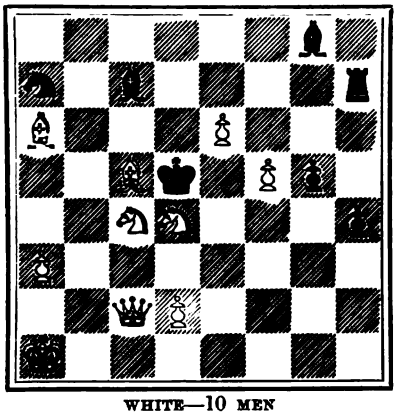
WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

G

Remember

BLACK—7 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

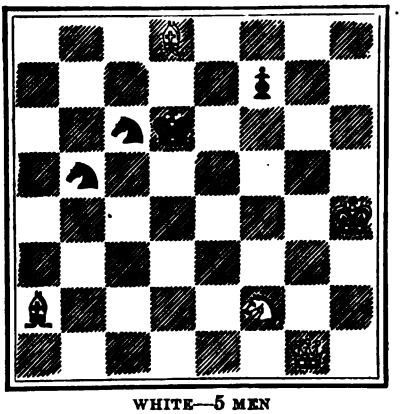
New Retractors Competition.—Mrs. Baird has kindly sent us three more of her ingenious Retractors which we are publishing during this and the next two months. Three copies of the composer's incomparable work, *Seven Hundred Chess Problems*, are offered in Prizes to the three solvers who, in the aggregate, send the earliest solutions.

VI. "*Twentieth-Century Retractor.*"

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

"The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of."
Henry V., Act II. sc. ii.

BLACK—4 MEN



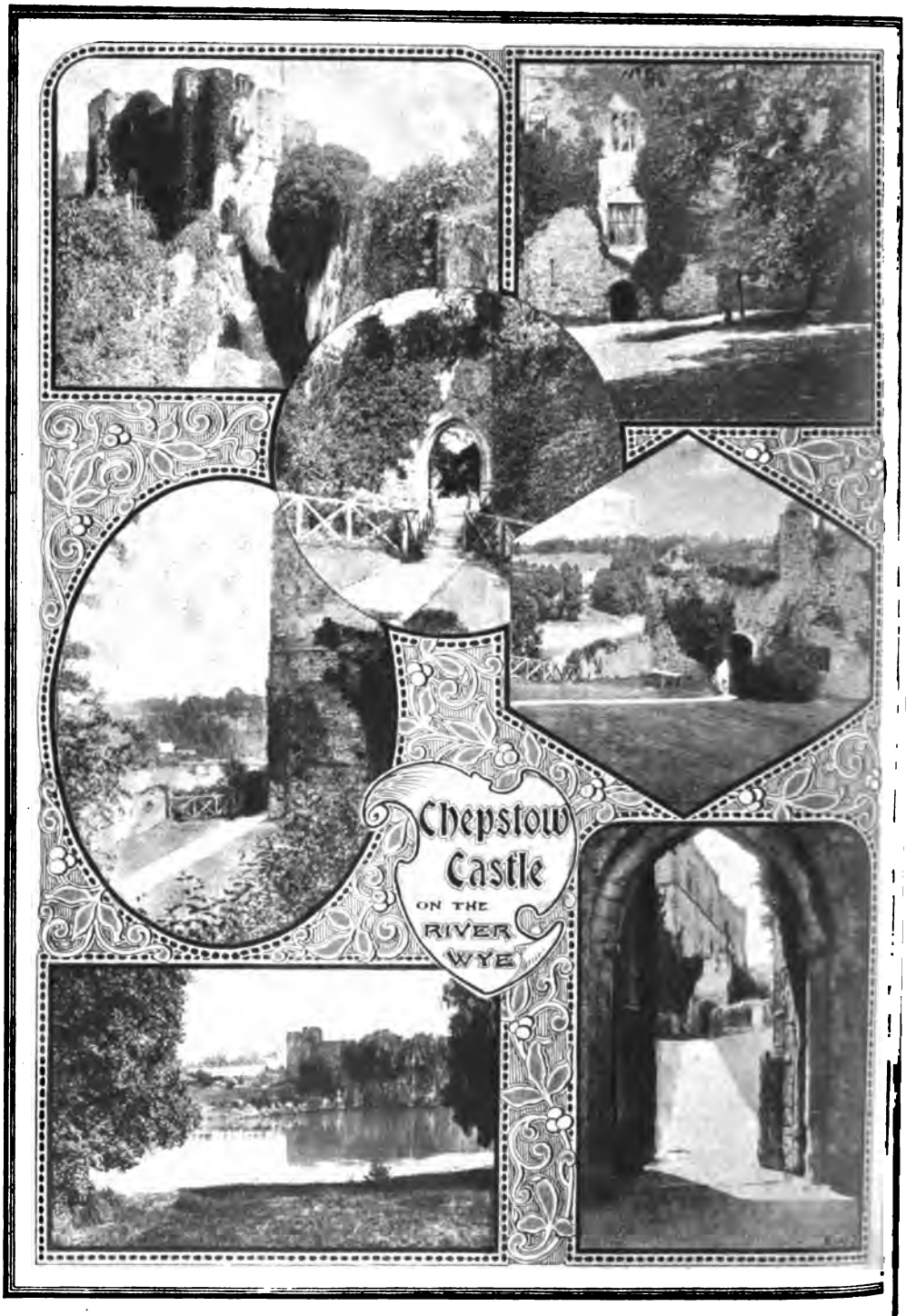
WHITE—5 MEN

1. White played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play, giving check, so as to allow
4. White to give mate.

Solutions must be written on only one side of the paper; must be headed by the name and address of the sender, and the date and time of posting must be clearly indicated. Postcards preferred.

No solution of this, the first of the series, received after September 1 will be considered.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*



Photos by E. W. [illegible]

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co. *From the picture by Nora Hartley*

IN LOCO PARENTIS

His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

LORD MENLOE, a poor nobleman and a writer of poems, on the strength of a present of meat resolves to give a dinner-party. On the strength of the dinner-party he engages, in addition to Thady, his old man-servant, a butler who offers his services and gives his name as James James.

But on the day before the dinner, Menloe himself, touched by the tale of a tramp, led him to the larder and told him to help himself. On the day of the dinner, to which the Bishop and other local personages of importance had been invited, Menloe writes poetry till ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten the dinner-party. And James, finding no meat in the larder, told the guests when they arrived that his Lordship had had a fit, and they had all gone home at once.

Next day many came to inquire, but James was equal to the situation, and had straw on the avenue and a bulletin posted on the gate. That evening there arrive from Canada Miss Persephone Tite and her mother. The mother takes James for Lord Menloe, and Menloe, hoping thus to get rid of them, at first acquiesces in the mistake. But it soon becomes serious, for after dinner, James, as Lord Menloe, invites them to stay the night. Next morning Menloe gives James a bit of his mind.

While Menloe (as James) is waiting at table at breakfast, Persephone sees in the local paper the account of Menloe's death. Menloe sees it too, and attributes it to James. That night Menloe, hearing a sound near his window, goes out and finds James digging a grave for an apparent corpse which hangs on a tree. Menloe, with a blow of his fist, sends James into the grave. But James turns up next morning, only with a black eye. During that day, Menloe overhears a conversation between James and another man which confirms a suspicion he already had that James was an escaped convict, O'Gornan.

CHAPTER XVI.—"HOT WATER, JAMES"

MENLOE stalked into the house, pondering many things. The mystery of James was deepening; who or what could he be?—that ragged waif in trousers that set one remembering; with the gentle subservient manner, who had compelled a whole neighbourhood into maintaining him; who had slipped into the duties of confidential servant as into an easy glove; who had sloughed that covering, and emerged Fifth Baron Menloe, with a cultivated genius for romancing, and a malignant view of the Fourth Baron, superseded; whose eyes induced upon minor poets sensations as of vampires and Wandering Jews.

Well, measures towards solution might be adopted; to-morrow evening the visitors' week would be up, and then at latest Menloe would take order for the sifting of James.

On reaching the house, Menloe sat down in the hall; he did not take kindly to the kitchen and Thady's questioning looks, and the living-rooms were clearly no place for a servant's lounge.

Hitherto James had rung the bell for any little thing that was wanted. That night, however, he went on his own errands. Several times, as it happened, some little thing *was* wanted—soda-water, a book, an ash-tray. The ladies and James were sitting in the small drawing-room, and each journey undertaken involved a double passage across the hall. Three times did James encounter Menloe—each time with a more malignant gaze.

On the last occasion, having stared at him in silence, and having seen that he did not recede before him, James advanced slowly, with that forward chin that a few minutes ago had marked the pose of the Ghostly Sweeper. Raising his fist, he shook it almost in Menloe's face, saying, in the voice of soliloquy or of somnambulism, "You ought not to be there; you ought not to be there."

The action was so instinctive—so irresistibly compelled—that it roused no anger in Menloe.

He looked into the opalescent eyes that burned like lamps close to his face, and wondered why they did not consume the man. Then he spoke, and his own words surprised him. "Come," he said, "I'm doing no harm here; I can't sit in the kitchen."

His answer had been made to the obvious

sense of the words, and yet he was perfectly aware that that was not their meaning.

Yet the answer seemed to satisfy James. "As you like," he said: "I have been worried; I am not quite myself."

With those words, he nodded almost pleasantly, but as he turned, there came into his face an expression new to Menloe—a crafty, gloating, secret look.

That look touched in Menloe the spring of an intolerable fear. It was not the romantic thrill with which we all dally; nor the spiritual fear that deeper natures prove; nor the physical fear that stronger natures subdue or hold in check; it was a fear that belonged neither to flesh nor spirit—repulsive, horrible.

"Thank God," said Menloe, "it will be all up to-morrow."

That night Menloe looked under the bed—the little, innocently naked bed—and searched the two pegs where his coat and his dressing-gown hung; and tried to turn the key in the lock. That being, however, against the habit and conscience of the key, Menloe barricaded his door. He set against it a chain of chairs, washing-stand, and table, wedging the interstices with rolled waistcoats, pants, and socks.

Hardly, however, was the fortification made, when Menloe remembered his revolver; he demolished his laborious building and went down into the study. There, in one of the drawers of his writing-table, he had reason to believe that he kept his pistol.

But there it was not, nor, as far as his search could prove, in any likely place. Feeling exceedingly defenceless, Menloe crept upstairs, and having re-instituted his barricade, sat down upon his bed. Then he bethought himself of the poker—there is much good knocking in a sound poker. But the fender yielded nothing—absolutely nothing. The choice of weapons lay between hair-brushes and razors, and he chose hair-brushes. They, if they will not cut the throats of assailants, do not slice off fingers of one's own. Still, a hair-brush is cold comfort in a grapple of life and death. Menloe was very unhappy.

Fortunately he had much tobacco. He could smoke away the dark hours . . . . the moon would set at two, and daylight would follow soon. So he lay on his back and smoked and tried to lapse into pleasant thoughts . . . restful thoughts, not too interesting — say, Persephone. At last Persephone came only into his thoughts, and was quite nice. How would she like the book? what would she say to the dedication? Persephone filled three pipes . . . then . . . Menloe was falling down queer places, and was pulling himself up with straps like a stumbling horse . . . then . . . .

Then a man was emptying coals into the study, which was also a box-room, and the boxes had to be shoved away with great noise and tearing, and Menloe kept telling him not to take the revolver, for somehow or other he wanted to carry it away with every sack.

And all the time Mrs. Tite was saying "The razors are better locked up." Then Menloe knew that his life depended on his finding a rhyme for "carpenter," and "sharp enter" was not allowed, and James leant over, and his breath was hot, and his eyes burned hotter. Then . . . .

Menloe was awake; James *was* leaning over him; his breath *was* hot, and his eyes verily seemed to burn, and in his hand was a razor. Menloe was lying on his back, with his hands by his sides. James's eyes were looking right into his own, as a boxer's eyes encounter his antagonist's. One of his hands was almost open, ready at the least warning of Menloe's eyes that he was about to move, to thrust him back into his place. The other held the razor within six inches of Menloe's throat. Menloe was perfectly calm, and his resolution came instantly, yet as the last link in an argumentative chain.

"James is mad," was Menloe's first decision—and as it came he wondered why it had come so late. "I can't move," was the next decision; "before a muscle can stir the razor will drive across my throat." "I must humour him," was the conclusion of the matter.

The eyes of the two men clung together, a shining ladder between them. The silence was long before Menloe put forth his first soft word.

"James," he said.

"James is no more."

"When did he die?"

"He did not die; he never really existed: he was only an appearance."

"Indeed—but I might have known that . . . in reality he was William, Fifth Baron Menloe."

"Yes; but William, Fifth Baron Menloe, is the Wandering Jew, and that keeps him

back. He is shut out; he is more like a wind than a man, and then he has to sweep. Leaves or no, he has to sweep. And that is not the worst of it; there's the other one."

"Ah, who is the other one?"

"You; you are the other one. It is you who keep the door locked."

"Well, I will try to open it."

"You cannot do that till you know that you are dead. William, Fifth Baron, cannot enter in till Lucius, Fourth Baron, goes out."

"He shall go to-morrow."

"I cannot trust you. Why did you not go when you were buried? I gave you six feet, and yet you kept above ground."

"Yes, but that was only my effigy; you must make allowance for that."

"That is it . . . that is it. . . . Melting you and driving a pin through your heart does no good. I tried that . . . long ago. I don't know how long ago . . . when I was shut up; when they tried to make me mad; it is that appearance that seems to lie on the bed . . . that thing that some would take for a real body—that must be put away. Then I can come in, and all will be well."

"Never mind this appearance; you know that it is nothing in reality. If you lay down and went to sleep it might be gone in the morning."

"I will not trust it any more; there is something strange about it; I don't like its eyes. I think it will not keep below unless its throat is cut."

"That, I think, is quite a mistake; but if you would give me the razor I would try, and then we would think of some other plan."

"No; I will trust nobody but myself; I am going to try . . . now."

In spite of Menloe's eyes, which strove to hold him in his place, James made a downward movement with his hand—the hand that held the razor. Closer and closer it came; at length, whether it really touched or not, Menloe felt the cold of it; knew the edge of it.

At that instant there came to him a strange inspiration.

"James," he said calmly; "you can set the razor on my table; no; here on the bed, and bring me hot water, boiling . . . do you hear? boiling."

The gaze of James wavered, and there he stood with loose mouth and a weak hand, in which the razor shook to and fro. Menloe saw that for the moment old habit had conquered hallucination. It might be only for the moment; that instant of salvation must not slip.

"Must I tell you again?" he said sharply. "Set down the razor."

Slowly, doubtfully, James set it down.

"Good! Now water; hot water, boiling water—this moment; go."

"Certainly, my Lord," said James, and with an obsequious bow he left the room, closing the door carefully behind him.

CHAPTER XVII.—"THEY GAVE ME THAT"

IN a little while Menloe heard James come back: he brought no boiling water, and, hardly pausing at Menloe's door, went back to his own room. Menloe listened for a little, and heard no sound. James, he fancied, had got into bed. There was, however, no clear evidence of that; besides, if he were in bed, he might get out of it. Menloe did not care to traverse a dark passage whence at any moment a madman with a revolver might emerge. But he wanted to assure himself that Persephone's door was locked, and of course Mrs. Tite's door. It was the same door, but it was not quite the same thing. Menloe determined to stand and wait for daylight, with an ear cocked towards James's room. Already the room was almost full of light; in a little while the corridor would hold no hiding-place of shadow.

In a few minutes a sound came to Menloe's ear—a sound of snoring. Knowing that Mrs. Tite denied that she snored, Menloe attributed the music to her; but it came from a nearer spot—yes, it came from James's room. Menloe slipped into the passage and listened; never, seemingly, was any sleeper sounder. Very quietly Menloe opened the door, and, reversing the key, locked James in.

Then Menloe crept down into the study. He could not sleep again. A great idea was in his mind; he wanted to develop it. For a long time the subject of insanity had held him in fascination. Madness, as far as literature was concerned, he fancied was almost unexplored country. It now seemed to Menloe that James had come his way, blown by a wind of kindliest destiny. He embodied for Menloe his great literary chance. Like others, Menloe had been entertaining an angel unawares.

He had not discovered the bright wings till they were poised for flight.

But why should James fly just yet? If he were carefully watched, and if all the doors were locked at night—Menloe would put a lock on his own—he could not do any harm. Perhaps Menloe might just hint the truth to Mrs. Tite—in a pleasant, reassuring way. No, Menloe thought he would not do that; the way of pleasant assurance might conduct in the other direction—to unreasonable fears and foolish flight.

Mrs. Tite would not see the extreme importance of getting inside James—to get James on the outside would seem to her the better thing. Menloe was much afraid that he must keep James to himself.

He was so completely absorbed in his delightful thoughts that he heard nothing till the gong went for breakfast. He came out of the indefinite—time, nine and a half—and went down-stairs.

"James," said James, with his watch in his hand, and an orderly precision all about him, "you're late."

How had he got out? Slid down the spout perhaps.

James drew in his lips and shook his head.

"Bring me that bottle," he said.

Lord Menloe answered him by a sharp look and a sharp word of command—

"James," he said, "hot water."

"Certainly, my Lord," James answered, and he retired towards the kitchen.

The moment, however, that Menloe's eye was off him he stood still. Then he waited for a few seconds; then, cautiously, like a dog making for an inhibited cushion, he moved into the dining-room. Persephone and Mrs. Tite were already there. The party sat down to breakfast.

"James," said Persephone, as Menloe was clearing away, "do you know where I was yesterday?"

"You went out in your motor, did you not?"

"Yes, I went to Limerick."

"A very interesting city. Did you see the remains of the walls and the Treaty Stone?"

"Yes, but the Treaty Stone is only a copy. They have the real thing at Chicago."

Menloe looked at her in wonder.

"You don't believe that?" he said.

"I believe whatever I am told," said Persephone, "because I am among friends. A man told me that."

"He was joking, of course."

"I don't know anything about that. If he makes jokes he should give 'em out, like the hymns in church. There's a good deal of confusion when folks get joking without letting on."

"But have you no sense of humour? Most women, of course, have none, but you, Persephone . . . ."

"Come now, *do* the footmen call the young ladies by their Christian names? I find on looking back"—Persephone moistened her fingers, and sent the leaves of her book rolling—"yes, I find an entry to that effect crossed out, and this written instead: 'Butlers try to be funny and can't.'"

"Good," said Menloe, growing a little red; "excellent."

"But they *don't*," persisted Persephone.

"Don't what?"

"Call the young ladies by their Christian names, the butlers don't?"

"Well," said Menloe, "no."

"But *you* do. *Why* do you?"

"Oh, I think"—Menloe positively began to stammer—"in fact, I am almost . . . ."

"So am I," said Persephone. "Say," she inquired, going off at a sharp angle, "you really *have* kept it? Because, if not, you might give me another autograph."

"Oh, I have kept it," Menloe said, fidgety as a boy, nervous, pricked with strange irritations.

"Well, anyway give us another autograph."

Persephone tore a leaf from her book, and handed it to Menloe.

"You will now, won't you, when Miss Persephone says 'please'? write 'Jeames of Buckley Square.'

'A tighter lad, it is confest,
Ne'er valked with powder in his 'air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
That 'andsome Jeames of Buckley Square.'"

"No," he said, "not for twenty pleases."

"Write something, anyhow."

He turned again, and scribbled a line or two—

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci
Hath me in thrall."

"Beautiful," she said. "Latin, ain't it? Only 'beldam' isn't a pretty name if it's meant for Miss Persephone. Say, your

writing does remind me of your boss's, the good Lord Menloe who bit a piece out of Byron."

"So you have discovered," Menloe said, "that he went a bit wrong in his dates."

"I haven't discovered nothing," Persephone said; but surely, surely there was a twinkle in her eye, and a wicked dimple had superseded the little simple one. "Nothing that matters," she added in modification. "Nothing except this."

Persephone held up something.

"What is that?" Menloe asked, with eyes screwed up in their effort to discern, and extended in their effort to understand. "Give it to me, Persephone."

"Now, you ain't clear-minded, James; you make a regular mess of a person's note-book, trying to keep up with you. Is it Miss, or is it plain Persephone?"

"Not 'plain Persephone,'" said Menloe, recovering himself a little. "'Pretty Persephone'—'charming Persephone'—'distracting Persephone.'"

Persephone shook her head.

"You should say things like that to mamma, James; they ain't in my line. Did you ever see a photograph of the Treaty Stone, James—of the certified copy, you know?"

"I don't know," he answered, thinking about most things except the Treaty Stone.

"Ah, you ought to see it," said Persephone. "Look at it, do, your own beautiful imitation of the historic stone at Chicago."

Menloe took the card up as she handed it to him.

"Why, it's a portrait," he said. "Good gracious, what's this? It is *my* portrait."

"Exactly," said Persephone. "I asked for Lord Menloe, and they gave me *that*."

Menloe batted his eyes, and smiled rather feebly. He felt that, somehow or other, the girl with a "momma" had been too much for him.

"Well," he said, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry that the game was over, "you have found it out."

"Found it out?" Persephone repeated. "Why, I twigged it the moment I set eyes on the two of you."

Gracious goodness! how the horrors of her unearthly lingo were thickening upon her!

"No, no," expostulated Menloe, "you did not discover it so soon as that; for a long time I feel . . ." and then he stopped, seeing possible room for a mistake. "What did you twig?" he asked.

"The likeness between you and his Lordship. Of course, James, you haven't the ease and charm of Lord Menloe—that sort of thing don't grow in servants' halls, I guess: but in a distant, humbler, respectful way you take after him amazing."

Persephone nodded with quiet assurance, and turned away, leaving Menloe to stare as a cow through a fog.

CHAPTER XVIII.—JAMES GOES A-WOOING

SITTING down on the nearest chair Menloe tried to think. Thought, however, was out of the question; it was beyond him, for, though he lit his pipe again and again, nothing ensued except rather a nasty smell. At length he became aware that his pipe was empty, and that his trousers were burning. Having got the fire under, Menloe put on his hat and wandered out.

He was worried as in all his life he had never been worried before, and his being worried worried him. Goodness gracious, was a man of thirty-seven—a hermit, a poet, a philosopher, a psychic researcher, an outside Omar Khayyamist, a borderlander, even a Treader of the Way—to be upset by a girl?

It was impossible, only the thing had happened before. Saint Anthony (whose temptations Menloe had regarded contemptuously hitherto) had been a good deal bothered in that way. In the irritated tension of his nerves Menloe forgot himself, and thought ungratefully of the editor of the journal, the originator of Tite.

Well, it would soon be over; the ill-omened birds were on the wing. Thank heaven, to-morrow would know them not.

What was this? "Thank heaven," like Macbeth's "Amen," stuck in Menloe's throat.

"Ass!" he said, showing no more respect to himself than to the said editor, "wild ass, ass of the prairies!" But he felt no better.

It was not till he had wandered many aimless miles, and had smoked—*with* tobacco now—several pipes, that calmness stole back to the soul of Menloe.

After all, he was able at length to say, that week had not been wasted. James—James—had proved admirable material;

THEN JAMES SAID REASSURINGLY, "ONLY A RABBIT"

and even Persephone, like adversity, had had sweet uses.

The truth was that in literature, if you wanted to make savoury meat, a woman must go into the pot. Hitherto Menloe had omitted that seasoning, or if anything feminine had entered his recipe-book, it had been the ideal feminine. There was no taste in shadowy ladies; one must have women of flesh and blood—real, inconsequent, unsettling women, as Providence has permitted them.

Yes, on the whole, that week had paid its expenses. It was a little trip abroad; it was gravy-meat; it was experience; it was copy.

Menloe almost had finished his third pipe—or was it his fourth?—and was breathing philosophic breath. He looked round him, drawing into his soul the river, the gorse, the greystone-wall, and the foxgloves.

It was not much of a world perhaps, but it had its points; one could make it do.

Hulloa! what was that, bluish against the greystone-wall?

A woman . . . Persephone.

And the grey against the grey?

A man . . . James.

Yes, Persephone was standing against the wall; and now her two hands were in James's, and now he was jumping her—absolutely jumping her.

Ugh! had he but now been worrying over *that*—a thing that liked to be jumped?

It hurt Menloe to answer that question with a Yes; but he had been worrying—and he was worrying now.

Till that moment Menloe had observed no dalliance between James and Persephone. His behaviour to the girl, to do him justice, had been entirely correct—pleasant, hospitable, courteous; never amorous.

But now? Well, Menloe was conscious of his ignorance, but he suspected that jumping. To begin with, it was entirely unnecessary. Persephone could get over that wall better than James could get over it; the girl, again to do her justice, was able-bodied enough. Moreover, in the jumping there had been something lingering; and—now he remembered—courting couples did it. Yes, they always chose a way of walls and stiles—and jumped.

Jump on the word, Menloe began to stalk James and Persephone. He neither smiled nor frowned at himself; he never investigated his motives at all, but, like a

jealous Tom or Dick, he followed the gleam—the gleam of Persephone's frock.

Suddenly Menloe drew back; Persephone had turned her head. Good—she had not seen him.

With something of the furtiveness of the Indian scout, Menloe entered the wood—the great western wood, that stretched for nearly two miles, and to which he could not lay an axe—making for a point where it would nearly touch the path which those two had chosen.

Just on the fringe of the wood there was a rustic seat, inviting to people who jumped.

Menloe was not long in getting to his mark, but already James and Persephone had got to theirs. As the wood began to thin their voices came to him from that beguiling seat—loudly enough, but not distinctly.

Menloe crept on, but not without noise. A stick snapped under his feet, and rabbits scuttled away before him. He threw himself upon his face, and only just in time; for even as he disappeared, he saw Persephone turn again. "Hush," he heard her say, for he was now well within range of their voices. Then James said reassuringly, "Only a rabbit." It was abominable that such a tone should come into James's voice. If all was as it should be, what need of reassurance? Young women do not need to be fortified in harmlessly sitting down. Able-bodied young women are not embarrassed by little sounds unless . . . .

At all risks Menloe was determined to see. On the whole, perhaps, he made as much noise as formerly, but Persephone's head turned no more.

Yes, yes; he saw now: that "Unless" was a prophetic word. James's arm was round Persephone's waist.

Menloe stood there with a pain in his heart sharper than ever he had known. It was idle to disguise or to pretend; he was in love with Persephone—keenly, savagely, in love. No longer could he dally with philosophical experiments; there was only one thing that mattered—Persephone, Persephone—with James's arm round her waist.

On the ground beside him were two or three round stones. Menloe picked up the largest. Taking careful aim he shied it at James's head. It came, with a hard pelt, just under his bowler hat.

James leaped into the air, then lifted both his arms and stood perfectly still.

Menloe plunged into a thicket, and ran home without stopping.

CHAPTER XIX.—A DEBT TO SOCIETY

IT was half-past eight in the evening. Menloe was stepping out with all the length of his long legs for Dr. Mullins. He was about to have James shut up as a dangerous lunatic. Almost as soon as he had realised what James's arm was doing, Menloe had felt that his incarceration was a debt to society. Dr. Mullins was the nearest medical man, and to his house it was seven long Irish miles.

Exactly what had to be done in disposing of a lunatic, Menloe was not informed. Medical certificates, he fancied, were in the first case the only requirement—but Mullins would be familiar with the procedure.

Through the village Menloe passed, giving a pleasant good-night to Jim Cavanagh's jennet, and giving a poke with his stick to the blind man, Raftery, whom he took to be an inanimate obstruction.

He walked with such unwonted steadfastness of purpose that people came to their doors, and stood looking after him.

"Begob," said Jim Cavanagh, "you'd nearly think his poor Lordship had a notion where he was going."

Menloe must have covered half the distance to Mulcair when he became conscious that a vehicle was coming towards him. It was, he soon made out, a covered car—one of those gloomy, bumpy, top-heavy conveyances estimated to hold four passengers and any number of infectious complaints.

What could the thing be doing there? As a rule they confined themselves to wet nights and funerals.

It soon came up, pulled jerkily by a horse whose hind and front legs seemed to be at variance, and to object to any co-operative movement.

Gazing at it with unimportant wonder, Menloe would have passed it by. But before that could be done, the low door fell back in a dislocated way—Menloe heard the sound and interpreted it, though he could not see the movement—and a man got out.

He was a sturdy fellow, and he wore a cap with a peak, like a railway porter's. So

much Menloe had made out in the half-light, and he was beginning to put other things together, when the man spoke.

"Are you Lord Menloe?" he asked, touching his cap, and at the same time looking at him rather closely.

"I am," said Menloe: "do you want anything with me?"

"I do, my Lord," the man answered. "It would be the greatest kindness at all if your Lordship would come and see a poor fella that's dying."

"Who is he? Why does he want to see me?"

"'Deed, then, I disremember the name of him, but he is a low-sized, sandy little fella; and the cough's at him mortial bad, and the doctor have him given up *al*-together."

"It is very awkward: I am going to Mulcair on urgent business. Where do you say he is?" Menloe looked again at the man's dress: it was a uniform. "At the workhouse?"

"He is, my Lord," the man answered rather eagerly; "he's at the workhouse, and he's not willing to die. I wouldn't rightly undershtand, but I—I think 'tis something on the poor man's conscience. Was your Lordship ever suspicious, or the like of that, of any servant you had?"

"Oh," said Menloe, with a deprecatory smile, "little things went now and then: once, when I had bullocks, I couldn't account for seven or eight: and money, of course—I suppose everybody misses money and watches."

"That's it," the man answered: "I doubt he has your Lordship robbed. I know in my heart 'tis out of all reason throubling your Lordship this-a-way; but 'twas the wan word out of him—the wan word and no other—'I can't die till I see him: I can't die till I see him.'"

"I'll go." With rather sad decision. Menloe buttoned up his coat, and set his pince-nez firmly on his nose.

With a bow and a wave of the hand, the man fell back. Menloe, having hit his head against the top of the door, fell into a seat, and the whole conveyance tipped up. All this was strictly regular.

The man jumped up beside Menloe, and shut the dislocated door with somewhat remarkable speed. Also, at the sound of the slamming door the driver turned with great promptitude. You can't get a covered car turned quite as easily as you would turn a man-of-war, but, considering the difficulty of the evolution, it was smartly done.

In the covered car it was nearly midnight, though only twilight outside. Menloe could hardly distinguish the figure of the man opposite to him, but his knees pressed against Menloe's and there was the glimmer of a face, to which a question could be addressed.

"How long will it take us?" Menloe asked.

"Under an hour. Ah, you wouldn't notice the passing of the time."

"Faith, you would not."

At the sound of those words Menloe leaped up, for they came from some third person in the car. His head struck against the ceiling, and he fell back into the seat, as was orderly and right in a covered car. But in the instant of his leaping, two several pairs of hands had grasped him—grasped him with almost painful solicitude.

"I'm all right," he said, rather petulantly: "why didn't you tell me there was another man inside?"

"Ah," said the man whom Menloe had seen, "'tis just a poor fella that I gave a cast to; he won't anny your Lordship."

"I will not," the man put in; "we was always very great, me and his Lordship."

"What do you mean?" said Menloe. "I can't see your face, and maybe I wouldn't remember it if I did, but I have a good memory for voices. I don't think I ever came across you before."

The man laughed: not pleasantly, Menloe thought.

"Begob," he said, "you'll remember me by and by."

There was a movement among the mingled legs in the straw; Menloe fancied that a kick had passed among them.

"Don't mind him, my Lord," said Menloe's man. "Ah, you wouldn't notice the time getting there."

There was silence, save for the bumping and lurching of the car. Menloe could just make out the two glimmers that stood for faces. Gradually the silence became freighted with something sinister; a lurking watchfulness grew out of the two glimmering faces; a sense of closeness, of obstruction, gathered and pressed.

Once Menloe had dreamed that he was dead, and coffined, and buried in the great family vault. Dead though he was, the

"ARE YOU LORD MENLOE?" THE MAN ASKED

restriction, the imprisonment, had been a trouble to the dull flesh, a disquiet to the dull brain.

Almost he thought for a time—for the indefinite space that such impressions cover—that that dream had come again.

At length lights sprang up—suffused and general at first, then sharp and particular. An open car clinked by, with three drunken militia-men roaring "God save Ireland."

At the first contact with life, Menloe's oppression passed away. He was angry that it ever had been there. Really, he must be severe with himself; he was growing nervous—ridiculously nervous.

Though he did not come into the city very often, Menloe knew pretty well its general outline—simple as that of an American town. When the covered car had traversed the main crossing to the great High Street, with its electric lights, its perambulating soldiers, its night-kindled air of gay lounging, it turned into sudden obscurity. In a minute or so, Menloe looked out through the door of the car. Below, on either side, he expected to see the wide river lying dark and waste, and to the left, rising above the huddled orange lights of the old town, the dim, gaunt shape of the cathedral.

He found instead that they were traversing a dark, long street in which he could recognise no landmark. He had the sense, however, of everything being reversed. Almost he fancied that they must have turned the wrong way. But the man on the box had not hesitated, and it must be indeed an ill-informed driver who did not know the way to the workhouse.

Menloe was confused, and again a little unquiet. He looked out to right and left, searching the dim face of things. At length an old house throwing out a small railed green before it, stood like a delta, parting the ways. Surely, dim as was his view of it, he knew that silent, lurking old house—and it lay out of their course, in the opposite direction. He was on the point of telling the man that they had taken the wrong turn, but a singular reluctance kept him silent. Somehow or other, he knew that, whatever their course might be, it had been taken with purpose.

Again Menloe scanned the night with anxious eyes. What was that dead wall but the Ordnance barracks? Now tall buildings began to loom before him, mute and dumb. Yes, *that* was the great bacon factory; and that sinister round of brick behind the high railing could be nothing but the gaol.

For a moment there came into Menloe's mind an absurd apprehension. These two men in uniform—he knew by this time that his second companion wore uniform too—had arrested him; he was being taken to prison. Then, as the car passed the dismal gate, he felt the imbecility of that thought. He was not living in the Russia of English novelists. Besides, what had he done, worse than the owing of a little money? Menloe threw himself back, angry with the futility of his fancy. He folded his arms, and crossed his legs, and shut his eyes. In half-a-minute the car turned slightly to the left; there were formidable railings before him; a gate was opening; they were moving over pebbles up to the centre of a hexagonal façade, crowned by a square tower. Now, somewhere in the tower there was a clock . . . now the gate was being shut clangingly . . . now the car was coming to a stand.

After all, Menloe's memories of the town were a little vague; and night distorts the face of things. By some most unexpected turn they must have reached the workhouse in the end: for now Menloe was alighting on the broad steps; and now a clean-capped, matronly woman, a ward-nurse, no doubt, was meeting him and the two men, who fell respectfully behind.

"There is a man wanting to see me, I understand," said Menloe, on the top step. "I am Lord Menloe."

The woman's face had seemed a little puzzled; at the mention of his name it brightened: she smiled in a knowing way.

"Come in, my Lord," she said.

He stepped into the hall: the two men stepped close behind him: the door was shut.

And then, standing in a long narrow corridor, the floor covered with oilcloth, the walls decorated with stencil-work, Menloe became aware of a strange, penetrating smell. There were memories in that smell, if he could find them.

"This way, my Lord," said Menloe's man.

Down a long corridor to an intersecting corridor—how the smell came now, and oh! what was its association?—through a door unlocked and carefully locked again: down another corridor; into a great room; a great vista of a room, full of faces.

But what faces! They seemed like a bad dream; weary faces, sullen faces, grinning faces, but all wanting something.

There was about every one the sense of a light blown out. Heaven! could pauperdom expunge, degrade, dehumanise like this?

Suddenly there was a cry: "I lost my soul; did anybody see my soul? a nice little white soul with a couple of black spots."

At the same instant an old man, who had been looking at Menloe intently, flung his heels into the air, and began walking upon his hands.

And then there came up to Menloe a man whose mouth seemed to wander about his face, for he smiled always, and the smile kept changing its outline as he spoke.

"Welcome home, my Lord," he said, "though I doubt you'll find sad changes. There is a new doctor, and he is mad; and the warders are all mad; and the chaplain is imbecile; and some of the inmates are very queer. I'd get no shleep at all, trying what way I'd manage things for the best, and I'll be right glad of a rational co-adjuther."

Lord Menloe had grown very pale. He let the man take his hand in a hand that felt like a fish; but, while it shook up and down, he turned to the uniformed pair behind him.

"So I'm in the asylum?" he said.

"'Deed, then, you are," the two men answered together.

CHAPTER XX.—"A LITTLE M——"

WHEN he knew that he was actually detained in an asylum, the blood went out of Menloe's cheeks. He was one of those to whom the bare thought of confinement was almost intolerable. Once when he had locked himself into his room, and for half-an-hour had been unable to turn the key, he had scarcely restrained himself from jumping through the window. At all times that cry of the starling—the one immortal starling—"I can't get out," filled him with a blind terror of sympathy. Just to be shut up—anywhere: in a room, a house, a city—was to him the strait agony of the coffin-lid.

Then, again, appalling just in proportion to its fascination was the repulsion of insanity. Possibly at the root of both these feelings was coiled a chill fear. Did Menloe turn to madness, as Hamlet turned, through some alarmed confessing kinship in the blood? Was he questioning wild shores whereon his boat might ground? At any rate, the thought of being shut up with the mad held for Menloe all the fulness of fear.

And now that which had befallen him as a fantastic imagining of the day, in a weird obsession of the night, had come to pass—was true and real as any comfortable daily thing.

It only demonstrates—that which needs no demonstration—the strangely complex emotion of the imaginative man, that Menloe booked that horror that came upon him as valuable material, and smacked his lips over it as wine of noble vintage.

"Come," he said to himself, "that's the way to take it; it is an experience—an interesting little experience." And, as he formed that thought, he knew that he was trying to keep calm for fear of going mad.

Menloe looked at the two warders. They had a strangely suppressing aspect—that of a stolid, unsurprisable patience—up to a certain point, when it would become peremptory and severe. Looking round upon the world as it was there, Menloe felt how improbable sanity appeared. It was with effort that he spoke.

"Perhaps it isn't of any consequence," he said, "but there is no harm in mentioning that I'm the wrong man."

He said this very quietly, with his hands in his pockets, as he sat upon the edge of a table, and turned upon the first man his patient, reasonable eyes.

The warder looked at him with something like the first dawning of a doubt.

"At any other time," Menloe went on, "I should have been delighted to accept your hospitality. There is nothing that I should fancy more than a month in a madhouse—not a bad title, by the bye; however, it happens that I have urgent business at home, so that I will trouble you to apologise and to let me out."

"Whist, now," said the other man, "that sort of chat wouldn't help you at all. Be aisy, and if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can. That's my advice to you, William."

"Sure, man," added the first warder, "if you hadn't broke out like a fool, you'd be dismissed long ago. What got you at all to be running away when the doctor had you noticed that next board-day he'd report you 'cured'?"

"Do I look sane now?" said Menloe.

"Faith, sane enough," the second man answered.

"There is nothing excited in my speech, is there?"

"There is not, then."

"Nor wild about my eyes—no strange brightness, no fear of meeting your eyes? I look you in the face, don't I?"

The two men simultaneously gazed at him. Either they had learned a look of singular mastery—the look of the tamer—or else a sudden sense of his position—an imaginative realisation of what the warders expected from him—fell upon Menloe. His eyes were hard to manage; for a second they stared in a defiant fixity, then they shifted, ducked, slipped—would not come up to the scratch.

Menloe was miserably disconcerted.

"I cannot tell what has come to me," he said. "It is rather upsetting, perhaps, one's first introduction to this company."

"'Deed, William, I'd nearly think you'd be at home by this. Why, man, we had you on and off five years."

"The man for whom you take me," Menloe answered, "is now at my house. He is like me, but not astonishingly alike, when you see us together. He offered himself to me as butler, and I gave him a chance."

The two men exchanged a glance—a glance of resigned disappointment. Menloe interpreted it with certainty. "He's after having a relapse," it said.

Menloe kept his heart as firm as he could among the slipping terrors that caught at him, the black wings that shook above him, the eyes that broke in crimson flashes and streamed down the wind. A horror of madness—a fierce desire to be mad—clutched him, and made him shiver. He said to himself, "This is the merest joke; sane people are not detained in madhouses now. I shall be out in a few minutes, and I'll chaff the doctor as long as we live."

"Look here," he said shortly, "I want to see the doctor."

"I have him informed," said the first warder. "He have company at dinner."

Almost at that moment the door was opened, and the doctor came. Menloe had met him once two or three years ago, when he had visited a poor fellow at the asylum. He was a very gentle man, dreamy and suave, with a passionate love of flowers and a cultivated palate. His little dinners were famous.

"Doctor," said Menloe, as the man came beamingly through the ward, "I think you will remember me."

The doctor looked at him with half-shut eyes of kindly humorousness.

"'Deed, I think I will," he said.

"I am Lord Menloe." A look circulated among the warders and the doctor, and again Menloe gathered all its meaning. "I am at something of a disadvantage," Menloe went on, "because the man for whom I have been mistaken—my butler—bears a considerable general resemblance to me. I thought, however, your practised eye might note dissimilarities as readily as similarities. I am taller than William by an inch and a half, and altogether am a heavier man. Then I stoop more, and have a more abstracted look. My sight is shorter—you will notice that, I am sure, when I remove my glasses (William, by the way, wore his less persistently than I wear mine). I think I may say that I have more the manner of a gentleman."

"You have more the manner of a gentleman," the doctor repeated, with a movement of the head.

Much encouraged Menloe continued:

"I hope there will be no need of the identifying strawberry mark," he said, smiling. "If, however, we had to resort to such things, my handkerchief—and all my linen—is marked with M and a coronet."

The doctor doubled up, and the warders fell back in three several but simultaneous peals of laughter.

"Faith, William," the doctor said, "I saw you sitting by the hour marking it. Your night-shirt had the grandest coronet of all."

Menloe smiled again, not quite comfortably.

"My able predecessor," he said, "seems to have anticipated me in many ways. However, he scarcely can have plagiarised my weight and measurements."

At that word there came another roar of laughter, the laughter which greets the expected, delaying joke.

"What is there funny in that?" Menloe inquired.

"Exactly: what is there funny in that?" The doctor repeated the inquiry with seeming conviction, but his voice shook a little.

"Did William," Menloe asked, with

"I AM LORD MENLOE"

a sense of netting another mesh of entanglement in everything he said; "did William go on about weights and measurements?"

"Yes, William," said the doctor, "William did."

He passed on. Menloe made a step towards him, but the two warders held him back.

CHAPTER XXI.—STRAITLY SHUT UP

HOW can one tell the horrors of the night—in the long dormitory—the coughing, the praying, the crying, the dim inhuman shapes, the fitful incoherent tragedy, the ghastly comedy, the squalor, the pity, and the shame?

There were times when, starting from sleep into which he had fallen with a dislocating shock, Menloe half believed that he had died, and had awaked in the lowest and meanest of the hells. All the night, even in his splintered sleep, there was a fear upon him, above all the physical and all the imaginative fears, and a conscious effort to control it—the fear of going mad. And all the night there was a conscious effort to feel and to remember the phantasmagoria of sights and of sounds; to pluck the flowers and the berries of every deadly tree in that garden of despair. There was an eye that watched his own mind, and that registered the fear and the fear of the fear, and there was an instinct that welcomed all.

The warder on duty was the second man, Mr. Lonergan, or familiarly Bob. He seemed to be a good fellow, if anything a shade too kind. But twice or thrice when some untimely creature was obstinately bent on dancing, or on praying aloud, or on dressing for a ball, even he had to be a little rough.

Before he was permitted to turn in, Menloe had had to give up his knife, a little pair of scissors that he happened to have in his pocket, even a pencil-point protector, the edge of which was sharp at the slit. Also his money—one-and-nine—was put away. However, he was allowed to keep his tobacco, and in the night—by sufferance or by oversight—he smoked a couple of pipes. Also he was allowed to keep a little memorandum-book and his unprotected pencil.

At last the morning came, and the great terror lifted—never to fall again. With the sober light there passed into Menloe a calmness which he knew that he could keep. By a most singular entanglement he had been confused with a lunatic, but that that mistake could not be demonstrated was beyond all belief. He knew perfectly well that if he kept clear and cool a very few days would prove his identity.

Meanwhile, here was a chance that came to very few. Only a little time ago—yes, it could only be a little time, though it was on the other side of the gate—he had been grateful for James, and the opportunity of getting inside him. James was only one—a solitary date-tree—and now he was in a paradise of lunacy, and might eat of every tree of the garden.

Well, he was soon in the thick of its delights—he was washing in the wash-room. No doubt there was, on the part of the authorities, a great desire for cleanliness; it did not seem, however, to be shared by all the inmates. Once or twice Menloe felt himself making friction with his shirt, whether in sympathy or in personal relief he could not tell. It was a great relief to him that, through some difficulty in getting him decently supplied by the wardrobe of the establishment, he was permitted for the present to keep his own trousers. To the grey jacket he had to yield—that grey jacket that had so strange a power of de-classing and reclassing; that swept away individuality, and that suggested laxity, weakness, restraint.

"I'd like," thought Menloe, as he fell into its effacing shapelessness, "to see the doctor in this! I fancy two of his brothers would cheerfully certify him insane, particularly without a collar, and"—he twisted a comforter round his neck—"*with* this."

They had stirabout for breakfast, and that smell—that smell that clothed the place in a thick, pungent garment. It was, one of the inmates told him, the smell of the great copper when the potatoes were boiled.

That man, except for a weak mouth and unsteady eyes, seemed sensible enough. Indeed, just about Menloe as he "supped" his stirabout, there seemed more moodiness and nervousness than madness. With that particular man he became quite pleasant.

"To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?" asked Menloe, made a little formal by something in the other's manner.

Smiling self-consciously and bowing, the man handed him a card. It bore the inscription,

The Right Hon. Winston Churchill.

At Home.

Fiscal Policy. Chocolate. Fireworks.

After breakfast the abler-bodied of the men went out to work—a few in a fine, walled garden where the doctor had all manner of pleasant things, including orchids and wonderful tomatoes; many in a rougher plot where cabbages and potatoes were grown for the inmates. Others, painters and carpenters and so forth, were set to work on the asylum buildings. The rest went out for exercise—a strange delaying, self-centred company—cohering loosely together, laughing, crying, gesticulating, or moving sullenly on with stooping shoulders and faces formed of dull grey stone. In this company Menloe *made* one. It was pleasant to feel that he never was *of* it; that of his jacketed fellows many observed him, that several confided in him. That seemed to distinguish him; for Menloe observed, there was little communion among them. Each seemed to know the insanity of the others, and to despise or to distrust it.

In spite of its being a pauper asylum, Menloe discovered that it held many distinguished names. Several of the crowned heads were there, and many famous men of all ages. Something of that jumbled time that made a nightmare of James's recollections might have originated, Menloe fancied, in the pretensions of the asylum.

All through that strange rumble Menloe was making notes. All through it, except its last few minutes, when, by disastrous luck, he broke the lead of his pencil. Since he had no knife, and was shy of asking a warder, for fear that his book might be confiscated, to sharpen his pencil, that would have ended his power of exact

record. In the afternoon he saw a carpenter with a little stumpy pencil. Menloe, as is known, had a pouch of tobacco—decent mixture, not plug, which was served out by the authorities. For half of his tobacco Menloe purchased the pencil, and was a man again.

So deeply immersed was he now in studies of the place that, but for Persephone, he would have been quite happy. But James's arm—his misplaced, insinuating arm—fretted Menloe's soul.

What in the world could it mean? Surely, surely it was not fancy that Persephone had twitted him with hints and glances, almost implying discovery of his masquerade. And if she had found him out she must have found out James. Would Persephone humiliate herself by permitting a footman's arm to be where James's was? Surely she had a soul above gentlemen's gentlemen! And yet, had she had a soul above him, when he seemed to be of their guild? She could not have known the truth at the first, and even at the first, he hoped, she had been kind. It was horrible to be cooped up while James's arm went free. Yes, while the entire James went free, for really he was dangerous. Not to Persephone, Menloe hoped and believed; but what creature of reasonable belief would build on the doings of a lunatic? And where *was* Persephone? Even when he left Menloe her wings were poised for flight. She might have passed, and have left no trace. It was all bad—bad and sad and mad, and very far from sweet.

Well, captivity could not last more than a day or two. Some friend would identify him, or one of the doctors—there was an assistant, Menloe found—would recognise his sanity. If only he could smuggle a letter through, rescue would be prompt enough, but letters were examined, and surely a letter demanding deliverance for a sane patient wrongfully detained would never pass the censor.

Still, so went Menloe's recurrent thought, a day or two, and all would be well.

Meanwhile, observation and the stumpy pencil, and make the most of the great chance.

CHAPTER XXII.—PERSEPHONE CALLS FOR HELP

THE next morning, when Menloe was about to join that weird procession through the grounds, the doctor stopped him.

"Come, William," he said, "we'll put you on the old job."

"And what is that, doctor?" Menloe answered in his best manner.

"Sure, your memory is not so short as all that: you didn't forget your old stool in the office?"

"Byron thought you could not forget what you never knew." Menloe fancied that the easy sanity of that remark must open the doctor's eyes. He was disappointed.

"Ah, get along with your Byrons and your Lady Eustacias. Faith, if you'd just sweep your brain clear of that lot, you'd be nearly as rational as I am myself. If ever I find that confounded little book, *Traits and Stories of Noble Families*, bedad, I'll burn it."

Menloe looked at the good fellow with sweetly reasonable eyes.

"Doctor," he said, "I suppose you know as much about insanity as any man in Ireland."

"I do, then," said the doctor, "and more."

"And yet you can look into the face of a sane man, and not recognise its sanity."

"'Deed, then, if 'tis yourself you're meaning, I'd hardly need to look at you at all. And you're as healthy as Kilkee." He put his fingers on Menloe's pulse. "Sure, the pulse is normal: you're normal altogether."

"Then, if it is not an impertinent question, why am I here?—unless the sane are becoming so rare that they are put under lock and key?"

Again Menloe had hope of surprising the doctor, and again he was disappointed. Evidently James had talked like Miss Thorneycroft Fowler's note-book.

"Because, confound you, one never knows where to have you. The last time you were dismissed, I thought we wouldn't see the face of you again—I did that, with all my experience, and experience here is not very encouraging. You went out at ten like a clergyman, with your neat black bag in your hand, and by four—by 4 P.M. you were back—as mad as a parliament in Stephen's Green."

"Doctor," said Menloe quickly, but with the conviction that convinces, "that man was a butler, William Something or other, a shorter man than I am, lighter in build, and more erect. When I was decoyed to this place—very unworthily, as I must

think—I was on my way to get him certified as insane. He is at my house now, and only two or three nights ago he made an attempt on my life with a razor. I warn you that not only are you detaining as a lunatic a man—a peer of the realm, as it happens—whom you yourself admit to be sane, but you are leaving at liberty a most dangerous lunatic; there are two ladies in the house, and their lives are in deadly peril."

Menloe had not spoken without producing some effect. The doctor, who habitually held his head a little down, glancing unobtrusively from under his half-dropped lids, raised himself with a shake of the shoulder, and gazed penetratingly at Menloe. His whole aspect was alert, inquiring; the pucker of his good-humoured frown was gone, and four parallel horizontal furrows, like brackets in musical notation, ploughed the breadth of his forehead.

Menloe felt that his battle was nearly won. He called on his intellect for one more charge.

"If," he said, "you will make a simple test, absolutely you will be convinced. My weight and measurements——"

The doctor's whole face relaxed and relapsed. He broke into a short laugh, humorous, impatient, convinced.

"Bother your weight and measurements," he said. Then he laid his hand on Menloe's shoulder.

"'Dad," he said, "'tis the great old blarneyer you are. I tell you, you nearly had me convinced with your nice manner and your plausible speeches. Only for the weight and measurements—which you can no more keep out of your chat than Mr. Dick could keep King Charles's head out of his memorial—faith, you might have put salt on the old bird's tail."

He called to Bob.

"Here, Bob, see this fellow put to work on the books."

Menloe knew that, for the immediate present, the game was up. Following Bob, he walked down the pebbled oblong of the entrance.

There, in front of him, was the tall iron gate through which the car had brought him: its prophetic clang behind him echoed still in all his soul. Outside there were houses—with people who came and went at their pleasure, and the open street. A boy with a big basket over his head dawdled along whistling inanely, as though there was nothing particular in being outside those gates. Close to the gates, on the left hand, stood the porter's lodge; and on an iron seat, under a sycamore, the porter sat, spectacled, turning the morning paper.

On the right, half-way down the oblong, twenty paces from the gates, was a neat two-windowed, one-storeyed building of red brick. It contained two rooms divided by a passage.

Into the remoter of these rooms Bob conducted Menloe. It was fitted up like an office, and at one of several high stools a tall man was writing.

"I've brought an ould friend, Mr. Healy, to give you a hand."

Nodding to the clerk, Bob gave Menloe a friendly push, and walked away carelessly.

"You might be dating a few pages," said Mr. Healy, and, getting down, he opened for Menloe a thick leather-bound volume. It seemed to be a sort of day-book, recording the visits of the various officials—chaplains, Roman Catholic and Protestant, dispenser, visiting physicians, and others. Menloe was glad to notice that every week, on Wednesday or Thursday, the Church chaplain called. Somehow or other, he had faith in the persuasibility of that official. Meanwhile, getting to work in his neatest round-hand, he filled up the date-spaces for a fortnight in advance. Then Mr. Healy pushed over to him the Church chaplain's book. "You might rule that, William," he said, "in red ink."

In such simple work Menloe had occupied a couple of hours, when a carriage stopped at the gate. In a little while a white-haired clergyman passed the window. Menloe caught only a glimpse of him; but he liked what he saw. In a few minutes he was summoned by Bob into the chaplain's presence. Menloe was the newest sheep of the pasture.

The chaplain was sitting in a little room not far from the entrance lobby. Menloe noticed that, having introduced him, Bob did not retire effectually. Evidently he was lurking close in view of possible eventualities.

"Well, William," said the chaplain, with a dryly humorous glance, "so you couldn't make up your mind to leave us."

"Be it ever so humble," said Menloe, "there's no place like home."

"I find thee apt," said the chaplain. "Sit down."

Menloe obeyed, and straightway the chaplain began to talk. Never was such a talker; he seemed to have been everywhere and to have met everybody, always under circumstances of piquant interest. He had said the most graceful things in the world to all the beauties, and the most crushing things to all the wits. He quoted Byron and Juvenal, Wordsworth and Lucretius, Goethe and Mrs. Hemans, Dante and Tupper. Menloe would have been delighted, only he was fidgeting for a chance of saying a word for himself. Here was the man who could save him if he would. And surely he would, for they loved the same things—the chaplain had published poetry, Menloe found—and knew the same people. And he treated the poor collarless wretch in the grey jacket like a brother—easily, intimately, without condescension.

At last the chaplain paused.

"Sir," said Menloe, "I feel that I can count upon you."

"Certainly, if it isn't liquor. I can't smuggle things in—it consists not with mine office."

"I don't want to get anything in, but something out."

"And what is that? Not a double-tooth?"

"No," said Menloe, trying to be very easy, but hearing his heart bump: "it is a small matter—myself."

The chaplain's manner changed; he shut up like an anemone prodded by an umbrella.

"My dear friend," he said, "I never interfere in medical matters; they belong to the admirable doctors; address yourself to the admirable doctors. I must be off—I'm going to London by the mail: *cras ingens iterabimus aequor*."

He shook hands with Menloe, talking hard all the time, and turned on him a precipitate back.

From that moment Menloe began to despair of early release. Of a lengthy imprisonment he had no fear, but that he might be detained till next Board-day seemed quite probable.

If only he had been easy about Persephone, for Board-day he would have waited contentedly enough; but he was not easy about her. Whenever he tried to take a cheerful view of things, up like an ominous cloud rose the arm of James, blotting out peace and Persephone's waist.

The dormitory in which Menloe had his bed was hushed in such quiet as came to it. It had been one of the hottest days of the year, and even now, when it was past eleven, the air was hardly cool. The man who had lost his soul was worried about it; he had made many attempts to get out of bed to look for it. At length the warder had cowed him into keeping in his place, but at intervals his mutterings were heard: "A nice little white soul with a few black spots on it—did e'er a man o' yez see it?" Another man, suffering imaginary agonies from two rats that had run down his throat, sat up bowing himself together, and uttering occasionally explanatory remarks: "The heart's a very tender part of a man, and their little shmall teeth is like razors."

At first Menloe had renounced all hope of sleep, yet sleep had come to him in uneasy snatches. Twice already he had started from distressing dreams, burdened with fears about Persephone. At length he had made up his mind to lie awake; he could control his thoughts more or less, but not the drifting shapes that came when his eyes shut.

He was listening, with the toleration of familiarity, to the snoring of some of the patients, to the strange murmuring of others, to the agonised cries that came at intervals from some whom the Furies hunted even in sleep; he was even waiting for the words about "the little white soul," which fell almost at regular intervals, and now were due again: when a voice came to his ear, low and difficult and hoarse with pain. Changed as it was, he knew it at once—it was the voice of Persephone. But there was no word; only a cry.

Menloe looked round; the room lay before him gaunt and long, gradually trailing into shadow. He could count the beds in the greater length of the room, and he could infer the rest. Where, high up, a lamp in a sconce was burning, he could distinguish the stencil pattern on the walls. He was broadly, sharply awake.

Was it possible, however, that for some point of time he had slept with eyes open or shut; and that in that point of time the sound had come—an imagination working outward to the ear?

Believer, would-be or actual, as he was in many occult things, Menloe's concern in that sound was so vital that he questioned it like the veriest sceptic. After a few minutes or moments, Menloe almost had

decided that the voice was not current, but mintage of the brain. He had been thinking about Persephone; there was a perfume of her upon his mind, and every idle breath that passed caught some hint of it. He was turning from a metaphor to a scientific explanation of the phenomenon; he was making a neat little diagram of the brain and the spinal cord, when clear, close, imperative, the voice was there again: "Come," it said, "oh, come!" and the sound was so real, so corporeal, that he answered it, by putting out his hand. "Are you there, Persephone?" he asked; "oh, my dear, what is it?"

There dawned no presence—no apparition; but suddenly, with a sense of vibration, the voice was there; a touch, almost a clutch: "Come; oh, come!"

Just then the clock in the tower struck and Menloe counted the strokes; they were twelve.

From that moment Menloe made up his mind to escape from the asylum.

(To be continued.)

Sandwich and its Story

BY W. J. GORDON

ONE'S first impression of Sandwich is that it gets its full value out of its bells, tuneful bells doubtless, but seemingly over busy. What with chiming the quarters and striking the hours, and the whole eight of them pealing for services and weddings and rejoicings and practisings, and the tenor going every morning at half-past five as "the rising bell" and at eight o'clock every evening as "the curfew bell," and whenever a native or inhabitant dies, so many strokes for so many years and as many again at the funeral, babies not excepted, for the tolling means a fee—they never seem to be at rest. And they were busier in the past, when, to say nothing of fires and other alarms, the tenor, which then, as now, did most of the work, was assisted by "the brandgoose bell," that is the fourth, which had a special innings at one o'clock daily, to announce among other sundries that fish could then be bought of a foreigner if one were in the town, and at some other hour every week, or whenever required, called the corporation to meet the mayor—a very old-established personage who, as in other Cinque Ports, was assisted by "jurats" instead of aldermen, and unlike the other mayors had a black wand instead of a white one.

THE BRIDGE AND THE BARBICAN

These, be it understood, are not the only bells in the town but those of St. Peter's, which once were silent for a spell, when on one October night in 16[illegible] the north wind proved too strong for the steeple and toppled it over to the south aisle, the rubble being eighteen feet deep, with the bells underneath; so that in place of the steeple the present square brick belfry had to be built. In the interim, the bells of St. Clement's now seldom rung, took up the duty to the danger of the old Norman tower, which placed on the highest ground hereabouts affords from its roof a view that should not be missed by any who would understand the old town's history.

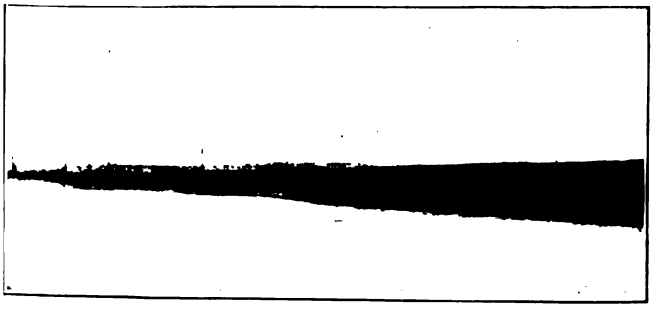
The immediate neighbourhood is as fla

THE BARBICAN (FROM HIGH STREET)

THE HIGH STREET

as a map. To the west is Ash, to the north is Minster, the mother-church of Thanet, where is the stone on which Augustine stood; and to the left is the Wantsum, little more than a ditch where it enters the sea at Reculver. In early days the Wantsum, like the Humber and the Mersey, was the estuary of more streams than one. If we were to flood the flats with a few feet of water we should see things much as they were when the Romans were here. We should have Thanet an unmistakable island, cut off by the broad arm of the Wantsum, with Minster, Monkton, and Sarre along its southern shore, the coast of the mainland, broken by incoming streams, being plainly marked by Reculver, Chislet, Wall End, Grove, Stourmouth, Burton and Gurson, with Richborough standing out like a bastion, and Sandwich traceable only as a sandbank.

SANDWICH (FROM THE RAMSGATE ROAD)



RIVER STOUR, WITH RICHBOROUGH IN THE DISTANCE

It is not, however, the water-level that has sunk; it is the mud and sand and gravel brought down by the rivers that has filled up the area where the water used to be. From a broad haven navigable at all times, the estuary became a stretch of flats at every ebb, and finally

ST. CLEMENT'S

TABLET AT ST. CLEMENT'S

silted up on both sides of the much-winding stream to become the present range of meadows. At an intermediate stage, when the way to the sea was open eastwards, there grew up Sandwich, and, opposite to it, Lundenwych, afterwards known as Stonar, where, as at Sandwich, travellers from the Continent changed from the packets of the time into the river boats that, by way of the Stour and Wantsum and Swale, inside Sheppey, made their way to London, which for a long series of years claimed peculiar privileges in its distant channel port.

Neither Sandwich nor Stonar had anything Roman about them, for in Roman days the sites of both were within the tide range. The last of the legionaries took ship for home from the fortified chalk eminence which had been a Roman stronghold for four hundred years, and the invaders that followed them settled at first on the Roman site, changing its name, Rutupiæ, into what has since become Richborough. But as the shoaling of the waterway slowly ruined the city of the early kings of Kent, the growth of the inlet afforded a site for Sandwich, "the village on the sand," a mile or so nearer the sea which from the first hut placed just above high-water mark, struggled and throve until it eventually became for several centuries the naval head-quarters of England.

And then it began to go the way of Richborough, but not so far. The shingle of the eastward drift crept round the South Foreland. Old Walmer was cut off from the sea by the wide beach on which the present village stands. Further along on the same beach rose modern Deal, the old village now Upper Deal, being similarly left inland. Further still the beach grew where the present golf links are and beyond. The scour of the tides became less, the silting up continued, the streams becoming weaker as the forest country was cleared in which they rose.

When Henry VII. was on the throne

ST. CLEMENT'S (FROM THE RIVER)

ST. PETER'S

FLINT HOUSE (ST. PETER'S RECTORY)

Cardinal Morton, who cut Morton's Dyke from Peterborough to Wisbech, and thereby improved the Fenland, was translated from Ely to Canterbury, and tried his hand again at reclamation. Noticing that the retiring tide left a fair amount of salt on the flats, he set up salt-pans between the town and the sea—and made things worse instead of better. The course of the stream being interfered with, the shoaling went on more quickly, and matters became desperate when there sank at the river mouth the great "caryke" of Paul IV., that long, lean, inquisitor pope who worked by night and slept by day, and drank his black, fiery Naples wine "so thick as one might cut it with a knife," and had such a turbulent time of it generally in the four years from 1555.

Thus by the forces of nature, assisted by the commercial enterprise of an archbishop and the misfortune of a pope, Sandwich found itself being silted into insignificance. Whereupon it agitated on familiar lines and got a Royal Commission, and J. Rogers began a "new cut" and left it; and in the second year of Elizabeth came another Royal Commission, whereat W. Jacobson of Amsterdam, "much experienced in great water works," advised the cut to be continued, "and it would cost £10,000," and A. Andrison, the "expert" on the other side—oh! these experts!—said, "Certainly not, the cut is in the wrong place, it should be where the ground is four feet lower, and it will cost—ahem—£14,000;" whereupon the Commissioners reported, as usual, leaving expert leaning against expert, and nothing was done. Years rolled by, and in Queen Anne's day came another Royal Commission, whereat Ramsgate struck in and won, and became the eastern Kentish port that Sandwich had sought to be, and all that Sandwich got was £200 a year from Ramsgate to dredge, embank, or play with as it liked; and it still embanks and keeps a navigable channel in an unpretentious way.

It first appears on record in the reign of King Egbert of Kent, when, in 666, St. Wilfrith landed on his return from consecration in Gaul as Bishop of York, to discover that Oswy, impatient at his long

FISHER GATE (RIVER FRONT)

THE WHARF

absence, had given the bishopric to St. Chad. A disappointment for Wilfrith; but really he was lucky to have escaped with his life, for his ship had stranded on the Sussex coast, and the longshoremen of the period had in their pleasant manner endeavoured to seize it, and it was only by the rising of the tide that the vessel floated off, after losing five of its men, to make its way eastward and round the Foreland into Sandwich haven.

Naturally, as a prominent seaport, it suffered much from the Scandinavians. Here, in 851, the first year that the Danes "remained over winter in Thanet," King Athelstan and Elchere took some of their ships and drove off the rest. In 993 came Olaf to plunder on his way back from Staines, to join with Sweyn next year in their unsuccessful attack on London. In 1006 the Danes came again and "did all they had been before wont," but three years afterwards Ethelred was in the haven with the biggest English fleet seen up to then, and the Danes came not, though afterwards they arrived in every alternate year. Here in 1014, on his way from Gainsborough, Canute put ashore the English hostages minus their hands, ears, and noses; but it was the same Christian monarch who in 1029 confirmed Ethelred's gift of Sandwich to Canterbury, and gave the monks of Christ Church "the haven and all the dues that arise thereof, on either side of the haven, so that, lo! when the flood is all at the highest, and all at the fullest, if a ship be floating so nigh the land as it nighest may, and there be a man standing in the ship and he have a taper ax in his hand," so far as he can throw it shall the right to the dues extend: and, further, anything a man could reach from the beach, with a spreot at the lowest tide, floating on the sea, was to go half to the finder and half to the monks. Anent which it is a fair assumption that the strongest man available was chosen to throw the tomahawk, and that the spreot or sprit was the longest spar that could be handled. Anyhow, the most was made of the privileges for three centuries, when the far-seeing monks, noticing doubtless the change in the physical features of the neighbourhood, parted with their rights in the harbour to Queen Eleanor in exchange for lands elsewhere, but retained those in the town.

Having granted Sandwich to the monks of Christ Church, Canute gave Stonar to those of St. Augustine, thus grimly setting two monastic bodies in the same cathedral city to fight over the two towns at the river mouth, which they vigorously proceeded to do until 1385, when the French, by wiping out Stonar, left the Christ Church

SANDWICH (FROM THE RAMPARTS)

ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, STRAND STREET

monks triumphant. And there was something worth fighting over, for Sandwich, with the monastery funds to back it, rose from every attack and throve so that in Edward IV.'s reign its customs dues amounted to £17,000 a year.

It is the oldest of the "Cynk Portz," to quote the spelling of the charter at Hythe, which probably gives the correct pronunciation, and as such was always a prominent member of that confederacy which in the Confessor's days, and for centuries afterwards, was entrusted with the naval defence of the kingdom, and received special privileges, freedom from taxation and the like, in return. Like the others it had its "corporate members," Fordwich and Deal, and also its "non-corporate members," Reculver, Sarre, Stonar, Ramsgate, Walmer, and, curiously enough, Brightlingsea in Essex. The "Royal Navy of the Cinque Ports" was never without the Sandwich contingent. In 1217 they were in Hubert de Burgh's action off Dover which freed the country from the invasion of Louis of France. They were in the curious battle in 1293, when the Cinque Ports fleet met the French by appointment round the empty ship moored off St. Mahé and almost annihilated them. They were at Skymburness in the Solway when Edward I. invaded Scotland; and they were with Edward III. at Sluys, with him at the siege of Calais, and with him in 1350 at the fight of "Lespagnols sur mer" off Winchelsea, when the King had to save himself from his sinking ship by capturing one of the enemy's, the Prince of Wales had to do likewise, and little John of Gaunt, aged ten, refused to stay ashore with his mother, and bore himself like a man in aiding in a victory so decisive that it gave his father the title of King of the Sea, and set him in a ship on his gold coins.

Quaint and small were the ships at first, high and strong in the bow and stern to carry the castles built thereon, one-masted, with a top-castle hoistable before the fight, and a huge squarish lug-sail which would take them to windward, as they went in De Burgh's battle before they wore and ran down on the astonished Courtenay. In those days the crew numbered twenty-one men and a boy, with a "rector," that is, a master, and a "constable," that is, a boatswain; and almost the same crew was carried by the merchantmen, which were in most cases merely *gens-de-guerre* with their castles put into store.

The old town suffered almost as much from the French as from the Danes and for the same reason, but it always managed to recover. Gradually its fortifications became stronger; once they were found ready made for it. That was in 1386, when Charles VI.'s ill-fated armada for the conquest of England started with a timber wall on board, 20 feet high, 3000 paces long, with a tower at every 12 feet large enough to hold twelve men. Two of these vessels,

MANWOOD COURT, STRAND STREET

with part of this wall and machines for throwing missiles, and the "artist" who made it, were captured by the Sandwich men, who brought it home, where it was used as a temporary defence. After the French incursion in the early days of Henry VI. the town was enclosed within much the same lines as now, but its new walls proved of little avail against Peter Brice, otherwise Marshal de Brézé, who, instigated by Margaret of Anjou, broke in with his four thousand men. The castle, however, remained untaken, to be unsuccessfully held in 1471, by Thomas Fauconberg, the Lancastrian (who was not Shakespeare's Falconbridge), against Edward IV., who captured that worthy's thirteen ships, though Thomas himself escaped, to be made prisoner at Southampton. And it was this king who strengthened the town defences generally and granted £100 a year out of the customs to keep them in repair.

Coming into Sandwich along the Ramsgate road we pass on the seaward side the shingle pits in which the concrete blocks for Dover harbour are being made, and then the few traces of Stonar, and cross the bridge which replaces the first one built in 1755. Entering the town through the gatehouse known as the Barbican, which dates only from Henry VIII.'s time, as do the castles of Deal and Walmer, we turn along Strand Street, as did Richard I. when, home from captivity, he walked from here barefooted to Canterbury, following the same road as Becket had done when he returned in triumph. We are at once amid a miscellaneous array of architecture in a small, small way, much of it Tudor or Stuart, for, owing to frequent burnings, the houses are more modern than the streets, being perhaps the third or fourth representatives of the original dwellings. By the riverside, near the site of the old Pillory Gate, is the gabled house in which Queen Elizabeth stayed on the day when she received that gold cup of C. lib. she so much appreciated; and close by is the church of St. Mary's which, began under the Kentish Egbert, and, after many damagings and rebuildings, became in 1667, when the north wind brought down the steeple, destroying the south aisle and western wall, much as it is now. At the corner is one of the old inns displaying the Tudor arms, in which the red dragon appears in the place of the familiar unicorn. Further on is Manwood Court, once the grammar school founded by Sir Roger Manwood, the Sandwich draper's son, who became Elizabeth's Lord Chief Baron, and, like Bacon, had his weaknesses, there being amongst other things a little matter of a gold chain that is almost incredible, and perhaps ought not to be mentioned, considering how he atoned for his lapses by his benefactions.

OLD INN WITH TUDOR ARMS ON TABLET

Beyond is a stretch of the town wall in which what seem to be gun-ports, closed with shutters, tell of the stormy times when Sandwich was better worth an enemy's attention. To the right we go through the gate to Richborough; to the left we reach the ramparts, on which a delightful walk leads practically all round the town to the Stour again. Soon at the railway station we cross the Delf, an artificial stream, "delved" probably by some Dutchman, in the reign of Edward I., for the water supply, the wells giving water too brackish for consumption unless driven through the grave into the chalk below; and though the waterworks have superseded it, and it looks suspicious, yet when it was analysed some twenty years since, it was found to be harmless, and it appears much the same now as then. To the right, on the road to Eastry, where Becket hid in his flight from Northampton, until in disguise he got safe aboard the Sandwich boat which took him to Flanders, is St. Bartholomew's hospital, a charity on almshouse lines, which began some eight centuries ago as a lazar-house when leprosy was so common owing to the

salted fish going wrong when fresh meat was unorthodox or unobtainable. Next, also outside the ramparts, and there are only a few other houses so placed, we have the new buildings into which Manwood's grammar school migrated. A slight deviation takes us into the churchyard of St. Clement's, where we discover a tablet on the south wall, which seems to have been specially put there for the confusion of those people who, knowing not of our old letter "thorn," the Saxon *theta* represented by they, persist in talking of "ye plough" and "ye shop," and so on, instead of "*the* plough," etc., in the manner which has never changed. For here is not only *ye* for *the*, but *yr*, which it passes the wit of man to pronounce as anything else but *their*. Returning to the ramparts, and still with the picturesque backs and gardens to the left, we reach the river, where the old Fisher Gate stands, the only original gate of the five through which entrance to the town could be had.

FISHER GATE (FROM STRAND STREET)

At the Barbican we turn amongst the old-world streets that are so curiously dark after sundown. Here and there the name on a shop-front tells of the Flemings and Walloons, driven out by Alva, who, coming to London first, were settled here to make their serges, flannels, and dress baizes, as the silk-weavers went to Canterbury, and the thread-workers to Maidstone, the townsmen crying out, as always, against the alien immigration. Yet they came just as the silting up of the haven ended Sandwich's career as a port and gave it a new start as the manufacturing town whose prosperity in that line was ended by James I. in one of his monopoly grants. With the weavers, however, came also market gardeners, the first to introduce that occupation into England, the first to send garden produce by water to London, and all our market gardening since is traceable to them. Some of their descendants are still in the trade. Surely there must be a certain amount of reflected respectability in being served by a greengrocer whose family have been greengrocers for twelve generations!

THE MARKET (TOWN-HALL IN THE DISTANCE)

The district not only grows its own vegetables, but is far enough from London to grow its own meat. The cattle market seems to be going as strong as at any time during the seven hundred years or more it has been in existence. Sheep, oxen, cows, pigs, horses, and no side shows; farmers' traps fifty in a row, by the 'Fleur de Lys,' and others elsewhere, the horses out of all of them put up somewhere in the neighbourhood; the whole market-place is alive, and sometimes every pen full. Sandwich does not sleep around its town-hall on market-day.

Ballads, Old and New

BY MYLES B. FOSTER

PART I.—OLD BALLADS

IN Stainer and Barrett's *Dictionary of Musical Terms*, the definition of "Ballad" seems equally happy for either the ancient or the modern specimen, viz. "A song designed to suit a popular audience."

Over the derivation of the term there has, in times past, been some dispute, but there is little doubt that it was derived from the same root as the mediæval Latin verb "ballare," which explains the custom, in old times, of *dancing* during the song, and which might be dragged in, as justifying to a small extent the irritating, not to say banal, presence in modern ballads of that valse-refrain, without which, a quarter of a century ago, they would not have been considered legitimate Ballads!

I need scarcely remind my readers that there are many *poems*, to which the term is applied, which have little or nothing in common with the primitive form.

Our early bards, the Anglo-Saxon Sceops, were both poets and musicians, by whom were recorded deeds of valour, by whose compositions either praise or blame was meted out, and whose ballads gave us glimpses (however inaccurate) of several portions of the early history of our country otherwise unattainable.

William of Malmesbury, when he wrote his history of Edward, the son of King Alfred the Great, owned that he had to trust largely to the ballads of that earlier period for most of the facts, which must have been handed down from father to son aurally.

Like all specimens of a gossipy nature, such news would alter considerably during its passage through time, so much so that the historian acknowledged that he had doubts as to the ballad-singers' accuracy in apportioning praise or blame. As all poetry, in these early days, was intended to be *sung*, the arts of poetry and music were, in very truth, united, although it is more than likely that the conditions of their married life might not bear too close an investigation. In any case, I suspect that the agreement was more sincere and more spontaneous than that which we shall consider, later on, in connexion with modern work.

That words were sung not only by a single voice, but to music in three parts, can be proved by the celebrated Peterborough MS., "Gesta Herwardi," an account of the doings of Hereward, son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and the Lady Ædiva (the Lady Godiva of popular fame).

Hereward takes from his servant a cithern (or lute) and sings, "per discrimina vocum," with correct musical intervals, "nunc solitarie et nunc tripliciter cum suis sociis," first alone and then in three parts with his companions, "more Girwiorum," after the manner of the Gyrwians, the folk living in what are now the Eastern Counties.

There is no doubt that other parts of Britain were, at least, as much advanced in music and part-singing, for all classes loved music and practised it.

Mr. William Chappell, our famous authority on this and kindred subjects, writes[1] as follows: "The farther back we extend our researches, the more likely we are to discover *accuracy* in the records of passing events; for, in later times, when the travelling ballad-singer was no *uncommon* purveyor of news, and when correct information was gradually becoming easier of access by *other* means, these minstrels, no doubt, vied with one another in concocting the most wild and improbable fabrications, since it appeared to pay better to excite and amuse their gaping audience at the expense of accuracy, than to instruct and interest them in a more truthful manner."

In Chaucer's time, things had reached such a pass as to warrant his exposure of these minstrel-lays, which he did most effectually in his "Rhyme of Sir Topaz":

[1] Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, London, 1855–59, vol. ii.

until, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, all the peripatetic minstrels were classed as *vagabonds and sturdy beggars!*

Let us retrace our steps to the thirteenth century to justify my statement that *all classes* practised music.

When Lord Mayor Norman, in the year 1453, first took the civic procession to Westminster by water, the Thames watermen *wrote* and *composed* a round, in honour of the occasion, the words of which were—

> "Heave and ho, rumbelow,
> Row the boat, Norman, row,
> Row to thy Leman."

Whether by Leman (loved one) the watermen intended a delicate allusion to turtle-soup, or only referred to the City of London *en bloc*, I am unable to state. But the British affection for ballads commenced from a much earlier date than this.

There were many such songs in the land before the Norman invasion.

We learn that Thomas, who was the first Archbishop of York, collected the minstrels' tunes and wrote Latin hymns to them!

The Bishop of Ossory, nearly three hundred years later, did the same thing. He collected a number of ballad-tunes, divorced them from their original words, and adapted them to Church use.

This only proves an anticipation of the methods of Rev. Rowland Hill, and, in our day, of the Salvation Army, the adoption of secular melodies for sacred purposes, with a view of depriving the devil of the most popular tunes.

Gerald Barry the Welshman, known as Giraldus Cambrensis, gives an instance showing the danger of this transfer, where a Worcestershire priest, who had been listening to these fascinating dance-songs near the church one night, found himself singing one of the popular burdens at service next day, in place of the "Dominus vobiscum!"

The Bishop of Ossory very honestly put, as titles over his tunes, quotations from the ballads with which they were originally associated, so that, instead of such revered headings as "Winchester Old," "Kensington New," "Miles' Lane," "Tottenham Court Road," or what not, we find such extraordinary mottoes as "Do, do, nightingale, sing full merry," "Good day, my leman dear," and "How should I with that old man"!

Dr. W. H. Cummings, our greatest living authority on old English music, reminds us[1] that "ballad-making was a fashionable amusement in the reign of King Henry VIII., who was himself renowned for 'setting of songes and making of ballettes.'"

"The Kinges Ballade" was attributed to him and was very popular during his reign. Bishop Latimer, preaching before King Edward VI., made the first line of it the subject of his sermon, enlarging on the beneficent advantages of

> "Passetyme with good companye."

At the end of the sixteenth century, Dr. John Case of Oxford wrote[2] as follows, in one of the earliest books printed at the new Oxford Press: "Every troublesome and laborious occupation hath musick for a solace and recreation, and hence it is that the wayfaring men solace themselves with songs, and ease the wearisomeness of their journey; considering that musicke, as a pleasant companion, is unto them instead of a waggon on the way. And hence it is that manual labourers and mechanical artificers of all sorts keep such a chanting and singing in their shoppes—the tailor on his bulk, the shoemaker at his last, the mason at his wall, the ship-boy at his oar, the tinker at his pan, and the tiler on the house-tops." The workman who did not sing in those days was regarded with suspicion.

Fletcher of Saltoun says, "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work, for his mind is of nothing but filching."

I have already pointed out to you that, thanks to the exaggerations of the travelling ballad-singers, they fell, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, into disrepute, and not only they, but the ballads themselves "were made the subject of repressive legislation." An old writer said, "Scarce a cat can look out of a gutter, but up starts a halfpenny chronicle, and presently 'A proper new Ballad of a strange sight' is indited;" also "Musicians held ballads in contempt, and great poets rarely wrote in ballad metre."

In the year 1560 seven hundred and ninety-six ballads were entered at Stationers' Hall, but only forty-four books!

[1] Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, "Ballad," in vol. i., London, 1879.

[2] *The Praise of Musicke*, by Dr. John Case, Oxford, 1586.

Charles Butler,[1] nearly a century later, spoke of "the infinite multitude of ballads, set to sundry pleasant and delightful tunes by cunning and witty composers, with *country dances fitted to them.*"

The italics are mine, and it is interesting to note the fact that many of the tunes named at the top of the ballads have been discovered in collections of dance music, confirming our derivation from "ballare," and it is probable that, until fiddles were common upon the village greens, the lads and lasses sang whilst they danced.

Some ballads were of great political influence, such as "Lilliburlero," which played an important part in expelling King James II. from Ireland; "Marlbrouk," the "Marseillaise," and, as lately as 1870, the "Wacht am Rhein." Such titles as "Chevy Chase," "The Babes in the Wood," "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," "The Spanish Ladye," etc., etc., are still remembered.

We have still a large number of ballads extant, such as were printed on one side of a rough sheet of paper, and called "broadsides," to be sung in the streets and villages, and belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Counting the Selden collection, lent by Sir John Selden to Pepys (of Diary fame) and *bequeathed by the latter*, who had never returned them to Selden, to Magdalene College, Cambridge—with strict injunctions never to lend them to anybody! —counting this collection, the Roxburghe collection of 2133 pages of ballads, and many others I could name in both public and private libraries, belonging to the period between Henry VIII. and the year 1700, we must have in England at the present moment *over ten thousand* such ballads. Whilst the eighteenth century produced many good songs, still the low tastes and follies of that period were also reflected in the amorous, hunting, drinking and political ballads, still to be found in leaflet form.

Mr. Cunningham Woods, the able music-master at Highgate School, in his lecture[2] before the Musical Association upon this very subject, includes in his classification the blatant national or *Jingo* "song, in which we seem to thank God that we are not as other men are," and gives "The English Flag triumphant" as a specimen, adapted to the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England":

> "By the blessing of God we have conquered at last,
> Our flag rides in triumph as was in times past.
> And the French at old Rodney looked sadly aghast.
> O the brave tars of old England,
> And O the old English brave tars."

He also very humorously compares lovesick swains of the sixteenth with those of the eighteenth century. He says: "The Elizabethan poets made their Strephon, Damon, Celia, and so on, play for kisses and eventually die of love," but "they tended their flocks prior to their decease. In the eighteenth-century popular song they died similarly, but took longer over it —sometimes twelve verses—and appear to have thought of nothing but dying."

Even where the music is of a superior order, and is beginning to feel the influence of the classical schools, the poetry is more often doggerel than not.

A great number of pseudo-Scotch ditties were in vogue about this time, of which neither words nor music were the composition of anybody north of the Tweed. Since Charles II.'s reign, Englishmen composed "Scotch songs" or airs "in the Scotch manner"; one of these became a popular London pantomime song of Christmas 1795, and it began:

> "If a body meet a body, going to the fair,
> If a body kiss a body, need a body care?"

It appeared, two years later, in Vol. V. of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* in the altered form of "Gin a body meet a body," etc., and was at once labelled *Fine Old Scotch!*

How the manners of the people, their fads and foibles, are reflected in the songs of their day! When artificiality was at its zenith, and powdered wigs, beauty-patches and clouded canes were indispensable, how quaintly suggestive of their surroundings were the songs addressed to "Corinna's Shoe-buckle," "Daphne's Eyelash," or the "Corne upon my Mistress' toe."

And yet, the courtly bow, the graceful curtsey, even the fulsome affectation were all there, charmingly illustrated in the minuet-like measures.

[1] *The Principles of Musick*, by Charles Butler, M.A., London, 1636.

[2] Proceedings of the Musical Association, 1896–7, "Types of the Eighteenth-Century Songs," by F. Cunningham Woods, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.

A study of Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* is always a delight!

You have but to peep into these beautiful volumes to be quite fascinated by the simple, homely words—either a familiar story quaintly told, or a great event or old legend boldly chronicled and wedded to equally simple, manly, ever-refreshing music.

How then is it that these treasures of national song are so evidently being put upon the shelf and neglected?

Why is it we hear so few of these quaint, honest, simple ballads?

The wonder deepens as we look around us, and take note of the *ship-loads* of rubbish which publishers have, in recent times, brought to the world's notice, under this self-same title of "Ballad."

What are these new lamps like, which we, Aladdin-like, have exchanged for the old? I hope, in the second part of this subject, to try and show you.

Shirkers of the Battle

LINES WRITTEN BY THE LATE REV. J. T. MANSEL ON THE PAGE OF AN ALBUM FACING A VIEW OF THE ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE, AT MILLERAY, NEAR NANTES[1]

'MID yonder walls, immersed in mutual gloom,
How many a soul anticipates the tomb;
Silence the bosom's confidence restrains,
They share no pleasures, and they soothe no pains.
To shun the world they seek a convent's shade,
As timorous bands retreat when foes invade.
Delusive plan, the world can follow still,
Twined with the wish, or lurking in the will;
Monastic robes oppose a barrier frail,
And walls are weak when sinful thoughts assail.
Far wiser they who face the deadly strife,
Armed from above, and strong in heavenly life,
Their baffled foes like snow dissolve away,
And faith unshaken wins the glorious day.

[1] The above lines have been sent to us by the writer's daughter, Miss Mansel, as appropriate to the closing words of the article on "Our Lady of the Snows," by J. A. Hammerton, in the April number of *The Leisure Hour*.—ED. *L. H.*

For King and Country

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER V

"Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun?
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved—to have thought—to have done?"

"WE have come to see you," said Stephen with unabashed cheerfulness, untouched by any vague shadow of doubt as to his reception. "Peggy and I heard you was lonely, and we thought we would drop in like Mrs. Waters the washerwoman did when Patty was ill with the 'fluenza."

There was silence for a moment, and Stephen occupied himself by examining the details of the room with quick, bright eyes.

Lord St. Ives had surrounded himself by much that was beautiful and costly, but there was upon everything the impress of a missing final touch that was the outcome of his blindness. The room was large and well lighted by two windows that gave on to the beautiful park. It was furnished in heavy black oak, and the walls were painted a full crimson, against which the portraits of old Barons of St. Ives and their wives of every period stood out from the brush of Gainsborough, Lely, and Hoppner, with here and there a delicate Romney. The room should have been bright with flowers in Oriental bowls to have touched perfection, but the massive taste of Tupton had set a jar of lilac and peonies on a side-table and a glass vase filled with gloxinias on a shelf, and there his attempt at decoration faltered. Tupton's weighty hand had also discovered in some far corner of the house some gilded jars of a debased period of art, and had set them in neat rows upon every available space, filling them with dried coloured grasses and, what Peggy thought far more lovely, pink paper roses.

But nothing could spoil the glory of the view and the radiant portraits on the wall, and even the figure on the sofa with the wadded dressing-gown and scarred pitiful face was no blot upon that beauty.

He turned round at last and rose from his lounging position, hiding his face a little with his hand, for his mouth was working a little under his heavy moustache.

"I am very glad to see you," he said. "Will you sit down? Who told you that I was lonely?"

"Sweetheart did," said Stephen promptly. "She lives in a funny house with no stairs and she is as pretty as mother."

"Sweetheart!" There was a curiously metallic ring in his voice now, and he moved impatiently so that his face was in shadow. "How do you know Sweetheart—for I suppose you mean Miss Lucinda Sweet?"

"Yes; that is her name. Well, we went to call, Peggy and me, because when muvver went to India with father we felt very lonely, so we walked up to see her."

"Oh, I understand; and where, may I ask, are you living, and who are your relations?"

"Father is in the Royal Artillery, and he is married to muvver, and they went to India and left us to live at Manor Farm with Mrs. Bland, but we don't like her much. We haven't any relations here 'cept one who is a lady like you."

The description was so lucid that St. Ives smiled a little.

"Do you mean Lady Elizabeth Marillier? Ah! I know her, or used to know her very well. So she is your great-aunt? It is unfortunate that she is away from home just now, for she would have looked after you. Why did you come to the Manor Farm?"

"Muvver didn't know any one to leave us with, and she asked Mrs. Brown. She was fat and asked questions, and I hope we shan't see her ever any more."

"Your acquaintances seem to be unfortunate," said Lord St. Ives with a laugh. "And so Sweetheart sent you to call on me?"

The manner of his pronouncement of her name was so tender that any one but an innocent child would have read the

"GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN, ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD"

hole story in his accent. But Stephen
.w nothing, and continued—

"She was very kind, and she told us
-about you."

He hesitated with all a child's delicacy,
aring that he might tread on dangerous
ound.

"Told you about my blindness, I suppose.
y, it was a bitter pill to swallow," said
.e man in a hard voice. "What have I
ɔt to live for now? Stricken by God—
flicted—broken. Often have I been
mpted with Job to curse God and die."

The gasp which came from Stephen, amazed at this passionate outburst, cut his words short.

"Oh!" he said, "but Job was in the Bible—he was a good man."

"Please don't be angry," said Peggy, creeping a shade nearer the passion-tossed figure, "we couldn't help it."

"I am not angry, little girl." He had regained his self-control now, and had fastened it to him with iron clamps. "But sometimes I wonder why I was the one to lose everything."

"Muvver took me to see a boy once at Haverford who was—I mean who was like you."

"Blind, I suppose you mean—and disfigured too—well?"

"But he was happy, and muvver told him all about a poet who wrote great things, and about a statesman who did great things, and oh, about lots of people like you who did everything though they couldn't see. Oh! and she wrote on a card and painted it too—some nice words. Would you like to hear them?"

St. Ives moved impatiently. "I suppose I am in for the whole thing now," he muttered. "Anyway, it's a change."

He could not see, but he knew somehow that Stephen, flushed and eager, was standing in front of him, and he laid his hand upon his shoulder, drawing him nearer.

"Tell me, my boy," he said, very kindly, for it came upon him with a pang that he had been very near to "offending one of those little ones" by his wild lament.

"I don't think they can be in the Bible, but I learned them, and the top verse was this—

> 'God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world,'

and underneath was painted—'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Muvver said it meant people who was blind."

"I shall remember them," said Lord St. Ives painfully, after a pause. "I believe I shall remember them."

"Do you live here all alone?" said Peggy, who was not interested.

"Yes; it is a big place to be in with only servants. You and your brother must come and see me sometimes."

"My name is Stephen," said the child with a grand air, "and we shall be very glad to come. May we bring Sweetheart one day?"

"No," said St. Ives harshly. "No—no."

"Poor Sweetheart! she is quite nice," cried Stephen, much pained by the unexpected words.

"It is I who am not nice," returned the other sadly. "People like me ought to hide from every eye—to live like moles."

"What a funny man you are," said Stephen simply. "Look, you make Peggy laugh. Moles haven't got nice houses and carriages and horses like you, and men with scarlet clothes and white hair. Why, I think this is the nicest place I ever was in. When we have a house, the rain always comes through the roof, or we have a table that won't stand straight, or a chair what breaks when you sit on it, and once in Malta we had to cook with a biscuit-tin lid, 'cause we hadn't a saucepan."

"I was a soldier once," said St. Ives regretfully. "If I had had a house of my own, I should have liked to do the same."

"Well, you ought to be glad you have plenty of money, because sometimes when you haven't any it makes things hard; and just fancy if you had to make baskets like a boy did that I knew to buy bread."

St. Ives winced. "I would rather break stones on the road than be as I am now," he said, snared into plain speaking by the child's sympathy.

"Do you always wear a dressing-gown 'stead of a coat?" remarked Peggy with deep interest. "It must look so nice when you ride a horse—like 'my old woman riding a broomstick.'"

"Peggy," cried Stephen, scandalised; but St. Ives felt for the child's hand, and laid a tender touch upon her yellow hair.

"I will wear a coat next time you and Stephen come to see me," he said. "Tupton shall look a nice one out for me. Now you must have some refreshment. What about lemonade and cake, eh?"

He touched a bell at his side, and the children, open-mouthed, watched James bring in on a silver tray the most exquisite of almond-iced cakes, in a rare basket of enamel and gilt, and some fragrant primrose-coloured beverage that was just crisp here and there with lumps of ice.

They said good-bye with reluctance, but Stephen had a wary eye upon the clock, and did not wish to risk the wrath of Mrs. Bland.

"Good-bye, my new friends," Lord St. Ives said, with the boy's soft, warm hand in his. "You have done me good to-day, and when you see Sweetheart, tell her about me."

"Any message?" said Stephen briskly.

"No—no, no message; but if she asks you, tell her—that—I am alive."

He might have added—craving body and soul for a sight of her, dead to him his own iron will for these last five years craving for a touch of the hand that he had determined never more to take into his own for her own sake.

"We'll tell her," nodded Stephen, and under Tupton's solemn guidance they passed

down the hall and out on to the steps again where the marble lion slept.

The hall was a wonder of inlaid work and marble, and tapestry hung all the way up the winding stairs, till it seemed lost in the vastness of the roof, and be no more than a black shadow of giant horses and racing chariots.

It was rather difficult to be certain how best to part from Tupton, who was evidently so very superior, but Stephen solved the momentous question for himself, and slid a confiding hand into that of the "gentleman's gentleman."

"Good-bye," he said. "I have enjoyed myself very much."

The incomparable dignity of Tupton underwent a momentary shock.

"Good-bye, sir," he said warmly. "Good-bye, sir, and I hope it will not be long before you return. My lord will be all the better for a little cheerful society."

"Bless his heart!" added the valet to himself, as he watched the two small figures descend the steps and fade away into the distance. "That's the sort of fine, upstanding little chap that should belong by rights to this place, and if he can melt the winter of my lord's heart, there'll be something to be thankful for."

By which it may be gathered that Tupton was of a poetical turn of mind, and that the tears that gathered in his eyes were born of real regret.

The chickens were just hatched in the incubator when the children returned, and Mrs. Bland was far too busy to think of any luncheon for them. She bade Jane give them a hunch of bread and cheese and a slice of cold mutton, to which cheerful meal they sat down at the kitchen table, since there was no time to spread the cloth in the dining-room.

Jane was very conversational as she bustled in and out from the yard, and a surreptitious bun added a halo to a meal that was inclined to be a dreary one. Mr. Bland had partaken of refreshment in the study at an earlier period, but his wife had only snatched a sandwich and departed again.

The remainder of the day was spent in fitful lessons until the milkman brought the evening post, and there was a cessation of labour. Mrs. Bland came in, hot and cross, from the yard, with splashes of egg on her apron and a tear in her gown that had been inflicted by an infuriated hen, but as there was a letter for her from her daughter she made light of such trifles.

"Don't gorge yourself with bread and butter, Peggy, and for gracious sake, Stephen, get on with your tea and off with those boots," she said snappishly; "and don't either of you speak to me."

She read the letter under the window by the fading light, then turned back to the children.

"There is a great treat in store for you on Tuesday," she said. "My grandchildren, Phyllis and Tom, are coming over to spend the day; and, by the bye, if you dare to say anything about the work you do here for me, or dare to say to any one what goes on in this house, I shall give you a good thrashing both of you."

Stephen opened his lips to say honestly that he might have mentioned it to Sweetheart, but that he had not done so to Lord St. Ives, but he remembered in time that their wanderings might be checked, and with a warning look at Peggy kept silence.

Mrs. Bland was so deeply engaged with her daughter's letter that she noticed nothing outside her own interests, and Peggy's animated nod in reply failed to attract her attention.

"We shall have to have a good clean-up in the house before my daughter Celia Warren sees the place," continued Mrs. Bland, "and since to-day is Friday, and we have only to-morrow and Monday to work in, you children will have to make yourselves scarce to-morrow, for I suppose you will be no use in helping me."

"No; I'm 'fraid we can't scrub floors," said Stephen with unabated cheerfulness, "but we can play about, can't we, Peggy?" and Peggy, with an eye to Sweetheart's cakes, responded as cheerfully.

The room that held the two children at night was one that communicated with Jane's small apartment, and was simply but comfortably furnished with two iron bedsteads, with bright quilts and painted green furniture. There were a few coloured pictures on the walls that had been cut from illustrated papers, and they gave the room a pleasant air that was repeated in the rose-coloured carpet. It had been easy enough to furnish a room prettily, as Mrs. Bland had argued to herself, and a little show would go a long way towards convincing Major and Mrs. Beauchamp of their children's future comfort.

Jane came groaning with fatigue and

annoyance to bed that night, and found a little white, wide-awake figure sitting up for her, with the summer moon looking down upon him where he sat up in bed with his chin propped on his knees.

"Jane," he called softly.

"Oh, you bad boy! it is late." Then repenting her brief ill-temper, she tiptoed across the room to him, and in another moment had folded him to her rough, honest breast. "My dear," she said, "if I'd my way you should be looked after different to this, but you'll let stupid, rough Jane do the loving of you when the old cat can't see, won't you, my pretty? You'll tell Jane your troubles, and she may be only a common, ordinary girl with no education, but she's got a woman's heart a-beatin' in her breast."

"Dear Jane," said Stephen very softly, kissing the unlovely buxom face, "I love you. You've got the same voice as Beck, our soldier-servant in Haverford, and I shall write and tell him 'bout you."

"Bless your heart," said Jane, "you mean well, but I've a low opinion of soldiers."

Stephen pushed away from her resolutely. "My goodness!" he said firmly, "soldiers is the best men in the world. Why, I wouldn't speak to a civilian if he and a soldier came together to me."

Jane laughed. "Never mind the men, bless you. Where do you go, my honey, when you go away mornings to be clear of the missus?"

Stephen put his two hands on her red cheeks and looked earnestly into her eyes, reading there, as only a transparent child-nature can do, the signs of a good, true womanhood within.

"That was what I wanted to tell you, Jane. I can't tell her; she would stop it all, and I can trust you, Jane, 'cause you are what Beck would call a heart of gold."

"Tell me what you like, my dear. I'll not tell anything to the old cat, and if it wasn't for you and the other innocent darling there, I'd say a deal more. Tell me, honey, and maybe I'll often be able to do you a good turn."

And Stephen unfolded to her their innocent series of visits, which Jane received with the unbounded delight and admiration of a young woman whose interests are much with the lives of those who dwell in marble halls.

"Lor'!" she said, when Stephen had recounted their reception at the Park, "and you mean to say as you saw his lordship? Why, there's folks in the village as hasn't seen him since he come here, for he made a drive in the Park and through the fields of his property as can prevent him from ever going out of his own grounds. And what did he look like?"

Stephen described him thoughtfully. "Just the saddest, most hurt face you can think of, Jane, and his eyes all shut up and yet so sad."

"Lor'!" said Jane again sympathetically. "But I'm pleased as you and Miss Peggy has found suitable friends, my dear, and any day you want help, or notes carrying or anything, you only has to ask me, and I shall be thankful when that grand lady your aunt arrives and takes you away from here, as she will most surely do, if she's got half sense in her head. And now I must go, my lamb, for the missus will be round afore long to see if my light is out, and that I am not burning a farthing's-worth of halfpenny dip too much."

She tucked him up in bed with a motherly kiss, and Stephen went to sleep with a lighter conscience than he had carried for some time, since a friend, albeit a humble one, knew the secret of their new acquaintances and approved of it.

CHAPTER VI

"The world and life's too big to pass for a dream.

"*Manor Farm,*
"*Frittingham.*

"DERE GUNNER BECK,

"This letter comes hopping to find you well as it leaves me at the present, and being a poor writer it is not ritten by me but by Jane Pearcey. I hope you are well. We are all well but we do not like the place a bit: it is a most indifferent place as Jane says, and if it was not for having made a few friends in other places, Peggy and me would be very sadly. We hope you will come and see us. You would like Jane. She is nice in her face and round like a suet dumpling and she is very kind. Please come soon and with Jane's respex,

"Believe me to remain,
"MASTER STEPHEN."

In the solitude of the attic, Jane had written this from Stephen's dictation, when she was supposed to be spring-cleaning her

"PLEASE COME SOON AND WITH JANE'S RESPEX"

room, and with a stamp well licked on, and a general grimy appearance about the envelope, it was now waiting its time for posting in the red letter-box outside the general shop, where Mrs. Dawson sold everything, from boot buttons to gingerbread.

"Lawks, Master Stephen," said Jane, when she had signed his name with a flourish, resisting a strong temptation to put "Jane Pearcey" at the foot of so promising a performance, "whatever shall we do if the poor young man takes upon hisself to come?"

"Come! why of course he'll come, Jane," cried Stephen. "He'll first go and ask

leave from the officer what came in father's place, and then he'll come off here if only he hasn't gone and spent all his money—sometimes soldiers do, Jane, in a place they call the canteen, and they are very sorry afterwards."

"Like most of their sex," said Jane with a snort, but she unfolded the crumpled letter surreptitiously and added a postscript that surely must have gone far towards compensating for many sins of omission and commission in the ignorant life of Jane Pearcey.

"This is to say, Gunner Beck, that if it's money as keeps you back—I'll lend you true and honest what'll bring you here—for these little children want to see you and they are cruel uncomfortable, and so no more, but rite if you want your train fare,

"From yours truly,
"MISS JANE PEARCEY."

Jane only escaped the eagle eye of Mrs. Bland by a supreme chance, for that lady in list slippers had reached the outside door just as the postscript was completed. But as, by a stroke of good fortune, she caught her skirt on a nail and tore it with a rending sound, Jane was mightily busy with a pail of whitewash when the door was opened.

"What are you doing here to-day with Jane?" Mrs. Bland said to Stephen fiercely, since it was all the fault she could find; and a sharp box of the ears drove the little boy down-stairs again with a swelling heart.

"She hit me, Peggy," he said. "Muvver never did—I wish she was back."

"So do I, Teeven," chimed in Peggy, absorbed in the dirtiness of her dress and the alarming layer of treacle that she had contrived to spread unchecked about her person. "I fink if she doesn't come soon I shall be like Cinderella, and she won't know me," and Peggy, unnerved by Stephen's reddened ear, set up a piteous howl.

It seemed a short time before she and Stephen were pushed outside the door, to cool their smarting cheeks in the fresh field-grass, and to gradually sob themselves to calmness among the daisies.

"Peggy," said Stephen at last, when he was tired of crying, "what can we do?"

He sat up and looked about him, for the long grass almost hid them, and the waving, rustling heads of the "Midsummer men" and the "Shaking grass" seemed to nod kindly at him. "We mustn't ever be hit again, Peggy, if we can help it. Perhaps Sweetheart will hide us if we go to her."

"Can't go," said Peggy, pulling off her bonnet and throwing it pettishly upon the ground. "Mrs. Bland is in the front garden; she said she would watch us."

"I should like to go and dig up all her seeds," said Stephen passionately. "But when Beck comes, it will be all right."

He recognised the hopelessness of their situation, for Mrs. Bland had perceived their position from afar, and was contemplating a long afternoon in the garden, during which she would act head gaoler. She presently summoned them to her, and set them both to work at weeding under her directions, ashamed perhaps of the whirl of passion that had swept her from her ordinary serenity.

She made an odd figure in her short brown winsey skirt and red blouse, and the big hat tied down over her ears; but she thought little of her personal appearance, for she never had any visitors, and could not discover the use of dressing to please the eye of her husband and the inmates of her house. On Sundays she went once to church, attired in black alpaca with a black bonnet, her demeanour then being so fierce and truculent that no one dared wish her good-day in her going and coming. There had been two such Sundays since Stephen's and Peggy's arrival, when the hearts of the villagers were filled with pity for the dainty little figures in the Manor Farm seat, whose serious little faces and lisped prayers presented a great contrast to the stern woman with the rasping voice who repeated the responses as though each was a sentence of condemnation, and she alone had the right to pronounce it.

"Why doesn't you go to church, Mr Bland?" said Stephen at dinner on the second Sunday, when they sat enjoying a leg of mutton, and a cabbage so large that it might have provided an army of street arabs with a vegetable dinner.

Mr. Bland was more tidy than usual, since it was Sunday, and he refrained from writing, as his contribution to the keeping of the holy day.

"Don't ask questions," said Mrs. Bland sharply. "Mr. Bland does not like sermons."

"When I was a little boy, mother used to let me out before the sermon," he

volunteered. "Couldn't you do that, Mr. Bland?"

"Some day you shall take me, Stephen," said the master of the house, waking up. "When grown-up people leave off doing things it is very hard to resume them again."

He rose rather abruptly from his chair and went back to his room before the children had finished their meal; but since then, Stephen had felt that he took a kindlier interest in him that betrayed itself in offerings of curious treasures, such as old sherds of pottery—beads—a Roman coin or two, and a uniform button picked up on the field of Waterloo, which made Stephen very grateful and much astonished.

He was thinking of Mr. Bland's curious overtures of friendship now, as he and Peggy stubbed out dandelion roots, and made their hands sore with wastwort and chickweed. Peggy was like a restless little butterfly, flitting from flower to flower, and only summoned back with difficulty at intervals. A blue Persian kitten romped from border to border like a ball of impertinence, and Peggy clutched it wildly, only to stagger and sit down in the very heart of a clump of Madonna lilies, which bent and swayed above her till she was lost in a cloud of yellow pollen and snowy bells. Stephen turned pale with dread of the consequences of her action, and Mrs. Bland would no doubt have taken prompt action, but at this moment an open pony carriage was seen trotting up the road to the Manor Farm, and the words died on her lips.

Visitors were rare occurrences at Frittingham, and there was something about the air of the four occupants of the low governess cart, that prepared Mrs. Bland for the reality of the catastrophe that had fallen upon her.

"Stephen," she said suddenly, and her voice was broken by the excess of her agitation. "It is too awful. Here is my daughter Celia Warren, and Tom and Phyllis. There isn't a cake baked in the house, the cleaning isn't finished, and here am I in my garden things. Run to Jane, there's a good boy, and tell her to do one of the 'cook-me-quicks,' and get out the best tea-set, and then take Peggy and wash her face and put on her clean dress."

"Yes," said Stephen obediently, trotting off at once, and Mrs. Bland threw down her spade and went to the gate with a forced air of cheerful welcome that would not have deceived a sheep.

"My dears, what a surprise! Why, I did not expect you till to-morrow."

"So I should suppose, mother," said Mrs. Warren, stepping carefully out of her carriage and smoothing out her silk flounces before she acknowledged her mother's greeting. "Is the stable aired, or is it full of bantams as it was last time? John, take the pony round and see for yourself."

Mrs. Warren was the eminently prosperous wife of the Eversfield maltster, and she highly disapproved of her mother's mode of living. She was perhaps no kinder than Mrs. Bland by nature, but she had a certain veneer of conventionality that overlay her real nature like a veil, and she passed for a successful and charitable woman.

She surveyed her mother's attire with stern disapproval, then turned to the two children, stiff and uncomfortable in all the starched glory of a white drill suit and a pink muslin frock.

"Kiss your grandmother, my darlings. The fact is, mother, poor little Phyllis screamed so and made such a terrible fuss when she found that to-day was not the day we had arranged to come to you, that I was obliged to tell John to put the pony in."

It would have been difficult to find any two children on the face of the earth so utterly spoiled as Tom and Phyllis, and when Stephen and Peggy descended to the drawing-room half-an-hour later, it was to find that they had already fallen foul of every recognised rule of the house. They had already destroyed a valuable sitting of eggs, killed a kitten, and pulled up a handful of young chrysanthemum plants to see if they had any roots, and were now craving for other worlds to conquer, while Jane had repelled their repeated onslaughts on the kitchen with the help of a toasting-fork and a dish-cloth. They were sitting round the table finishing the hot cake when Stephen entered, very neat and tidy in his blue serge suit, holding Peggy by the hand, whose white cambric dress was unfinished by any sash.

"Mrs. Bland," he said earnestly, forgetting his audience for the moment, "there must have been burglars in the house. Peggy's boo'ful Indian sash has gone—the gold and blue and white one, my best suit, and lots of fings."

"Where are your manners?" said Mrs. Bland in an awful voice. "Here are my two grandchildren and Mrs. Warren, their

mother. Don't talk about what you don't understand."

"Little Master Sharp," said Mrs. Warren with a laugh and a shrug.

She was a handsome woman, dressed in grey silk, with a hat covered with feathers, and a great number of chains and brooches and rings, that made her a very bewildering person indeed to Peggy.

"Haven't you got a dressing-case?" said the child, drawing close to her and leaving the shelter of Stephen's side.

"Good gracious! what does the queer creature mean?" said Mrs. Warren pettishly. "I've often heard that officers' children are an intolerable nuisance because they are so spoiled, and I certainly shall begin to think it is true. Speak, child—what do you mean?"

"Only — only —" faltered Peggy, "I fought you might be 'bliged to wear all those brooches 'cause you hadn't nowhere to keep them—like being on board ship."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Warren. "Are they sent here to learn manners, mother?"

Mrs. Bland was secretly not ill-pleased to see her daughter thus overwhelmed, and she diverted Peggy's attention hastily and decidedly to the tea-table, where the last morsel of hot cake found its billet down Peggy's pink throat. The children were then turned out into the garden to play, with many injunctions to be good, which they obeyed at first by solemnly walking hand-in-hand into the field in front of the house. When they were out of sight of the windows, Tom, who was nearly nine years old, put out his tongue, while Peggy watched him, fascinated and overwhelmed.

"That's what I'd like to do to grandpa and grandma, old poll parrots," he said contemptuously. "Why, papa could buy them up over and over again, and never feel it; and he says it's a shame having poor relations. No one ought to be poor; if they are, it's their own fault."

"And grandma never has no nice cake," said Phyllis, who was a year younger, "and she never gives us no presents. Let's go and break something of hers, Tom, or turn on all the water-taps in the yard and flood the incubator."

"No," cried Stephen very loudly. "You must not do those things; I will not let you—it is very unkind."

Tom Warren turned upon him savagely.

"Charity children you are, you and your sister, paid for by the week, and starvation price too. My father says that officers are no good. Cheeky fellows they are that won't look at you in the street, and all the time as poor as paupers."

"Oh," cried Stephen, his heart swelling in helpless wrath and despair, "I wish I could shoot you with my father's gun. Oh, what bad, unkind things you say."

Tom Warren burst into a loud laugh, and Phyllis gave a sly tug at Peggy's hair, that made her cry out.

"Now then, 'cry-baby,'" she said. "Let us put her under the pump and drown her, Tom."

Peggy set up a wail in real earnest, and Stephen ran to her side and put his arms about her.

"Please try and be kind," he said, choking back a sob; "Peggy is a very little girl; and we will show you where the wren has made a very tiny nest and laid four eggs in it."

"Oh yes," said Tom, suddenly interested. "Show us the way."

"We must walk softly," said Stephen eagerly, "because the birds must not hear you, and I sometimes think there are fairies guarding the nest, and they walk up and down, and wave rose-petals for fans."

"Bosh!" said Tom. "Show us the nest."

It was a wonder of creation in the fork of the old almond-tree in the orchard. A delicate sphere of hair and moss and skeleton leaves, and within the tiny hole the wren had laid her dainty eggs, and was even now watching with quick, bright eyes the movements of the children.

"It is here," said Stephen with delight, "only we never touch the nest because the poor bird might desert it and never come back again. You may look, Tom, only hold your breath."

There was a cry from Stephen—a cry of rage and grief—for the same instant Tom Warren grabbed at the nest and tore it from its place, scattering all the loving labour of that little home to the four winds of heaven, while he emptied the eggs into his handkerchief.

"There, softy," he said to Stephen, "that's the way to treat birds'-nests."

"Peggy, Peggy," cried the child, "come away—come and leave them; he has murdered Jenny Wren's children!" And with a burst of sobs, Stephen dragged Peggy through the gap in the hedge, and set off running towards the little wood

HE AND PEGGY HAD BEEN SITTING FOR QUITE A LONG TIME UNDER THE HEDGE, HAND IN HAND WITH SWEETHEART

"We will go to Sweetheart and tell her," he sobbed, and Peggy, shocked and bewildered, followed him blindly, while Tom and Phyllis set to work to find other nests to destroy in the same fashion.

There is always a silver lining to every cloud, however dark, and just as Stephen and Peggy reached the wood, they fell into the arms of Miss Sweet, who was gathering roses in the hedge.

CHAPTER VII

"She was one of those who are content to wait for the blossoming of the aloe, and who do not weary of the hundred years."

"BUT they did kill the wren baby; they can't ever come back again, and the little brown bird will be so sad," sobbed Stephen.

He and Peggy had been sitting for quite a long time under the hedge, hand in hand with Sweetheart, and in days to come he always remembered the scent of wild roses and flowering grasses, and associated them with Lucinda Sweet and their long comforting talk on that unhappy afternoon.

Lucinda was dressed in a white gown with a gleam of gold at her waist, and when she spoke her tender voice reminded the children of their mother, and loyal Stephen thought that even the dear mother was hardly prettier than the lovely woman with the cloud of chestnut hair, and the eyes that were like the dancing speedwell in the grass at their feet.

"Your shoulder is so comforting," he said quaintly. "My eyes are all dry now."

Peggy nodded up at him, with her hands full of dog-daisies. "What did we cry for?" she said. "I disremembered when we met Sweetheart."

"The little birds," said Stephen with an ominous quiver of his lip, and Miss Sweet hastened to interpose with consolation.

"The father wren and the mother wren will be sad at first when they find their home broken up, but in time they will go away and build another nest in a nicer place, and lay some more eggs, and have a much bigger, handsomer family," she said with grave conviction.

Stephen rose to his feet. "Thank you, Sweetheart," he said. "And now Peggy and I must go home; perhaps we shall be scolded if we stay away any longer, and I don't think Mrs. Bland will have missed us yet, so we shan't be scolded."

"You are quite right, Stephen; I will not keep you. Perhaps to-morrow you will be able to come and see me again."

"We will if we can," said the child gallantly, "but we must go and see the poor blind man first—he is so lonely, and he was so pleased to see us, and the man they call Mr. Tupton was so nice."

Lucinda stood up, with the sun upon her bright hair, and perhaps it was the sun too that had got into her eyes and made them shine and glitter like stars.

"Yes; go and see Lord St. Ives," she said softly and earnestly. "You will do him more good than any one, my dear little children."

"He liked hearing about you. Did you ever have a quarrel with him, Sweetheart? He said your name so funnily—with such a shiver in his voice."

"No; I never quarrelled with him—he never gave me the opportunity. But if he says any more to you, Stephen, about me, tell him that I am waiting for the blossoming of the aloe. Can you remember that, dear little boy?"

Stephen repeated it several times after her, with a sage nod of his head.

"Oh yes, 'cause aloes is what muvver used to put on Peggy's finger when she was quite, quite little and sucked it in her sleep."

Lucinda laughed, and stooped to kiss them. There was something very eager in her face that gave it a new expression altogether, and she looked younger and less grave than was her wont.

"Dear Sweetheart — good-bye," said Stephen, regarding her meditatively. "I like when we talk of the poor blind man—it makes you look happy."

Lucinda flushed pink as the roses in her hand. The little boy had guessed her secret with all a child's acuteness, and even now her love was at her very lips, open to the light of day.

"Yes, Stephen—once I told him everything, and he told me everything, but now I can only talk about him, for I have not seen him for a long time."

The child made no answer, but turned gravely away, and taking his sister's hand, ran back through the tall grass that rippled after them.

Tom and Phyllis were still in the orchard, and perhaps a little ashamed of what they

had done regarding the wren's nest, for they greeted the two children with a suggestion of relief in their manner.

"Oh! here you are at last. We shall have to go back to the house—they've been calling us a long time, but we pretended we didn't hear, because we didn't want to go back without you," said Phyllis.

"Oh dear me," cried Stephen. "But what lots of mischief you've done." He looked about him with bright, quick eyes of horror. A whole pile of pea-sticks was levelled to the ground as if an earthquake had been at work. A bed of small spring onions had been uprooted, and the traces of the damage still lay plainly to be seen on Phyllis's smart muslin frock. All the little apples within reach had been pelted by stones, so that most of them lay bruised and useless on the ground.

"We always like leaving Grannie something to remember us by," said Tom, with a mischievous grin. "She likes thinking about us so, and the onions were full of weeds." Then at the sight of Stephen's scared face: "Why, she daren't do anything to us, and you had nothing to do with it."

"But she may think we had."

"Can't help her thoughts," said Tom glibly. "Come along, Phyllis."

Mrs. Warren was ready, waiting impatiently for them, and there was a brown-paper parcel to be stowed away in the pony-cart.

"What is that, mother?" said Tom audaciously—"some of the kids' clothes? When the little Bartons were here there were always queer parcels under the seat whenever we came here."

Jane, who was waiting with the door in her hand, made no attempt to conceal her mirth, and Mrs. Bland cast a look at her grandson that would have annihilated any ordinary boy.

"My dear Tom," said his mother, with an air of languid exhaustion, "you really are too clever for words, only unfortunately your sharpness is in the wrong direction. Your dear grandmother has lent me some patterns for a new frock for Phyllis."

She swept her children before her into the pony-cart and drove off, and perhaps Tom Warren spent one of the worst half-hours of his life after he returned home. One flash of revenge he did have as the pony trotted out of sight.

"Grandmother," he called in his shrill treble, "go to the orchard; we have all been so busy there, working for you."

Stephen cast a blank look of despair in the direction of the house and Jane, but Mrs. Bland gripped him by the shoulders.

"Come and show me what they have done," she said in a voice so terrible that Stephen was compelled to follow her.

She surveyed the havoc of the orchard in grim silence, then turned upon the child at her side and struck him with her open palm.

"That for your mischief," she said, "and you two shall go to bed at once without any supper."

Stephen's mouth quivered, but he saw no reason for expostulation now that his punishment was over.

"Very well," he said proudly, with a swelling heart. "Peggy and I didn't do it at all—any of it."

"And now you are telling me an untruth," cried the angry woman, with a gesture so threatening that Stephen fled from before her, and sobbing out the history of what had happened to the amazed Jane, he dragged Peggy up-stairs to bed, to be out of the way of the infuriated Mrs. Bland.

Jane faced her in the kitchen when she came in with two thick slices of bread and butter in her hand and two mugs of milk.

"Where are you going?" said Mrs. Bland, blocking her way fiercely.

"I'm going to take those two precious babies their supper, ma'am," said Jane decisively. "I'll not have no starvin' of them while I'm under this roof like those poor little Bartons was starved and ill-treated; and what's more, ma'am, it was your grandchildren what did every blessed bit of mischief this afternoon, and if they'd got a good beating it'd have been no more than they've deserved many a time—and if you say anything more to the precious pets I'll give notice, and you know what a job you had last time to get a servant."

Mrs. Bland opened her mouth to speak, but no words came through her lips, and she listened to Jane walking slowly up the stairs to the children's room with defiance in every step of her heavy foot. Then she turned away, and going to her husband's room, abused him roundly until she had exhausted her ill-humour thoroughly, and ended in violent tears. Mr. Bland watched her, slowly shaking his head. He had long ago given up attempting to check his wife or to thwart her in any way, for she had made his life miserable to him for so long

that he hoped dimly that his aimless, wasted existence had been atoned for over and over again.

Perhaps it was some sense of her injustice, perhaps some feeling of shame that touched her better nature, but certainly Mrs. Bland avoided all mention of the events of the day before when they all appeared at breakfast next day. She even went so far as to graciously inform Stephen that she intended to spend the day with her daughter, Mrs. Warren, at Eversfield, and that Jane would have to look after them all day—intelligence which they received with a delight they did their best to disguise.

She drove away in a rickety dog-cart hired from the village inn soon after breakfast, and Jane watched her depart with a rapture that communicated itself to every corner of her person.

"Bless you, my dear lambs," she said, "you shall do what you like to-day—stay with old Jane if you like, or go and see your new friends."

"We should like to be with you, of course, Jane," said Stephen winningly, "but would you mind if we went to see the blind lord?"

"That's right, my dear; and stay for your dinners, if he asks you," said Jane heartily; "and whenever you come home we'll have the nicest tea that ever was heard of, for I'll bake a cake now as'll be something like a cake," and with this promise Jane kissed them warmly, and returned to her washing-up in the back regions.

It was a delightful feeling to the two children to wander forth so freely through the fields that led to Frittingham Park, and to be sure that they had no unkind eye to evade. Jane watched them go away, hand in hand, with a nod to them over her work.

"Bless their hearts!" she said, as she scoured the lid of the saucepan so that it was possible to see one's face in it; "if that soldier man doesn't come soon to see after them, I'll hurry him up with a tallygram as'll surprise him. They've got an aunt somewhere nigh at hand, and if she can't be got at it's a poor look-out." She slapped the saucepan down on the shelf with such vehemence that the sound reached Mr. Bland in the study.

"Bless me," he said, lifting his heavy eyes for a moment, "Jane was always a trifle heavy-handed, and yet, bless my soul! I hardly think it can be Jane—it is possibly an earthquake, a slight earth tremor," and pushing aside his manuscript, he began to address himself in earnest to drafting a letter to the *Times* on the occurrence.

Peggy and Stephen wandered leisurely on, with so many things to attract them. First, a fascinating barrel-organ drawn by a live donkey and a little child rolled up in a bright yellow shawl perched behind; then a bird blue as a flying forget-me-not with a flash of scarlet, that could be nothing less than a kingfisher; and last but not least, the glimpse of a tiny fawn among the covert in the Park. So that with all these pleasant distractions, it was approaching mid-day before they walked up the steps, and once more rang at the bell that echoed and clanged away into vast regions behind the house. Tupton must have been on the watch for them, for it was he who opened the door with a warm welcome.

"My lord's been expecting you, sir, these many days," he said to Stephen. "There's lots of things been happening since you was here, sir."

"Really!" said Stephen. "What sort of things?"

"You'll see, sir."

They were walking over the smooth floor that had the strip of matting laid down on the very centre of the slippery surface, so that the master of the house might walk in safety.

When Tupton opened the door of the room that they had entered on their first visit, there was a change that was noticeable even to the small visitors, and that seemed to embrace everything in the room, from the flowers on the table to the figure in the easy-chair.

Tupton announced Master and Miss Beauchamp and closed the door behind him softly.

"How do you do?" said Lord St. Ives, holding out his hand. "I am delighted to have my small friends again, and think it so good of you to come."

"How do you do?" said Stephen. "Oh, how astonishing it all is. You've got the furniture different, and your clothes are different too."

St. Ives was conscious of the neat appearance that he must present in the blue serge suit, with the exquisite sapphire pin in his blue tie.

"I am glad you like the change," he said quietly. "I asked Tupton what the room looked like, and he told me, and I

thought it looked queer, so I told him what things to put here and where to put them, and what flowers I liked arranged about."

"Well, it's very nice now." Stephen realised the change, though he hardly appreciated what made the difference between common vases and exquisite Sèvres jars and specimens of cloisonné enamel. Trails of roses and passion-flower had been arranged in very fair taste, and St. Ives himself was a different man, although his hands were still folded idly on his knee.

"We've come to lunch," broke in Peggy, to whose mind changes were not interesting.

"Oh, Peggy, we are not asked yet."

St. Ives laughed merrily.

"You are asked—nay, entreated to stay, and Tupton must tell the housekeeper to make some little change for you in the menu." He reached out his hand for the electric button. "These visitors will remain for lunch, Tupton; be good enough to ask Mrs. Lupin to arrange the meal to their liking."

"Very good, my lord."

And certainly, if the arrangements had anything to say to the feeling in the house towards the children, it must have been satisfactory, for the amount of delicacies produced on the spur of the moment were such as to bewilder Stephen himself.

It was so interesting, sitting at the round table in the oak room with Lord St. Ives opposite, so clever in eating his food specially prepared for him, so unexpectedly at his ease before the first visitors who had been allowed to sit at table with him since his accident.

"Beck is coming to see us quite soon," said Peggy at last. "Beck is a nice man; you would like him; he wears blue clothes like you."

"And who is Beck?" said Lord St. Ives.

"Our soldier-servant in Haverford," explained Stephen. "We hope he is coming, for we wrote to him when we wasn't feeling very happy."

"I am very glad to hear it, and what is more, I understand that your aunt, Lady Elizabeth Marillier, returns to-day," said St. Ives pleasantly. "I shall make a point of reminding her of your existence, and seeing whether something cannot be done to make you more comfortable. Have some chocolate, Peggy."

He became conscious that he was talking to Stephen as he would have done to an older person, when he bade the children good-bye later in the afternoon.

"Oh, sir," said Stephen suddenly, "I had almost forgotten what I promised Sweetheart."

He was standing, his face puckered in a little frown with the desire to recall the exact message. St. Ives' hand went up suddenly to his face, but Stephen was too busy to notice anything.

"It was somefing about what you put on fingers—aloes—that Sweetheart was waiting for the——"

"The blossoming of the aloe?" Lord St. Ives was breathless in his interest, his voice broken by some feeling that Stephen could not fathom.

"Why, that was the message," said Stephen, much impressed. "You are a clever man. Yes, she was just waiting for that."

"And she will not weary of the hundred years," said St. Ives, dreaming to himself. "Oh! exquisite woman's heart—what have I done to deserve this patience?"

He was apparently oblivious of the children's presence, and Stephen continued puzzled.

"I don't believe you do know, after all—and you can't think how lovely she is—Sweetheart, I mean. Why don't you ask her to come and see you? She is so kind; she would come, I know."

There was something almost radiant in the sightless face that expressed itself in voice and gesture with exceeding wonder.

"Stephen, little boy, you don't know what you say. Sweetheart would not come if she knew what I looked like."

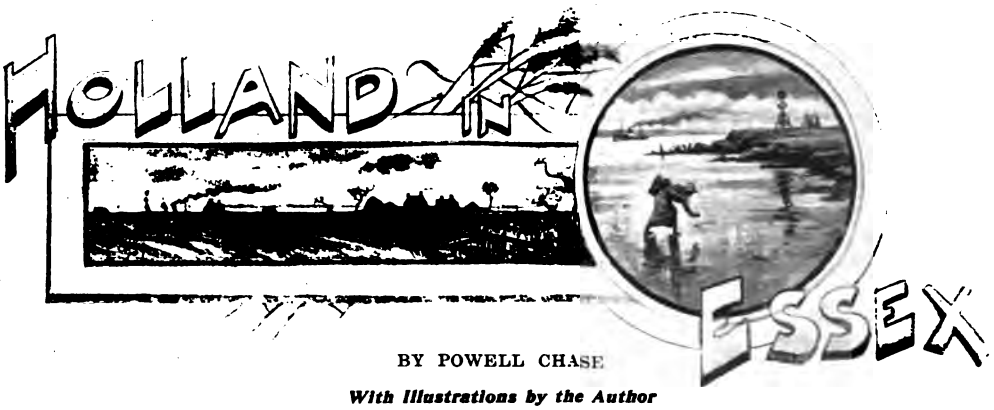
"Oh, dear me!" cried Stephen, "what a funny man you are. Why, that is just the reason what would make her come."

"Stephen—child—come some day—not too soon—I could not bear it—and bring Sweetheart."

"Why, I will come in two days," cried the child joyously, "and Sweetheart will be with me, and we will come right into your enchanted castle, Mr. Ogre."

But when the two little figures had passed out into the garden again, the poor "Ogre" lay face downward upon the sofa, sobbing out his heart with great sobs of wonder and fear that had no room for hope—that dared not dream of joy.

(To be continued.)



BY POWELL CHASE

With Illustrations by the Author

TO the hilarious Cockney tripper, bound, on a fine Bank Holiday morning, for his favourite bourne, Southend, the village and tiny station of Benfleet are only of interest as marking the happy nearness of his destination.

The adjuration—

"There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;
But thou, go by"—

is, fortunately, not needed. He does so as speedily as possible. Were he to express himself on the subject, the drift of his remarks would doubtless be identical with that of the reply of Mr. Toots when requested by Captain Cuttle to "clap on." "To clap on is exactly what I could wish to do, naturally." The strains of his concertina mingle with the rumble of the heavily-laden trains that trail their gleaming lengths and wearied freights back to London through the darkness, and rouse, maybe, a querulous chorus of protest among the birds gathered for the night along the weedy banks and winding ditches across the creek, but all is soon still again, and the silence unbroken except by the stealthy creeping, in or out, of the tide.

To a few of Nature's lovers, however, Benfleet is notable for its ferry, which is the sole means of access to the little-known Canvey Island — a veritable Holland in Essex. Its history justifies the adjective Dutch being used in an absolutely literal sense, inasmuch as its very exist-

ence as a valuable and habitable expanse of about four thousand acres is due to Dutch skill and labour.

"It was agreed, by deed dated April 9th, 1622," according to an account in the *History and Antiquities of Essex*, "to give one-third of the land, in fee simple, to Joas Croppenburgh, a Dutchman, skilled in the making of Dikes, in consideration of his sufficiently inning and recovering this island, then usually overflowed at every spring-tide,—at his own costs and charges." Sir Cornelius Vermuyden is said to have assisted, and, as it was not until the year 1629 that he began his work of draining the Great Level of the Fens, it is possible he may have been thus employed during some part of the seven years' interval.

But in physical features, as in history, Canvey Island and Holland are closely related. Here are the far-spreading flats and occasional lonely homesteads, the dykes stretched along the horizon with their odd procession of gliding masts and leaning sails, the ruddy canvas, rich as an autumn leaf, of a loitering barge, the tall, slender spars of a Scandinavian timber-ship, or perhaps the fuming funnels of some huge liner, bound for, or home from, the Antipodes. Here, too, are long, white roads that dwindle away, straight as a ruled line, to a mere point in the distance; the sluggish water-trenches, rendering the ordinary hedge-row to a great extent unnecessary, and beds of high-plumed reeds that bend above the secret haunt of the wild duck or heron.

The scanty number of the island's inhabitants and comparative freedom from molestation entice many a bird, seldom seen elsewhere within a much wider radius of London, to make its home here, undismayed by the silent traffic of the great river. Fortunately for the preservation of wild-bird life, the great marshes of Pitsea, Vange, and Fobbing, that bound the island on its eastern side, are practically inaccessible, being little more than a maze of winding creeks, flooded only at the top of the tide, and even then too narrow and tortuous to give passage even to the duck-

shooter's slender canoe, so that it forms a vast preserve and place of refuge for wild duck, heron, and great numbers of snipe. The plaintive whistle of the last-named bird is one of the most distinctive notes of Canvey Island, and has a strange effect as they call to each other in the darkness, the note of one bird being invariably the signal for a general clamour.

One may gather from the aspect of these far-spreading marsh-lands what must have been the original condition of the greater part of Canvey Island, and indeed of the banks of the river on all hands for many a long mile of its course, not improbably as far as London itself. Such was the character of the low solitary shores that met the eager eyes of the fair-haired Vikings as they stole up in their long-beaked craft, on their ever-recurring forays, the long sweep of the great oars sending the heron, startled from his lonely angling, flapping heavily away across the dreary wastes.

Standing on the dyke, the enduring monument to the Dutch engineer's skill and cunning, a glance at the fertility on the one hand and the desolation on the other, enables one to estimate at something of its true value this triumph of man over Nature.

Specimens of the antique Dutch cottages, dating from the time of the island's reclamation, are to be seen in and near the tiny village of Canvey, surely the sleepiest of all sleepy places. Quaint little structures they are, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, and judging by appearances, and on the opinion confidently expressed by a tenant to the writer, are good for another century or so even now. The thatched conical roof surmounted by a central chimney, and their circular, or rather, octagonal, form, are the main features in each case. In the small garden of the one represented, the forepart of an old boat, stood upright and used as a rustic arbour, completed the picturesqueness of the scene. Altogether, it seemed as if life in such an odd, cosy little cottage, with all its strange, old-world associations, must be as romantic as in Mr. Peggotty's boat itself, always granted a little Em'ly and childhood's vivid fancies to complete the enchantment. On their arrival the Dutch built themselves a church in which to worship, but unfortunately the material used was timber, and of the structure which would have been so interesting, Time has "left not a wrack behind," the second and existing church, also a wooden edifice, being found necessary at about the end of a century.

Ordinarily, the only signs of life to be seen in the village street of Canvey—if, indeed, there be any spot which merits the dignity of the term—will be a patient horse awaiting its master's exit from the inn-door, a truant flock of geese, or, when the day's work is over, one or two gossips that loiter about the old thatched structure that roofs the village pump.

The walk along the sea-wall from Holehaven, as the little cluster of coastguards' cottages at the south-west point of the island, and about a mile or so beyond Canvey village, is called, to the Chapman Lighthouse at its eastern end is unique.

For the whole distance, some five or six miles, a beautiful stretch of beach, firm and clean, is followed. In the long straight line of the sea-wall a break occurs about midway, and it curves slightly inland to encircle Shell Bay—so called from the fact of its being composed completely of shells which the set of the tide has carried there. Not the least of its charms is the perfect seclusion and solitude that prevails. Seldom will a human being be met with, save perhaps, at rare intervals, some lonely figure gathering driftwood, that stirs the

quiet flocks of gulls at the water's edge into lazy flight.

For those unacquainted with the strange, lonely phase of Nature, only to be found here, for those who are wearied by the jar and fret of commerce and the phenomenal gregariousness of modern city-life, a walk along this elevated dyke-path in the windy dusk of an autumn nightfall will be a memorable experience. An autumn nightfall I have said, for it is when the dim light broods over the long low flats and the wild wind rustles its beds of faded reeds and sings in its high, grey, wooden beacons, while the great ships steal by with a glimmer of green-and-red light, bound from or to the neighbouring ocean—it is then that the genius and spell of Canvey Island are both manifest and potent.

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1903,
10 *a.m.*

ANOTHER disappointment! I was up at four, but it has rained incessantly during the night, and the trails are impassable, so no going to town now. I cannot go on the camp job as I am now. When I have seen the doctor I will decide. I may possibly hire with the man at whose place I am staying. Like every one else in the district, he is not well fixed yet. He has just completed his three years on his homestead, half of which is broken, and about sixty acres under crop. The house is stone, built from the small boulders found scattered on the surface of the land. It is oblong, and divided across the middle by a wooden wall. One half he uses as his house—it makes a large room—and the other half as a stable for his teams, four horses. Mother earth provides a floor, but it is cleaner and sweeter than many. The food is of the very plainest—pork, bread, and tea.

Saturday, Aug. 8, 1903.

I have not been able to go into town yet, but as we expect a man who is going to call here this morning, I shall be able to get him to post my letters, I hope. I am still here with J——, who will be going to town soon, when I shall go with him. I have been a good deal better, yesterday and to-day, although very weak. The food and the water (which is alkaline) do not agree with me at all, but they serve a good many strangers pretty much the same.

L—— Hotel,
A——,
Aug. 21, 1903.

I drove in here from W—— with J—— yesterday, the bachelor with whom I have been staying. I have been very ill, and now, as I am a bit better, came here to see the doctor. He has given me a prescription for some medicine; his advice cost me $1, and the chemist charged 95 cents for the physic, so you see medical advice is a very expensive luxury out here.

I cannot write more now, as I am going back to W—— with a man whose wagon is now being loaded with a binder and other goods; he has only a slow team, and we shall not get there until to-morrow (Sunday).

W——,
Sept. 1, 1903.

I have agreed to work for J——, with whom I am now staying, for two months; this will take him over his harvesting. He asked me to engage for a year, but I cannot see my way to agree to that. A winter spent out here will involve a considerable outlay for suitable clothing, which every person who hopes to survive the winter must have. Then again the wages are very small, and there is the uncertainty, I fear, of getting cash at the end of the time. It is a common thing for a hired man to have to wait until the following fall for his money. I cannot say I am much better for the doctor's attention; I think the very poor food has had more to do with my illness than the cold and exposure. The water, too, is filthy stuff; our beverage is tea, but even when boiled, and the tea put in, the water "stinks." Good water is the exception to the rule out here. The bacon, too, turns bad very quickly, and that, of course, is not good for one, especially when one has it every meal. We have scarcely had a hint of summer yet; after a cold week of wind and pouring rain, it brightened up and warmed a little for a couple of days, but to-day the wind is piercing cold; it is more like a March day would be at home. It is generally very cold at night, the wind cuts across the wild, bald prairie like a knife. There is not a hill, tree, or bush anywhere to break its force. I dread to come back, and yet, look at things as hopefully as I can, I cannot see any chance of a future out here. If only I could see myself some ahead for the privations and troubles I have had, I would stand anything; but as I am a "hewer of wood and drawer of water," and all sorts of other things, to no purpose or benefit to myself, I think I should face it out now before the winter is here.

After all, these things are all links in the chain of our existence, and perhaps they are for the best.

W——,
Sunday, Sept. 6.

It is 2 P.M. I will just tell you a little of the last few days. J—— wanted lumber to build a granary with. He has not been able to cut any of his crop yet, but he must have a small granary ready by the time he has threshed. So early Thursday morning we hitched up and started for A——. J—— drove one wagon and I the other. We reached a farm some eight miles from A—— about six o'clock the same evening. We had supper there and stayed the night. It had been blowing cold and hard all day. As the little wooden house was very full—the people having a lot of children and a hired man—we had to roll up in our coats and sleep on the floor. In the night it froze hard, and we could not sleep at all. We did not lie down until twelve, and got up tired and miserable at 4.30. Everything was covered with white frost. After breakfast we started off and soon reached town. I was running round all day, getting stores, etc., and helping J—— load the two wagons. We were ready to start at six o'clock, just supper-time. I was thoroughly tired and very hungry, but off we had to go. We kept the road until eight o'clock, and then stopped at a farm for the night. I did want my supper too. The people were out of meat (bacon), but we had potatoes and carrots, bread-and-butter and tea. About ten o'clock we retired to bed on a lounge in the kitchen. We were up at five and had breakfast (same grub as supper). It had frozen during the night, and was fearfully cold driving. We stopped for an hour at noon to rest the horses, and had to partly unload our loads and fix them again, as J——'s was slipping backward out of the wagon, and mine slipping forward, owing to the rough travelling. We had no dinner but a couple of slices of bread-and-butter which a young girl at the place we stopped the night at had given us before we started. We had nothing to drink, the only water about being in the "sloughs," and that was not fit. We got safely over the "Mary Bone Creek," after again altering our loads. At the next creek the "Mud Creek," J—— essayed to cross first, but got stuck right in the middle in the water and mud, and could not get out. I was more fortunate, and succeeded in crossing by the side of where he was stuck. I unhitched, and we put my team in front of his and tried the four to get the load out but it was of no use. They are four real fine bronchos, but after two or three attempts they got real mad, and broke the harness and tried to stampede. We had

AFTER TWO OR THREE ATTEMPTS THEY GOT REAL MAD

all our work cut out to pacify them. There was nothing for it but to set to and take off the groceries and some of the other load, and put them on the wagon I had been driving, and go home leading the other pair of horses. We left the wagon right there and got home at ten o'clock last night, wet and cold through paddling about in the water and being in the biting cold so long without food.

To-day (Sunday) is a cold, wild, wet day, the shack is dark and damp, feeling like a dungeon. It is pouring with rain and blowing big guns. The sky is drear and lowering, and, looking out over the prairie, it seems just like a storm at sea. I keep wondering whether I shall see any summer at all, but I am afraid not, now that we are in September. It is now about five o'clock. I left off the preceding page to get dinner, about 3.30; as we had this meal so late, it will answer the purpose of both dinner and supper. I cooked (fried) some bacon, and this, with bread and tea, comprised our meal. After this I tidied the shack (or rather tried to). The continuous wet weather makes the earth floor damp, and it smells too. It is a trouble to get a

fire lighted this weather, as we have only green saplings, and they get very wet. I gave a letter to a horse-dealer who was going through to post for me, and hope you will receive it safely. W—— is now working in R——. When E—— left his first job, he went to a Scotch farmer, but only stayed a short time, as they kept him in a state of semi-starvation. He is now with a bachelor some few miles north of A——. I have not seen him for a long time. T—— is leaving the traveller he was with, and is coming out here to work over harvest. When he went West with his "boss," he had to do many things he would not do in England—selling stuff in low saloons, etc.—and in some cases he said it was just like begging. He was to have gone to V—— with his "boss" next week, but after we had talked it over, he decided to tell him he would not go. I spoke to a man out here, and he is going to employ him over harvest. Poor T—— will feel it hard out here, the rough work and poor food. Although his work was low down and in many ways distasteful to him, on the road he had a fairly easy time, as they always put up at the best hotels; but he cannot possibly continue, or, as he says, he will surely lose his self-respect.

W——,
Sept. 12.

Sorry to hear of the early breaking up of summer at home. Still, a bad summer is bearable in England, but out here it is not. I have not seen any summer yet, I do not suppose I shall now. The weather has been very cold and changeable for a long time, and for the past week the wind has been N.N.E. and easterly, and has threatened to bring snow, which arrived this morning. My! but it is cold, the snow is tearing across the prairie in clouds. It is bleak and desolate. It means a great loss to the farmers if it continues much longer; much of the crops are uncut, and will be spoiled.

I feel like what I imagine telegraph wires feel like on a windy day. All my muscles and nerves seem taut and highly strung, and the biting wind and cold seem to make them vibrate and hum, just like the wires do. It is pretty bad; even in the shack there is only green and rotten wood to burn, and that gives no heat. As you know, one cannot see the fire in these stoves, they are all closed in.

J—— tried to cut some of his flax yesterday and the day before, but first one thing, then another, went wrong with his reaper and binder, and at last, yesterday afternoon, the shaft broke, so he had to hitch up and take it to a man some ten miles off to get it repaired. So this morning we had to get up at four o'clock, and directly after breakfast he went off to fetch it. It came on to snow when he got back, and he could not go out to cut, so he had his dinner and went to bed; and I had an excellent opportunity to write some letters.

If you were to meet me out here I hardly think you would know me from Adam; you might possibly think I was the ghost of Robinson Crusoe, but you would hardly take me for myself. I have not shaved for a fortnight, the wind is too piercing. And my clothes—well! This country is very hard on clothes. The people who have to go on a journey wear great fur coats, caps and gloves already, and they want them too. I am ashamed of some of the Englishmen I have met in A——; two or three entered into conversation with me and asked me what I would advise them to do? I! why any one of them could have carried me ten miles perhaps without any inconvenience. There was only one man whom I felt sorry for, he was a little quiet-spoken tailor from Yorkshire; a married man, with a small family in England. He arrived in Ontario about a month after I got out here; and after working on a farm there came up to A—— a few weeks since and tried again, but could not do the work—so as the tailor in town was rather busy, he was working for him for a time, to earn enough to carry him home. I feel sorry for poor Mr. W—— too, who cast in his lot with the Barr party, and has returned to England. I thought that he might have succeeded where other men might fail, he had such pushing ways, and could make himself liked by people. And, most important of all, he had some capital. The men who do well are those who have a few thousand dollars; they can live in town and can get big interest for their money. They can safely speculate in land and town lots. Many bought good farming lands here for $3 per acre two years ago, and have sold them for $12 and $15 this year.

I must close down now, as I cannot see. Soon I must get supper, go out and attend to the horses, and then set bread—which

will be nicely risen to bake to-morrow. So good-night.

S. A——,
Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

As you know, I engaged with J—— until Nov. 1. He again broached the subject of my staying and batching with him over winter, but that, I feel sure, is out of the question. I am never warm and comfortable even at night; my rheumatism keeps me awake the greater part of every night; my food, too, as you already know, is of the poorest and unwholesome. T——, as I have told you, is engaged with a man in this district until Nov. 1.

We consulted together, and decided that we would build a shack, and live together through the long winter, thinking this would be better for both, as we should only have our own little work to do, and could please ourselves as to our mode of living. Near my job, and running through the W—— wheat-belt, is a railway line in course of construction (the one that I was hauling to). The graders are built, and the metals are being laid. A town site has been located and surveyed two miles east of J——'s. We proposed buying two lots on the instalment plan, put up a lumber shack, and trust to things moving next spring, when doubtless the elevators will be built. Our first step was to get to R——. It sounds simple, but when one is on the prairie and has no horses, it is a real difficulty to surmount. No one happened to be going into town, or anywhere where we could hope to get a conveyance. At last we heard that a man some miles down the creek was going into A—— (from whence we could take the train to R——) last Wednesday. T—— came over to my place on Tuesday, and we started on our walk across the prairie when the sun had set, which it does very early now. We lost our bearings, and, after a very long and tiring walk, succeeded in getting back to J——'s.

The man was supposed to start early the next morning. Our only chance to get out was to start off again, so with fresh directions we made another attempt. Of course it was quite dark by this time, and the trail we had to follow was very old and faint. We had to keep our eyes skinned to follow it, and in some places had to feel with our fingers to locate it. The wind was blowing a hurricane in our faces, and now and again it would send along a scud of fine rain. Presently this trail was crossed by another, which we decided to take. We knew we had to cross the creek, which we soon came to; the trail ran straight through it. I was for crossing right there, but T—— thought we might find a better crossing higher up or lower down. I said the trail would surely cross at the best place, but as he did not like the look of what we must go through there, we walked a piece up and a piece down the creek, but it only widened. It wound and twisted all over creation, and there were "sloughs" and mud-holes all over the place round which we had to go. In the end we started back to find the place where the trail crossed, but in the wind and terrible darkness we could not find the trail and its crossing-point again. We were pretty well played out, and things looked bad. The creek is very dangerous—full of mud-holes and springs, and in many places the mud bottom is alkaline, and will speedily suck cattle under. Even in driving through it one must go at top speed. At last we decided we must make a *détour* inland, going in a semicircle until we hit the trail, then come up it, and cross the creek where it did. After walking about and groping down in the dense darkness for some time we found the trail, and went straight to the crossing. I jumped for it first, and landed nearly in the middle; directly my feet touched the mud bottom they were sucked right in, but with two plunges I reached the weeds at the edge, and then on to hard, honest ground. T—— jumped next; at the second plunge he misjudged his distance, and went down in the mud and water. He struggled into the weeds, then out. I was wet to the thighs, but T—— was in a far worse plight. I gave him my arm, and we started off again.

"Boys, but it was a fright"—so dark and windy, and we were thoroughly exhausted. I knew we were in the right direction. After a time I saw a light shining across the prairie; you can see a lamplight in a shack many miles off on a dark night. We stumbled on, but it seemed a very "Will-o'-the-Wisp." When we were on the last half-mile, across the ploughed land belonging to the owner of the shack, I fell down twice from sheer exhaustion. At last we reached there, more dead than alive. It was the place we wanted, and the first stage on our journey to R——. It was owned by two brothers—"bachelors."

The shack was 12 ft. by 12 ft. They had one small bed in which they slept. We had to remove some of our wet clothing and lie on the floor. It was cold and draughty, and we only had an overcoat each to cover us.

Instead of starting for A—— next morning (Wednesday) we had to sit in the wretched place the whole day, owing to snowstorms. As is usual here, they were nearly out of "grub." We had "straight tea" and bannock each meal, then another repetition of the preceding night. We were up at four Thursday morning, but owing to the intense cold did not start until seven. I went on the wagon with the eldest brother, and with the slowest team I ever sat behind. T—— followed some hours later with the younger with a pony and rig, that being much faster going.

We reached A—— at six in the evening —cold to the marrow, and having had nothing to eat, except one slice of bread-and-butter, since four that morning. There ended our second stage. We had supper at the hotel, and went to *bed*. We caught the 6.44 train to R—— Friday morning, which arrived there about 8.30.

We went to the land office, and ascertained that the town site at S—— was owned—half by the C.P.R. and half by a private person at W——, to whom I wrote. We also learned that there are no homesteads worth having, except right away north, and way back from the railway lines. We could not get back the same night, as the train did not stop at A——, so we put up at an hotel, and went back by train Saturday morning; we had breakfast when we arrived there at nine o'clock.

The man I came in with had returned on Friday, but his brother was still in town, and took T—— back that afternoon. He could not take us both, as he only had the small rig and pony.

Well, to-morrow (Tuesday) I must return to W——. I shall have to walk, as there is no one going out. It is thirty-five miles, the trails are very heavy with the snow and rain, and there are three creeks to cross. I shall start at 8 A.M., and get there, D.V., at night. We did not see W—— in R——. I had a letter from him a short time ago, saying he was working at a place some two miles out, and was earning good money, but he gave no address, and we could not find him. Poor E—— has been badly used; he had engaged with a farmer until Dec. 1 at $17 per month. He did all the work on the land (the farmer himself doing the "chores"). After E—— had done the ploughing and discing and stocked all the man's crop, he commenced to treat him badly. It came to a head one morning when E—— was out discing; they had a row, and E—— threw down the lines and said he would "stick it no longer." The farmer told him to "go to ——." E—— said he would walk off then if his "boss" would pay him up. He said he wouldn't give him a cent. E—— asked him for $3 which he had lent him a few days before; he went over to a neighbour's and borrowed it. E—— packed his grip and quit. He is back with a former employer now. It appears to be a common practice to do a man out of his wages by goading him to leave, and not complete his engagement. The law is all on the side of the farmer; he can even make a man pay for another man to complete his time, in the event of a hired man quitting before his time is up.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a trying day for me; it was dull, and greater part of the day it rained. I had nothing with me save the dirty things I was wearing—I looked such a "moss-back" that I couldn't go to church. This "hotel" is "lumber," bare and cheerless. The men just lounged about all day, sitting and standing about in the "waiting-room" (I suppose that is what you would call it). It is just like one at a small railway station at home—bare floor, boards, a table, and spittoons. It was so quiet and cheerless. By and by some one, in the private rooms of the proprietor, commenced to strum hymns on a cranky piano, and that seemed to complete the doleful effect. I would have liked to have been in London "at home."

W——,
Thursday evening, Oct. 29, 1903.

When I wrote last from town, I had returned there from my journey to R——, and was intending to walk out here the following (Tuesday) morning.

Well, I got up "good and early," had my breakfast, then started on my walk of thirty-five miles. I found, before I had gone a couple of them, that "I had bitten off more than I could chew" (as they say out here), so I called at the home of a man who owns land out here, thinking there was a chance of his going out. Luckily

for me, he intended doing so the next day, so I returned to town, and came out with him the following morning. T—— came over to see me, and we went into all the "pros and cons" of our position, and decided that although we have had a rough time so far, we could not return to England, as we felt that there must be a niche for us in this new country, and that, anyway, "nothing venture nothing gain" was very true, and we could hope to succeed better out here than we could at home. We have decided to keep to our plan of starting for ourselves up at S——. I can safely assure you we have both had sufficient of farm life, as it is lived up here. Yesterday week J——, a young English bachelor, and myself started for A——. We each drove a team and wagon to fetch out lumber, building materials, stove-pipes, etc.

We left here about 8.30 A.M. It was a very cold and windy day. The wagon I was driving did not have the box on, as it was intended to carry boards. I had to sit on the reach, and let my legs dangle; it was enough to chill a bear. We just took some bread and rasher of cold bacon to eat on the way; it would not have gone down too bad if the flour had not been musty. J——'s last bag was stale and mouldy—our bread has been very indifferent consequently.

We reached town about 4.30 P.M., and soon commenced loading my lumber. We knocked off at six for supper, and went to *bed* early, in *nice, clean, warm beds* in the hotel. Next morning we completed loading the lumber, etc.; after dinner I got a stove and plenty of stove-pipes to warm our little house, also some cooking utensils we required.

We left town about 3.30, and went some twelve miles on our road. It was a deadly cold evening. At last we put up at a German's house for the night; the "Frau" told us her man was from home, so we should have to sleep in the stable. We were only too anxious to get in anywhere, so of course said "All right." We had a piece of bacon among our stores, so the "Frau" cooked us some, which with bread and tea comprised our supper. Afterwards we adjourned to the stable to sleep; it was the draughtiest and coldest stable I have been in. It was freezing hard outside. I did not sleep a wink all night through the cold and wretched rheumatism. At seven o'clock we had breakfast—same grub as supper—then started off, and reached J——'s about 4 P.M. tired out, but with our loads safe and secure.

I think I have mentioned before that J—— has been ailing a good deal lately. Well, about one o'clock Saturday morning I had to get up, and light a fire and attend to him; he was screaming with a terrible pain in his side. I was rubbing him, and making irons and flannel hot until nine o'clock. Sunday night and Monday morning he was even worse; I sat up for three nights with him, and was not feeling at all well myself. You cannot imagine how dreadful it seems to be alone with a sick man out here on the lonely prairie, especially during the night, when all is so silent outside, and he is groaning and writhing in pain, and when one almost fears the worst, and cannot give him relief. I am glad to say he is lots better now. He says he does not know what he would have done had I not been with him; he has told several people who have called to see him that I am a good nurse. Well, I am very tired, so will shake down my "doss" on the floor, and get in. I will write some more to-morrow.

Friday evening.

Last night was very cold and clear, and the whole horizon was red with the great prairie fires. They have been very bad lately, and are raging again this evening. We have not much to fear from them, however, around here, as we are protected by good fire-guards. These are made by ploughing a number of furrows round the lands, which the fire rarely manages to cross. Millions of little white snow-birds swarm the prairie, and the quacking of great flocks of wild geese are heard at frequent intervals as they fly overhead on their way to kinder climes for the winter. When there are a good number in a flock, they make as much noise as a big pack of hounds in full cry. All Nature's signs herald the near approach of winter. The sun sets at 4.30 now. We have to light the lamp when we rise at five o'clock.

I have promised to stay with J—— over threshing, which should be another fortnight. After that I shall shift my materials over to the town site, and build our house. We have to choose our lot or lots, which we shall have to buy by three instalments. We really should have two, if our funds

I HAD TO BEAT IT OUT WITH MY SACK

will permit, in the business section of the site. Two are easier to dispose of than one, as people requiring lots for business purposes generally want two; they are 100 ft. × 25 ft. I have been very careful to plan everything to the best advantage, and to have a home suitable to carry us through the long cold winter. Our house will contain two rooms, and will measure 14 ft. × 18 ft.; it will be double-boarded and tar-papered throughout. We shall only use one room through the winter—the small one—which will be formed by a partition across one end of the building, making a long slip-room 8 ft. × 14 ft.; the stove is a four-ring, flat-top cooking stove. We have a good supply of seven-inch pipes, sufficient to carry the heat all round our room. We had hoped to have had the first house at S——, but a firm from I—— have built and started a good store there last week. A well-to-do man, who owned the largest of the two hotels at A—— a couple of years ago, is going to build an hotel at S——. There is a petition out for a post-office. The metals are being laid, and the railway company promise to have cars through this winter to haul out the crops of the district. Next spring the elevators are going up.

Saturday evening.

It is a very clear and cold night, and the cold seems to seek out and penetrate every

crack and corner in this shack. I shall be glad when our own little home is up, and ready for T—— and myself, so that we can get a little comfort.

The northern lights are grand to-night. I have seen them many times since I have been here, but to-night they eclipse anything I have seen as yet. Half the sky is filled with ever-changing effects; sometimes they will look like the reflection of the moonlight on a running stream, and then suddenly roll back and look like curtains of soft primrose-coloured flame, spreading out one over another, and then these will speedily spread out into arcs and circles of light.

Now I must tell you how we hope to do some business next spring. I have applied for several agencies—including implement and harness firms. I am very anxious to obtain these articles to sell on commission, as there is a great demand for all kinds. Hitherto people in this district have had to go to A—— and I—— for implements, coals, lumber, and in fact for almost everything. These places are respectively thirty-five and forty-five miles distant, so you can imagine how glad the people are to get the railway and towns near by to go to, to do their business. Several have asked me to get a couple of car-loads of coal and lumber directly the line opens. I certainly would do so, only for lack of money. Both these articles fetch exorbitant prices for the most inferior stuff, and cannot be obtained cheaply anywhere in the North-West.

Monday, Nov. 2, 1903.

I walked over to a neighbour's some four miles away, and got my mail, including yours of Oct. 14. I have written F—— a long letter, telling of T——'s and my own projects for the winter. I am sure you will concur in them, and will think I am right in deciding not to return. I should hate to be classed amongst "The Noble Army of Canadian Failures." I am sure we shall get along all right if my health will improve. I am pretty tough with a bad cold now, and have gone off my feed. Where I had my dinner yesterday they had a cow, and you cannot imagine how I enjoyed my tea with *milk* in it. Can you send me a Christmas pudding if you receive this in time? and please ask F—— to send a few paper-covered books and a few decent smokes.

L—— Hotel, A——, Canada,
Sunday, Nov. 8, 1903.

Since I wrote last week I have had rather a stirring time. I know I have mentioned in my letters that the prairie fires had been very numerous around W——. Well, one struck us last Tuesday afternoon.

In the morning I walked from J——'s to S—— to choose our lot, and obtained one on Broadway 25 ft. × 125 ft. I afterwards had a lift on a wagon back.

The morning was very close and hot, and there was a suspicion of smoke and burning in the atmosphere. After dinner a kind of hush fell over things. The birds all seemed to quieten down and then disappear. Presently a dense black smoke began to obscure the bright sun and sky. Suddenly the fire came raging across the dry prairie in a straight, scorching row of living flame. It struck the whole half-mile on the west side of J——'s ¼-section simultaneously.

We were armed with wet sacks, J—— stood in the centre of the fire-guard, and I at the top end of it. We could not see, and could scarcely breathe for the dense smoke, hot flames and flying sparks.

The fire came across the end of the guard where I was, at a weak spot, and I had to beat it out with my sack, until I could not stand, but had to fall down and scrub it out, with my hands covered, of course, with the sack.

J—— had put up some hay in the summer some three miles away, and he was very anxious about it, so he left me to watch the farm, while he went and burned the grass all round his haystacks, thus protecting them, as, of course, the fire cannot run over prairie that has been recently burned.

Soon after dark the fire started back, burning to the opposite side of the ¼-section, and was coming towards the stubble on which J——'s oat and flax stacks were standing. It was a lonely, creepy job; I had to keep going round watching that sparks and embers did not start up a fire inside the guard. It was a dark night, but all around were the fires; they were burning slower now, but they flitted across the prairie like waves of fire, one directly behind another.

J—— came back later in the evening, and at ten o'clock we were safe enough to go to bed.

(*To be continued.*)

Indelible Ink

SEATED on the rough wooden piles that form the end of the quaint stone pier at Seascove were two figures, a man and a woman. All day long the place had been tenanted by a small crowd of bare-legged, sunbrowned urchins, under the happy impression that their efforts with fishing-nets, tin pails, litter of seaweed and liliputian crabs would result in a successful catch of "bait." Now, the westering sun had sent them trudging homewards, tired and hungry, to the late tea or supper in which all the lodgers in Seascove seemed to indulge at this hour, judging from the smoke rising from the chimneys and the odours which floated from the row of white cottages on the cliff. The jetty was deserted save for Dick Martin and his sweetheart Maggie. Dick, a stalwart young sailor, bronzed and handsome, was laying his lines with more science and skill than the previous occupants, but withal only giving half attention to the work. His glance wandered frequently to the trim and dainty figure by his side, and the blue eyes spoke eloquent things, though the lips were silent.

"Well, I must be goin' on, Dick," the girl said presently; "I've to go awver to Lymingport, this evemen. The ladies in our parlour want strawberries for dessert to-morrow, and all the Seascove folk sends theirs into town; I can't get none nearer."

"Come up awver cliff then," said Dick persuasively. "'Tes a lovely evemen fur a walk, and 'tesn't but a quarter-mile further. 'Tes too bad they do meake 'ee go so fur for 'en. Why couldn't 'un fetch 'en theirselves? Spoilin' our laast evemen together!"

"Last evemen, Dick?" said Maggie with a start. "You're never sailin' to-morrow?"

"No, no, lass. Cap'en sails at flood o' Monday. What I was meanin'—'tes Zunday to-morrer, thee'll be to church; this be our laast chance o' time together free an' easy like. Don't zim to I right fur 'ee to be slavin' fur other volks, like what thee does."

"Oh, that's no harm," answered Maggie hastily. "In lettin' time every one has to work hard—besides," she added, with a quick glance to see the effect of her next words—"I don't mean to stay in Seascove much longer."

It was Dick's turn to start now. He rose from his sitting posture, and laying his hand on her shoulder, looked straight into her face, saying half-fearfully, "Whatever dost thee mean, lass?"

Maggie shook off his hand petulantly. "If you want to come with me, you must come at once, Dick; I can't stop here all night."

"Nay, but tell me what be thy meanin'. I shouldn't never be easy if I thought thee was out o' thy mother's care, while I be away awver sea—and 'twull be fur a long spell this time."

"How you do talk, Dick! Any one 'ud think I was a baby to hear you! I'm twenty-one, and you know so well as I do that nobody could find a duller hole than Seascove to live in—'specially with you away too!"

This was added half in a whisper, and with the pretty face averted to escape possible caresses.

They were climbing the cliff now, and Dick's strong arm was round her waist, his swinging step half lifting her over the steeper parts. Who could hurry on such an evening as this, with the midsummer sun still high in the heavens, and the glow of colour over land and sea scarcely less perfect than the sky itself, which already gave promise of a glorious crimson sunset?

Maggie easily allowed herself to be persuaded that she was out of breath with the climb, and needed a rest on the rough bench at the top of the hill from whence they could look down to the busy harbour of Lymingport, the seaport town lying in the wide valley between the hills; and from which Dick's ship would be sailing before many more hours should pass.

He seated himself beside Maggie, saying coaxingly, "Neow tell I, lass, what do 'ee mean by sayin' thee be goin' away? Zims to me thee'd fur better bide in comf'able whoam."

"Yes, and live like a old woman, never nothin' new to do or see. I'm sick of it," said the girl impatiently. "The ladies up to our house want me to go back to London

"YOU DON'T TRUST ME, DICK"

with them, and be their maid. They say I should soon learn, I wait on 'em so nice now, and they'd like a healthy country girl, and I should have good money;—real big wages, Dick, so as I could lay some by towards—towards getting my—things," she added shyly. Then in bolder tones,—"My mind's quite made up, Dick, so 'tisn't no use trying to stop me now."

London! This was beyond Dick's worst fears! He knew impulsive, wayward Maggie better than she knew herself. Had he not been her protector from childhood upwards both at school and at play? Many were the scrapes and adventures they had shared together as comrades till the time had come for Dick to play a man's part in the world, and he had extracted from his little lass a half-laughing promise to be true to him while he sailed away in the big merchant ship to strange and wonderful lands beyond the sea.

How often had he pictured her to himself during the night-watch; blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, sunny-haired, sitting on her doorstep in the summer evenings after the day's work was done. He had watched her about the house-place, at her mother's side, he had walked across the fields to church with her; all the scenes which came to him were as natural and familiar as the daylight.

But now——! To think of her in strange places, where his mind's eye could no longer follow her—with strange people—lonely—perhaps ill. No, no, it would not do. She was too young, too pretty. He heaved a deep sigh, and Maggie, half divining his thoughts, rose to her feet, and began to descend the hill, saying impatiently, "'Tis because you don't trust me, Dick. You think I won't be true."

And indeed this was the very fear now tugging at honest Dick's heart-strings. His little Maggie would *mean* to be true, but what about the days when the smart London fellows would make their pretty compliments to her? How would she think of rough Dick then, with his weather-beaten

face and clumsy tongue? He had been quick to notice how easily she learned the soft speech and gentle manners of her mother's lodgers; would she be just as quick to learn the ways of a London fine lady? Could he trust her through every change and chance of life? His worldly wisdom told him *no;* even while his big, loving heart turned aside in shame at harbouring such cruel thoughts. He put them from him, and walked by her side in silence, trying to frame some argument strong enough to turn her from her course.

And Maggie walked on too, with head erect and eyes defiant. It was a shame Dick couldn't trust her. She could take care of herself, how could she convince him? Then a sudden thought sprang up. Should she? Dare she? Could she bear it? Yes; she would. Dick would know she loved him then.

"Dick," she said, turning and looking up at his downcast face, with all the fire gone from her own eyes—"Dick, will't show you I'm goin' to be true if I let you—mark my arm, like yours?" The last words came almost in a whisper, and Dick stopped short, the red blood flushing up under his brown skin. Then he asked breathlessly—

"Dost really mean it, lass? Won't it hurt thee too much, my darlin'?"

"I'd rather bear that than have you think unkind things of me," Maggie said in a quavering voice; "other girls have it done, so I s'pose I can. You'd better do it to-night before I've time to be sorry."

Dick looked doubtful. "I aren't got the tackle wi' me," he said slowly, "and 'twill be darkish afore we gets back. No, lass, best wait till Monday's morn. Thee shan't do it wi'out considerin', though I be rare and proud to know thee thought upon it thyself. Look'ee, take and sleep on't; and if thee be in the same mind to-morrow, tell I after evemen church, and I'll bring tackle down to Cove at five o'clock o' Monday's morn. I mun be awver to Lymingport afore seven."

Now across Dick's brawny arm, written in a good bold hand, and embellished with many a wonderful curve and flourish, was inscribed the magic token—"Maggie is my only love."

He had shown it to her with a thrill of delight on his return from his first voyage, narrating with some pride his sufferings at the hands of the operator. He remembered even venturing on a half-suggestion that she should submit herself to a like process before he sailed again; and her indignant refusal. Surely, surely, he argued, she must truly love him now, if she could of her own accord offer this proof of affection.

His heart swelled with pride in her courage. She should not suffer more than he could help; the single word "Dick" would be enough to remind her of him, and even that he would not write, unless she came to him quite willingly.

Even now, he half doubted whether her purpose would hold through the hours which must intervene before it could be carried out.

But it did!—by some strange contradiction in the shallow nature; and "Monday's morn" found Maggie at the trysting-place, and its later hours saw her going about the day's work with a triumphant light in her pale face.

She had made Dick trust her at last; and not even the smarting pain in the now swelling arm could spoil the memory of the love in his eyes as he held her close and whispered blessings on her head.

And Dick? It was not till many hours later that Dick remembered that after all Maggie had not promised not to go to London.

* * * * *

The Misses Forrester were warmly congratulated by their friends on the new parlourmaid—"Such a pretty girl! Such nice manners! So neat too! Where did you hear of her?"

And Maggie's mistresses would smile contentedly, and only hope she would stay with them; she was indeed a treasure, they would do anything to keep her, but, alas! she was so pretty, she had already several admirers.

And indeed Maggie's first few months in town quite fulfilled her expectations. Used to hard work at home, she thought little of the duties at which many a London girl grumbles; and her bright, attractive manner, and fresh country colouring, soon brought her notice from "the grocer's young man," the tall policeman at the corner, and one or two other equally eligible acquaintances. Her fellow-servants, at first inclined to be jealous of the favourite, were presently won over by her good-temper and readiness to lend a helping hand on busy days.

Her "evenings out" were seldom unoccupied, for the Misses Forrester had introduced her to the Secretary of the

Young Women's Club in an adjacent street, and here she soon found friends enough to keep her from experiencing the terrible loneliness which comes to many a country girl in London.

The never-ending crowd of people caused her a bewildering delight, and the bright shops, with all their fascinating allurements, tempted her many a time to expend some of the "big wages," which she had meant to save up for a very different purpose.

And did she never think of Dick? Oh dear, yes! in a vague, undefined, half-uncomfortable sort of way: but every day was so full of interest that she drifted along with the tide, sometimes with the feeling that if she didn't mind she would meet with rocks ahead, but oftener not thinking at all. One thing she was very sure of, she didn't want to go back to life at Seascove; this was far, far nicer.

The blue lettering on her arm annoyed her now. How silly she had been! How could she ever have suggested it? and then insisted with quite unnecessary devotion—not only on the name "Dick," but also on the fatal words "I love"?

Well, there! it was no use worrying over it now; London was such a wonderful place no doubt there were people in it who knew how to take out such marks—if ever she wanted them taken out! This last with a mental vision of the tall policeman, together with a half-tender memory of faithful Dick.

And so the months rolled on, and more than a year passed away, and still Maggie remained parlourmaid to the Misses Forrester. But the strain of London life was beginning to tell on her country constitution, the weary stairs had taken the roses from her cheeks, and in the late autumn, which was unusually damp and foggy, poor Maggie fell a victim to typhoid; and woke up one day out of her delirium to find herself in the ward of a big hospital.

But all this was past now, she was getting better fast; indeed, the nurse had told her only that morning that she would be out in another week, and then she was to go to her own home by the sea to get strong again. Miss Forrester had said so when she was last at the hospital.

Poor Maggie! This piece of "good news" was very unwelcome, and it brought no light to the thin, white face in which the blue eyes had grown so big, so big. She lay looking so woebegone and miserable that the busy nurse stopped to rally her when next she passed that way.

"Come, come, don't wear such a dismal face; you're getting on fine, we shall have you about in no time, you'll see; but you must keep up your spirits, and not get the 'typhoid hump'!"

"Oh, nurse dear," Maggie cried eagerly, "could you do me a kindness? Do get the doctor—*my* doctor, you know, the one that's been so good to me—to speak to me private when he comes in again."

"Why? What do you want with him? Don't you be getting nervous now. There's nothing the matter with you but weakness."

"I know, I know, but I *do* want him; I've somethin' I want to ask him particularly—oh, do please tell him, nurse!"

"All right," nurse promised in soothing tones; "don't get excited, I'll ask him for you," and she passed on her way.

Maggie lay motionless, with bright eyes and a flushed face when the hour for the doctor's visit came round. She must keep herself well in hand, or her heart would thump so hard she wouldn't be able to speak to him.

"Well, my girl!" he said kindly, "what can I do for you? There's nothing for you to be anxious about."

"Oh! doctor!" Maggie cried, raising herself in the bed, "you've been *so* kind—there's one thing more I want to ask you to do for me before I go out from here."

"What is it?" he asked, looking down at her curiously.

"Oh, doctor, I want you to give me somethin' to take this out"—and with a great effort, Maggie bared her thin arm, on which the words "I love Dick" stood emblazoned with startling distinctness against the white flesh.

The doctor suppressed a smile. "I'm afraid that's beyond my skill," he said; "those marks never come out."

Maggie turned and sobbed into her pillow.

"Why do you mind so much?" he asked gently. "I don't expect Dick minds; I expect he tattooed it himself, didn't he?"

A piteous look answered him.

"Oh!" she gasped, "but—but—it isn't Dick now—*it's Tom.*"

The busy doctor was haunted by the

"THOSE MARKS NEVER COME OUT"

appealing face of the "poor little butterfly," as he went about his work next day. Vague memories of Omar Khayyam floated through his mind; he couldn't get the verse quite right, how did it run? Something about a Finger writing, and

——"having writ
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

"Well!" he said, "she's had her lesson, poor child. Let's hope she'll profit by it."

F. E. S.

The Bells

'TIS sweet to wander in the fields
Alone at eventime,
And, rapt in silent thought, to hear
The distant village chime.
O'er wood and meadow floats the peal
Like birds on silver wings,
That sing of happy years gone by,
And sweet forgotten things.

It tells of confidence and mirth
When all the path lay clear,
Of bright-eyed youth, of cloudless brow,
Of hope denying fear.
It whispers thoughts of student days,
Those full-lived days of yore:
The keen delight of harmless strife
Those sounds awake once more.

The tournaments of tongue and pen,
The struggles free from spite,
The evening stroll, the midnight talk,
All in those notes unite.
Oh how we vowed to right the wrong,
And scorn both blame and praise,
To do some good, perhaps be great,
In those ambitious days!

The years have flown, and all around
Unchanged pursues its way;
And some are cold, and some are sad,
And some have left the fray.
The pity of it! but ring on!
Wake, sad, reproachful chime,
The daring visions of that brave
Irrevocable time!

C. DU PONTET.

A Silent Land

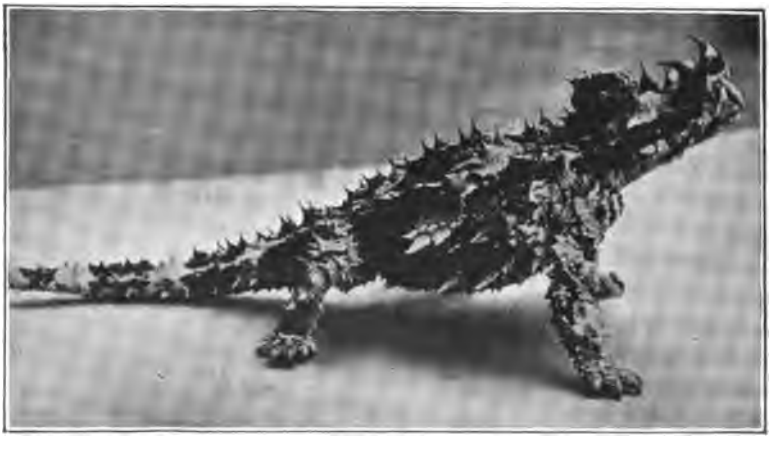
BY THE REV. ALEXANDER CROW

THE WATERLESS INTERIOR OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

THE "Never, Never Country," the rainless interior of Australia which no white man has ever inhabited, comprises by far the larger part of that island continent. The mountain ranges fringe the coast and wrest from the winds their blessing of rain, and when they pass over the great plains of the interior, their course unimpeded by any hills, they have no moisture left to impart, so the land lies barren.

The first picture will give a good idea of the nature of this desolate country. The trees are stunted and dry, and have little foliage, and what leaves there are are usually coated with red or brown dust. On the ground there is no grass, there are hundreds of miles of red or brown earth, unclothed except by sparse, stunted scrub.

There is very little animal or bird life, and what birds there are are voiceless.



THE MOUNTAIN DEVIL

A GNAMMA HOLE

This absence of singing birds renders the bush almost as silent as the grave. This death-like silence has a peculiarly depressing effect. If two men are camped in the bush, and one of them goes to a distant township to get provisions while the other remains behind to look after the camp, the man who is to remain says to his mate in forcible goldfields language, such as the editor will not admit to his pages, "Don't you be long away, you know what kind of a place this is to live in by yourself;" and if his mate is away for two or three days the silence gets upon the man's nerves, and in the end he shouts in order to make a noise, and then he is afraid of the sound of his own voice.

Almost the only existing animal life is of the lizard kind, and very ugly. The

A GRANITE ROCK

A SALT LAKE

illustration shows the ugliest specimen—a mountain devil. It is not such a formidable creature as it looks in the picture, it is only six or eight inches long, but it is quite as ugly as it looks, being covered all over with horny spikes. It has many peculiarities. It changes colour with changing lights. It has never been known either to eat or drink. A lady in Kalgoorlie had one as a pet (ladies have curious fancies in respect of pets); she was concerned about its welfare, for though it had been in her possession for three months she had neither seen it eat nor drink. Then an old prospector whom she consulted about it advised her to put it in water, and when she did so, the creature absorbed it into its body as a sponge would do. And though so ugly, it shares this peculiarity with many people, that it does not "see itself as others see it," for if it is placed before a mirror it will stand stock still admiring its reflection for hours at a time.

A YACHT ON LAKE LEFROY

How did the prospectors who discovered the gold manage to penetrate so far inland? Where did they get a supply of water? The third and fourth pictures will answer the question. At intervals all through that country there are huge granite rocks covering acres of ground, some shaped like great basins with holes in the bottom—natural cisterns; they are called gnamma holes. A very slight shower of rain sends a lot of water down the rocks into these holes, and being deep and narrow at the mouth so that there is not much evaporation, they will contain water for months at a time.

The fourth picture shows another kind of rock shaped like a knoll. The water trickling down its sides settles in clay basins at the bottom, and sinking wells a few feet there water might be found; these latter are called "soaks." On these two precarious sources of supply men risk their lives in their search for gold. If a party of prospectors, their water spent, come to one of these granite rocks and are disappointed in their hope of finding water, unless there is another rock within easy reach they perish. Frequently explorers in the centre of that country came across skeletons bleaching-white in the sun, and they know that it is the too-oft-repeated story—"a party perished for want of water."

But a study of a map of Western Australia would lead one to believe that it is a well-watered country; there are large lakes marked upon it. Like many another thing that has little practical use, they "look well on paper." There is no water in them, they are shallow depressions in the ground of great extent, coated over with salt. After one of the heavy local thunder-storms they contain a few inches of water, but it soon evaporates under the scorching heat of an Australian sun. There have been a few attempts at navigation on the lakes. Our picture represents a yacht on Lake Lefroy.

WILD FLOWERS, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

At long intervals there is a good fall of rain. When that happens the whole country is transformed from utter barrenness into a veritable paradise, for everlasting daisies of every variety and colour clothe all the wide waste with beauty.

This brief description will convey to the readers some idea of a country which ten years ago lay silent and empty, but is now the site of large towns.

Little Davy

BY E. ROWLAND OWEN

"Something attempted, something done."—*The Village Blacksmith.*

"HER—ALD!" "Chron—icle!" "Adver—tiser!" How familiar the well-remembered names sound to me still as they did over twenty years ago, when I, the Davy Jones of younger days, was a ragged, shoeless, empty-bellied stripling of ten, without a father, brother or sister, thrown on this grasping Universe,—a helpless wee mite with but a simple, tumble-down cottage for a home; struggling might and main as I did in my boyish endeavours to keep the ever-threatening wolf from the door of that little cot where my poor dear widowed mother struggled to exist; fighting, fighting—oh, so bravely as she did!—against the soul-consuming pangs of poverty and asthma, with her tears and swollen face, and eyes blacked-rimmed and purpled with her cough!

"Pa—pers?" How weak and hollow now as I look back on the past, echoed that dreary cry week after week, month after month, down the narrow streets, as I ran panting and breathless to be the first in the race, while the others, like a pack of hounds, chased me with all their might, hurling their blasphemous cries after my onward, headlong rush! "Herald?"—"Thank you, sir." "Chron—icle!" "Adver—tiser!" here, there and everywhere, pocketing as I went the precious pennies wherewith to buy the next small crust for home. "—— yer

DOWN THE NARROW STREETS AS I RAN PANTING

eyes!" (I forbear the profanation), and the other yelping rags of newsboys are on my track hurling eternal torment on my head for daring to be the first, until, dodging round a favourite corner—my last resort,—I knew those wolves—and I am lost to them for a time. Still breathlessly onward I press my way, stopping at intervals to leave a copy of the prints with my standing customers. How well do I remember the pride I felt at having the distinction of customers who only dealt with *me!* Still on and on from shop to shop I plunged, no sooner in than out, sale or no sale, like some startled animal, as the merry pence chinking in my pockets told me they were filling; and oh, how my weary, shoeless feet dodged and twisted about with their fantastic tricks with astonishing dexterity to escape the threatening attacks of better-shod feet than mine! And how the sweet, warm breath of a solitary confectioner's shop hard by seduced me to its folds to fill my empty belly if only with the delicious redolence of its tempting sweetmeats!

"Pa—pers?" The dull winter's sun has shone its last that day. The hushed and solemn Twilight is slumbering on the shadowy breast of Night. The oil-lamps flicker in the thinning streets with their dull and yellow glare; the shops illume their windows a trifle brighter, but soon too they are in darkness; the shutters are up, the night is closed without, and the people hurrying on, disperse, to home, to club or tavern, and soon the little town fades into semi-darkness and peace!

"Pa—pers?" Still a few more left as I drag my tired body away to some neighbouring lamp-post whose light winked and fluttered in the cold north wind, wondering as I crouched there before I trod my weary way home when I should dispose of the remainder of my stock. Sick at heart I would watch the flitting and fantastic shadows on the red blind of the "Roebuck" tavern close by. Alone and shivering, I was indeed glad of even the dumb and solitary company of those silent moving shadows.

But let me pause here for a moment. There is one indeed in this ungodly crew of newsboys whom I cannot think of without feelings of gratitude. It is of you, Georgie, I am thinking. Yet, indeed, you were as keen and as boisterous as the rest of them while the hot pursuit lasted. You too, like them, sent your curses flying after me if by chance I should be first in the race. Yes, you were all this; yet I cannot forget that it was *you* above all others, after the long and weary chase was over, and the others had forsaken me, who so often sought me out, huddling perhaps the remnants of my stock in some quiet corner. It was *you* who then cheered me awhile with the rough-and-tumble humour of your warm and generous Irish blood. It was *you* who hustled me straightway to a neighbouring confectioner's shop to gaze for a preliminary moment on the tempting luxuries within. It was *you* (looking round the while to see that your mammie was not hovering about;—ah, Georgie, how well do I remember those dodges of yours!) who darted in that sweet-smelling establishment like lightning while I held the remainder of your sheets, and as rapidly darted out again with a smile as long as it was broad. It was *you* who then instantly shared with me the steaming-hot cakes you had bought, and both of us as quickly devoured in some sheltered nook hard by!

Yes, this was all you, Georgie! If you are alive now and should read these lines, accept this passing tribute of my gratitude—a gratitude that has not and cannot be dimmed by years.

But, George Farrell, perhaps from the immeasurable heights of Prosperity which you may have ascended to since then you may look down reprovingly on me for daring to use the familiar name I now address you by. But whether you be peer in your robes or peasant in fustian, millionaire or pauper, whether you inhabit a mansion or a hovel, you will at any rate grant me this: let my gratitude be given to the source from whence it sprang—the boyhood of those days;—not the man—and to the dear and well-remembered name I knew and loved you by—Georgie!

Papers? No, not again that night. The last was sold. My parched throat should rest until the morrow, and I drag my aching limbs homeward a proud and richer paper-boy by ninepence! Oh, the agony of those weary hours, hungry, barefooted, and in rags, as I toiled on and on doing my little best, knowing as I did it well—and I know it doubly so now—that each small penny earned was a gold mine to my dear mother, as it was in very truth a sublime paradise of rapture to me, conscious as I was then—and I shall feel it to my dying day as the sweetest consolation

of my life—that I was doing my *duty* to my widowed mother and to God!

Cough! cough! cough! agonised my ears again, which it had so often done before as I walked into the desolate little cottage we called a home. Home? Oh, God!

"Poor dear mammie," I said, kissing her tenderly as she crouched over the cold, fireless grate; "poor dear mammie, and this is all I can give you—ninepence. It is all I have earned, and I have tried so hard! Never mind, mammie; when I grow up to be a man and rich, I shall be so kind and good to you. Oh, if God would only make me rich *now*, mammie!"

But it was not to be.

Ah, how many nights have I laid awake in my little bed dreaming in childish fancy of those beautiful castles we all so often build and which so soon dissolve and melt away for ever ere scarce the dream has ceased! What comfort, what happiness, what warmth should be hers; and above all else, what nursing back to health! It was for her alone my day-dreams were created, I thought not once of myself. In those sweet boy-fancies—and oh, how true they seemed! —I fondly expected some angel or fairy-god to knock at our cottage-door, and deposit his treasure-load of wealth and disappear as mysteriously as he came. But, ah, he never comes! Those knocks we never hear!

And so the sad routine went on from Friday night to Saturday night—the intervening week-days from Monday morning I spent in the parish school—plodding silently on; weeping, toiling and grieving; but still on and on to a higher and happier destiny.

In addition to the pence I took home each week we received by way of parish relief the sum of two shillings and sixpence, and that was the whole of our income wherewith to pay the rent and exist! From the bottom of my heart—God help the poor!

Having no other source of support, and finding after Tuesday each week an empty cupboard, my mother would look so sorrowfully at me and tears would fill her eyes. That was enough. I knew I must go somewhere and beg something to bring home to eat. And away I trudged mile after mile as stealthily as I could lest some stray neighbour or other might waylay me and guess my errand—for young as I was, I yet had a proud spirit in me; but an instant's thought of my dear mother smothered that—and there I begged our daily bread.

Ah, how sweet were those crumbs from the rich and poor man's table as I went from door to door fondly nursing the precious charity in my little bag! Footsore and weary I would arrive home again to find my mother still crying as she prepared to make what little blaze she could out of the small bundle of faggots I had picked up by the way. Then we set-to, to devour the miscellaneous scraps—like manna from Heaven—that I had begged and brought home untouched, to last as well they might until the morrow brought round once more the same appeal to charity.

"Pa—pers?" Friday night has come again, and I find myself once more at the old, old post,—O, when would it end!—waiting my turn for the night's delivery!

Then again the same breathless headlong rush, and still the same old madcap race of the other boys behind, with the same old vulgar curses from their profane throats.

But onward I went conquering on the way, pence by pence, and still my lightning feet were far more nimble than their tongues.

"Pa—pers?" always the same monotonous struggle until I had attained my twelfth birthday and a half;—a wee mite filled with ambition for better things that never seemed to come.

And now the stern necessity of leaving school (although I was yet under age) crept upon me with all the obstacles and disadvantages this world could bestow save for the simple learning (and that wasn't much) I had had from the parish school. Ah, that school! What memories it unconsciously recalls! Let me pause once more in the narration. Let me shut out, if only for a moment, the bitter remembrances of those unhappy days, while I gather round me some of those boys who trod its dear old classic ground. Let me live those days over again. It will be a relief indeed to me to staunch the tears that flow, unbidden, as I write. Readers, forgive me, then, for a moment while I reverently survey those boy-shadows as they march past; yet indeed the sound of their footsteps may not be for your unfamiliar ears, nor their happy faces for your stranger eyes. Yes, I see them still; the same old Whiskers, Mickey Drippin, Fat

Ben, Pickles, Nebuchadnezzar, Lazarus, Slops, Mousey—God bless them! I see them all now as I did then, marching before me along the silent byways of the Past.

Where are those boyish faces now? Yet boys indeed no longer, but living men,—men in the noblest sense, I hope—or restful souls in the blest eternal Heavens.

They have marched by. I hear the last faint footsteps sounding away in the long green avenues of Memory. Ring the curtain down again. The last has gone.

Some of those days were indeed sunshine to me at times;—some of the warm and generous though fitful beams of happiness that occasionally lighted up my soul and brought laughter to my lips. In this spirit have I paused for a moment in reflection; and yet how much longer I could linger on these memories I cannot tell, but I must stay the pen and with a longing regret I bid adieu to my old dear school-mates, for all of whom I cherish a warm affection still. Something like a pang thrills through me as I write these words. It seems like a farewell for ever, but it may not be. They are gone, and like chaff are scattered to the winds, the majority of whose boyish faces (I cannot think of them as men) I may see no more.

And the school? Yes, I love that too with its old crusty-looking walls mouldering by the breath of Time, within whose embrace I have spent many a dreary loveless hour; yet I cannot help but look it with a sacred worship I cannot tell, mellowing and ripening as it does as years roll on. The master has gone too, many years ago, and a new one has taken his place. But there are no "Whiskers" or "Mickey Drippin" now. They are all gone and a new generation has stepped in. The old has ceased. It is many years now since last I saw those hallowed walls. Yet I never, never pass or think of them without some pangs of remembrances — regrets and pleasures, laughter and tears—all crowding upon me as I fondly linger on the past.

SHE KNELT BY THE PROSTRATE FORM

O, the childish dreams that swept through my mind day by day after leaving school, as I trudged along, buffeted from

pillar to post, in my vain endeavours to get employment! From shop to shop I went, from coal-mine to coal-mine to earn some bread-and-cheese, in however humble a capacity, keeping watch some days in my travels over some standing horse's head. O, the mockery of the thing! A monster of an animal, as it seemed to me then, watched and protected by a mite like me, that a moderate breath of wind might blow away!

"Poor little chap!" some kind heart whispered one hot day in August as she knelt by my prostrate form in a harvest-field where I had got a couple of days' work at sixpence a day; "poor little chap; he's fainted," and so it seemed I partially had when I rallied. My anxiety and the work had been too much for my fragile body and mind. I had fainted away with hunger and exhaustion, and I went home crying bitterly and broken-hearted. My poor dear mother, as she always did—God bless you, my mother!—anointed my drooping spirits with her precious tears and kisses of encouragement.

Looking back now I know not what I should have done without those blessings. I should, like many others without such a mother, have fallen by the way.

O, how cold, how black, how desolate (God of my soul! *Thou* knowest!) the world seemed to me at this time! I knew my dear mother was bending beneath the heavy load. But better things were in store.

Passing over a short period of my existence as a baker's handy-boy—where I verily believe I ate more in one day than I earned in a week!—I find myself one Monday morning installed as a junior-boy on the high-legged stool of a lawyer's office at three shillings per week.

That modest stipend was stipulated as being by way of a "commencing salary," but after remaining there for nearly three years I saw no prospect of an increase. Thinking therefore under the circumstances that it was about time I shifted my quarters, I looked out elsewhere. My poor old master, who was related by marriage to one of her late Majesty's Cabinet Ministers, had fallen (like me!) on evil days, and could not afford the punctual discharge of my small wage. When I left I found him my debtor to the extent of nine shillings, and this I received at different anxious periods by way of instalments of sixpences and threepenny-bits, until the old score was wiped off, and he could look his late office-boy once more in the face.

In the meantime I had started with a neighbouring lawyer who had just opened an office, and from him I received four shillings a week (and regularly paid, into the bargain—a great consideration to me), and "perquisites" in the way of old clothes.

By progressive steps I received in course of time ten shillings a week (I was still selling my old papers on Friday and Saturday nights, but chiefly now confined to my standing customers), and so on, and on and on, until——

Well, well, twenty years and more have swiftly come and gone since then, and now perhaps I may dip my pen in other ink than tears.

And yet looking back again for a moment a great sadness overwhelms me as I reflect that my mother was not to see the end of all those struggles of my early days. She, above all the rest of the living world, was the only one whose loving and approving caresses at my better fortune I had hoped and longed for. The approving smiles of others, in comparison, were as nothing to me. I wanted not nor cared for them. For even at that young age I knew and felt success would come. I know not to this day *why;* but to me it was as of some constant soul-encouraging words of Hope or God-sent whispering message, sent from All Mysterious Heaven, that buoyed my drooping spirits and impelled me always forward without for once a thought of looking back. But my mother's life, for God's unknown purpose, was denied me. Night after night and morning after morning did I fall on my little knees and prayed to Heaven—O, so fervently!—"Please God, make dear mother better, for Jesus' sake." But it was not to be. Those heart-breaking entreaties were sent to Heaven from a child's all-confiding heart. In Heaven they shall remain—nothing can rob me of that—as a record of my anguish, for all time.

That young mother died with the stings of Want and Suffering branded on her saintly soul. God knows if ever a little child's confiding supplications to Heaven were sincere, mine were; and yet it was not to be. She never saw her broken-hearted Davy grow to successful manhood.

The Song of the Nightingale

SOPHOCLES long ago heard it by the Ægean: heard the self-same song that found a path through the sad heart of Ruth, "when sick for home she stood in tears amid the alien corn"; and there is scarcely a poet of note but has endeavoured to interpret in one way or another the song of the nightingale.

A writer in Chambers' *Book of Days*, Vol. i, p. 514, says—"The poets have applied more epithets to this bird than probably to any other object in creation." The gentleman so favourably known to the public under the pseudonym of Cuthbert Bede, collected and published in *Notes and Queries* no less than one hundred and thirteen simple adjectives epithetically bestowed upon the nightingale by British poets; and the present writer, in the same periodical, added sixty-five more to the number. But poets differ as to the character of the song; and it is with this difference that the present article proposes to deal. Broadly speaking, the poets fall into one or other of two classes: those who agree with Milton's "Most musical, most melancholy," and those who range beside the "'Tis the merry Nightingale" of Coleridge. There is hardly room for doubt that the sensations of the bird while singing are pleasant; the question turns upon the nature of the feelings which are produced in the listener by the notes and cadences of the song.

It seems probable, to say the least of it, that an ideal strain of melancholy has been read into the song from the acquaintance of the poets with the legend of Philomel. Tereus, king of the Thracians in Daulis, married Procne, daughter of Pandion, king of Attica. Becoming enamoured of her sister Philomela, Tereus fetched her to visit his wife. But having wronged her he cut out her tongue that she might not reveal his conduct. Philomela, however, managed to acquaint her sister with the story of her shame, by a few words woven by her into a peplus. The sisters fled, pursued by Tereus, who was changed by the gods into a hawk, Procne becoming a swallow, and Philomela being changed into a nightingale. Such is the story in brief; but, like all classical legends, there are several *variæ lectiones*. The old English superstition with regard to the nightingale's song may be gathered from these lines of Richard Barnefield (*circa* 1574)—

> "Every thing did banish moan,
> Save the nightingale alone.
> She, poor bird, as all forlorn
> Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
> And there sang the dolefull'st ditty
> That to hear it was great pity."

References in English poetry to the Attic Bird are so numerous, that one is at a loss where to begin or with whom to end. There is the sonnet "To a Nightingale" by Drummond of Hawthornden. Milton also has a sonnet "To the Nightingale," full of dewy sylvan beauty, with no trace of the "Most melancholy" in it—

> "Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
> While the jolly hours lead on propitious May."

It must be admitted, however, that the expression "Most melancholy" is in perfect harmony with its setting. Spoken in the character of the melancholy man, it has a dramatic propriety.

In Book III. of *Paradise Lost* the poet speaks of the wakeful bird—an epithet recurring in Book IV., "all but the wakeful nightingale." In the same book the epithet "the solemn bird" (of silent night) occurs twice. In Book VII. it is "the solemn nightingale."

In *Comus* it is "the love-lorn nightingale (which) nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well." The lines in *Il Penseroso* are too familiar to require quotation. Wordsworth is, I suppose, in a peculiar fashion the poet of nature. We find him referring to the "lusty nightingale"; the "good sweet nightingale"; the "gentle nightingale, the creature of a fiery heart." Again at the bidding of Fancy—

> "Ancient lays
> "Steeped in dire grief, the voice of Philomel":

while, as a *per contra*, she "salutes with gladsome note the rising moon." And once more it is—

> "A strain of joyance holy
> Which the sweet bird, misnamed the melancholy,
> Pours forth in shady groves."

Coleridge's poem, "The Nightingale," formed one of the famous *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. It is perhaps the finest of all

Coleridge's poems in blank verse. After girding at

"Youths and maidens most poetical
Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres,"

and who

"Heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains,"

he thus continues—

'We have learnt
A different lore; we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance. 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music.
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's songs
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all."

Hartley Coleridge, "meet son of a poetic sire," is at a loss to know whether the song is sad or joyous. It is as sweet, as loud, as gay as the lark's.

"Yet ever and anon a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth."

Every one knows Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," the most perfect, surely, of the five perfect odes for which our literature is his eternal debtor. In it

"The light-winged Dryad of the trees
Singeth of summer in full-throated ease—
'O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim;
Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;'"

surely there is nothing of the "melancholy" in the witchery of these lines.

If we open Tennyson's poems we shall find the references to the nightingale's song few in number and of but moderate poetic quality. Sometimes, "No nightingale delighteth to prolong her low preamble all alone;" sometimes, "the nightingale sings loud, as though he were the bird of day;" sometimes, "the whispers of the leaves tremble round a nightingale in sighs, which perfect joy, perplext for utterance, steals from her sister Sorrow." Sometimes about us "peals the nightingale," while anon "bubbles the nightingale and heeds not." And once more, and finally, it is the

"Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden through the budded quicks,"

in whom

"fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy."

"Swinburne," said Tennyson, "is a lute through which all airs blow to music."

In his *Itylus*—as might be expected from a poet steeped to the lips in Grecian lore and emotion—the central thoughts are pain and sorrow. Not a line but re-echoes "the grief of the old time"; not a verse but "goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow"

"To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian Sea."

So, too, the Arch-Anti-Philistine, Matthew Arnold, in his *Philomela*—

"O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain,
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain.
. . . . . .
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest?
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!"

More than one musician has attempted to express in musical form the song of the nightingale. The vocables, "jug, jug," have been used by many observers to render certain cadences in the song; we may instance Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies as well-known naturalists; and, more recently, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in the love-letters of Rhona Boswell, has

"There'll be no jug, jug of the nightingale
For her wot waits the comin' o' the swallow."

References to the nightingale and her song are very numerous in classic poetry, but these would be out of place in "an English matter, written in the English speech, for English men."

W. LEARMONTH.

The Critic on the Hearth[1]

BY JOHN A. STEUART

OF all the benefits of fate or fortune none is more to be desired than friendship.

I announced this with some little show of authority, meaning it to be accepted without question or demur. All persons of experience are aware that the effect of a statement commonly depends less on the thing said than on the manner of saying it. There are exceptions. A death sentence pronounced in the voice of a dove is every whit as terrible as if it were passed in tones of thunder. But the general fact is as I have stated. The difference between orator and orator lies mainly in the quality of style as distinct from matter. The same thought appears sublime or commonplace, dull or inspiring, according to the lips which utter it. Hence the moral for all young preachers, politicians *et hoc genus omne*—"Look to your delivery; beware of going to sleep on your legs." Demosthenes is supposed to have understood something of the art of oratory, and you remember his advice. Some men, I proceeded, deftly blocking a remark from Solomon, deliver an affirmation like a knock-down blow; these are the muscular, brawny (not necessarily brainy) fellows, the cock-sure, deep-chested demagogues who heave fragments of fact at you like giants hurling rocks, and thus become masters of popular assemblies; others present incontrovertible truths with an air of diffidence as if apologising for a rude intrusion. These are never effectual with the crowd, which likes a brave display of confidence. Were not Luther's words half battles? If you think of it Reformations are not accomplished by sucking doves nor with rose-water.

You always thought it was a question of ideas, did you? Pray what is your age? for that is the sentiment of very young persons. Do you imagine that the mind is a sort of lucky-bag, into which one may dip for a new idea at pleasure with the certainty of drawing a prize? Believe me, the stock of ideas is really ridiculously small. Intellectually the world gets along by turning its capital over and over, directing it into new channels, putting it to fresh uses. I do not know at what point in the scale of thought the infant brain begins its career. Very near zero I suspect. The difference between Abraham or Jacob's conceptions of finance and those of the British Treasury or the governor and directors of the Bank of England, is almost wholly a matter of training.

"Are you not making headlong for a fallacy?" inquired the Curate softly. "Please bear in mind that memorable saying of Goethe, 'The older I grow the more I value natural gifts, because by no ingenuity can they be bought and stuck on.' Does not that seem to touch the truth?"

Certainly, I responded, and what is more, I am wholly with Goethe. On questions of finance I dare say Abraham and Jacob thought just as lucidly and effectively as our highly-trained permanent officials at the Exchequer. Indeed, I am disposed to question the value of the permanent system. Secure berths and assured pensions appear to make men mentally sluggish and incompetent. But that is by the way. To return to our point, has any living man an absolutely original idea? If so I shall be grateful for his name and address, so that I may render him homage. The truth is, ideas are very much like ladies.

"Like ladies?" cried the young lady classic, lifting her eyebrows.

Like ladies, I repeated. The difference between one and another is chiefly one of get-up. An idea dressed, so to speak, Paris fashion, will command polite attention where the same idea in humble ill-cut cotton would be despised or ignored. What distinguishes Shakespeare above all other mortals is his regal way of putting things. His materials are the common possession of mankind; his sovereignty lies in his

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instinct for effect. I was therefore following great examples when I said with an air of indisputable truth that of all the benefits of fate or fortune none is more to be desired than friendship. Yes, I went on, he who is blessed with one friend in whom his soul can trust is fortunate, and ought to be happy. There may be honour among thieves (a very questionable proverb), but assuredly there can be no friendship, since it can exist between good men only.

"So you have been reading Cicero," quoth the Curate, as one who should gently insinuate, 'Don't imagine you can crib without risk of detection.'

One may as well take from Cicero as from another, I responded, without a blush for my supposed felony.

"Oh ho!" cried Solomon. "Come now, that *is* good. Since when has it become lawful to steal?"

Who says it is lawful to steal? I demanded. Hence the goodness to take care how you impute dishonesty. Many a man has been ruined for life by being called a thief or even suspected of having tarry fingers. To say that a man appropriates illegally is tantamount to saying he would pick your pocket on a favourable chance or commit robbery with violence, if the night were dark and his courage sufficient.

"No need to commit robbery with violence," put in the Colonel. "In this enlightened age the law provides ample opportunity for appropriating quite legally what belongs to others. One has only to be clever enough."

"It might be well worth studying the law," remarked Solomon with a smirk.

Touching the diffusion of thought, I said, let me state for the information of all concerned that the law recognises no property in an idea. It will grant you copyright in a book for the brief space of forty years or so; but every idea in that book may be taken on the day after publication, and you have no legal remedy. You see copyright is granted, not for the idea but for the form in which the idea is presented. Wherefore he who takes the idea and gives it a new dress commits no theft. You, sir, I added, addressing Solomon, are every day in your business appropriating the ideas of your rivals and predecessors. Shall I in consequence dub you thief? Heaven forbid. I once knew a young clergyman (I decline to name his church) who in a trial sermon took the discourse of a famous divine, and interpolated *one sentence.* That, if you like, is bordering on dishonesty.

"Was he found out?" asked Solomon, scenting sport.

No, I answered, and therein he had the advantage of authors. You may know that when an author is caught in the felony called plagiarism reviewers have a pleasant habit of showing him up in parallel columns. During recent years the parallel column system has been a good deal in evidence.

"Proving that authors are not always so honest as they might be," quoth Solomon with a grin. "I'd have every writer or preacher who stole held up in parallel columns."

"Then you'd have some very respectable and distinguished people in the pillory," put in the Colonel. "But let me ask a question. Was Matthew Arnold guilty of petty larceny when he adopted Swift's phrase 'Sweetness and light'? or Beaconsfield when remembering his Burke he spoke of 'Peace with honour'? or Gray and Tennyson when they had the whole body of classics under contribution? or Shakespeare when he took all that fell in his way? You cannot maintain it with any show of reason."

Great minds observe a generous commerce in such things, I remarked. Permit me to submit this axiom: *As there is no friendship in business so there can be no business in friendship.*

"Is it original?" queried Solomon, with a meaning expression. This young person can be extremely offensive. Being still in the vealy stage he is imbued with the notion that what he does not know is not worth knowing. Moreover, he itches to combine a talent for business, which he defines as the ability to make money, with a reputation for wit. This makes him a trying table companion. For except your would-be humorist, no mortal is so great a bore as your would-be wit with his childish sallies and fatuous ambushes. Consider this, I pursued, ignoring his frivolous question. True friendship is indivisible. The Spanish proverb assures us that a good friend is better than a near relation. Not every one, however, I remarked, I hope not too pointedly, deserves this choicest of blessings. Some people go on the notion that a friend is a person designed by Providence to be used for one's own selfish interest or benefit. I know men who chuckle over their own cleverness when they gain an advantage at the expense of unsuspecting friends. The cynic professes to regard a friend as one from whom to borrow money. There are many who if equally sordid are much less candid. To use a friend as a tool or a stepping-stone is perhaps the meanest act of which even

meanness is capable. My own rule when I catch any one attempting to make capital out of me under the guise of friendship is to give that person no second opportunity. He betrays my confidence and insults my intelligence—things not to be forgiven.

"Can friends do nothing for each other then?" asked Solomon.

On the contrary, I answered, friends can do everything for each other. But the aid sought and given will be free from all taint or suspicion of policy. As friendship is the high ideal of mutual affection and esteem, so all its actions must be pure and voluntary. A man of honour would feel it as keen a disgrace to be suspected of making friendship a thing of trade or intrigue as of being convicted of peculation. To a friend you throw your house and your bosom open. He is freely admitted to your confidence. Very often he knows your business and your resources. To turn his knowledge to account meanly or dishonourably is surely the height or depth of a sneaking depravity. The man who, from greed, ambition, or any motive whatsoever, injures his friend, may indeed accumulate wealth, may even be lauded in pulpit or press as a public benefactor and held up as an example for aspiring youth; but there is one thing he cannot be.

"What is that?" asked Solomon.

A gentleman, I replied. For a gentleman is one who is not only capable of chivalry but incapable of the reverse. Are we touching the ideals of Christianity? Well! I venture to affirm that no mean man, no intriguer, no self-seeker, none who tries to make of his friends instruments in the attainment of his own selfish objects is or ever can be worthy of veneration or reverence. The Colonel sat up in eager interest; the Curate looked at me with a strange illumination of face.

Lest the statement be thought too strong, let me justify it, I said. Tell me this, speaking humanly, who in every turn and act of His life typifies our loftiest, noblest ideals of humanity?

"The Founder of Christianity," answered the Curate in a low voice.

You have given the answer in a word, I returned. Does it not follow that the true gentleman is the true Christian? And let me remind you that it needs a rare high courage to keep one's faith unsullied. What a pity that friends should so often make the ordeal harder than it need be. I sometimes try to picture the look on Christ's face when Peter denied Him. The false disciple bestowing the traitor's kiss could scarcely have caused a keener pain than did that denial. For a moment Peter forgot to be a gentleman.

"He repented," said the Curate.

Fortunately for us, he repented. What do you think his feelings were when he heard the cock crow and remembered the Master's words? Do you imagine the bitter tears he shed could ever wash out the memory of that disgrace? As long as he lived the thought of it must have rankled in Peter's mind like a secret canker. One may fancy him starting out of sleep, shuddering in a cold sweat as the memory of his own cowardice came back to him.

There was a moment's silence, and then the young lady classic asked wistfully, "How are you to distinguish the false friend from the true?"

It is not always easy. The paste diamond is so like the genuine article that it may well deceive. But there is one infallible test by which you may detect the false friend, namely, that when in his own shrewd phrase he has got what he wants out of you, he turns away to bestow his precious friendship on some one else who may be useful to him in turn. His policy is ever that of the astute father who in advising his son on the great question of matrimony spoke thus: "Get love and money if you can, but in any case get money." The false friend, like the sordid lover, has for sole aim and purpose the feathering of his own nest. His professions, his saccharine speeches, his subtle flatteries, his empty confidences, his well-feigned looks of agreement and sympathy are all directed to that end. He turns you to his own purpose; that done you are cast aside like a sucked orange. To change the figure, he uses you as a ladder, and when he has reached the top kicks you away.

"Is it wicked to feel glad that he sometimes falls?" asked the young lady classic.

"And falls without a friend, my dear," said the Colonel. "That is the fate of the ingrate. Most other vices have some tincture of virtue, but ingratitude is unalloyed. In my experience I have found that the ungrateful man is the cruel man, the unjust man, in every way the objectionable and intolerable man. He is at the same time the blind man. For apart from moral considerations, ingratitude is rank bad policy. No man can really afford to be ungrateful. Even princes have found this out. Many a defeated and deposed king would have been left to enjoy his kingdom in peace but for the twin vices of pride and ingratitude. The

same vices are every day proving disastrous to common men. It has been said that he who has one enemy has precisely that number too many, and that he who has a thousand friends has none to spare. The all-wise Shakespeare says this also—

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

"Probably one of the most difficult tasks in life is to keep friendships unimpaired," said the Curate thoughtfully. "When you see two men who have been steadfast friends through good and evil report, through adversity and prosperity, rest assured that however appearances may be against them there must be at the core of each something noble and lovable. No radically bad man ever kept a friend long."

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to inform us what friendship really is," said Solomon in his superior way.

The Curate referred him to the story of Jonathan and David for enlightenment.

And if you desire a definition, I added, let us return to Cicero, who defines friendship thus: "A complete accord in all subjects human and divine, joined with mutual good-will and affection." He is of opinion that except wisdom nothing better than this has been given to man by the immortal gods. As you perceive, the first condition of genuine friendship is absolute confidence. Do not run away with the inference that we are justified in turning our friends into confessional boxes in order to relieve our overburdened souls. There must always be a point at which the rest is silence. "Aye keep something to yourself ye scarcely tell to any," is prudent advice, though it came from the most imprudent of poets. Nevertheless, where we have to be for ever on our guard, picking our words, qualifying our phrases, weighing, modifying, withholding, there may indeed be the semblance of friendship but not the reality.

"Have you not forgotten something?" asked the Colonel politely. "Must there not be first a mutual attraction due to qualities which are really indefinable? Doubtless you remember what Montaigne says on the point, 'If I am asked to give a reason why I loved him, I find it cannot be expressed otherwise than by saying: Because it was he; because it is I.' That plummet, I think, sinks to the divine element which underlies all. If so, it is true then that the origin of friendship must be spontaneous affection."

The young lady classic looked at the Curate, her eyes shining with a soft intelligence. *Because it is he; because it is I.* Could any more be said of a feeling which is inexpressible?

"I have one serious objection to Cicero," she said, as if from interest in the conversation, but in reality to divert attention from her own radiant face. "He has the Roman contempt for women. Are women incapable of friendship? I know Montaigne says they are. But I don't believe Montaigne."

"Neither do I," chimed in the Colonel promptly. "I am not sufficiently versed in the records of the sex to say what friendships exist between women; but I do know that many a man owes success and happiness to the friendship of a woman. I rather thought the heresy about her incapacity for friendship had gone the way of so many other heresies. I am sure it ought to have been exploded long ago."

"Some one said just now that one of the most difficult things in life is to preserve the glow of friendship," remarked Solomon. "Have any of your wise men rules to give for its preservation?"

One wise man, I responded, has laid this down as the first rule, that we are to ask from our friends only what is right and good. That does not perhaps take us very far, though to the intelligent it is significant enough. The truth, however, is that the man or woman who needs rules has no gift or aptitude for friendship, and will never excel in that delicate art which sweetens life, enhances the joy of prosperity, and lightens the burden of adversity. For full fruition it requires not only the mutual sympathy, the good-will, the unfailing courtesy and consideration for others which have been already mentioned, but an innate geniality, for the most part unconscious of itself and diffused over the whole nature like sunshine. As to the why and the wherefore it is doubtful whether we can improve on Montaigne's "Because it is he; because it is I." And the very intangibility of friendship makes it the most valuable asset in social life. He who has one real friend is not to be accounted poor; he who has none cannot be rich though his investments be reckoned in millions.

"Two friends on the road, two heads in council;
Each thinks for each and finds the better way."

From that Homeric ideal let us deduce this simple precept—If you would be happy cherish your friends. Life has nothing better to give.

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Education and Democracy in the United States

As is well known, education, both elementary and secondary, throughout the United States is free. In many States the text-books and stationery are also supplied to the pupils free of cost, and every boy and girl, between the ages of four and seventeen, can have the advantages of schooling, not adapted to the needs of the working classes, but aimed at giving a thoroughly good education to rich and poor alike. When a pupil has been through the primary, grammar, and high-school grades, and graduates at sixteen or seventeen, he is supposed to be fully ready to enter college, or, if he does not intend to take a university course, to be able to hold his own as far as education is concerned in business and social life. It is therefore a little surprising to find a complaint becoming more and more general that poor people cannot afford to allow their children to graduate from the high schools. Nor is this complaint founded on the loss to the family from keeping the children so long out of wage-earning. It is due to the fact that the boys and girls of the wealthier classes have gradually and by unwritten law—which is always more powerful than statute—made many heavy expenses obligatory on the graduates. It is unwritten law, but law very hard for a girl to break, that every girl on graduation shall have two new dresses—one white for the graduation exercises, presentation of certificates, etc., and one coloured for the class exercises, when the youthful students come out as orators and poets, and join in the class songs. Another unwritten law compels contributions for the decorations, music, and other expenses which usually accompany the closing of the school year. In several of the smaller New England towns an active crusade has been started against these heavy and growing expenses. Such a crusade against what is "the proper thing," and what is by no means obligatory, can only be successful when taken up with spirit by some of the social leaders among the pupils. But the agitation of the question bids fair to arouse a determination to resist this aggression on the democratic principles on which the American system of education is founded.—A. G. P.

A University's Old Clothes

TUSKEGEE and Hampton—the celebrated institutions for the education of negroes and Indians—have a curious link of connexion with Harvard University, Massachusetts. It is nothing else than the fact that the students at these excellent but not wealthy establishments are largely clothed in garments that have already done duty at Harvard. At the close of the college session at Harvard there is a systematic collection from all the students of every kind of clothing—coats, vests, trousers, underwear, boots, stockings, hats, and ties. This collection is done under the auspices of the Students' Volunteer Association, which has its head-quarters at Brooks House. Brooks House, named in honour of Phillips Brooks, it may be said in passing, is the centre of very much of the religious and philanthropic life of the University. A student is appointed collector for each dormitory, and it is his duty not only to take charge of all the contributions, but also to bring to the notice of each student in the dormitory the purpose and past achievements of the work. As there are about four thousand students at Harvard, and as a large proportion belong to wealthy families, it will readily be seen that such collections include much of considerable value. As soon as all are in, the work of assorting begins. First of all cases are prepared to send to Hampton and Tuskegee. To Tuskegee go all the old boots and shoes, because Tuskegee is particularly well equipped in its industrial departments to make the half-worn boots again serviceable. The clothing sent to these Southern institutions is carefully selected to be suitable for the students. More expensive and dressy clothes are sent to a local mission in Boston, and are sold for its benefit. Hats all go to the Salvation Army head-quarters, as it is not found worth while to send these articles South. After the collection has been sorted over, the remaining articles are packed and sent to the Seamen's Friend Society of Boston and to other local charities which can make good use of them. It is, however, in the cases dispatched to Tuskegee and Hampton that the students take most interest, and many a scarcely half-worn coat that otherwise might be held back is added to the pile from the conviction that it is just the thing to suit a dusky student away down in Virginia or Alabama.

A. G. P.

A Labour Government in Australia

THE Commonwealth of Australia by the changes of political parties in the Legislature is now under the guidance of a purely Labour

Ministry, with Mr. John Christian Watson as Prime Minister.

It will be interesting to see what the new ministers will do, with only twenty-three supporters, opposed by the united opposition of forty-six. So far they appear determined to go cautiously and bring in moderate measures, but if they insist on drastic legislation they will inevitably fail, and this might give us a strong coalition government which would hold office for a very long time. An acute stage, however, has already been reached in a matter of administration.

The South Australian State Government gave orders for the landing of certain Chinese who were returning from a visit to China at Port Darwin in the Northern Territory, and the new Ministry promptly had them arrested and sent to gaol for infringing the Alien Immigration Act. The matter will certainly reach the High Court, but it serves to show the kind of tension that may ere long become chronic between State and Commonwealth.

The Labour Party in the Commonwealth Houses is composed, on the whole, of a much finer type of men than the same party in the State Legislature, and many of them are men of real ability. The two most outstanding men of the new Ministry are Mr. Watson the Prime Minister and Mr. Higgins the Attorney-General. Mr. Watson was a journeyman printer, and it says much for him that he has reached his high post at the early age of thirty-seven. Mr. Higgins is the only outsider who has been included. Though of ultra-radical views, and always voting with the party, he was not a pledged member of the caucus, but as leader of the Equity bar in Victoria, his legal standing is very great, and his inclusion was a certainty, as the Labour section are very weak in legal talent. The son of a Methodist clergyman, he is a man of outstanding ability, a K.C., and a former member of the Victorian State House.

A. J. W.

Water Conservation in Australia

A CANDIDATE at a recent political meeting in discussing the land question in Australia said, "We have far too few rivers in this country," and a voice from the audience answered, "Make some." That sums up the position exactly. Australia is, unfortunately, devoid, except in some northern and eastern parts, of the fine, free-flowing rivers of the American type, that would mean so much to the prosperity of this land.

Sir G. Sydenham Clarke once said in a speech here, that the finest thing that could have happened to Australia would have been the formation of a great mountain range through the centre of the continent, from which rivers might have flowed to the Pacific and Indian Oceans respectively.

The Australian determination, in default of Nature's gift, is to "make some," and the problem is being solved in two ways. First, by the artesian bores that have been put down so largely in the northern areas. Water has always been struck, a fact which lends additional strength to the theory that a vast inland sea lies beneath the surface of Central Australia, and the flow from the bores, the daily output of which is in some cases enormous, finds a channel for itself, and becomes not only a supply for millions of stock, but gradually helps to fertilise a district and neutralise a scanty rainfall. In the less arid parts where there is a fair or good rainfall in winter, but where the long summer causes a shortage ultimately, the necessity for storing the fall for future distribution becomes paramount.

In Victoria, the smallest and perhaps most favoured of the States on the continent of Australia, over £5,000,000 have been spent in this work, and it is felt that only a beginning has yet been made. The State Premier has placed irrigation prominently in his policy, and has given the portfolio of Water Supply to Mr. George Swinburne, an engineer of repute, who is a recognised expert on the subject.

One of the chief concerns of the new policy will be to give a full supply of water to those trusts that have up to the present been but inadequately served, and to extend the scheme of irrigation in those districts where agriculture cannot be profitably carried on owing to a defective rainfall. The work will be carried out under two heads, first by the intense culture of small areas, and then by the irrigation of dry districts on a large scale.

If this policy be well sustained we ought certainly to succeed in retaining our present population and in attracting a good class of settler who will remain permanently the backbone of our country, and it is apparent to all who make any study of our conditions here, that if we are to succeed we must follow the example of California, of Egypt, and of India, and irrigate. When that is fully done, Australia will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Alfred Deakin, late Prime Minister; to Dr. Moorhouse, late Bishop of Manchester, and others.—A. J. W.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Relics of Vanished Lakes

AT an altitude of nearly eight thousand feet on the Great Aletsch Glacier, Switzerland, there is a beautiful blue-green lake called the Märjelen See. The glacier passing by the mouth of the lake acts as a barrier to the water, and thus transforms what would have been a tributary valley into a lake-basin. Evidence of the former existence of similar glacier lakes in Scotland was discussed by Sir Archibald Geikie in a recent address to the Geological Society of London. The "parallel roads" of Glen Roy, Argyllshire, are the most famous instance of this kind; and their character is clearly shown in the accompanying picture. Running along the sides of the glen at altitudes from about eight hundred to eleven hundred feet are three parallel terraces which are believed to represent the margins of ancient lakes formed when the mouth of the glen was dammed by an ice-barrier. Each of these terraces consists of sediment which has been washed from the slopes above into the waters of the vanished lake. Here and there, especially on more exposed projections of the hillsides, there has been a little cutting back by the shore waves or drifting ice-floes of the old lake in the glen, but these breaks are scarcely discernible, the lake margins forming almost continuous horizontal lines. There are other examples of shore-lines of ancient lakes in Scotland, but none are more striking than those of Glen Roy.

From a photograph *by Mr. W. Lamond Hore*

GLEN ROY, ARGYLLSHIRE

The straight lines running horizontally along the hillsides show the margins at different epochs of a lake which once filled the glen.

Photographs of Living Whales

THE pictures of living whales which are used as illustrations in popular literature, and also in many scientific books, are in nearly all cases reproduced from drawings more remarkable as works of imagination than as truthful representations of nature. Very few photographs of living whales have been obtained, so that those by Mr. F. W. True, reproduced here from a recent publication of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A., are of real value. The photographs were taken from the bow of a whaling steamer in Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland; and they all represent the common finback whale alive and in motion. While the photographs show little of the whale's form, they do represent with accuracy the appearance of the animal in its natural environment, and also give some idea of its actions and attitudes while swimming. Mr. True states that a very characteristic appearance of a finback whale as

it courses along the surface is represented in the first picture, which shows a whale that has spouted, and is preparing to descend with its head under water and its back slightly arched. A whale which has spouted is shown in the second picture; and the slight haze at the left of the head is due to its vapoury breath. A closer view of a whale after spouting is represented in the third picture. Though these pictures are not so striking as those in which a whale is shown standing up like a buoy or poised on its tail on the top of the water, they have the merit of accuracy and will serve to correct wrong impressions often conveyed by pictorial representations of the animal.

PREPARING TO DESCEND

AFTER SPOUTING

SIMILAR ATTITUDE, NEARER VIEW

Gold in the British Isles

A PAPER by Mr. J. M. Maclaren, recently read before the Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, brings together all the references to the occurrence of gold in Great Britain and Ireland, from the time of Strabo, who about 19 A.D. mentioned gold and silver as among the products of Britain, to the present day. Of the early Roman gold-workings in our country there are no authentic remains; but it is generally supposed that the old workings of Ogofau, near the village of Pumpsant, about twelve miles from Llandovery, are evidences of Roman occupation and of their search for gold. Native gold has been found in most of the Cornish tin-streams flowing to the south. In Devon the existence of gold has been known for many centuries, the principal auriferous locality being at North Molton. Gold has also been found at Goldscope, Cumberland, and Whalton, Somerset. In Merionethshire, gold-mining has been actively carried on for many years, and the actual value of the gold produced from 1887 to 1901 amounted to nearly £290,000. There are many Scottish gold localities, but the chief is the district of Leadhills, Southern Lanarkshire. The gold of this area is found in the streams as fine dust; but small nuggets also occur, the largest on record having a weight of twenty-seven ounces. In Ireland, Wicklow appears to be the most notable gold locality. The largest nugget found there was picked up by a party of peasants in 1795 and weighed twenty-two ounces. The total yield of gold in Great Britain and Ireland, with the exception of the Leadhills area, is estimated at £413,000, nearly half of which has been obtained during the past fourteen years. The outlook for gold-working in Wicklow, Sutherland, Leadhills or Cornwall is not regarded by Mr. Maclaren as very promising, but he considers the auriferous district of North Wales as capable of being worked with decided commercial success.

Varieties

Mark Twain and the Bishop

BISHOP WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, of Albany, was at one time rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and at this church Mark Twain was an occasional attendant. Twain one Sunday played a joke on the rector. "Doctor Doane," he said at the end of the service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Doctor Doane.

"I have so," said the humorist.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," Twain replied. The next morning he sent to the rector an unabridged dictionary.

Wolfe and Gray's "Elegy"

THE autograph letter of Sir Walter Scott to Southey, recently disinterred by Mr. Birrell, should be noted and preserved, as verifying an anecdote on which time had cast doubt:—

"On the night when Wolfe crossed the river with his small army they passed in the men-of-war's long boats and launches, and the General himself in the Admiral's barge. The young midshipman who steered the boat was John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, a man of high scientifick attainments. I have repeatedly heard the Professor say that during part of the passage Wolfe pulled out of his pocket and read to officers around (or, perhaps, repeated) Gray's celebrated Elegy in a Country Churchyard. I do not know if the recitation was not so well received as he expected, but he said, with a good deal of animation, 'I can only say, Gentlemen, that, if the choice were mine, I would rather be the author of these verses than win the battle which we are to fight to-morrow morning.' It must not be supposed that this was a matter of serious election, but it was a strong way of expressing his love of literature. I have (heard) Mr. Robison tell the story repeatedly, for his daughter became the wife of my intimate friend Lord Erskine."

A New American Dish

AT restaurants in California one may hear orders given for "abalone chowder," "abalone soup," "abalone steak." Abalone shells are displayed profusely in the curio stores, shells of great beauty and variety of colour.

The abalone industry is one of the important industries of the coast. At Pt. Firmin you will see a big cannery, half-an-acre of ground covered with trays in which the shells are curing, and you will notice a small village of shanties, the occupants of which all subsist upon the result of their catches of abalone.

A few years ago the abalone was sought simply for its shell, the beauty and lustre of which made it much desired by curio hunters and manufacturers of souvenirs. It was the Chinese who taught us that the meat was valuable also. The abalone fisheries have been chiefly in the hands of the Chinese many years. When properly prepared there are few more delicious dishes than abalone steak, and the soup and chowder are preferred by many to that prepared from clams.

This "fad" has had a wonderful effect upon the abalone industry, and last year more than 800,000 pounds of the meat was obtained and about 4,000,000 shells. The meat brings about five cents per pound at wholesale and the shells sold, at first hands, for $150,000.—*What-to-Eat.*

Astronomical Notes for September

THE Sun will be vertical over the Equator, passing from north to south, at noon on the 23rd, which is therefore the day of the autumnal equinox in the northern hemisphere. He will rise, on the first, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 5h. 14m. in the morning, and set at 6h. 46m. in the evening; on the 11th rise at 5h. 30m. and set at 6h. 23m.; and on the 21st rise at 5h. 46m. and set at 6h. 0m. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases will be: Last Quarter at 2h. 59m. on the morning of the 3rd; New at 8h. 43m. on the evening of the 9th; First Quarter at 3h. 13m. on the afternoon of the 16th; and Full at 5h. 50m. on that of the 24th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about a quarter past 7 o'clock on the evening of the 9th; and in apogee, or furthest from us, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd. Exceptionally high tides may be expected on the 9th and 10th. A total eclipse of the Sun will take place on the 9th, but it will not be visible in any part of Europe, Asia, or North America. The central line will pass over the Pacific Ocean to South America, on the western coast of which the Sun will set while eclipsed. An occultation of Aldebaran will take place after sunrise on the morning of the 30th lasting from 6h. 42m. to 7h. 10m. The planet Mercury will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 16th, but may be visible in the evening (situated in the constellation Virgo) at the beginning of the month, and in the morning (near the star Tau Leonis, of the fifth magnitude) at the end of it. Venus sets later each evening, moving from the constellation Leo into Virgo, and passing near the brightest star Spica, in the latter, on the 23rd. Mars rises a little earlier each morning, moving from Cancer into Leo; he will be about a degree due north of the bright star Regulus on the 28th. Jupiter rises about 8 o'clock in the evening, near the boundary of the constellations Pisces and Aries, and continues to increase in brilliancy; he will be near the Moon on the 26th, the conjunction taking place two hours after rising. Saturn is due south at 10 o'clock in the evening on the 9th, and at 9 o'clock on the 23rd; he will throughout the month be near the fourth magnitude star Iota Capricorni, and therefore never attain any great elevation in the heavens. He will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 20th.—W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

Clothes

THE dress of to-day differs from that of earlier ages in that it is not classified. The washerwoman on her holiday wears garments which the Greenlander might be unable to distinguish from those of a lady of fashion. Variety, which is the quest of the foolish rich, has descended to a humbler section of society, hence the universal expenditure on clothes for women which no one is able to justify and no one attempts to deny. Every business house in London and in Manchester, in Birmingham and Liverpool, in a word, everywhere throughout the kingdom, with the exception of those that deal in implements of war, or produce the accessories of field sports, live, move, and have their being with one eye and two-thirds of the other fixed on feminine requirements; three-fourths of all the periodical literature of the day depend for existence on the business houses that provide for women's necessities or fancies, the experienced say trade would be dead but for the things women must have.

* * * * * * *

Every age has found some potent pens to denounce female extravagance, and some of the writers were so severe and unjust that one feels sure they are sorry and ashamed now when it is too late; when having passed hence, they see the evil they did adding its quota to all evil. To denounce as universal and insuperable what is particular and remediable is to bear false witness where the record is already false enough. Extravagance is no worse than drunkenness, both can be stopped, provided the right people set to work in the right way; but neither is going to be stopped by a word from any one's lips or pen.

* * * * * * *

Both evils are entailed in great measure by society—meaning in this case associated human beings. All drinking habits begin in conviviality, only the savage drinks at the first because of the pleasantness of the fire-water; extravagance in clothes exists only where there are spectators to admire the effect. Now, before touching on the evil of clothes, it must be recognised that the instinct for seemly dress is not only productive of pleasure but of mental and moral elevation. To be dressed better than usual will impart even to the degenerate some consciousness of self-respect and some dim aspiration after achievement. I have often thought that the County Lunatic Asylums, in dressing the patients like Fifth of November figures, miss an important element in the curative process. To recognise one's own kinship with the scarecrow in the fields must entail some loss of hope and of courage. The garments of civilisation not only cover but express the individual. Has it ever occurred to any woman that in changing her wardrobe a score or a hundred times in the season, she is putting away the outline of her individuality To have bought a garment as costly as that possessed by the young nobleman whose place of abode is now being anxiously sought by his creditors, is, provided such costly covering were worn to a finish, less inimical to the character of the possessor than that weary quest for novelty, that unintelligent intention to show our versatility only through the capacity of our needlewomen, which characterise the Flora McFlimsys of to-day.

* * * * * * *

Here is what is called a modest estimate for the dress of a woman of moderate means. It is taken from the woman's page of a daily paper:—

Costumes	£2000	per annum.
Tailor	100	,, ,,
Underwear	70	,, ,,
Boots	80	,, ,,
Hats	172	,, ,,
Gloves, etceteras	90	,, ,,
Total . .	£2512	

A woman of immoderate means is supposed to be justifiably entitled to spend £6000 per annum in covering and uncovering her person. Most of these "costumes" will be worn at most four times, some of them only once, then they are sold for a trifle to second-hand dealers, who generally dispose of them for theatrical purposes to minor theatres.

* * * * * * *

Many of these dresses are never paid for; one result is that many dressmakers and milliners go annually into bankruptcy; another is that prices have universally risen, because those houses that mean to live must have a general profit somehow, the honest customers must recoup the losses entailed by the fraudulent. Materials are much cheaper than they were twenty years ago; ready-made clothing produced by sweated seamstresses is cheaper also; but a dress to measurements, if supplied by a fashionable dressmaker, costs a third more than it did at that period.

* * * * * * *

It is easy for the strong-minded to resolve to dress as they like, and to do it too; easy for them to keep to the limits of a modest dress allowance, just as it is easy for the temperate individual to take his glass of claret or of beer and go no further, but all are not strong-minded, and all are not temperate, and the weak have need of helps from the outside. The times are ready for an anti-extravagance league. There have been associated dress reformers and rational dress leagues, but, like many other well-meaning organisations, they began at the wrong end, attacked symptoms instead of the root of the malady, and effected little. The women who would wear rational dress—usually, to the sophisticated eye, a very uglifying process—are workers who want to effect something they have in view, and desire to do so under the most unhampered conditions. Now such people cannot expect to be leaders of a popular movement, their sympathies are in certain limited channels, and through these they need not expect to move the vasty deep of the average mind. They may lead those who are ready to set out in the same direction with them, but the vast community whose eyes are roving everywhere will only consent to be led when it is proved to them that a land they wot not of awaits them, and that it is flowing with milk and honey. Make women realise that the clothing care is a real care, narrowing their horizon, limiting their intelligence, hardening their hearts; convince them that joy is not in the multitude of one's possessions, but in ownership of the few and fit, and

then get pledges of abstinence from outlay beyond a certa n margin, so much for the poor, so much for the middle class—business or professional—so much for the loftier altitudes. The vows would not be universally taken at the first, but multitudes are ready for them this moment. A defined economy would entail invention, and popular rational dress would result. Here is an opportunity for that class of writer who spends time and makes money defaming her sex in the newspapers. Let her refrain from crying, "Woe is me!" at so much per line, let her grapple intelligently with an actual evil, and indicate to her friends the only remedy. It would not be difficult to find a President and Committee for the A. E. A. (Anti-Extravagance Association), the price of one smart toque would pay the entrance and annual fees, and leave a trifle over for the badge, and many a woman as she pinned this on her bosom would realise that she had become emancipated. Then how many men would think life infinitely better worth living and easier to compass by reason of the increased accommodation in the small house where "creations" and chiffons and smart things used to overflow, and would individually hope he was not dreaming as he viewed the strange rotundity of his *portemonnaie*. I commend this suggestion to "Rita," "Sarah Grand," and Company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LITERARY.

V. M. C.—Your "ghost story" is like all members of that fraternity. You heard it from a lady who heard it from a man who heard it from his servants who said they saw the ghost. Your letter makes me feel as if life had retrograded at least half a century. If a poor girl was unwilling to die, what "lesson" can you possibly find for the community in the fact that two servants in succession said they saw a ghostly coffin in the room in which she passed away? The death of the young is unnatural, and being unnatural might be expected to horrify a young creature probably brought up on a spiritual diet of "darkness, fire and chains." The landlord, of course, was hoaxing your friend; some people find amusement in that sort of thing. If the world is only to be converted by signs and wonders of the coffin order, I am afraid its regeneration is very remote. If the poor girl thought well to clean, a labour of love, the church she attended, where was the harm Every form of actual service anywhere is a benefit. I am s to seem so out of sympathy with a communication made b you in obvious good faith, but I am always grieved by any thing that tends to retard the slowly advancing dawn of nobler conception of the Deity in the bewildered and unhap minds of men.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. E. J.—Stammering is successfully treated by Mr Behnke, 18 Earl's Court Square, London, S.W. Mr Behnke takes boarders, or gives daily lessons to adults. H terms might be considered high, but her method is gen and successful. I know one professional "curer" whose wife stammers very badly; that is an irrefragable testim regarding his claims.

M. J.—The recitation entitled "The Bishop and the Caterpillar" will be found in Ernest Pertwee's *Sunday S Reciter*, published by Routledge, price 1s.

A. L. C.—The stamps you enumerate have not much valu the old receipt stamps none whatever. The old red pen stamps will fetch a shilling each from some dealers, the blue of the same date might fetch 1s. 6d., but lists are always an evidence of procurable price. An old Maur stamp was catalogued value £2, and the happy owner sample proceeded with it to the house that issued the catalo only to be laughed at for his pains. The man in cha facetiously remarked that buying and selling were by means the same. Perhaps some philatelist will let you what a 2d. blue English stamp date 1847 is worth. Va issues of certain stamps possess points, and consequ values not attaching to other issues of the same stamp.

L. G.—The old-fashioned beadwork of the days of our grandmothers is now being revived in England and Ame and like the recently revived ribbon-work affords cha results. Beads, patterns and materials can be had from the British Combine Art, Bead Frame and Cabinet Co. (wha name), 110 Cannon St., London, E.C.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addres —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bou Street, London, E.C.

Photo by *Rev. H. S. Anson*

A BIT OF ULLSWATER

POSIES FROM POETRY

IV

1. "The dark-leaved laburnum's drooping clusters."
2. "Roses, amorous of the moon."
3. "A bed of water-lilies."
4. "Ardent marigolds."
5. "Rain-scented eglantine."
6. "Blossoming limes."
7. "Shaded hyacinth."
8. "Hedge-grown primrose."
9. "A bush of may-flowers."
10. "Sweet-peas, on tip-toe for a flight."
11. "The spreading blue-bells."
12. "The wealth of globèd peonies."

From what poet's work are these quotations taken? A prize of the value of Five Shillings is offered for the first correct answer, tracing each.

Awards in our recent Series of Shakespeare Acrostics will appear next month.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: The late BISHOP LYTTELTON'S *Modern Poets of Faith, Doubt, and Paganism*, John Murray, 9*s*. MR. STEVENS' *The Slave in History*, Religious Tract Society, 6*s*. MR. J. B. BELL'S *Wee Macgreegor Again*, Grant Richards, 1*s*. MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN'S *Japan in Pictures*, Newnes, Ltd., 3*s*. 6*d*., etc.

The late Bishop Lyttelton's essays, chiefly on *Modern Poets of Faith, Doubt, and Paganism*, furnish us with a volume of great and varied interest. The analysis of the authors studied is so closely reasoned and compact that it is difficult to detach sentences in illustration, without impairing their force. We may quote, however, from some of the closing summaries and appreciations in several of the essays. Of Tennyson he believes "his true greatness lies in his lyrical work . . . a peculiar combination of richness and delicacy, and a unique power of suggestiveness" . . . and claims that "in a sceptical and material age he, keenly alive both to its doubts and to its scientific achievements, has yet persistently forced men to dwell on what is spiritual."

While Browning's poetry often suffers from "a want of emotional force to balance the intellectual power," the greatness of his teaching lies in his "power of exalting man and man's deeds, not by idealising him, or by taking him out of the real conditions of his life, but by giving him his true dignity as an immortal being, whom God's love has placed here to grow and to prepare himself for a wider and more perfect life hereafter."

Again, in the essay devoted to Matthew Arnold and Clough he remarks that in the former's

> "view of human relations we find the inevitable hopelessness which we believe to be the result of the self-centred attitude of his mind. . . . When we turn to Clough we find that it is precisely in proportion as he feels himself able to cling to something external to him that he is hopeful, energetic, and religious."

In the most interesting essay of the volume, on Carlyle's life and work, the Bishop discusses Sir J. F. Stephen's declaration that Carlyle was the greatest poet of our age. He opines that while Carlyle was, in sheer power over language, and in capacity for producing great and varying effects of style, far superior to any English writer of his time, yet the want of singing power must be felt, and his finest passages suffer, since "being in substance poetry, they are not cast into the form of poetry." In politics, "Carlyle taught Radicals to distrust Radicalism," and as an example of the vividly illuminating force of his humour we are reminded of his description of a representative government which will not govern "if the thing called Government merely drift and tumble to and fro, no-whither, on the popular vortexes, *like some carcass of a drowned ass, constitutionally put at the top of affairs.*"

In his treatise on *The Slave in History*, Mr. Stevens has succeeded in throwing into the perspective of a single volume world-wide and age-long records on this great subject, never, apparently, so epitomised before. "Go back as far as we may towards the boundaries of history, we shall find the slave awaiting us," he remarks, and he points out that in fact, if not in name, the slave is among us still. Slavery is hazily associated in most minds with the American Civil War, and with the names of a few prominent apostles of freedom such as John Brown and Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, or our own Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Macaulay. Mr. Stevens shows us that, as he says, "the slave's fate is mixed with the history of every land"—and "what the serpent was to Laocoon, slavery with its entwining folds and its slow torture has been to the whole world." He sketches in his earlier chapters the conditions of slavery in Jewish, Greek, and Roman States, and notes the few protests and condemnations recorded. Christianity, which ought to have made so sweeping a reform, seems to have influenced every other social relation ere it affected this, and still as the centuries went on, only here and there is there record of any protesting word or act. Among the mass of interesting data brought together in this book, his readers will thank Mr. Stevens for telling them of these earlier philanthropists, some little known, who saw clearly and spoke faithfully of this iniquitous traffic in men—always more degrading to the owners than to the owned. He tells us of Seneca, Plato, Epictetus, Constantine, King Arthur, Las Casas, and others,

named and unnamed, and of the characteristic way in which the Society of Friends, instigated by George Fox and John Woolman, prohibited slave-trading among themselves and manumitted all their slaves. What they practised they were strong to preach, and thus they gave soul to the earliest anti-slavery societies in America and England. Isolated protests had seemed to leave the evil untouched, but their words now begun to bear fruit a hundredfold in the growth and action of these societies. The leaven spread and wrought. The stereotyped prejudices of public opinion were broken, America began to see herself as others saw her, and to abhor herself in the mirror of such bold utterances as those of Fanny Kemble, for instance, who went out from England on her marriage to a slave-holder, eager to judge the matter for herself, and if possible see its palliations. "The wrong strikes me more forcibly every hour I live here," was the verdict of her printed journal. It is impossible to follow all the directions of Mr. Stevens' exhaustive inquiry. The abolition of slavery in England and America accomplished, he takes us to India, Russia, and lastly to Africa. There, after Livingstone's great name he adds those of General Gordon, Romolo Gessi, and Cardinal Lavigerie to the roll of liberators, but points out how that very Free State on the Congo, created by Europe in response to the Cardinal's appeal, threatens to become the stronghold of a slavery as cruel as any on record. Political necessities and industrial needs, Mr. Stevens shows, have been the two chief enslaving causes in history, the latter waxing as the former wanes, and to those who are led by his book to further study of this subject it may be pointed out that the industrial slavery of little children is a social disease still deeply rooted in the constitutions of even such liberty-loving nations as Italy, America, and England, judging by Doctor Lombardo's account of the seven-year-old foundlings (five thousand in one province alone) who labour and die, many of them, in the sulphur mines of Italy; or Mrs. Van Vorst's description of the over-worked children whom she saw in the cotton mills of the American Southern States; or Mr. Sherard's recent articles on the child-slaves of Great Britain.

That Mr. Bell should have written a successful sequel to his popular study of *Wee Macgreegor*, is a sufficiently remarkable achievement to make one scrutinise his work in search of the secret of his skill. Dialect as a medium cannot account for it, since that vogue has long lost its novelty. Neither does he score as a caricaturist, for his local colour and his drawing are too naturally exact to catch the attention of passers-by. We are here introduced to Scotch people who do not wear kilts, nor make jokes about whisky or about ministers, and we find they are of like human nature with other men. We watch with increasing interest the character of a small boy in the making—the sturdy budding of his little virtues, manliness in the "bashing" of big Geordie MacCulloch when he found him "stealing pencils from the weyins," honesty in confessing how the eggs were broken, and generosity, albeit with an effort, in the matter of Jessie Cameron and the penny. His naughtinesses are as naturally told, and indirectly make more clear the finest character in this delightful family group, Lizzie Robinson, the mother, whose common-sense and foresight and homely wisdom make every one of the little touches of the training of her son full of interest to the lover of human nature.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has taken the tide of present interest in Japan at the full. Of all the books about the place and people he has launched of late, *Japan in Pictures* ought not to be the least successful. It contains over sixty really beautiful pictures from photographs, of landscapes, temples, crops and gardens, rivers and streets, ending with a series showing how the Japanese live. All together a book worth study, for letterpress and illustrations alike.

Also received: LANDOR'S *Shorter Works*, 3s. 6d., and *Poems by William Wordsworth*, edited by Prof. Knight, 3s. 6d., both recent volumes of Newnes' Thin Paper Classics, and each prefixed by a portrait, of which the Landor is best. Professor Knight is so well qualified an editor of Wordsworth, that his choice in these selections is not to be lightly questioned, although we incline to George Eliot's opinion, that no set of selections can give the pleasure to be found in wandering for oneself through the mountainous expanses of *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* and coming on their beauties *in situ*.

A CORRECTION

THE Photographs of Stocks in our July number (p. 790), attributed by mistake to Mrs. Mann, were taken by Henry Walker, Cheetham Place, Manchester, except that of Moncton Stocks, which was the work of Swain, Broadstairs.

Our Chess Page

Problem Tourney: NAMES OF PRIZE-WINNERS, ETC.

I leave it to you: PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, A.C.A., 9 Southwold Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W. *Pathfinder:* R. G. THOMSON, 3 Surreybank Road, Aberdeen. *Pensée:* P. OSBORN, 152 Elgin Avenue, W. *Can I?:* GEO. M. NORMAN, 2 Bartholomews, Brighton.

Highly Commended (named in order of merit last month):

Arioso, Paolo Majora I. & II., Fanciullo, Medusa, Leopardi, Petit Jour, and *Paolo:* P. OSBORN. *Mark Time, Taraban,* and *Jester:* G. J. SLATER. *Find the Dual:* PHILIP H. WILLIAMS. *Alpha:* W. R. TODD. *The Society Idol:* J. CHADWICK. *Indian Prince:* A. WATSON. *Pathfinder* (Two-mover): R. G. THOMSON. *Pyroxylin:* A. W. DANIEL. *Hodie mihi! Cras tibi!:* MISS E. M. DAVEY.

The following problems were cooked—

Two-movers.—*Easy All, Stonehenge, The pawns,* and *Vice-versâ.*

Three-mover.—*Stonehenge.*

The two following problems had impossible positions—*Hoc age* (white bishop), *Noblesse oblige* (black pawns).

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN SECTION.

Brinca: ANTONIO CORRIAS, Via Sa-Ena 5, Sardegna, Ozieri, Italy. *Remember:* MAXIMILIAN FEIGL, Wien II, Taborstrasse 17, Austria. *Sic!:* REV. J. JESPERSEN, Svendborg, Denmark. *Le Général:* FERRARI ARTURO, Via Boccacanale di S. Guiseppe 1, Ferrara, Italy.

Highly Commended:

Pitraccu: ANTONIO CORRIAS. *Dum spiro spero:* EMILE PRADIGNAT. *Sub sole:* MAXIMILIAN FEIGL. *Suum Cuique:* F. GAMAGE. *Riche en images* and *Si gam os:* KONRAD ERLIN. *Minor:* J. D. WILLIAMS. *Goeden:* EMILE PRADIGNAT. *Egai:* ANTONIO CORRIAS. *Nejle:* KONRAD ERLIN. *Secundum artem:* F. GAMAGE. *Rococo:* OTTMAR NEMO-WEISS.

JUDGES' NOTES. HOME SECTION.

I leave it to you. A problem of no great difficulty with regard to the key move, but the Black and White men are well balanced, and the great economy of force is a most pleasing feature.

The B king has remarkable freedom, and the mates are pure, varied, and interesting.

Pathfinder has a clever key move, and contains interesting and bold sacrifices of the White queen. Most of the mates are pure. With regard to economy, it is scarcely so fine as *I leave it to you.*

Pensée. This has a pretty key, and the mates are good and pure—one being a pure mirror.

Can I? An excellent composition, economical, and having good mating positions. The key is more apparent than that in *Pensée,* the white knight being in a less useful position, before the key move is made.

Arioso. A very beautifully constructed problem containing triple sacrifice of W. Q. The arrangement, we consider, is hardly so neat as the prize-winners *I leave it to you* and *Pathfinder.*

Retractor Competition

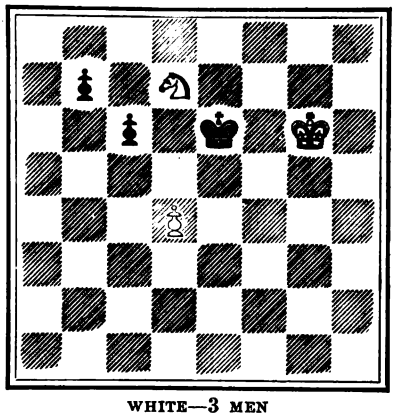
For conditions see August Number.

"*Twentieth-Century Retractor.*"

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.—No. II.

"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."
Othello, II. iii.

BLACK—3 MEN



WHITE—3 MEN

1. Black played last, but must retract his move.
2. White to retract his last move.
3. White to play.
4. Black to play so as to allow—
5. White to give mate with a pawn.

Solutions must be sent in by October 1.

MRS. BAIRD'S Retractor No. 5 Solution.

White P was on K 2 and played to K 3, replace P.

Black K was on B 5 and took Kt on Q 5, replace K and Kt, and play Black Kt—Kt 6.

White P—K 4 dis. mate.

Solutions received up to time of going to press from—

No. 4. COL. FORBES and R. G. THOMSON.

No. 5. H. BALSON, J. CHADWICK, R. G. THOMSON, JAS. WHITE, and REV. R. J. WRIGHT.

Retractor Competition Result

Nos. 3, 4, and 5.

The prize (Mrs. Baird's *Seven Hundred Problems*) offered in April for the quickest solutions in the aggregate has been won by MR. J. CHADWICK, 133 St. Domingo Vale, Liverpool.

But for a bad mistake—to all appearance a clerical error—in the solution of No. 5, MR. HOSEY DAVIS would easily have been first.

Direct Mate Problems, Key Moves:—

A. Kt—Q B 6.
B. Q—Kt 2.

Solutions received from—

Nos. 16 and 17, FRANK W. ATCHINSON, COL. FORBES, H. W. HOLLAND (India), E. THOMPSTONE, R. G. THOMSON, JOHN D. TUCKER, REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT.

No. 17, ARTHUR JAS. HEAD.

Note.—In No. 16 some solvers in answer to 1. Black P—Q 4 followed by 2. Q—Q Kt 6 ch, 2. P—B 4, have missed the mate with 3. P × P e. p.

Nos. A and B, BASIL SPOONER, R. G. THOMSON, JOHN D. TUCKER.

We have no space for ordinary problems, but the "page" will be extended next month.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

GLEANING AFTER HARVEST

Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Allan Barraud

JAM-MAKING IN RUSSIA

(See p. 1041.)

From the picture by Makovski

His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

LORD MENLOE, a poor nobleman and a writer of poems, on the strength of a present of meat resolves to give a dinner-party. On the strength of the dinner-party he engages, in addition to Thady, his old man-servant, a butler who offers his services and gives his name as James James.

But on the day before the dinner, Menloe himself, touched by the tale of a tramp, led him to the larder and told him to help himself. On the day of the dinner, to which the Bishop and other local personages of importance had been invited, Menloe writes poetry till ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten the dinner-party. And James, finding no meat in the larder, told the guests when they arrived that his Lordship had had a fit, and they had all gone home at once.

Next day many came to inquire, but James was equal to the situation, and had straw on the avenue and a bulletin posted on the gate. That evening there arrive from Canada Miss Persephone Tite and her mother. The mother takes James for Lord Menloe, and Menloe, hoping thus to get rid of them, at first acquiesces in the mistake. But it soon becomes serious, for after dinner, James, as Lord Menloe, invites them to stay the night. Next morning Menloe gives James a bit of his mind.

While Menloe (as James) is waiting at table at breakfast, Persephone sees in the local paper the account of Menloe's death. Menloe sees it too, and attributes it to James. That night Menloe, hearing a sound near his window, goes out and finds James digging a grave for an apparent corpse which hangs on a tree. Menloe, with a blow of his fist, sends James into the grave. But James turns up next morning, only with a black eye. During that day, Menloe overhears a conversation between James and another man which confirms a suspicion he already had that James was an escaped convict, O'Gorman.

Menloe discovers that James is really a dangerous lunatic, and once finds James bending over him with a razor in his hand. He also finds him making love to Persephone. Starting off to find Dr. Mullins that he may have James shut up as a lunatic, Menloe meets a covered car, into which the officials of the asylum, mistaking him for James, persuade him to enter, and he is lodged in the asylum. His assertion that he is Lord Menloe is all in vain, and even the doctor treats him as a madman. Menloe determines to try to escape.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE CHAPLAIN'S COVERED CAR

THE days went by without giving him any chance even of forming a plan. In such an institution as an asylum everything goes regularly; to make the slightest deviation from routine is a difficult matter. Now that his work lay in the office, Menloe found general explanation of any kind almost impossible; he did not share the walks of the multitude. When he took exercise it was in the garden—almost always in the form of simple work, under the doctor's eye. The garden-walls themselves were exceedingly high and topped with formidable jags of glass; and Menloe was almost sure they did not make a boundary, but were enclosed again by the walls of the grounds. From the officials he feared to make any inquiry; and from the patients he could gather nothing pertinent.

Slowly, for everything was slow to Menloe's caged desire, there came into his mind the conviction that escape could be made only at one point. He must get out by the front gates. If time had not been urgent other ways would have opened; but for heavy-footed Chance, how could he wait?

All day he thought of Persephone; again and again—though, as he knew, only an echo of reality—that "Oh, come!" broke on his ears. That she was in some great peril of body or soul he could not doubt. And that the peril came from James was almost as sure.

Menloe suffered miserably; once or twice he was almost driven to appeal to the doctor: but if he failed—as he felt certain that he should—his detention might be lengthened. So wild a story as was his would seem to one whose outlook was the doctor's, only a demonstration of insanity.

So he abandoned that way out as a no-thoroughfare.

It was an added misery to the poor fellow to know that his sufferings were shaking his nerves, ringing his eyes with livid hollows, wasting his weight, making his manner furtive and odd.

When he looked at himself in the glass he felt that his face was ominous; it had the smouldering sullenness of the maniac whose outbreak is at hand.

Unless he could escape quickly, Menloe feared that his last chance might be taken away. If he were rejected from work in the office and from attendance at the Sunday service, his outlook upon the front gates—the gates of deliverance—would be cut off clean.

On Sunday, Menloe, with about twenty more, sat in the board-room, waiting for the chaplain. On the horsehair-seated chairs set against the wall were eleven women, sun-bonneted, cloaked in tartan: then came the men, grey-friezed.

On a movable reading-desk lay an old large inodorous Bible and an old large musty Book of Common Prayer. On a leather-covered table beside it were folded the chaplain's surplice—dirty and ancient; all-covering as charity—and his rusty black stole.

Menloe watched the faces before him, for they were interesting still. One of the women was talking to herself inaudibly, with prunes and prisms and smiles of uttermost gentility. A great girl, very pretty, with the prettiness of eight years old, laughed and giggled.

The old woman opposite to him had a piece of bread under her shawl; an offering (as Menloe suspected) for the chaplain. Bob yawned noisily; the female warder found the place for a large gentlewoman next to her—that Mrs. Quincey, indeed, the patient with a suicidal tendency, whose daughter had just come in. She was not there, since patients never came untried to the service.

The man who wanted a lid to his brain sat next to Menloe. "If I had a sort of a spring like a jack-in-the-box," he whispered, "maybe that would be handiest. I'd touch it according to my convenience, and the thoughts would jump up for me."

At that moment there came the sound of the opening gate; then the porter's voice was heard, wishing good-morning; then there was a hand on the door, and the chaplain entered.

It was a new man—a short-sighted, stooping, middle-aged man, whom the warders did not know. He came in, nodding, and whispered to the female warder—"I came for the Canon, who is in London. Will it take me long to drive to Malranny? I am taking the service there at half-past eleven."

"Oh, not twenty minutes, your reverence."

"Then I ordered the car rather too soon. Well, that doesn't matter."

The chaplain invested himself in the inodorous gatherings of the surplice; the moment his head came out the woman with the bread stepped up and made her offering. The chaplain, thanking her, laid it on the reading-desk till after the service; evidently he could control his carnal desires.

The service—thirty-three minutes was to be its fine-cut duration—began and continued. Mrs. Quincey repeated the responses with fervour; the man on Menloe's right put his hands into his pockets, turned his back on the congregation, and stared stolidly out of window. Bob, the warder, who couldn't manage the long words, sank from resonance into strange mutterings and lingerings, while he hearkened for a lead over some five-barred corker.

Menloe noted all these things, while his heart was scuttling like a rabbit, and while his brain was beating out the thought "This may be the chance; this may be the chance."

Then came the sermon, with the text "I am not mad, most noble Festus"—which seemed to disconcert the preacher when he gave it out.

He looked round deprecatingly; then rubbing his hands remarked, "Nothing personal, dear afflicted friends; nothing at all personal."

At last it was over; the patients, like slow oxen for the most part, began to move doorwards.

Menloe went up to the chaplain. "May I say a word to you?" he asked; seeing nothing before him, but merely scheming for the chance that might lurk in delay.

"Certainly," the chaplain said, and the warder, with tolerant disapprobation, moved yawning after the slow retiring friezes and tartans.

"Is it," said the clergyman, politely considering that he thought Menloe a lunatic, "anything very important? Because"— he looked at his watch—"though my time is always . . . . I'm rather in a hurry."

"I only wanted," Menloe answered, "to ask you to . . . to . . . to . . ." Menloe had never stammered before, but he did it like an old hand.

"Yes?" said the chaplain.

"To . . ." what in the world could he want to ask? . . . oh!——"give me a screw of tobacco."

"No—no—I cannot encourage screws

"Poor Mr. Chamberlain!" Menloe said as the chaplain crossed the little passage and entered the office. It was strange that the crisis should find Menloe so flippant, but it did. All his anxiety was gone. He felt a cheery recklessness such as had been his never before. Even then he had no clear plan of escape; he only knew that he was going to make something happen.

As the chaplain disappeared, Menloe made his entry. The key of the office-door stood on the outside of the lock.

Menloe was taking down the overcoat when the chaplain's boots creaked within, and the door opened. Menloe hardly had time to replace the overcoat before the chaplain's head was peeping out.

"Did you happen?" he asked, "to count the number of female luna—— patients—in our little congregation? There were nine last Sunday."

THE ESCAPE FROM THE ASYLUM

walked into the little intervening passage. There, on a branching stand, the men patients hung their caps, and there, the last of them, beside the chaplain's black wide-awake and long dark overcoat, Menloe's cap was hanging still. On the floor stood the chaplain's bag, containing perhaps a fresher surplice; and, in the stand beside it, his nice umbrella.

Menloe looked at these properties, and, in an instant, his plan was in progress. Through the office-door, which stood slightly ajar, he could see the figure of the parson standing at the big writing-slope while he

"Eleven," said Menloe.

"Very gratifying," the head replied; "the good Canon is working up the congregation!"

The head withdrew, and again Menloe pulled down the overcoat. It came on with two plunges and a wriggle, hiding the whole of his asylum garb, for his trousers were in their right mind. Then he put on the wide-awake; and then, very softly, he turned the key of the office-door, removed it as softly, securing the parson against accident; and slid it into his pocket.

Next he put up the umbrella; it was not raining, but the unworldly nature of the

clergy would cover a worse sin against the practical; and lastly he took the bag into his hand.

Stepping to the outer door of the passage, he looked out. To the left, among beds of geraniums and begonias, near to the broad steps of the asylum, surrounded by the slow-coaches of the men patients, stood Bob, his arms thrown up, his chin in the air, yawning his head off.

To the right, close to the tall white entrance-gates, with his back to Menloe, stood Delany the porter, conversing with the driver of a covered car. The big key was dangling in his hand.

"Who was the gentleman," Delany was inquiring, "who took the Canon's duty?"

"Not wan o' me knows," the driver answered; "sure, I never seen the man at all."

"Thank Heaven for that," said Menloe to himself, as he stepped into the narrow beaten pathway, through the rough-broken angular flints that strewed the oblong of the entrance-gate.

Menloe knew what to do; his term of service in the office had made him familiar with the etiquette of the gate.

Advancing very briskly, yet almost on tip-toe, with his umbrella held high, he came close up to the porter. At that moment a sound reached him from behind; a sound of kicking and shaking; the chaplain was angry with the office-door. In another second or two the noise could hardly fail to penetrate the porter's ears.

"Gate!" cried Menloe, in an angry and imperative tone, at the same time spinning his umbrella round in the man's face.

"I beg your Reverence's pardon," he said, with a start, clapped the key into the lock, and flung wide the clanging gate. The driver drew himself up with a jerk, and tightened the reins.

"Ten shillings," said Menloe, who had not a farthing, "if you do the station in five minutes."

In a couple of seconds the carriage had turned. "Go on, you baste!" yelled the man. The whip came down and the horse broke into a hand-gallop.

"They'll hear him now," Menloe thought. "Pray Heaven they think the key has dropped out, and one of the patients has got locked in."

The mouldy old horse could do wonders when screamed at in the right way. Never had Menloe dreamed what, at its highest and its best, bumping could be, till he charged through the Sunday streets in the clattering car.

Was there a hue and cry? He could not be sure. Turn and stare the people did, but that proved nothing. Who would not turn and stare at a mad covered car with suicidal proclivities?

If the asylum people were screaming behind, either nobody knew or nobody cared. Perhaps the holiday people; the working-men in their best clothes, holding little children by the hand; the young shop-folk on bicycles—interpreted the cry as a warning or menace; perhaps they thought that law was getting worsted, and sent a speeding prayer after the flying car.

At any rate, nobody tried to stop the flight. Only one policeman did Menloe see—away down a side-street, and out of range.

Just before they reached the station enclosure, Menloe stayed the driver. It would be too conspicuous to whirl in so wildly as that. They came up in such decent haste as seemed natural to the place.

Whether or not there was a train Menloe had no idea: probably on Sunday all would be still. To his surprise he found symptoms of much activity: porters—Irish porters—wakeful and almost alert; both the ticket-offices ringed by a pushing crowd; the platforms full; one train ready to go, another coming in.

Menloe hadn't a penny in his pocket. He was sorry for the driver and for the horse, who had worked so hard for the half-sovereign. What could he give them—Ah, that would do.

At the sacrifice of precious seconds—at the risk even of being overtaken; though that certainly was slight—Menloe pushed his way back to where the car was standing.

"Hold this for a moment," he said; "I'll get change;" and he committed to the driver the chaplain's bag. He hoped it might contain something; the bag should fetch five shillings.

On entering the station Menloe mixed with the crowd. His idea was that, having been seen on the platform, which would establish a probability that he had gone by train, he would walk over the lines to the long ranges of buildings—warehouses and bonded stores—that stretched away indefinitely, issuing finally on a sort of

world's end—whereof the fauna were dead dogs, and the flora nettles and evil smells.

He was shouldering through the crowd, when he heard an excited ejaculation, and a hand gripped him hard. Menloe's heart kicked; he thought that he was in the toils again. But he was not going back without a fight for liberty. His arm was drawn back—as far as the crowd permitted—for a blow under the heart, when the voice spoke again.

"'Dad, I hardly knew your Lordship: did they make a Bishop of you, or what?"

"By Jove, Cavanagh," said Menloe; "I'm glad to see you this day. I've been in an awful hole, Jim; you'll stand by a friend, won't you, Jim?"

"Begob, I will," Jim answered fervently; 'by good luck there's a few of the boys with me, and they came purvided." Cavanagh looked at a sensible shillelagh that he carried. 'I wouldn't be for intruding at all—your poor——your noble Lordship knows that right well; but if it was the polis, maybe, the boys would put more heart into it."

"Jim," said Menloe, squeezing his friend's arm, "it may be police, and it may be warders, or it may be both. Jim, I've been in an asylum."

Cavanagh hardly displayed a satisfactory degree of surprise. "D'ye tell me that?" he said; "well, well: well, well!"

Menloe burst into a crow of laughter—one of his old kindly irresistible crows; Jim threw back his head and roared, and several stout fellows who had gathered round him roared companionably.

"Axing your poor——noble pardon," said Jim; and he whispered to his friends. The result was some spitting—on their hands and elsewhere—and the formation round Menloe of a protecting ring. They were poor men, all in their decent Sunday weeds, bent on an excursion which they might find it hard to contrive again, with their tickets in their pockets, and their luncheon too.

Not a word was said to Menloe, explaining that they had sacrificed something, but he knew what they were doing without being told. He felt rather proud of Ireland just then.

"I think, your Lordship," Jim said, 'we'd get home handiest in a couple o' side cyars. Mr. Toole will have them brought out yonder——"

"Your Lordship's humble servant," said the school-master, bowing profoundly. "My calling is peaceful, and my avocation is law-abiding, but in a meritorious cause I can give and take what Heaven sends wid a shillelagh."

Menloe shook hands with him, and he went on his mission.

"This way, your Lordship," said Jim, jumping off the platform. Menloe and the rest followed.

They gained a wicket, between two stores of great co-operative societies, and emerged upon a quiet road.

"Jim," said Menloe; "is there any news? Has anything . . . where is . . . Miss Tite?"

Jim took no notice, further than to remark that it was a "pet-day al-together."

"For God's sake, Jim!" Menloe caught the man's arm, and pulled him round so that he could search his face. "Jim, tell me? Oh, Jim, she isn't . . . dead."

"No, then," said Cavanagh, "not dead."

"Then what?—ill? very ill?"

"No; not ill; but gone—vanished—melted away; and that wicked villain wid her."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE SEARCH FOR PERSEPHONE

IT was nearly one o'clock when Menloe came into view of his own gates. Now that the immediate need of action was over, he felt weak and shaken. Those days in the asylum had tried him more than he had guessed. Probably when the next emergency arose it would call to him not in vain. At that moment, however, the collapse of reaction was almost complete. In particular the fear of being followed and re-taken haunted him. Continually his gaze had turned back, and in every cloud of dust he had seen the horses of the pursuers.

"Jim," he said to Cavanagh, "stay with me to-day."

"That will I, my Lord, with a heart and a half. 'Deed, then, I'd pity to see your Lordship without a man or two behind you, for what way they have the house left I wouldn't know; no"—he added, dropping his voice a little—"not what's in it at all."

Jim crossed himself, and, in the temporary weakness of Menloe's nerves, some touch of supernatural fear passed to him.

They were traversing a bend in the long avenue, and for an instant a shoulder of the castle sprang into view. It seemed

to Menloe that even from that distance something spectral reached out to him and drew him on.

"Has anything been seen?" he asked.

"No then; not *seen*," said Jim. The implication clutched more grimly than any clear avowal.

Menloe shivered with a dread that had never come to him before: that he had not believed possible to him, the reasonable being, the scientific dabbler. He knew that the root of that fear was older than man, and that it had shaken in some primeval jungle the sad-eyed, furry fathers of the race. He felt the little turned-in point of one of his ears, and knew how thin is the veneer of our humanity.

They were at the porch now.

Menloe and Cavanagh got down. They tried the door, and found it locked. They knocked and rang, awaking only hollow echoes. And yet as Cavanagh was about to knock again, Menloe stayed his arm. Once it seemed to him there had come a sound . . . a something. . . . They hearkened long, however, and there was only silence.

"Will us try the back, my Lord?" said Jim.

"Yes," Menloe answered, "but the place must be empty. Tell me, Cavanagh, what became of Thady?"

"Sure, he is presently in the town. Very foolish he is, the poor ould man: you'd pity to see him of a morning crying and repinting and signing all the remaining pledges Mrs. Carnegie left after her, and in the evening my brave bucko will send out for a quart of malt, and that won't last him long; and I doubt the man does be overdrawing his constitution altogether."

The back-door also was locked or bolted.

"Well," said Jim, "there is plenty handy ways of getting in, but I nearly think 'tis useless. Let your—my Lord, if your Lordship would put up wid our low ways, take a bit of a collation at our house. The wife was in Limerick yesterday, and she bought some nice throut and a hare." A look of infantine innocence came into Cavanagh's eyes as he named those timely purchases. "Then we can interrogate the people, and if we can pick up any kind of a clue, we can follow it accordingly; and, if nothing circumstantial emerges, we can come back here, let ourselves in through one of the windies, and conduct our investigations whatever way your Lordship would wish."

At that moment Menloe had so little power of initiation that he gladly yielded himself into Cavanagh's hands. But the spectral hand of the place was upon him, and surely would lead him back.

They got into the car, and drove up to Cavanagh's abode: a slate house, the noblest in the town.

Having prepared his wife, Jim bade Menloe alight, and ushered him into a tiny parlour, very stuffy, adorned with sacred pictures—German-sacred pictures. The chairs were hung with dingy white antimacassars, and the chimney-glass was decorated with an edging cut out of green and yellow paper. A circular table in the middle of the room was set round with books that radiated like the beams of the sun. Against the wall, partly covered with an antimacassar, upon which were set two empty decanters, was a sideboard, evidently not much esteemed. The decanters were of Waterford glass—cut into deep diamonds and dimmed with a faint blue-greyness when held up to the light; and the sideboard was a wonderful Sheraton, with a slightly curved front, delicately inlaid in various tones, with the original lion handles.

All these things Menloe noted while Jim was absent, having gone to back up the nerves of his wife.

It seemed that Mrs. Cavanagh had arranged a little party for herself, since Menloe, looking out at the outer street-door, quietly observed two pretty girls shining with Sunday, and their two plain parents, step into the street, softly as though they were leaving church. They went, like the lions, to seek their meat from God.

In about an hour dinner was ready. Menloe would have preferred much to eat it down-stairs, in the comfortable, if not very cleanly, kitchen. But that Mrs. Cavanagh would in no wise suffer. Menloe was served in his state apartment, Jim sitting at a distance, and sharing only the whisky. It was Limerick whisky, nearly twenty years old, perhaps even then a little sweet, but delicate and fine. Positively Menloe forgot all about his pledge till he had drunk three glasses.

He felt very happy as he cursed his unfortunate memory. After Menloe had made Mrs. Cavanagh drink one little glass of toddy mixed by his own hands, and after Jim and he had smoked a pipe together, Jim went out to prosecute inquiries.

"Maybe, my Lord," he said, "out of compliment to yourself the people might be a small thrifle evasive. Now they wouldn't be so delicate in shpaking to myself, more by token I have a hoult on most of them. I'll just make it known that a lie will cut off their credit, and sorra a lie will I get in the whole of them."

Jim was away for two hours. When he returned he knew, perhaps, no more than when he left. He was assured, however, that what he knew was all that the town could tell.

This was the substance of his communication. The visitors had not left Menloe on the day intended. Four days ago there had come to the post-office a telephone-message from Ballylooby, the nearest telegraph-station, which (by a singular coincidence) had leaked out in the town.

The message had come from Queenstown, and it begged Mrs. Carnegie-Tite to go immediately to a friend, just arrived from Montreal, and lying sick at one of the hotels. That afternoon Mrs. Carnegie-Tite had departed in her motor. There was with her only the driver. The same evening Thady and the little maid had returned into the town, disbanded from service. James (who, perhaps his Lordship knew, had been taking great airs of late) had paid them off. They hinted very quare things, but neither was to be coaxed or excited into any connected account. They said it was pity to see the way his poor—— his honourable Lordship, who was a little doll about the house, was ordered and coerced. And now (their chat was) his Lordship was clane evaporated out of it, and there was a grave in Lady Di's wood, and there were noises in the house . . . unnatural noises . . . noises 'twas as well not to go shpaking about at all. They were right glad to take their wages or part of them—for Thady had a consate he had had nothing paid for tin or eleven years—and they thanked the blessed Mother they were quitted out of it. Of James subsequently and of Persephone nothing was known; anyway nothing was told.

"Thank you, Jim; thank you," said Menloe. "I was a great trouble to you entirely."

"Is it trouble?" Jim answered. "No, but a pleasure, for indeed myself and the whole of us has a great wish for your poor——honourable Lordship."

"I know that, Jim; I know that right well. Tell me now, Jim; is that all?—is there nothing that you are keeping back?"

"Ah, nothing at all that's worth mentioning. There's a chat among the boys about a handkercher that one of the childer is after finding; but sure, anybody might drop a handkercher."

"Jim, you have it?—for any sake let me see it."

Cavanagh brought out of his pocket, in a tight ball, a little foolish spider's-web, with a solid circle, rather larger than half-a-crown.

"They does be selling 'em for handkerchers, the wife's after telling me," said Jim; "but if anybody took 'em at their word . . . my Lord, there's a mark in the corner."

Already, in spite of the alien savours of Jim's pocket, Persephone had come to Menloe in some perfume that she affected —a perfume delicately personal, exquisitely elusive.

"It's hers," he said; "yes, I would know it without the 'P.' That stands for Persephone. Where was it found?"

"In the field next to your Lordship's lawn."

"Close to the river."

"Why, yes then, as the childer does be giving it out, but sure, what sense has a child?"

"Did you examine the bank? Was there any sign?"

"I wouldn't say 'examined,' for what signification would there be in a handkercher—a little thrifle of a thing like that, melting away in a man's pocket?—but as a matter of form I just glanced around me."

"Well, and what was there?" Menloe got up, and, with his hands in his pockets, walked to the window. "Tell me all about it, Jim; these little things will happen, you know."

"Oh, nothing of much account, my Lord. The ground does be a bit marshy and muddy, you know, by them beds o' flags."

"Yes, yes; I had the broken bank mended and the grass didn't grow yet. What was there?"

"Just feet; two sizes of feet down to the water, and back only the one."

"Jim," said Menloe, turning from the window, and moving about the room in breaks and starts so incalculable that

Cavanagh, trying to keep in touch with him, described strange figures in his chair; "there may be nothing in this. . . . I dare say it could be explained in many ways."

"Of coorse it could," said Jim; "why not? There'd be explanations of a dale quarer things than the likes o' that."

"Still," Menloe said, "there'd be no harm in having a look round. It's just the evening for the river: we might take our lines"—he turned to the window again—"and a bit of a gaff, you know."

"We might," said Jim, indicating only by a slight lift of the brows his understanding of the grim significance of the gaff; "there was showers yesterday, and the wind is southerly. I wouldn't wonder if the throuts was taking."

In a few minutes the two men were in a cot—the flat-bottomed boat of the district—Jim paddling, Menloe throwing a fly. In the irony of things, the fish were eager for the fly, and every few minutes Menloe had to land a little leaping gleam of silver. Even under these conditions Jim could not bear to lose a fish, and rejoiced over a half-pounder.

For several hours the men searched the river—searched it till the western sky took fire, and all the water shook with flame: searched it till every shadow was a fear, and every broken piece of delf seemed the white thing itself. The water mostly was shallow, and Jim knew all the pools. He probed every one, but found nothing.

The footmarks on the bank were kept till the last. Menloe, though he knew well enough that the town was busy with his doings, and that eyes were everywhere, hated the investigation. Fishing kept up appearances; examining footprints was an admission. Jim had described the marks accurately enough. There were a little foot and a larger one; there were a returning and an unreturning foot.

Having moored the boat, the two men walked towards Cavanagh's house. Just before they reached their destination, Jim gave good-night to Molloy, the broad, beaming policeman.

"Is he doing anything?" Menloe inquired, when he was out of earshot of the official.

"Cripes, then," said Jim, "himself is the only man in the neighbourhood that doesn't know anything was wrong. We mostly," he added simply, "keeps the polis out of it. But Molloy is as decent a poor man as you'd meet anywhere, and, when dark Raftery had Mrs. Molloy's petticoat stolen the whole town rose on him and made him put it back on the line."

After supper Menloe became restless. "Jim," he asked, having taken a few erratic turns, "have you a revolver?"

"'Deed, then, I have, my Lord."

"Then, look here; I've been thinking matters out as well as I can, and I've come to a determination. I'm going to sleep in Menloe alone."

"Musha! not alone, my Lord. The noises was very quare indeed. I didn't hear them myself, but I heard them in the face of them that was telling me; don't be going there alone, my Lord."

"I've got to do it, Jim. When I said I had been thinking, I used the wrong word. The thing came into my mind, I don't know how. When we were up there in the morning, knocking and ringing, something came to me."

"The Cross betune us and harm! Did your Lordship see any appearance?"

"No, Jim, I saw nothing, and I can't be sure that I heard anything either. But all the same, something came to me."

"Take care it wasn't——" Cavanagh broke off, and a wide hollow, shadowy and dimly peopled, yawned in his speech. He waved his hands and let them fall. Then he rose, white and beaded with ghastly drops. "Don't go, my Lord. That house at night is no place for them that has souls to lose."

"A man must stand his chance with his soul like other things. What calls me, Jim, I cannot tell, but it is a call that I must answer. I'm going to sleep in Menloe."

"All right, my Lord. Then your Lordship would like a bit of company. I'll tell the wife I won't be home till morning."

Menloe caught the man's hand and gripped it hard.

"Jim," he said, "I won't forget this to you. I know what it cost you to face that prospect. But, my dear, good fellow, I must go alone. As a matter of commonsense it is the better thing, since two are more seen and more heard than one. I shall have a better chance of sneaking in unobserved if there's no one behind me. But, letting that go, whatever it is that calls, calls me alone."

"Well, then, if that's the way it is to be, let you take my revolver, and a drop of nourishment in a pint bottle, and a lantern."

"Have you a dark-lantern?"

"No, then, my Lord, but the constable have one."

"Won't that be letting him into the secret, if you borrow his lantern?"

"I think I could lay my hand on it without that publicity. Sure the man is standing in the street presently, and the wife beside him. I might shlip in without

CASTING WEIRD LIGHTS FROM HIS DARK-LANTERN

saying anything. I done it wanst or twicet before."

In a couple of minutes Jim was back, and the lantern was with him.

"If your Lordship is bent on going, all will be quite in a few minyits. As a general rule, we don't interpret the Sunday-closing act too literal, but I have the boys noticed they may go to bed this night; they wouldn't be sarved at all. I'll let yer out by the back door, and there's a bohereen leads yez out beyant the bridge, close to your own gates. I'll just escort your Lordship that distance anyway."

In half-an-hour or less Menloe stood under the glimmering mass of the castle. A slight wind rustled among the woods, a dog was barking in the village. Else all was very still.

He stood and listened, and knew that all this had happened before. Time was suspended or had been dissolved; present, past, and future were one.

Menloe knew not how long he had kept his place, his feet treading in shadows, a great shadow looming above him; the grass dimly luminous with heavy dews, while his heart was a highway for shapes and shadows. But, with a start, he felt his activities again. Something was calling him, something was drawing him. He turned, as though an actual hand were guiding his steps. Through a little wicket he passed, beyond two windows; then, crossing a narrow strip of lawn, he stepped under to the third window. The sash went up without noise, and he stood in a side-passage, opening on the hall. He listened; there was no sound. The sense of guidance had fallen from him. He groped his way to the small settle, and sat down, purposeless and lost.

CHAPTER XXV—THE FINDING OF PERSEPHONE

NEVER had Menloe felt so forlorn. There was a sense of abandonment about the house that spread like a chill air. Though it was August, Menloe would have been glad of a fire. To smoke seemed to him, though he hardly knew why, forbidden by the circumstances. In the bottle provided by Jim Cavanagh there was a comforting drink, but even of that Menloe would not make a friend. Already he was sorry for the pledge which he had broken. Absurd as were the conditions under which it had been signed, it was Persephone's pledge, and those were no times for failure in loyalty to her.

Menloe had absolutely no plan. All that he knew was that something had told him to be there. His part was passive: he was to wait upon events. More than once by strong effort of the will he sought to recover that sense of guidance that had come to him, and that had snapped like a thread. In spite of all that he could do now, he remained utterly alone. Even efforts at self-delusion were quite unfruitful; his cold imagination refused to be kindled.

Taking up his dark-lantern, Menloe went into the kitchen. The powder of turf-ashes choked the grate; a few potatoes rolled under the feet. Enormous rats leaped from the dresser and reluctantly ran home.

Then two yellow eyes blazed from a window-sill, and there arose a long, desolate mew. Strangely isolated as they seemed, the eyes were not unaccompanied by a thin, arching, black body and a long, waving tail.

"Thomas, here's my best respects to you," said Menloe, as he laid a hand upon the creature's twisting back. In a moment there was a hum as of many bees, and, without any warning, the cat jumped on to his shoulder. Then Thomas sidled round, boring against Menloe's face with his funny, tickling head, and standing still, pulled at his coat with alternate feet in an ecstatic milking movement.

"I am afraid, my dear fellow," said Menloe, "you have spent a sad, inhospitable time. I don't believe the milkman ever came at all. Don't expect too much, Thomas; but we'll see what the bill of fare can do." He opened the larder door, casting weird lights from his dark-lantern hither and thither. "Milk is off, Thomas," he said, "and most other things. Oh (the name of Allah be exalted), here's a little knob of butter. Come, this is not quite a stony-hearted desert island; the butter-bush is found, perhaps the cat's-meat-tree may not be far."

Menloe set the cat down, and soft ecstasies arose. But the island's resources were soon exhausted. After that piece of butter it yielded nothing edible, except a blacking-brush, an old hat, and an old boot. The cat was soon re-established on Menloe's shoulder, and was so warm and companionable that, setting the lantern on the dresser, he paced to and fro—out of the bright breadth into the grey darkness—intoning Omar Khayyam:—

"'They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.'

"By the way, Thomas, you are stamping o'er my shoulder, and, though I don't observe the lion or the lizard, the rat keeps these courts right enough; I doubt he gave you a bad time, Thomas.

"'——— Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.'

"Look, Thomas, there's an ancient bald beast, as big as a six weeks' kitten. One moment; I am accounted a good shot with an old boot, and if I don't make that gentleman see stars, call me what you will."

He went back into the larder, found the boot, elevated—but never threw it. For at that moment, with the purring cat rubbing against his head, with the wicked old rat, part-squeezed through the wainscot, surveying him half-suspiciously, half-contemptuously—the thing that had drawn him was drawing him again.

Just stopping to take up the lantern, Menloe leaned his whole being towards the influence, and crept on. Out of the kitchen into a draughty passage, into the hall, he went—guided, led; then he stopped, and

vith hands stretched out like a blind man's ands, waited. The guidance had weakned—had ceased—but it would come gain.

Long he waited, while his heart clapped nd pulled, and the cat's purring grew to a trange vibrant hum. At length he knew hat the influence had passed quite away; is tingling hands were cold and almost umb, the fire was dead.

Dejectedly Menloe turned into the study. 'hat calling, it seemed to him now, was no nore than the sound of the sea in a shell—calling only of the sounding-board and the ulses. Limp and miserable, Menloe lit is pipe—a signal to gods and men, whom t in nowise interested, that he abandoned ope.

Menloe clapped the lantern on the table, nd, in doing so, irradiated it for a second. Something he fancied was there that he had ot seen before.

Yes, there were several things—a little ile of books, papers, photographs. Taking hem up, Menloe glanced at the photoraphs. The first was a picture of himself s a child in a sailor suit. The next was a icture of himself as an Oxford freshman. 'he third and last was a photograph of imself taken a few years ago.

He opened one of the books—a manucript book. It bore the inscription "Menloe, 'ifth Baron," and that and all within it vas in the hand of James. It was a strange ook, covering many years, and it showed hat from his boyhood the writer had been nder a Menloe spell. Letter after letter vas written as in the person of Menloe's ather; letter after letter in Menloe's own erson. Then came letters as from William, 'ifth Baron—frequently letters which broke o relatives the sad news of "my cousin ucius's untimely decease." Menloe felt vorms crawling about him as he read the arying details of his many deaths. Then here came extracts from legends, myths—nce there was the story of the Ghostly Sweeper, and two or three times, seemingly rom different versions, the story of the Black Coach—the Black Coach of Menloe—prophetic of doom to the reigning baron r to his heir. Many other things there vere which showed the obsession of the vriter's mind; imitations of the writing of he late lord's; imitations of Menloe's own vriting. But, thrust through the elastic of nother note-book, there were two letters ot in James's hand. One was a discharge written by Menloe's mother in favour of Willie Clancy: "Willie Clancy has been in the kitchen helping his father for four months, and is a bright and biddable boy."

"Helping his father"—Willie Clancy helping his father! Why, Thady's name was Clancy, and James—yes, yes——

Dim memories from five-and-twenty years ago floated over Menloe of a funny, silent little boy, white-jacketed, who stared at him in fascination whenever he sought to wheedle a cake out of Thady. James was Thady's son, seldom spoken of, and always as dead in America. The murder was out now: the heart of James's mystery was plucked.

As Menloe, smoking, and nodding, and pacing, pondered that strange discovery, he noticed something in the cat's behaviour. Dislodged from his shoulder, it sat upon the table. A moment or two ago it was purring and blinking, half-curled up, with one paw lazily clawing at the cloth. Now it was sitting up, listening.

Menloe listened too: intently, staringly; he could hear nothing at all.

But the cat heard, there was no doubt of that, something that troubled it. It mewed a little, almost noiselessly, with a trembling lip.

It was rather a descent—after those telepathic thrills, those throbbing ladders of guidance—to seek oracles of a cat. But "needs must when the devil drives," and he *was* driving—hard.

Menloe set the cat on his arm, and watched every movement of its eyes, its ears, its very tail.

At length Menloe walked to the door. The irritation of the cat seemed more decided. A slight rigidity came into the hair and the ears flattened. But it was not easy even now to infer the direction from which the sound came to it. When Menloe set it down it began to slink away towards the kitchen. At length, having taken it up again, Menloe saw, or thought that he saw, an inclination of its head—a fitful, yet recurrent inclination towards the right. He ventured forward as far as the great stairs, and then the agitation of the animal increased again. Menloe went right up to the landing, and stood where the galleries branched. It was with difficulty now that he kept his hold upon the cat. Having stroked it into something like quiescence, he looked again for an augury. But he looked in vain: the aggravating little beast kept to

itself whatever it knew; its looks were even apathetic. Menloe set it down: again it slank away, but it was from the left-hand corridor that it shrank. This was a corridor of great length, broad and imposing as far as the door which marked the new building; after that, whittling itself away into obscure passages and *culs de sac*.

Catching up the cat, Menloe stalked on, as silently as he could, to the door. Then he paused, feeling his side with his elbow; yes, his revolver was all right. Then he pulled at the brass handle of the excluding door. Little used, it creaked on its reluctant hinges. The cat struggled to escape. Menloe tried hard to shut it between his arm and his chest; the door swung to, the lantern fell, rattling down many steps, broke, and was extinguished. The cat had its way and disappeared.

Now, Menloe knew that end of the house so little, that, but for the warning of the crashing lantern, he would have plunged headlong down the stairs that shot away almost under his feet. Anybody else, no doubt, would have had some knowledge of it, unused, shut up, dilapidated as it was; but he was Menloe, and not anybody else. He stood and felt for a banister-rail, hearkening all the while. Just as his hand lit upon a sharply-falling line inserted in the left-hand wall, a sound came to his ear. Yes, and now that he heard it clearly, he knew that, faintly, in some Ultima Thule of the perception, he had been aware of it before. It was a heavy rattling sound, slow and somewhat regular. It might be, Menloe thought, the moving of some massive door.

Slowly down the stairs Menloe crept, thinking that he would give a good deal to have the lantern again; thinking that the cat would have been company; thinking that it wasn't a bad situation.

At length his feet were on level ground. He trod this way and that, feeling for the lost lantern. At length he found it, and, with a match from his waistcoat-pocket, relit it. On he went again, more than once striking his shoulder against the wall on either hand, for the passage was narrow, and twisted like a rat-hole.

Suddenly Menloe stopped, with a wild heart and the noise of the sea in his ears. A cry had come to him—an agonised, helpless cry, and the voice was Persephone's.

He sent out a cry in answer—a shout of reassurance—and ran forward. Once again, clearer and nearer, the cry came, and again he answered it, shouting as he ran. Then the lantern shot, whirling, from his hand, and he plunged after it, down and down and down. For a little time Menloe lay stunned; only, he thought, for a very little time, for the cry was ringing still. It was quite close now, sharp, terrible, a cry that maddened him with outrage and all wrong. Ah! and he could do nothing: for his fingers went idly along walls that had no memory, no meaning, no direction, no end. At last he was out again, in some new place—a light flashed—he thrust—a heavy door went back.

Then, there was Persephone—with wild eye and streaming hair; there were the eyes of James, burning, mad, bestial, devilish; and the strangling arms of James, and the laughter of hell.

Menloe took a few steps forward; the face of James was clear now, in the light of a lantern that seemed to hang upon the wall; two eyes of yellow with a red fire in their depths, a flashing, fawning mouth. Menloe chose the mouth. Clubbing his revolver, he smote one hard back-handed stroke; there was a crashing rattle, a howl; Persephone reeled and fell into darkness; then once, twice, thrice, there was a light flash, a light crack, a light curl of smoke. Then the lantern fell, and something laughed and rushed by; and then all was quite still.

CHAPTER XXVI.—PERSEPHONE'S STORY

THAT morning in Cavanagh's parlour Persephone told Menloe all there was to tell.

On the evening when Mrs. Tite was summoned to Queenstown she committed her daughter to the care of James.

Now, Persephone did not like that; but she had hardly serious ground for uneasiness—only a warning, half of the spirit, half a shrinking of the flesh. James had been perfectly respectful, that creeping of his arm around her waist notwithstanding.

That, Persephone admitted, had crept not without implicit invitation. She had discovered the complete situation at Menloe; she knew how she had been humbugged and hoodwinked, and she set to work to turn the tables.

"I meant to punish you," said Persephone, "for taking us in. That arm was part of your punishment. I knew you were looking on."

THERE WERE THE EYES OF JAMES, BURNING, MAD

"I don't mind the arm so much *now*," said Menloe—his own had superseded James's—"but it did hurt at the time."

"I'm glad of that," said Persephone. "Well, there was something about James that frightened me a little, but Momma was worried, and I couldn't add to her worries. So I let her start for Queenstown in the motor; and I got everything packed for Limerick, where the Bakers, old friends in Canada, were expecting us. James assured me that he had telephoned or wired for a car, and that it could not fail to come. It was long in coming, however, and I grew rather uneasy. Slipping out of my room, I made up my mind that I would walk into the village, returning with a man—some excuse about the boxes would account for him; or if it did not, it mattered very little.

"Half-way down the stairs I met James, and then I *was* frightened. His whole manner was changed; I fancied he had been drinking. I shuddered when his eye crept round and looked into mine. Then he laughed, and, coming close, tried to kiss me; and I pushed him away. He laughed again, and looked at me, and I knew he was mad.

"'Look here,' I said, 'I want to give Thady his tip,' and I walked into the kitchen. Thady was gone, and so was the little maid. I was alone in the house with him. It was between nine and ten; already I had seen bedroom lights in the village. There was hardly a chance of help coming.

"James stood within the doorway and laughed. I stepped up to the kitchen door—it was locked.

"'Let me go by,' I said to James. He put his arm round my waist, and again he tried to kiss me. I pushed him off as before; then, trying not to show any fear, I passed into the hall. I had almost reached the front door when James intervened. I turned away, and he locked the door, putting the key into his pocket.

"I said to myself, 'I must keep my presence of mind.'

"'Lord Menloe,' I said, 'shall we have a little stroll till the carriage comes? Yes, we will; I'll run up for my walking-stick.'

"I went up-stairs, but, instead of going to my own room, I turned to the left. I had never penetrated beyond the door, but there must be, I felt sure, some outlet on that side. At the worst, I thought, I could raise a window and slip away. Reaching the door, I looked back. James was following me. Then, I own, my wits left me. Slamming the door, I ran—only just escaping a fall down those break-neck stairs. On I ran, through dim, narrow passages with unexpected turns and sudden drops, and at every turn I looked, and saw the man's eyes, and the man a dim shadow behind them.

"At last I found myself shut in by walls. I turned into that room—that damp cellar-like room—and pushed the heavy door to. Coming up to the door, James laughed and knocked.

"'Aren't you going to let me in?' he asked.

"'Not just now,' I said, as gently as I could, for there was no lock, and I knew that he could force the door.

"'Then tell me you love me,' he said.

"'I love you,' I answered, and he went away. After awhile I tried the door, and found it locked or wedged, at least I could not open it.

"An hour later I heard him dragging something along the passage. Opening the door a little, he pushed in a mattress, a pillow and a rug. Then he set down a plate with bread upon it, and a cup of water.

"'I'm going to starve you out,' he said, and went away.

"All that day I was alone, in what fear you may guess a little.

"At night he came again, bringing me something to eat. Also he thrust in a postcard, saying, 'Write to your mother telling her you have arrived safely at Limerick.' When I refused, he was coming into the room, and, to be rid of his horrible eyes, I wrote what he told me.

"On the third night I had hard work to keep him out. Indeed, I never could have succeeded but for a discovery that I had made. He was listening for a coach—a black coach. The night before he had muttered something about it, and now by a strange instinct I cried, 'Hark! the black coach!'

"He shut the door instantly, and I heard him going away. He returned, however, and called, 'Do you love me?' I answered, 'Yes, when you don't try to open the door,' and he went away for good.

"That night I prayed for help, and oh, Menloe! I called to you."

"I heard you," he said, "at twelve o'clock or just before. Oh, my child,

was hard to hear you cry and not to come."

"To-night," Persephone went on, "I fell fast asleep. Hitherto I had watched till the dreadful visit was over. To-night, however, I was very drowsy; my eyes went to, and when they opened he was there—the frightful eyes, and the man behind.

"'The Black Coach,' he said, 'will come for me to-morrow, so you must love me to-night.'

"I tried to put him off, but—oh!——" Persephone laid her face on Menloe's arm and shuddered—shuddered. "Well," she said, "I cried to you, and you came, and it is all over."

"Persephone," said Menloe, after a little interval, "how well you speak. What has become of the queer dear grammar?"

"The queer dear grammar," she answered, "was a part of your punishment. Anyhow some of it was, and I'm pretty quick. I've picked up a few things since I came to Europe, but mind"—Persephone's brows furrowed with a resolute frown—"I always mean to call Mamma Momma."

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE BLACK COACH

NEXT morning, having already communicated—rather against the advice of Cavanagh—with genial Constable Molloy, Menloe dispatched telegrams to the asylum authorities, and to the county inspector of police, informing them that William Clancy, an escaped lunatic, was at large in that neighbourhood, and dangerous.

It was not without some natural tremors that Menloe took those steps. The fear of the hunted beast—the fierce desire of the aged beast—came back to him as he thought of those strange days that had been. With Cavanagh and Molloy, and the knowledge of the whole neighbourhood at his back, he had no reasonable dread of a repeated drama of mistaken identity; but he could not shut out a dread that was not reasonable.

In a shorter time than he had expected that covered car which had been his beguiler, or else its twin brother, climbed Kilbooby hill. There alighted Bob and a sergeant of police.

"William," said Bob, laying his hand on Menloe's shoulder, "why would ye be running off that-a-way?"

Without a word spoken Cavanagh's stick came down on the warder's knuckles.

"Where's your manners?" said Jim. "Next time ye're speaking to a nobleman, maybe you'll remember them."

If Menloe rebuked his enthusiastic friend, it was rather a formal affair. Bob wasn't a bad fellow, but on a large retrospect it was pleasant to see him suck his knuckles; also it was pleasant to see him, readily adapting Cavanagh's suggestion, touch his hat, and to hear him mutter, "A lord! a real lord! Lord, forgive me."

When Menloe had rehearsed the events of the night before, a council of war was held.

Finally, no one in the village having anything to say in respect of James's doings, old Thady being dumber than any, though all were curiously silent, Menloe made a proposal.

"I rather think," he said, "that if James had been seen anywhere in the countryside, we would find it hard to gain any admission of his appearance. I have not much doubt myself that James is not good to talk about. You see"—Menloe laid a friendly hand on Cavanagh's shoulder—"he is a bit of a Sweeper, and a bit of a Ghost I wouldn't wonder, and altogether a bit of a mystery; besides, he is hunted, and an Irishman naturally runs with the hare. We'll get no information about him."

"We will not, then," said Cavanagh.

"My suggestion," Menloe resumed, "is that the man is hanging about Menloe, and will keep close there. I hit him pretty hard last night (I ought to feel sorry, perhaps, but I can't; his madness in my view was badness, indulged and driven into the blood), and I doubt if he could go very far. Keep the car, if you want it at all, well out of sight. We'll search the house first, and if we fail to find him there, then the grounds and the woods."

That suggestion was adopted, and Menloe, Cavanagh, Bob, and the two policemen went up to the house. They went quickly, avoiding close company, for James had a revolver, and probably cartridges. It was well not to offer him too easy a mark.

The front door stood open; Menloe entered. As he set his foot in the hall there was a laugh—the terrible laugh of which Persephone had spoken—and from

the settle rose James. His mouth was swollen and disfigured, but the fire was gone from his eyes.

He looked at Menloe, and said quietly, and with dignity, "Order my coach."

"What coach?" Menloe asked.

"The Black Coach," James answered.

"It is here, it is waiting a hundred yards down the avenue."

"Bring it round," said James.

He sat down again, and Menloe saw that he laid his hand on his side. His face was livid; he looked like a man whose heart was all wrong.

Bob went a few yards down the avenue and whistled. In less than a minute dismal car stood at the door.

"The coach is here," said Menloe.

Rising with difficulty, James pa through the hall, descended the steps stood before the coach.

"Home," he said; and, with sore difficulty, lifted himself in. Then Bob the sergeant followed.

James lay back in the left-top co with his eyes half shut.

"He's near Home already," whisp Bob.

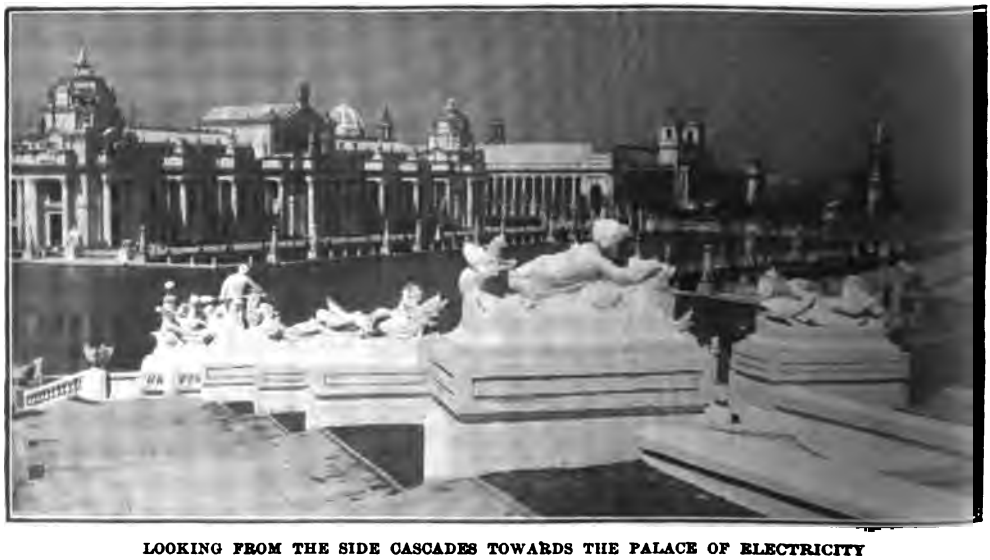
A little later Menloe laid his ha James's heart. It was quite still.

THE END

The Exposition at St. Louis

FOR every great international Exposition it is invariably claimed that it is on a larger scale and more attractive and comprehensive than any of its predecessors. This is claimed for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and with a long and varied experience of international Expositions in the Old World and in the New, I am fully convinced that the claim for St. Louis is abundantly made good. The only Exposition with which it can be compared is that at Chicago, eleven years ago, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. I was at Chicago, and after a month at St. Louis it seems to beyond all question that the Louisi Purchase Exposition is on a grander sc than the World's Fair at Chicago in 18

Chicago had one advantage which lacking here. There, Lake Michigan the background against which the Exp tion was set, and the blue waters of lake gave it a refreshing charm and natural grandeur which put that Expos in a class by itself, and made the W City of 1893 memorable in the history these international aggregations.



LOOKING FROM THE SIDE CASCADES TOWARDS THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY

GROUPS OF SCULPTURE BY BURGHEIM ON LAUNCH LANDING

St. Louis has no lake. It has the ſiſſiſſippi River. But the Mississippi ere is only remarkable for its width and olume. Its banks are as unattractive as ıose of a great river could possibly be; and ıe river hereabouts has none of the scenic randeur—the mountains, the Alpine-like rags, the rivulets, the forests, and the lear blue water—which gives the Kennebec nd the Penobscot, the Connecticut, the Iudson and the Susquehana their varied nd abiding charm.

The Mississippi at St. Louis is muddy at ll stages of the water, and its banks on the east, as well as on the west shore, are given up to the most prosaic uses—to steamboat wharves, railroad tracks, grain elevators, lumber yards, mills and warehouses. The Exposition too is seven miles inland from the levee at St. Louis, hence the river has no share in the attractions of the Exposition.

At Chicago the Exposition was on a stretch of prairie as flat and as devoid of growing timber as a billiard-board. Here the Exposition is in a vast natural park, with virgin timber, much undulating land, and with a little tributary of the Mississippi

PALACE OF ELECTRICITY BY NIGHT

The Exposition at St. Louis

PALACE OF EDUCATION

wending its way through the park. The park makes a grand setting for the one hundred and eighty odd Exposition buildings, and to quite an appreciable extent makes up for the absence of the lake which was so much a feature in the *ensemble* at Chicago.

The Exposition buildings and the scheme of cascades, lagoons, terraces, plazas, and boulevards are on even a grander scale than at Chicago; for the Exposition Commissioners had many more million dollars to spend than the Commissioners of the Chicago Exposition. The landscape gardeners too had great opportunities here; and they have turned to the fullest advantage the twelve hundred acres of beautiful park and forest land lying within the ring fence which encloses the Exposition. Several of the great Exposition buildings, such as those set apart for Art, for Agriculture, and for Horticulture, are adjacent to large areas of forest land broken only by the avenues which have been laid out by the landscape gardeners. These woodland surroundings add enormously to the beauty of the Exposition. They are also highly essential to the comfort of the visitors; for in July and August St. Louis is one of the hottest cities on the North American continent, and an Exposition on a bare stretch of prairie with no lake breezes to temper the summer heat, with no expanse

CASTLE IN TYROLEAN ALPS AT WORLD'S FAIR

of water to suggest coolness, and no shade-trees to afford relief from the sun, would have been well-nigh impossible.

From the time it was planned to celebrate Jefferson's famous treaty with Napoleon in 1803 for the cession to the then but newly-organised American Republic of the enormous stretch of country which was included in the Louisiana Purchase, it was determined by the citizens of St. Louis that the Exposition should outrival that at Chicago; and this intention has been realised. It has taken ten millions sterling to do it. This outlay cannot possibly be recouped by the gate receipts and the percentages payable by the thousands of concession holders. One million sterling of the total sum is a gift outright by the Government at Washington, the nation's contribution to the Exposition as a factor in national education. Another million sterling represents a loan from the Washington Government, which will have to be repaid. The remaining eight millions sterling consist of money raised in St. Louis and money given by the State Government of Missouri, and of money spent by the United States Government and by foreign Governments on buildings and national displays, and by exhibitors in preparing, transporting and installing their exhibits.

From these various sources fifty million dollars have thus gone into the creation of the Exposition, and have helped to make it the greatest international Exposition yet held, in every way a fitting celebration of the epoch-making treaty it is designed to commemorate. Fifteen million people have now their homes in the States and Territories carved out of the then mostly unexplored country which Napoleon sold to the United States in 1803. This new territory made possible the extension of the United States southwards and westward. Otherwise the United States might have been confined to the Atlantic seaboard, and would have had colonies of France and Spain as well as of Great Britain as its neighbours. Spain sold its Florida territory in 1819, and with these great acquisitions

CLIFF DWELLERS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

assured, there was no more territorial expansion until 1845, when in rapid succession Texas was annexed, Oregon was acknowledged by Great Britain to be United States territory, and Mexico was forced to give up New Mexico and Upper California, and to relinquish her claim on her insurgent province of Texas by the Treaty of 1848.

The Louisiana Purchase Territory is the greatest area of country which ever passed from the flag of one nation to that of another as the result of diplomacy which had not been preceded by war. It is the greatest triumph of peaceful diplomacy in history; and it would have been unlike the American people had they allowed the hundredth anniversary of this far-reaching triumph to pass without national commemoration. St. Louis is the commercial, industrial, and social metropolis of the Louisiana Territory. It is the largest city within it. It is not older than New Orleans, but it has much greater commercial and industrial importance than the original capital of the old French Territory, and its population is enormously larger. Without question, therefore, it fell to St. Louis to organise the commemoration of President Jefferson's foresight and diplomacy.

PRINCE PU LUN, WHO VISITED THE WORLD'S FAIR IN MAY

The Exposition will not pay its way. That at Chicago did not do so. But should the United States Government not recover itself in money for its loan there will be no national loss. The Government loan and gift together aggregate less than the cost of a small war such as unfortunately Great Britain is frequently engaged in. But small glory and little real satisfaction result from these petty wars; while ten or eleven million dollars appropriated by Government to such an Exposition as this help to give untold pleasure to the whole country, serve as a measure of national development in art and industry, and are of permanent usefulness as a great factor in education.

Such Expositions as these are more essential perhaps to the life of the United States than they are to that of England, because the American people are so widely scattered and are of diverse origin. An Exposition like that at Chicago and this at St. Louis brings people together who ordinarily are living thousands of miles apart, and are surrounded by the most diverse natural and climatic conditions. These great gatherings cannot fail to help on the homogeneity and cohesiveness of this great country, and to impress upon the commingling crowds that, whether they are from Massachusetts or Oregon, from Louisiana or the pine-tree State of Maine away north on the Atlantic coast with the Province of New Brunswick as its neighbour, whether they were born in this country or in Europe, they are all Americans, and that many influences and interests are common to them all.

I have known St. Louis and Missouri for many years. My first home in this country was in St. Louis, where I came fresh from England just twenty years ago. My work in those early years took me much afield and brought me into close touch with

political life. When I first came the memories of the War of the Rebellion had not nearly died away. Missouri was a slave State, and in St. Louis, when the crisis came in 1861, there was a large and influential secession element. The State in fact was only saved from the Confederacy by the active and daring loyalty of such men as the late Gratz Brown—whom in my early days at St. Louis I often saw in the law courts—and Carl Schurz, who, foremost among German immigrants, has taken a prominent and useful part in the larger politics of his adopted country. The German population here, always large, was also loyal to the Union, and their loyalty and the courage and daring of Brown and Schurz just saved Missouri from throwing in its lot with what was to be the Lost Cause.

Twenty years ago in St. Louis the memory of the great struggle of 1861–65 was still vivid and still tinged with bitterness, and the same may be said of the whole of the south-western section of the country. I have attended a political convention in Texas at which there were six hundred delegates, and in which the white men—it was a Republican Convention—did not exceed thirty or forty, nearly all of whom were Federal office-holders. I have been thrilled by the old Rebellion yell at a Missouri Democratic convention; and I was once at a battlefield graveyard down in the Ozark country, where there were flowers and garlands for the Union dead, and orations in their honour, but no testimony of love or respect for the dead of the Confederate forces who lay in an adjoining graveyard.

These bitter memories are now receding all over the country. The war is at last being forgotten. It has almost disappeared from Federal politics, and would soon drop out entirely were it not for the pension question. There are no reminders of the war at the Exposition. People from the South are here in much larger numbers than they were at Chicago. They are mingling with people from the East, the North, and the North-west as they have never done before; and as I go in and out among the crowds in the beautiful Garden City—for the Exposition is the most perfect Garden City that could be devised—it is strongly borne in on me that this Exposition is going to do more than commemorate Jefferson's triumph. It is going to do much more than was contemplated by the citizens of St. Louis when they began the stupendous task of its creation. It is, I think, going to mark the complete passing away of the bitter memories that have disturbed society and politics since the war of 1861–65, and the burial of the sectional feeling due to the fratricidal struggle of half-a-century ago, even more than it celebrates the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory.

FESTIVAL HALL AND CASCADES

There is another reason why no one need begrudge the money which may not find its way back to the Federal Treasury. Neither the State nor the Federal Government can do much in the way of ordinary education for the immigrant who has come too late to take advantage of the free public schools which are established all over the land. He is, however, reached educationally, in the pleasantest way, by means of a great Exposition. The Exposition is a landmark in the progress not only of the United

States, but also of the world. Moreover, it commemorates the greatest triumph of peaceful diplomacy of which we have any records.

St. Louis in weather and climate has its drawbacks and also its compensations. Its summer is at times exceedingly hot. Its long autumn and its Indian summer are a delight. To live through an Indian summer is an experience never to be forgotten by people accustomed to the damp and fog of November in London or in the north of England. The Exposition is to remain open until December 1st. English people who are contemplating visiting it will do well if they can so time their visit as to spend November in the Garden City.

E. PORRITT.

Cocoa and the Cocoa-tree

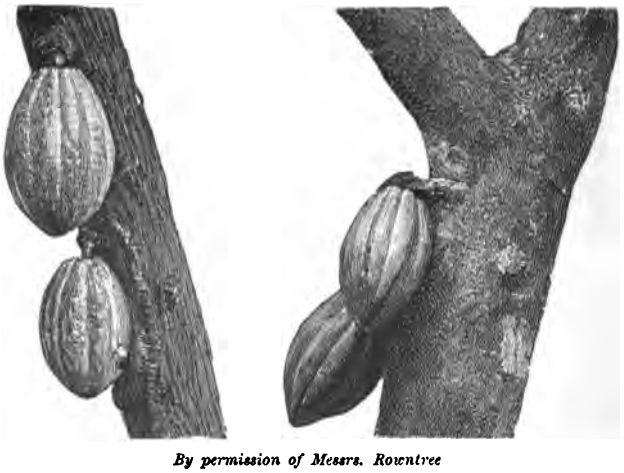
BY W. J. GORDON

CONSIDERING that cocoa was the national drink of the Aztecs, it is curious that its manufacturers have not favoured the world with some trade-mark reminiscent of Mexico. With Montezuma and his fifty jars of chocolate a day for his own consumption, and two thousand for his household, we might at least have expected a brand bearing his name, or, perhaps, one called after Xmucane, the Aztec gentleman of earlier date, who invented nine drinks, the fourth of which consisted of cocoa and ground maize, otherwise cornflour, and thereby anticipated the makers of so many of our current preparations, cocoa in flavour and name, and something else in bulk.

Of *Theobroma* there are quite a dozen species, and of the one, *T. cacao*, which produces the cocoa, some ten varieties; and it is remarkable that this species, from which Montezuma made his chocolate, is in none of its varieties indigenous to Mexico, but a native of the basins of the Amazon and Orinoco, though now grown in every American state from Mexico to Peru and Brazil.

On the Pacific the chief cocoa port is Guayaquil; on the other side, the largest quantities are shipped from Cabello, La Guayra, Carupano and Bahia. The tree is cultivated in most of the West India islands, notably in Trinidad, where it is said to be indigenous. In Jamaica no less than sixty-five plantations of it were destroyed, probably by a hurricane, in 1671, and owing to this disaster—and high customs dues—the culture was abandoned, to be begun again in recent years.

Cocoa was introduced by the Spaniards into Celebes in 1560, under the name of Bengal coffee, and thence and from their



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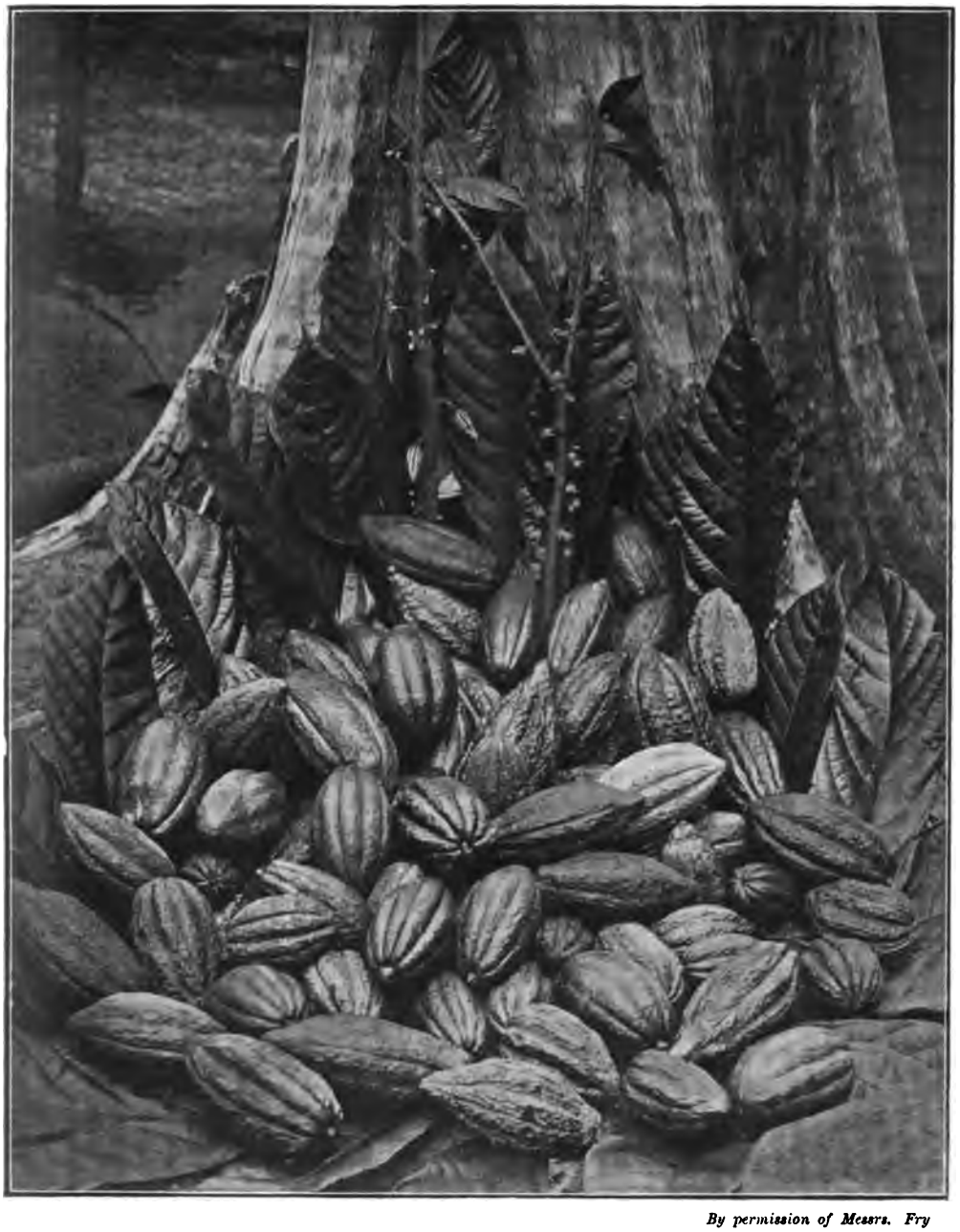
COCOA PODS GROWING

By permission of Messrs. Rowntree

SPLIT COCOA POD, SHOWING BEANS



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GROUP OF LEAVES, FLOWERS AND PODS

other East Indian colonies, Java, Sumatra, and so on, as well as Surinam, the Dutch obtain most of their supplies. It was acclimatised in the Philippines by the Spaniards in 1674, the plants coming from Acapulco. The French took it from Cayenne to Cochin China over thirty years ago, and to Bourbon nearly a century since; and from Bourbon they took it on to Madagascar. It is the main export of the island of San Thomé, on the other side of Africa, whither the Portuguese carried it from Brazil in 1822. Later it was established by the Spaniards in Fernando Po;

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NATIVES SPLITTING COCOA PODS

some seventeen years ago it was introduced by the Germans into Cameroon; and it is now grown further south by the French in the Gaboon, and by the Belgians in the Congo.

In 1880 batches of young plants were sent from Kew to Fiji, Singapore and Ceylon. The Fiji venture failed at the first attempt, but succeeded at the second; the Singapore consignment succeeded at once, as did the Ceylon lot, which prospered so well that Ceylon cocoa is now as good as any in the trade.

The cocoa-tree is not a palm, but belongs to an order intermediate between the mallows and the limes. It is an evergreen with reddish-grey bark, straight of trunk, and much branched, from twenty to thirty feet high, with the foliage mainly at the ends of the branches, the leaves longish and alternate, with a pair of linear stipules on the stalk which soon drop off.

It blossoms in its third or fourth year. The pinkish or yellow flowers, which appear all the year round, are without fragrance; they are small and often clustered, and grow from the scars left by fallen leaves, there being but one bloom in each cluster that comes to fruit. The pod, or cabosse, is about half as broad as it is long, from five to ten inches in length, blunt at the base, ridged and roughly furrowed, and changing as it ripens to yellow, purple, or red; and there are two gatherings of the pods a year, the cabosses being picked as they ripen, and not all at once, the collection practically extending over each alternate three months.

The culture is peculiar. Cuttings are sometimes taken but, as a rule, the plant is raised from seed, the seeds being cleared of their pulpy covering and soaked in water for eight or twelve hours before sowing. In two or three months the seedlings are a couple of feet high, and are transplanted into moist ground in some valley sheltered from the winds, and having an equable and regular rainfall.

Every young cocoa-tree has its guard of shade plants. These are of three kinds. First, the small ones to protect it for a few months, generally cassava, chillies, or castor oils; second, bananas and plantains to take charge of it when it has overtopped the others, and grow with it for two or three years; third, the permanent shade trees, further apart, which when the three years are over are the only occupants of the ground except the cocoa-trees, and with their broad tops roof in the plantation like the aisles of a natural temple, and in which parrots and monkeys do as much damage as they dare.

In Trinidad and Venezuela the customary shade tree is *Erythrina umbrosa*, the immortelle or madre de cacao, which, like other leguminous plants, yields nitrogen to the soil and thus helps the cocoa to thrive; but elsewhere, as also there, the sand-box, *Hura crepitans*, and other species of different orders are used for this protective purpose, the plantations being surrounded by bananas, bamboos and other shrubs, to

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COCOA POD CUT OPEN, SHOWING THE SEEDS

afford further shelter. The method is old. When Cortes reached Mexico he found the cocoa-tree the most carefully cultivated plant in the country, and its cultivation extended down to its native valleys east of Panama, and always in shade, for as a denizen of deep forest it would not thrive in the open.

Peter Martyr named it *Amygdale pecuniariæ*, in allusion to the seeds being used as money, and, in fact, the first specimens to come to Europe were those brought by Columbus in 1496, as examples of the local currency. The native name was cacauatl, hence "cacau" as John Chilton called it, the Spaniards phonetically spelling it cacao, whence the confusion with cocoa-nut—which ought to be coco-nut—as its name comes from macoco, the Portuguese for monkey, in reference to the resemblance to a monkey face of the three terminal scars. Chocolate, also, we appear to owe to a blunder. The native name of the mixture of cocoa with vanilla, honey, etc. was chocolatl; but Joseph Acosta, who wrote of it in 1604 as "toothsome to such as are not acquainted with it," was made by his printer to call it chocolaté, from which the English eliminated the accent, and the French eliminated the "e."

The tree was first described by Benzoni, who left America in 1555, and the seeds were first figured by Clusius in 1582. The Spaniards are said to have begun the drinking of chocolate in 1520, and for years they kept it to themselves. The next to drink it in Europe seem to have been the English. In 1657 "the excellent West Indian drink, called chocolate," was to be had in Queen's Head Alley, Bishopsgate, and in 1660 tea, coffee and chocolate are mentioned together in an Act of Parliament.

Cocoa is one of those numerous articles for which our colonies had a preferential customs rate. In 1784 colonial cocoa paid 6*d.* per pound, while foreign paid 1*s.* 6*d.*; in 1803 colonial paid 1*s.* 10*d.*, foreign 5*s.* 10*d.*; in 1818 colonial paid 1*s.* 10*d.*, foreign 3*s.*; in 1825 colonial paid 1*s.*, foreign 2*s.* 6*d.*; in 1852 colonial paid 1*d.*, foreign 2*d.*, the preference not being abolished until 1853. Even in these days of free import, cocoa manufactured pays 1*d.* a pound, the husks or shells 2*s.* a hundredweight, and cocoa or chocolate prepared or manufactured in any way, 2*d.* per pound, the preparations thus taxed coming entirely from the foreigner. At one time, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1780, every dealer in chocolate had to take out a licence costing 5*s.* 6*d.* a year; and up to 1820 the cocoa duty was collected by every pound being wrapped in paper supplied by the revenue officials.

It is remarkable that coffee, which is our only hot drink that undergoes no fermentation in its manufacture, should remain so stationary in demand, compared with tea and cocoa; tea being fermented after the rolling of the leaf, cocoa being fermented as soon as the seeds are extracted from the pod, the object of this fermentation being to remove some of the acridity, strengthen the flavour, and swell the seeds so as to loosen their husks and start the separation of the two cotyledons. Formerly some of the West Indian cocoas were dried on mats, but now the fermentation process in use on the mainland is almost universal.

As wheat and many other things are blended, so is cocoa, and just as in a flour mill you find grain from America and South-Eastern Europe, and other places, mixed together to yield particular qualities of flour, so to a cocoa factory come seeds from the tropics nearly all round the world, recognisable by differences in shape and size.

The first process is to roast the seeds in much the same way as coffee beans, and frequently this is done by high-pressure steam. Then they are passed through a mill in which they are cracked, so as to free the two crumpled cotyledons, known in commerce as nibs, and the shells are winnowed off. These shells, which form about twelve per cent. of the weight of the seed, and contain some of the qualities of the nib in a less degree, are cleared out of the large factories, to be used in the smaller ones, for what may be described as approaches to cocoa, some of the cocoa-powders—let us say "of the past"—being made of potato starch, moistened with a decoction of shells and sweetened with treacle, and some having so little cocoa in them that their wholesale price to the shops is less than that of the lowest quality of unroasted seeds.

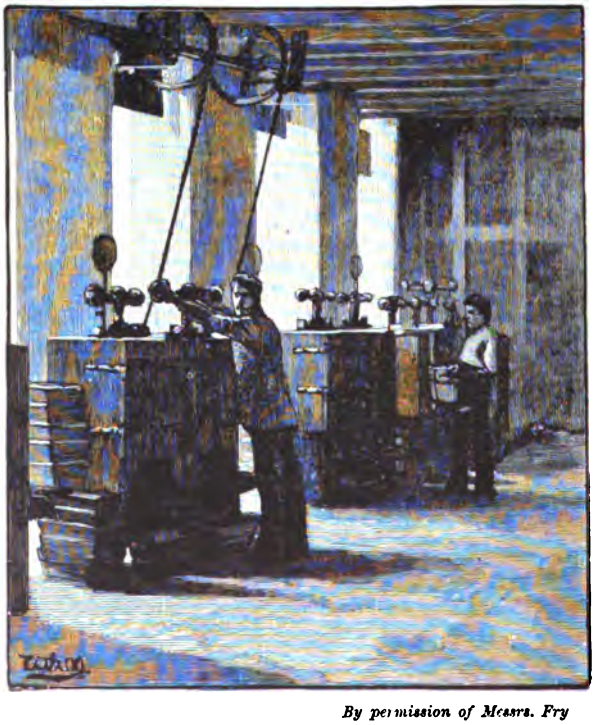
The next step is the grinding of the nibs, and it is at this stage that the sugar and other ingredients are introduced in the production of chocolate for eating and fancy cocoas for drinking. But if pure cocoa is required, the nibs are simply ground and the powder treated in presses, to squeeze out the fat—a process which seems to have

been introduced by Van Houten in the beginning of the last century.

This fat is the cocoa butter, which forms more than half the weight of the cocoa nib. Mr. R. Cadbury, writing under the pseudonym of Historicus, in his book on Cocoa, says that his firm extracts two-thirds of the fat; and the other leading manufacturers do the same, more or less, the reason of the extraction being that cocoa, as a drink, was unsuitable to persons inclined to biliousness, until this practice of elimination of the grease was introduced to make it more digestible by them and more agreeable and palatable to all.

It is the brown bread story over again. Chemically, brown bread is richer in food constituents than white bread, but the constituents are not all in a form that can be assimilated, and so white bread is really superior in food value to brown. Chemically, the cocoa nib is much richer in food constituents than the tea leaf or the coffee berry; it contains many of the ingredients necessary to the growth and sustenance of the body, but these are in such forms, with so small a proportion assimilable, that its real food value is by no means as high as the percentages would indicate. Some constitutions get more benefit from it than others, but to most it is little more than a useful stimulant, however thick it may be made. In fact, it is a drink, and a good one, there being no better drink for those who like it.

A little of the fat is converted into fatty acids in the roasting, just as some of the starch is converted into dextrin, but the bulk remains to be driven out under pressure. This cocoa-butter is used in the factories in the confectionery department: in France it is made into soap, candles and pomatum; and here it is well known in pharmacy, in the form of oblong yellowish tablets, like white Windsor soap, unctuous in touch, and brittle at ordinary temperatures. To the fat difficulty we owe the compound cocoas, of which that of Messrs. Epps, the homœopathic chemists, is the oldest and best known. In some of these the fat withdrawn is replaced by other alimentary substances; in some a larger percentage of the fat is left so as to require a larger proportion of other ingredients to neutralise the excess, their introduction opening the door to what many call the wholesale adulteration that characterises much of the trade. Many of these additions are harmless; some of them, such as milk, make it more of a food; some simply add to the weight or darken the colour; some, like kola, merely add an extra stimulant.



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HYDRAULIC PRESS FOR EXTRACTING COCOA BUTTER FROM CONCENTRATED COCOA

It seems as though man cannot get on without a stimulant of some sort, and when that stimulant is not one of the many alcohols, it has to be thein. There is thein, caffein, theobromin — whichever you may please to call it, for it is very much the same thing—in all the national drinks of the so-called temperance nations. The tea of China, the coffee of Arabia, the kola of Africa, the maté of Paraguay, the coca of Peru, and the cocoa of Mexico are all "caffeics"—thein is the stimulant in all of them. And thein, like the alcohols, has its dangers, for excess in either invariably leads to trouble, but of two evils we should choose the lesser, and the lesser in this case

is undoubtedly with the alkaloids and not with the alcohols.

In the preparation of chocolate the fat is retained, the nibs being ground up into a paste, with perhaps sixty per cent. of white sugar as fine as flour, and flavoured, etc., as it is ground. In the old days certain species of *Vanilla* and *Sobralia* furnished the flavouring, but now vanilla chocolate derives its taste from conifers and not from orchids. In 1861 Hartig discovered coniferin in the sap of the common European larch, and other coniferous trees were afterwards found to yield it. In 1874 coniferin was made to produce vanillin; and as a single ounce of vanillin equals in flavouring power a pound of vanilla, the orchid pods are no longer used where cheapness is desirable, and, in fact, could not be grown in sufficient quantity to supply the demand.

Some of the firms engaged in the cocoa trade are of quite respectable age. Fry and Sons, the oldest and largest—whose works were described in these pages in an article on Bristol some six years ago, and who seem to have succeeded Churchman, one of the earliest advertisers—date back to 1728, sixteen years after *The Spectator* was warning its readers that chocolate was dangerous, a mild way of supporting the bilious individual who six years before that had produced a scare by announcing that since it had been prepared with sugar, it had become a poison.

We know better now. There is no sweetmeat in more esteem than chocolate, as witness Queen Victoria's Christmas gift to her South African army, an order seemingly gigantic which was dealt with so successfully in the ordinary course of business by Messrs. Rowntree and the other two houses among which it was divided. The trade thrives both at home and abroad. Some of the foreign factories like those of Menier or Suchard—not to speak of others, for we cannot mention all—are growing immensely, and export largely to this country, though some of our younger firms of native origin, like Caley of Norwich, seem to be growing quite as fast.

The prejudice against cocoa lasted for many years, and it is one of the few good things that have been nursed into success by official patronage. As recently as 1830 our total importation was 976,115 lbs., of which the Royal Navy consumed 582,400 lbs., a similarly large proportion having been taken on many previous occasions. Had it not been introduced into the navy, it would probably have lingered on as a luxury, but when the Government, year after year, renewed its naval orders and encouraged the colonies to grow it by preferential duties, the prejudice was gradually broken down. Its many merits very early recommended it to temperance reformers, and with the success of their efforts, and the ever-increasing variety of its forms and applications, its consumption extended, until now the cocoa we import every year amounts in value to a quarter that of tea.

By permission of *Messrs. Caley*

CHOCOLATE PACKING DEPARTMENT

(OCTOBER 14, 1066)

1

WHERE crowned with ruined towers this height
Looks out upon the distant sea,
The sward was trampled by the might
Of Europe's proudest chivalry;
And at the setting of the sun
A kingdom here was lost and won.

2

Titles, and lands, and lasting fame
Beyond their high ambitious thought,
Were theirs who with the victor came
And round his gilded banner fought,
Yet 'tis not Norman fame or power
That haunts my memory this hour.

3

But England's sons who, called away
From peaceful toil, from field and plough,
For King and Fatherland that day
Stood firm and patient on this brow,
Facing the war storm side by side
From morning star to eventide.

4

That Autumn eve from the far past
Returns again to fancy's eye;
On helm and sword its glow is cast,
As hostile ranks in panoply
With flashing steel and trumpet sound
Beset the dead King's standard round.

5

On its last field unfurled it stands
In the soft light of waning day;
Rank upon rank fresh Norman bands
Rush ever on to seize that prey;
Yet pressed by foeman front and rear,
Still floats the Saxon's banner there.

6

For though their King is stricken low,
No living arm fails England's cause;
Against the fierce, triumphant foe
Each breast would shield her rights and laws
Till heaped about her flag they lie,
Till her last champion falls to die.

7

While yet I gaze, a moonless night
Like a dark pall shrouds hill and coast,
Save where yon torch's flaring light
With red gleam shows the Norman host,
And out beyond the victor's train
Flickers upon the English slain.

8

There thick upon the trampled field
Are strewn in heaps the true and brave,
None turned to flee, or sought to yield;
Peasant and earl have shared one grave.
And near the centre of this ring[1]
Lies 'neath these slain the patriot King.

9

No stone shall mark with sculptured line
The spot where he for England fell,
Here minstrel's song and stately shrine
Shall but his foeman's glory tell,
None may for him memorial raise,
No bard his valiant deeds may praise.

FOR KING AND FATHERLAND

10

Yet shall not Harold be forgot,
For pallid lips will breathe his name
Full oft by ruined Hampshire cot
And Yorkshire homestead wreathed in flame,
And sore for him will brave men long
In future years of scorn and wrong.

11

Not three weeks since from England's shore
He sent the dreaded northern hosts
Vanquished and tamed, to come no more
With sword and fire to waste her coasts;
And all men hoped his strong firm hand
Would long from foeman guard their land.

12

Gentle as brave, in council wise,
Destined he seemed to mould her state,
That out of weakness there might rise
A Saxon England free and great,
The promise of his morning bright
Before its noon has sunk in night.

13

A race that slights the English name
Shall in the English land hold sway,
But in those coming days of shame
Oft shall men think of this stern day,
Through whose long hours with weapons rude
'Gainst horse and Knight these rustics stood.

[1] As the standard was attacked on every side the bodies of its defenders must have fallen in a circle round the spot where it stood.

14

Proudly they met the foeman's pride,
  No Norman scorned the Saxons here;
Oft did that fierce onrushing tide
  From their firm ranks recoil with fear.
The stranger's rule they ne'er shall see;
While these yet lived was England free.

15

But now the chief lies stricken low
  Who would have shielded this fair land
And taught its sons to meet the foe,
  And join their force from strand to strand.
Against the yoke though brave men strain,
Divided they shall strive in vain.

16

For with dismay shall all men mark
  Upon each height a fortress rise
With massive walls and turrets dark
  That towering upward to the skies,
Standing in cruel strength shall frown
O'er wasted vale and ruined town.

17

Ever more widely shall extend
  A line of towers in grim array,
And ever further forth must wend
  Those who would flee the spoiler's sway,
Till, to the furthest bound, remains
No spot without the Norman chains.

"'GAINST HORSE AND KNIGHT THESE RUSTICS STOOD"

18

Freedom on England's soil must fly
From the abodes of living men,
And where her rustic champions lie
Upon this hill or yonder fen,
Oft bending o'er them as they sleep
Through coming ages she shall weep.

19

And though at last in far-off time
Saxon and Norman one shall be,
And side by side in many a clime
Shall bear their flag to victory,
Never can truer sons appear
Than those who died for England here.

20

The freedom of their native land
Was dearer to their hearts than life;
Still dauntless strove the patriot band
When hope no more could cheer their strife.
To men who thus its horrors face
Defeat brings death, but not disgrace.

21

Two fates of war doth glory crown;
In righteous cause to win, or die;
To gain a victor's proud renown,
Or in a hero's grave to lie;
And shall these Saxons be forgot
If theirs the harder, sterner lot?

JAMES HOUGHTON KENNEDY.

For King and Country

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins,
You're a good 'un heart and hand."

IT was washing-day at Manor Farm, and Mrs. Bland was not in a good temper; in fact, since her visit to her daughter—Mrs. Warren—her state of mind had been more or less uncertain. Her day had not been altogether satisfactory, for the maltster was a man possessed of more than his share of family pride, and he was annoyed that his wife's mother should find herself compelled to increase her income by turning her home into a baby farm, as he expressed it. He did not scruple to make his annoyance felt, and his remarks as to people who had frittered away a decent competence, and then descended to incubating chickens and children, had irritated Mrs. Bland so deeply, that she came home to vent feelings that she dared not express in her daughter's house, at Frittingham.

She had also brought back with her a small parcel of Peggy's stockings and petticoats that she had intended for Mrs. Warren's little girls, for she was too angry to leave it with them, in spite of the fact that Peggy had more clothes than she could possibly wear out before she outgrew them, and that Mrs. Beauchamp would be away so long, that she could not possibly be supposed to remember all the garments that should by rights have belonged to her daughter. But since she had been languidly indifferent, and the children rude and boisterous, Mrs. Bland had returned, thinking the world a howling wilderness, where no one had justice done to them even by their nearest and dearest.

So on this eventful morning, Peggy and Stephen had not been able to escape into the fields as they had intended, but were busily engaged piling up firewood in the outhouse in neat little bundles. There was a certain charm about it to Stephen, although, as it was in sight of the house, he could not indulge in day-dreams as to the number of little bundles in the heap, or even leave off to have a game of ball with Peggy, or creep away into the meadow where the yellow cowslips were blossoming as golden as lemons on the trees.

Jane was standing at the sink in the back kitchen, having left her clothes to soak, and being now engaged in peeling potatoes for the mid-day meal. Mrs. Bland was in the front garden, manœuvring reluctant chickens under a coop, and the

"EXCUSE ME, MISS," SAID GUNNER BECK

house was still with the drowsy silence of a summer's day that has only the undercurrent of sound upon the surface of things.

"'Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins,'" sang Jane's shrill treble, mellowed by the sunlight and the fresh air that poured through the open door. "'You're a credit to your country and to all your nytive'——Oh, my!"

The song was an outward indication of the direction in which Jane's thoughts were straying, and the sudden break in it was due to a wholly unexpected apparition that seemed to her to be the very spirit of the song itself.

The knife fell with a crash, and the potato that she was holding rolled under the table, while Jane herself was staring open-mouthed at a man in the uniform of a British gunner, who was standing sheepishly in the doorway in a patch of sunlight that glinted on his golden buttons, and set off the wonders of white gloves and belt.

"Excuse me, miss," said Gunner Beck with the most elaborate civility. "But am I right in supposin' I am addressin' of Miss Jane Pearcey?"

"Quite right," said Jane decidedly, sitting down on the edge of a large three-legged stool with some vehemence. "But I never thought as you'd come when me and the child wrote."

"I'd do more than that for the Major's children," said Beck doggedly. "Do you know what he did for me once when I was in trouble? Shielded me and talked to me like a father—I'd not been exact on the square, though I'm not a-goin' to tell you precisely what I'd been a-doin, Miss Pearcey—but another officer might have given me the chuck-out, and I'd have gone to the bad, instead of this."

He loftily pointed to the good-conduct stripe upon his arm, while Jane grimly regarded it.

"I never had much opinion of soldiers," she said with a sniff. "Dressed up ever so to go a play-acting like—all blue and red like Joseph's coat of many colours. But I changed my opinion the minute you came into the door."

"I'm pleased to hear it," said Beck, edging a little nearer to Jane with an agreeable smile.

"If your uniform permits you to stoop," said Jane, with a toss of her head, "I'll trouble you for that potato which your appearing so sudden made me drop."

Beck gallantly dived for it and came up again rather red in the face from the exertion. There was some trifling by-play during its restoration, and then, setting her cap straight, Jane returned to work, and the recital of the children's troubles that he had come so far to attempt to remedy. Beck sat on the edge of the table swinging his feet, and looking with an expression of admiration at Jane's comely figure, which presently changed into an attitude of rigid horror as Jane continued—

"This family was no place to send two innocent children to, like those two dear dears as is storing wood at this moment in the wood-shed. Mrs. Bland has no temper for children, up in an instant she is—and as mean as mean. Why, the children have to do odd jobs in the garden and the house, and they don't get the food they ought, and all the love comes from me."

"And no doubt that'll be the best person it could come from," said Beck gallantly. "But it does not seem to me that things is exactly right."

"Things is exactly wrong," said Jane warmly. "And when it comes to the pretty dears' clothes being taken for Mrs. Bland's grandchildren, things has come to a pretty pass."

Beck groaned. "My patience," he said. "Whatever was the Major thinkin' about to leave 'em here?"

"Can't think," said Jane emphatically. "Though when their father and mother brought the pretty dears everything looked all right here—there was kisses and loving, and nice food, and all that sort of soft sawder talk, till they were out of sight. I knew what it was all worth, but what could I do, except promise to look after them? And Mrs. Beauchamp was the sweetest lady I ever saw—so gentle-spoken and kind—I'd go over the world to serve her."

"Same here," said Beck warmly. "She and the Major are good all through, and if any one said I had to walk barefoot over red-hot iron to help 'em, I'd do it."

"Well I never," said Jane, moved to sympathy, "you must be strangely fond of them, but I can quite understand it—lookin' into her gentle eyes made me feel quite choking."

"You've got a warm heart," said Beck, moving an inch nearer. "I hope there's room in it for me."

"Well, I never," said Jane bashfully, as her hand and the potato vanished for a moment into the big brown fist of the warm-hearted gunner. "But the question is, what can we do for the children before we think of anything else?"

"Why, yes," said Beck; "but that is all cut-and-dried in my mind. Somewhere in my pocket I've got a bit of a paper with the name of their aunt upon it." He fumbled in the pocket of his serge tunic and produced the crumpled back of an envelope, on which was scrawled—

"The Lady Elizabeth Marillier,
Tattersham Cottage."

Why—" said Jane, with a long-drawn note of wonder as she read it slowly, "it's quite close here, is Tattersham, and though they call it a cottage, it's a fine big place, no more a cottage than this house is."

"I picked this bit of address up," said Beck sheepishly, "in the Major's room, if the truth be told. It wasn't strictly speaking honest maybe, but I wanted to know some one belonging to the poor little souls when they got left."

"You're that sharp, Mr. Beck," cried Jane admiringly, "I should be afraid of your cuttin' yourself. But my advice to you is, go to her ladyship and let her know what's a-goin' on."

"But she's in foreign parts. The Major was saying so, and what a pity it was."

"Never you believe a thing unless you see it with your own eyes," said Jane contemptuously. "I suppose if any one had said to you that the children was as happy as kings here and livin' on cake, you wouldn't have thought of coming to see. Half what you see and nothing what you hear is *my* motto, and that takes me through life well enough."

"Must make you a bit suspicious and lookin' out for troubles," said Beck with a sniff. "Not the sort of person to make the home bright."

"Well, of all the awkward——" began Jane, but broke off with a sudden shriek as she became aware of a shadow looming in the background that shut out the sun with a forbidding air of gloom.

"What on earth is a soldier doing in my back kitchen?" cried Mrs. Bland in high wrath. "Your impertinence in inviting a man of that class into my house warrants my giving you the notice which has been so often deserved before."

She was very angry, but, to her astonishment, Jane found that her own wrath gave her a fluency that she had never possessed before.

"And indeed, ma'am," she said, "who are we to be treating a soldier of the King in such a fashion? There's more honour to be gained in putting on a blue or a red coat than ever was gained by stoppin' at home."

"Jane!" cried Mrs. Bland, but at that moment two little figures, grimy and dishevelled, but glad beyond measure, darted into the kitchen with shrieks of joy and caught Beck by the arms.

"Oh, Beck," cried Stephen. "Oh, you dear nice man to come. I knowed you would, and Jane knowed too, but we thought you might not have any money left."

"Bless their dear innocent hearts!" cried Beck, as he looked from one to the other, with his face glowing with pride and affection, "I believe they are really glad to see me."

"Oh, Beck!" cried Peggy, "is farver and muvver coming too?"

She had a wild thought that they were to be restored at once to Haverford and all its old charms, but Mrs. Bland plucked them away from the rough serge arm as though Beck's touch was contamination.

"These children are in my charge," she said furiously, "and I will not allow them to associate with a common soldier. Out of this house you go at once, and if you show your face here again, I shall send for the police."

Beck rose from his knees, to which he had dropped the better to embrace the children that he loved. His face was white and angry, but he had the wonderful restraint that years of rigid discipline bring to the soldier.

"Very good, madam," he said, "but you will be sorry for this day—oh, I think you will be very sorry for this day."

Then he pulled down his belt and straightened himself, looking in the little square mirror over the sink to be sure that his forage cap was at the correct angle.

"Good-day to you, madam; but I warn you that I haven't spent a week's pay for nothing, or to leave my officer's children where they are done to as they are here. Good-day, Miss Pearcey, and it's Sam Beck that hopes he may be able to do you a good turn for what you have done for

these children. Good-bye, my dears, for the present, but you'll hear from Gunner Beck soon again."

His graceful inclination of the head towards Mrs. Bland was tempered by an extremely cunning wink that he managed to manœuvre in Jane's direction, and which expressed so much that it took her some time to take it all in.

Mrs. Bland was too angry for words, but she stood, white and silent, waving Beck towards the door with a hand that trembled, while the children—Stephen with his arm about Peggy in protecting fashion—watched the scene with wide, wondering eyes. Peggy at last broke into a little wail of grief on seeing Beck's disappearing figure.

"Oh, Beck, dear," she cried, "don't go."

The soldier turned and caught sight of Mrs. Bland's arm suddenly lifted for a blow. He wheeled round and caught her by the wrist.

SHE SAT DOWN SUDDENLY ON THE GRASS-PLOT AS IF SHE HAD BEEN SHOT

"If you touch that little child, madam, I shall make you repent it," he said in a low tense voice. "You may think nothing of them and their sweet ways, but the angels of God as surely watch around them as the air blows around their little bodies, and so long as I am here, no one lays so much as a finger upon the two of them."

Not a word did Mrs. Bland speak, but she fell back against the wall, cowed and unresisting, and Beck, seeing that there was no more danger in her, went through the door and shut it behind him.

It was no difficult matter to find his way to Tattersham, for the first man he saw volunteered the information that he was driving that way and would give him a lift. And he went so far, indeed, as to set him down at the very gate of the Cottage, which, if it had ever been so unpretentious a building, had grown into a small-sized mansion very speedily, with gables and an additional storey that had glorified it into a very charming dwelling indeed.

Beck went timidly up the drive and rapped at the back door, which was opened by a buxom cook, who stared at him with some surprise, melting at last into a glow of satisfaction.

"Good-afternoon to you," she said; "will you come in? I've a brother in the red-coats, and I love the sight of a uniform;" and Beck entered the kitchen with a feeling that he was properly appreciated.

"And may I make so bold as to ask whether my lady is at home?" he said.

"Well, the cleverness of the man!" said the cook admiringly, "for she came home last night as ever was."

"Then may I trouble you to take me to her, my dear?" said Beck cheerfully, "for I've come a long way to see her, seeing that I was Major Beauchamp's servant, and have got a sort of a kind of a message for her."

"Dear me, now!" returned the cook. "She will be pleased to see you, I'll be bound, for she sets great store by her nephew. Hanner, will you tell my lady there's some one to see her."

A smart parlour-maid tripped out of the pantry in answer to the summons, and Beck rose with alacrity.

"I'll go with you," he said, "for I've no time to lose," and Hanner smiled assent.

"My lady's in the garden," she said, "weeding among the rose bushes."

She tripped along in her pretty cap and apron, while Beck lumbered after her in his heavy regulation boots. He was admiring the trim figure of the parlour-maid, but at the same time thinking tenderly of the other woman he had just left, who, in the midst of a life of toil, yet had time to do her best to be a mother to Stephen and Peggy.

Lady Elizabeth Marillier was weeding viciously with a long hoe among the bushes. She was a thin, angular woman, whose sharp face was hidden by the huge hat that she wore, and who was famed as much for her sharp speeches as for her genuine kindness of heart.

"Goodness! what's this?" she said, turning sharply round with her hoe in the air, to find Beck standing at the "salute," with his arm stiffly extended like a sign-post.

"It's me, ma'am," he said diffidently. "Major Beauchamp's soldier-servant as has come all the way from Haverford to look after them dear children, and to tell you, ma'am—my lady, I mean—that the people as they are with are treating them cruel. There's no one in the world but you, my lady, unless you count me, as can help them just now, for they live close to your gates, in fact, only a matter of three miles off at the Manor Farm, Frittingham."

"Gracious goodness!" said Lady Elizabeth, and to Beck's concern she sat down as suddenly on the grass-plot as if she had been shot, and sitting there, requested him to continue his story at once, for that she had returned from Italy the night before on purpose to find out what had been done with the little Beauchamps, and if possible to help their parents at this crisis in their lives.

"But, my good man," she lamented, "I always do say that in the army things are done like thunderclaps. Now, I had had hardly time to think over the fact that my nephew had been ordered abroad before he has gone bag and baggage, and has left his family in the hands of strangers."

"Oh, indeed, my lady," said Beck very politely. "No doubt if you was at the War Office we should have things done very different."

"You would indeed," returned Lady Elizabeth fervently; "and now I must trouble you to get on with your story, for it is getting late."

And Beck, nothing loth, poured the whole story as he had heard it from Jan into her astonished ears.

CHAPTER IX

"Who love would seek, let him love evermore"

IT did not take Mrs. Bland very long to realise that she had made a mistake in the treatment of the children, and

was perhaps fear of consequences, even if it was not a touch of remorse, that made her kinder during the next two days than she had been before. Her kindness was, however, tiresome to Stephen, since it consisted of a constant desire to keep them near her, so that they might not come across that most undesirable individual in uniform again.

Jane was still under notice to leave, and held herself very loftily towards her mistress, although Mrs. Bland certainly did her best to discourage her from quitting a situation where it would be extremely difficult to replace her. But as her arguments took the form of contemptuous comment on the disasters that were likely to overtake ungrateful girls, Jane heard them with unabated resolution. She had no wish to leave Peggy and Stephen, but she had too much trust in Gunner Beck to imagine that he would permit them to remain at the Farm any longer. She had instinctively trusted his honest face from the first moment of their meeting, and she felt certain that he would not fail the children in their need.

She watched Mrs. Bland's new attitude suspiciously, but when that lady announced her intention of going out for the afternoon and leaving Jane in charge, Jane felt that it was possible suspicion might be dying a natural death.

"I am sure I don't know where she is going, my lambs," said Jane cheerfully, when Mrs. Bland, attired in her best gown, had departed. "But if so be as there's any friend you want to see, my advice is, go at once, and maybe you'll meet Gunner Beck on the way, and if you do, there's no telling but what he mightn't come down here to see me."

"Shall we tell him to come, Jane?" said Stephen.

"I'm not giving you any message to take," said Jane, with sudden dignity, "but if he likes tartlets, I'm making pastry to-day;" which happy remark set Stephen wondering on the similarity of human nature.

"You see, Peggy," he said as they crossed the field, "she says that to us about Beck, and Lord St. Ives was so funny about Sweetheart, and Sweetheart sent such a funny message to him all about aloes. Grown-up people don't seem to be able to say what they mean; it is like mother wrapping up our medicine in jam, isn't it, Peggy?"

"Yes," said Peggy. "Let's see Sweetheart."

"And so we will," cried Stephen. "Why, he said we was to bring Sweetheart to see him. Come along, Peggy—oh, come quick; it will be so nice, 'cause they are the next nicest people in the world after farver and muvver."

Peggy's fat legs began to tumble over the ground in a sturdy trot, for the recollection of innumerable cakes of the most enticing description encouraged her in the prospect of the visit, and she was quite as anxious to hurry as even Stephen could desire her to be.

They stopped presently under the hedge to pick a cluster of big dog-daisies that were waving in the light breeze.

"For Sweetheart," said Stephen, nodding mysteriously. "They are like Sweetheart, and I want the blind lord to know that she is nicer than an aloe and sweeter than flowers."

Peggy stuck some in her bonnet and Stephen in the ribbon of his sailor hat, and when they arrived at the Bungalow, Miss Sweet came out to the door with the laughing remark that she thought a May-queen must be coming to call upon her. She quite entered into the idea of decorating herself with the warm handful of daisies in Peggy's clasp, and they looked so pretty in the band of her blue linen gown that Stephen was enchanted.

"And now we are all ready," he said, "to go visiting, like we did the first day."

Sweetheart was sitting on the steps of the Bungalow, with her arms round both the children, and Stephen's face very close to her own. She was dressed simply in blue, but her hat was a dainty mass of muslin and lace, framing her face charmingly, and the child thought that she had never looked prettier.

"But, darling, where are we to go visiting?" she said. "You two had better stay with me, and have tea with sugar cakes."

It was a tempting offer, but Stephen stood to his guns with all the devotion of a soldier's son.

"It would have been very nice," he said regretfully, "only I promised Lord St. Ives to bring you to see him."

There was a breathless pause, and in the stillness Stephen could hear the girl catch her breath in a tremulous sigh that was half a sob.

"What do you mean, dear?" she said

faintly. "I do not think that you could have understood Lord St. Ives rightly."

"Oh, Sweetheart! Why, I said to him about the aloes, and he said he knew, and something about a hundred years, and you was to come," cried Stephen in a sorely injured voice. "I am not a little baby like Peggy; I can understand."

"Oh, my dear little lad—of course—of course," said Lucinda, with a new thrill in her voice that made it sound like the silver chime of a bell, "only when happiness comes suddenly sometimes, it is very hard to believe."

Stephen looked curiously at her, for she stood up suddenly with a quick graceful gesture and flung out her arms.

"Ah! good-bye the hundred years," she said. "Ah! welcome the flowering of the aloe!"

"I think that grown-up people do say queer things," said Stephen, with gentle resignation. "First Jane about the pastry, and then you about the aloes. Do grown-up people always talk in parables?"

"Not always," laughed the girl, as she caught him up in her arms and hugged him until the outraged dignity of seven years begged her to put him down again. "Only sometimes when people are happy, they say just what comes into their heads."

"Are you happy?" said Peggy, with wide-eyed wonder. "Why are you happy?"

"Why will you be happy when mother comes home, Peg?"

"'Cause we love her."

"Ah!" said Miss Sweet mysteriously, and a swift rosy blush swept from brow to chin, so that she had to turn away to hide her confusion. "Come along quick, children; we will race to the gate," she said.

She took them out a new way, that opened on to the cliff behind which the village clustered. The jutting ridge of rock, that grew suddenly out of the marshes, was the most surprising part of all that flat stretch of country, for it was a relic of old days, when the sea washed over the plain where Frittingham now stood, and lapped the foot of the cliff now green with bracken starring the yellow sand.

"Is this the way?" said Stephen.

"This is the way I used to come long ago—before Lewis was blind. Every inch of the road is dear to me, for it is full of memories. We planted that little sapling—he and I—and oh! there is the little oak that we stuck in the ground as an acorn—why, it is quite a little tree!"

She was talking to herself, and Stephen, hanging on her arm, realised that she was back in old days, and walked very soberly, wondering again at the strangeness of the people who are grown up.

They came out upon the park at last through a side gate, ivy-grown and framed by an arch of clematis, and beyond the gate some deer with quiet faces were feeding, who looked up as they passed through and flashed away into the undergrowth with a twinkle of horns and tossing heads. The children led Lucinda with an air of superior knowledge of the place and its inhabitants, to which she gave way, revelling in the intoxication of the scene, and the day, and the wonder that was wrapping her senses like a cloud.

"He never drives out of the park, Sweetheart," said one clear voice beside her; "he doesn't like people to see him."

"The man in black clothes wants him to have visitors—he was pleased when we came," chimed in the other, and Sweetheart listened and delighted in everything.

But when they came close up to the house her courage seemed to fail her, and she hung back, pretending to be busy examining a climbing scarlet rambler rose.

"Come along," cried Stephen impatiently.

"Oh, Stephen, I can't—I dare not come—I am—I am tired. Tell him that I am here in the rose-garden."

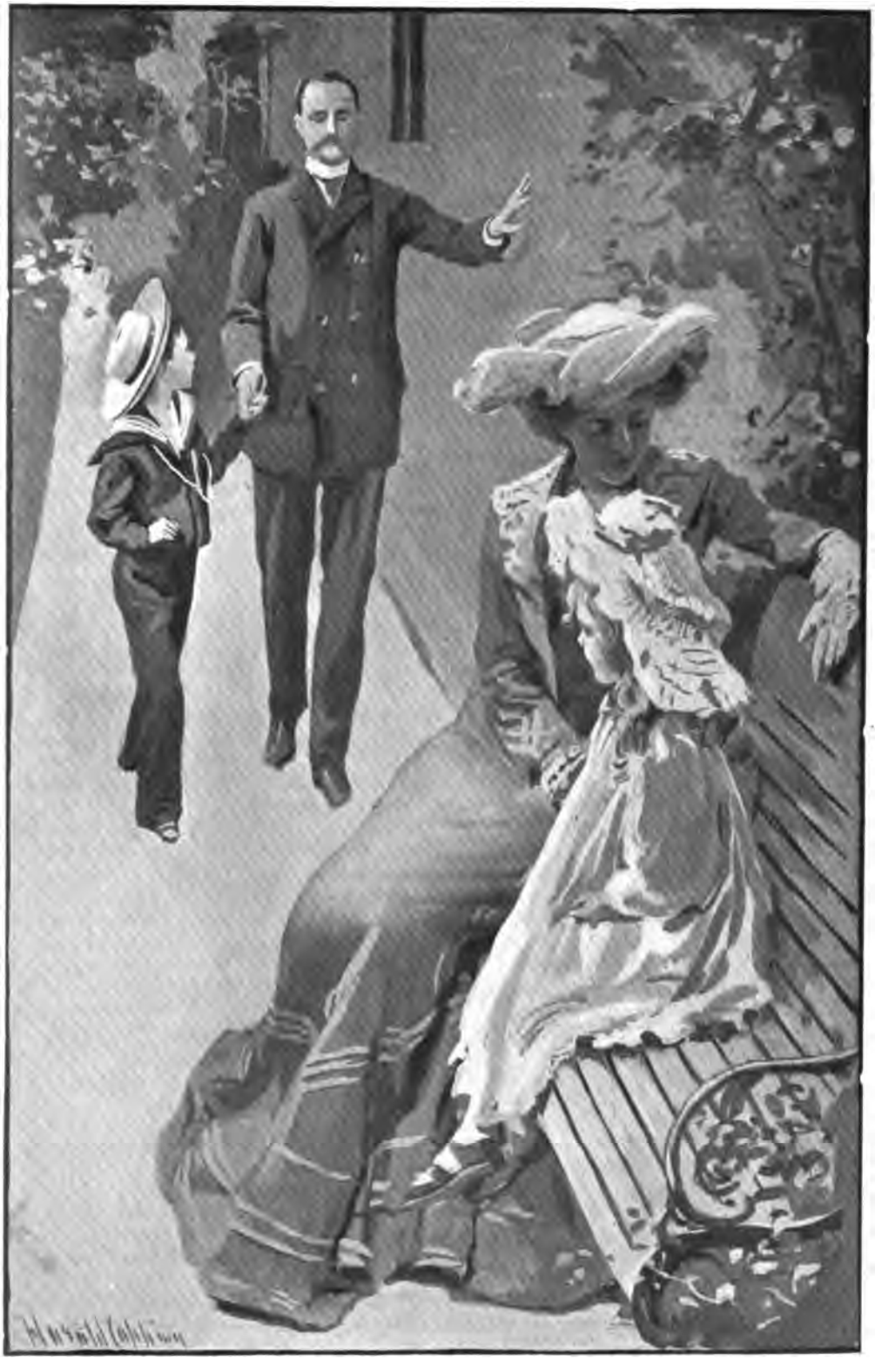
Stephen laughed. "Why, Sweetheart, he isn't a bit frightened—and he can't see—I don't think he could come."

"Tell him that I am here," said the girl quickly. "See what he says when he knows that I have come."

Her hand was on her heart, her breath going and coming in sobbing gasps, and Peggy was staring up at her, conscious of the dominant note of tragedy in the air that was so alarming, that she put out a small soft hand and laid hold of the blue linen skirt to be certain that her small world was not on the brink of destruction.

Stephen ran in through a side door that stood invitingly open, and made his way to Lord St. Ives' room. He felt that the ordinary way of ringing the bell would be far too lengthy a process, and he chose the shorter way so that he might be unseen by any one save the chief actor in the drama that was being played at the moment.

Lord St. Ives was sitting in his arm-chair,



HE PUT OUT HIS HAND TO SUPPORT HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL

with his hands folded on his knees, and the old listless air of helplessness that he had almost shaken off during the last few days. His quick ears caught the little footfalls on the carpet, and he turned at once.

"Stephen!" he said. There was prisoned hope in his voice, hope that had struggled against release for fear that disappointment should turn the key once again on young thoughts—young life.

"Here I am, sir," said Stephen cheerily. "We've had a long walk, and at the end she won't come in."

"Who—won't come in?" said Lord St. Ives after an imperceptible pause.

"Why, Sweetheart. She's hiding her face in a rose-tree, and she is just as red as the rose. So like a girl she is, too, always disappointing when it comes to the end of things. She can't really be shy because she knows you. She must be like Peggy when she doesn't want to play, and says she has got the ear-ache."

"But I hope Sweetheart wants to play," said Lord St. Ives. "Are you really telling me the truth, Stephen? Is she really in the rose-garden, and does she want to see me?"

"It is the truth—honest truth," cried Stephen. "Why, she came with me when I asked her—she came to see you, and now she won't come in."

Stephen was genuinely interested in the meeting, and genuinely distressed at the catastrophe that seemed to be overtaking the two old friends. "Oh!" he said, "aren't you coming to her?"

"Ah! I am blind," Lord St. Ives cried out in sudden agony as he rose and stood there for an instant. He had risen so quickly to his feet at the first touch of hope, forgetting his infirmity, only remembering that *she* was waiting for him.

At his cry Stephen went forward, the tears rising to his eyes. "But I can help you—I can take you to her," he said.

"Give me your hand, Stephen. She shall see me as I am—she shall realise me as the helpless, miserable log that I shall be for all the remainder of my life."

"Sweetheart will scold you if you talk like that," said the child sturdily. "She likes people for their thoughts, and not for their looks."

"It can, at any rate, be no worse than it has been for years," said the man to himself—"always longing, always wondering—never daring to see her."

"Take care of the steps, sir," cried Stephen. "There, we are in the hall—now through the door—and—why, there is Sweetheart waiting for us!"

Lord St. Ives began to tremble very violently, and he put out his hand to support himself against the wall, for between his love and his misery he was like to faint.

"If I could only see her," he said, and the boy knew that he was talking to himself. "If I could see the lift of her pretty head, and the sweep of hair that grows so cunningly down by her little ears! If I could——"

But Sweetheart looked up from her roses and saw him standing there, so shamed, so helpless, and with a great cry she ran to him and cast her arms about him, crying out that he was her dear, her love, the only man she had ever cared for, and who had treated her so cruelly that he must turn round now and repent. There were tears running down her cheeks, and great tears painfully welling up from his sad eyes, and Stephen turning, caught Peggy's hand and pulled her away, for he knew instinctively that he was not needed there.

St. Ives put out a trembling hand and touched Lucinda's bright head as it lay on his breast.

"I dare not hope this is real—it must be a dream—and I shall wake to the loneliness, the pity of it all again."

"You shall never wake, Lewis; you shall sleep always if you like it best," she sobbed; "but it is true—all true."

"But I am a log—a cumberer of the earth," he said. "I can never see you—I am quite blind."

"And I am glad of it," cried Lucinda with a sob, "because you can never see me when I grow old and ugly, and I can always be your eyes, and make you see the world as my eyes see it."

"Come along, Peg," said Stephen tremulously. "I think—oh, I think he has kissed her;" and long before Lord St. Ives or Lucinda remembered the very existence of the two little people who had so wonderfully brought them together, they were speeding down the avenue and out through the big gates, homeward bound.

But the day which had begun so beautifully ended in so disastrous a fashion, that Stephen began to be afraid that the sorrow might entirely swamp the pleasure, for coming out of the park gates they ran straight into the arms of Mrs. Bland.

"So," she said slowly, "this is where you go, you little wretches. How long have you been coming in and out of Lord St. Ives' house?"

They were silent, looking into her face with horror, and she shook the boy sharply by the arm.

"I don't know," he said. "I can't think when you shake me so."

"There—now you add lies to your other faults. You are wicked children, and I shall try whether a good beating and bread and water will not cure your bad ways," and she swept them home to the farm in tears and wailing. Surely never had a small rescuer of distressed lovers fallen so low before!

CHAPTER X

"AND so these are my nephew's children?" said Lady Elizabeth Marillier, standing up very straight, tall and gaunt in Mrs. Bland's drawing-room. "Well—all I can say is, that a more neglected-looking pair of little mortals I never saw."

She had come prepared to find everything at its worst at the Manor Farm, and she had come at a successful moment to prove the truth of her suspicions. Never had Stephen or Peggy looked so absolutely dirty and untidy as they did with their hands and faces grimy with earth, their hair dishevelled, and their clothes torn and sadly in need of mending. They had been digging up potatoes for the house, as a punishment task after their adventure of the previous day, and even dainty Peggy looked out through a dimming cloud of grime that seemed to obscure the radiance of her golden hair and forget-me-not eyes.

"It is healthy for children to play in the garden," said Mrs. Bland grimly, "and I have yet to learn that earth is unwholesome."

"It is not fitting for my niece and nephew to work like day labourers, and that was what they were doing when I drove up. Why, woman, that baby might have cut herself with the spade, or injured herself in a hundred ways. And the little boy too—with eyes just like Harry Beauchamp's—why, they ought to be sheltered from every shade of anything that does not belong to childhood."

She took Stephen's hand in her own, for something in the boy's pathetic eyes appealed to her even more than did the robust charm of Peggy's baby face.

"Tell me, dear, are you happy here?"

"How dare you?" quivered Mrs. Bland, shaking with anger. "How dare you undermine my influence with those dear children, who have been as the very apple of my eye since they came to me?"

Lady Elizabeth gave a short laugh that was more aggravating than loud-spoken ridicule. "When I drove up here to-day, those dear babies were doing work that a garden boy should have been engaged for. I have heard from independent witnesses of their irregular food, their unsympathetic surroundings, their utter loneliness had it not been for the rough kindliness of your servant-girl."

"And who has dared to tell these untruths?" cried Mrs. Bland, beginning to feel alarmed as the truth of the situation forced itself upon her.

"Lord St. Ives and Miss Sweet, and also—my nephew's soldier-servant," said Lady Elizabeth briefly.

"I know nothing of Lord St. Ives or Miss Sweet. There was certainly an impertinent soldier, who forced himself into my kitchen, and whom I nearly had to eject by main force."

"He came to me afterwards," continued Lady Elizabeth grimly, "and the result is that I have come to fetch my niece and nephew away with me. I shall be glad to have their boxes packed at once, also I will make an inventory of their clothes."

"You have no right to remove these children: they were left in my charge by their parents, and I refuse to let them go until their parents' return," cried Mrs. Bland, utterly unnerved.

Lady Elizabeth cast a look of withering contempt upon the angry woman. "Their mother returns in a few days' time," she said. "She turned back at Alexandria, as news reached her there that a relative had died and had left her a large fortune, and she was compelled to return to arrange her affairs: anyhow, she would have removed the children from your care at once."

Lady Elizabeth spoke with great decision, and moved towards the door. "I am waiting for the children's clothes," she concluded with great distinctness.

Mrs. Bland sat herself down upon a chair. "I will have nothing to do with packing them," she said. "This is all done under protest."

Lady Elizabeth looked at her. "You will be very sorry some day for your

behaviour to two little children," she said with a strange tremor in her voice. "You had a chance of making two little lives very bright, and being a mother to children whom circumstances had rendered orphans. You missed your chance—many people miss their chance in life—but none more badly or cruelly than you. I have pity for many sinners, but none for the woman who has no heart for the little children. Every true woman has a mother's heart, to which all that is tender and helpless appeals, for the sake of the Child Who was born in Bethlehem."

There was something about the dignity of her words that silenced the angry woman, and she cowered back sullenly in her chair, convinced of sin perhaps for the first time.

"I have done nothing wrong," she said: then closed her lips like a steel trap and sat back silent, while Lady Elizabeth swept the children from the room.

Jane was waiting for them outside, and by her triumphant expression, it was evident that little of what had passed within the drawing-room had been unheard by her.

"Shall I pack their clothes, and tidy the children, my lady?" she said. "I know where their bits of things are."

"Pray do," said Lady Elizabeth, with sudden interest. "Dear me! I believe you are the girl of whom that very excellent soldier told me, and I should like you to know that my housemaid is leaving this day week, and if you care to take the place, I shall be delighted to have so kind a woman in my house, and as the children will in all probability remain with me for some time, they will be glad to feel that they have not lost a friend."

"Oh, thank you, my lady!" cried Jane, with tears in her eyes, unable to say more, for the rise in the world would be so great that she could hardly contemplate it calmly.

"Aunt 'Lizbeth," cried Stephen, "you must be a good fairy. You give us all we want—first Jane, and then——"

"And then your mother," cried the great lady, whom the world called proud and cynical. "Oh, you two poor little souls! Mother is coming back to you next week."

"Muvver?" Stephen's voice was grave and full of quiet triumph. "I prayed it all the time, Aunt 'Lizbeth. I knew God would send her back to me quite soon—I prayed it directly."

And he was a little surprised when Lady Elizabeth stooped down and gathered him in her arms, pressing him to her breast with an unwonted tenderness that his words had awoke in her heart.

The faith of a child is always a wonderful thing to middle age, and to Lady Elizabeth Marillier, Stephen's words came like an answer to a question asked long ago, and never perhaps satisfied until this moment.

"Darling," she said, "you must be my boy Stephen always, and try to love me very much."

Stephen turned his grave blue eyes upon her, and she saw in them the eyes of the brother—long dead.

"Why, I love you now," he said. "I loved you directly you came," and Lady Elizabeth was rewarded.

* * * * *

Tattersham Cottage was an abode full of unexpected surprises. There were wonderful treasures in cupboards, and the day after their arrival, a pony appeared for Stephen to ride and to possess for his very own, while at the same time the most astonishing wax doll was discovered sitting by Peggy's bed, that had strange new attractions in the conversational line, and powers of opening her mouth that placed her far above any dolls that Peggy had ever met in her short life.

Lady Elizabeth was enjoying the visit of her nephew and niece exceedingly, and full of regret that she had not realised earlier what delightful companions two good children can make. She was deeply engaged also in despatching messengers between the Cottage and the Manor Farm, with demands for the remainder of Peggy's clothing, that exasperated Mrs. Bland beyond endurance, and resulted in the piecemeal restoration of the pretty things that she had so unjustifiably appropriated.

Mr. Bland did not realise the loss of the children until the lapse of two days, when he suddenly woke up to the fact that the house was unwontedly quiet and the table strangely empty.

"Where are Stephen and Peggy?" he said suddenly. "It seems to me that I miss them from the house. They are not ill, surely?"

"No," said Mrs. Bland briefly; "they are gone—their aunt fetched them away."

"Oh, indeed!" returned her husband gently. "I am glad, Eliza—I am very glad, for I do not think that you made them happy. I am obliged to say so, even

at the cost of your anger, and I thought so every day that they were with us."

Mrs. Bland looked up, and instead of the outburst of irritation that Mr. Bland expected, he read in her face something that was almost a vague regret.

"No, I am afraid that they—were not happy. I think that incubators and kittens are an easier way of making an income."

"You are right, Eliza," he said wonderingly; but before he had collected his bewildered senses his wife had left the room, and her voice was heard scolding Jane violently for the last time in the kitchen.

"Why," said Mr. Bland slowly to himself, as he took off his spectacles and wiped them deliberately, "if I did not know it was impossible, I should have said positively that there were tears in Eliza's eyes; but I must be going blind, and that is the explanation of my extraordinary hallucination."

But whether it was the explanation or no, certain it was that Jane carried a wondering account of the change at the farm to Tattersham Cottage, when she arrived there to take up her duties as second housemaid.

"She's sorry, if she never was before, my lady," she said, during an interview that she had with Lady Elizabeth. "Why, I am beginning to believe that she's got what they call 'nerves,' for when Mrs. Warren and her children came to see her yesterday, they parted with high words, and Mrs. Warren vowed as she'd be long enough before she came back to where she had been that insulted, and it's my thinking that she and her children won't be much missed even by their grandmother when she comes to think it all over. It isn't often that birds of a feather disagree, my lady, but when they do, you may know there's a beginning of a change for the better."

And if Lady Elizabeth was doubtful of it in her mind she did not say so, or destroy the optimism of Jane Pearcey's nature.

Jane would have made a most attractive housemaid, but to her delight, Lady Elizabeth discovered that the children needed a maid to attend upon them, and therefore a substitute was procured, while she, attired in a white drill gown and a most demure bonnet, escorted them in their walks, and became a very efficient guardian of their happiness.

It was on one of their daily rambles that they ran across Beck, who had in some miraculous fashion secured another three days' furlough, and accompanied them to the Cottage on the ostensible errand of inquiring after Stephen and Peggy's welfare, but as he remained to dinner in the kitchen, and seemed engrossed in some private and particular conversation with Jane Pearcey, Stephen felt disappointed in this lamentable falling off of personal interest.

"But he couldn't have many things to say to you, Jane," he said, when she was undressing him that night. "We had known him such a long time, and then he seemed to want only to say things to you. What did he tell you, Jane?"

Jane laughed and hid her face in the bath towel.

"Lor', Master Stephen," she said, "soldiers is queer people. Why, he had the face to ask me when he might put up the banns."

"What's banns, Jane?" said Stephen. "Are they good to eat?"

"Bless your loving heart, my lamb—no," said Jane with exquisite confusion. "It's being married—living in quarters, as he says, and having a real elegant home of our own."

"Why, Jane!—married!" cried Stephen. "Why, it's like Sweetheart and the blind lord. Peggy and me is going to be bridesmaids, and we shall want to be bridesmaids to you."

"Bless you," was all that Jane could say again. "You'll have to ask your dear mamma."

And Stephen, with his arms round his mother's neck, and his face against her soft cheek, had many questions of like nature to demand when the blissful day of her return arrived. She was a happy, rosy mother too, with a new joyous light in her eyes, born of release from all care and trouble regarding their money matters, and she laughed merrily as she kissed his round head.

"Yes, darling, you shall do what Jane wants, because we are all so grateful to her that we can never thank her enough for her care of you, and as you made the two marriages, my laddie, you will have to assist in some way at both weddings. And oh! Stephen, we are rich now. We shall never want for money any more. We can be happy, and make others happy, for the rest of our lives. We will furnish Jane's quarters for her, and father will help us choose the things, for he is coming home to an English station very soon."

And overwhelmed with the joy of the whole situation, Stephen hid his face on his mother's shoulder and shed a few happy tears.

* * * * *

Lord St. Ives' wedding was a very quiet one, witnessed only by a few intimate friends, and by Tupton, who considered himself as absolutely indispensable to the whole ceremony.

At first Lord St. Ives' voice faltered a little, but as he made his vows it gained strength, and when he felt Sweetheart's warm, loving hand in his he took courage, and forgot every one but his lovely bride.

Maye Beauchamp from her place in the church felt her eyes fill with tears as they passed her on their way out to the carriage —St. Ives with his unseeing eyes, his whole face rapt into a lofty happiness to which in former days he never could have attained, and Sweetheart, guiding her husband with gentle, loving touch, all her love plain to read on her smiling, quivering lips, in her happy eyes that had no look save for the man she had loved so long, and in whose happiness her own life was bound up.

As they passed out, with light, happy steps, Stephen and Peggy paused at the far seat where Jane Pearcey and Gunner Beck sat in solitary state.

"Muvver says we can wear these things at your wedding, Jane," said Stephen cheerfully, "but you will have to make haste, 'cause the dressmaker who made them says we do grow terribly fast."

"Bless you, Master Stephen," said Beck, with vigorous delight. "If I had had my way, and it had been in any way a respectful act for to have done, Jane here would have been Mrs. Beck this very day."

"Go along with you, Samuel Beck," said Jane with vast indifference.

"Stephen," said Peggy, in the solitude of the nursery that night, "what do you think of weddings?"

"Weddings," answered Stephen in a muffled voice; "I don't hardly know, Peggy, but I liked the sugar on the cake, and I liked, oh, I liked to see Sweetheart's face."

THE END

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

W——,
Saturday, Nov. 29, 1903.

THE enclosed half-finished letter was one I had commenced at the hotel in A—— on a Sunday three weeks ago. T—— and I had just settled to correspondence when E—— came in, and of course that put us right off the "track." As we had to leave town early the following morning, I had no opportunity to finish it. Well, to continue. Two days after the great fire, in which much damage was done, several people losing their crops and houses, T—— came over to me and said that the young Englishman he was living with was going into I——. So as there were several things we had to do, we decided to go in the wagon with him (a distance of forty-five miles), then when we got there to go by train to A——, a distance of ten miles, he, R——, to join us there when he had finished his business at I——, and all to return together. We started off at 5 A.M. by moonlight. We took some cold pork and bannock with us, but it was too cold to eat, and the grub froze until it was like marble. I will not go into details, only to say it was awful. We had no fur coats or Arctic garments to keep us warm. English overcoats are a mockery here in the winter. We arrived at I—— about 5 P.M. (a very creditable undertaking with a heavy team), and found that the train to A—— went in an hour's time. We were both about done up with the cold and hunger, so decided to go the next night.

We managed to feel comfortable the next day, and got to A—— in the evening. It snowed and froze hard that night and the next day (Saturday). On Sunday R—— turned up from I——, and E—— came in while I was writing the incomplete letter I enclose.

On the Monday (Nov. 9) it was colder still, and every one said it was the freeze-up. We did not know what to do about clothes. We found we could not go for a week

without fur coats, or we should die for a certainty. So we just had to go to a store and get two. They are made of wombat skin; they reach the ankles, and have collars a foot deep, which, when turned up, hide face and head completely. Not a day has passed since but we have to thank our coats that we have survived it. We pulled out from town and got half way to W—— when we mistook the trail, and got fairly lost on the prairie. The cold was intense, and to make matters worse the snow came on and blew right in our faces. After going on for I cannot say how long (it seemed like a nightmare), we struck the new railway line and found we were much too far to the east; so we had to crawl along the line until we struck S——, and thus to J——'s and R——'s.

When I reached J——'s, I found that he and a neighbour were just going to bed. I tried to get myself some supper, but there was no dry wood to make up the fire, so I had to content myself with a pipe and go supperless to bed—on the ground. I did feel a bit upset after the day I had had, and only a few biscuits since breakfast; but there, these are only details, and T—— and I are getting used to them (or rather trying to). J——'s place, as I have told you, is stone, with just the ground for a floor. It was deadly cold, and seemed like lying in icy-cold water.

Next morning J—— went into town for a load of wood and coal. After he had gone, I found that I could not keep warm at all, so I set out and walked over to R——'s, two miles away, where, as I have already told you, T—— is staying. They persuaded me to remain there and go over to J——'s twice a day, and fix his horses. This I agreed to, and 'walked' over twice a day until he came back. We carted all the wood, stove, etc., to our lot at S——, and managed to get up the frame of the house one day. It was so cold we had to hammer in a few spikes, and then smack our hands for a few minutes before making another attempt. We went over another day, but could not work, as we could not use our fingers owing to the intense cold.

Next day.

I left off my letter yesterday afternoon, which day both T—— and myself would have declared to be Saturday. We have been here alone for a few days, and congratulated ourselves that we were keeping careful track of the days of the week. Thinking to-day was Sunday, we rose rather later than usual, and I rummaged up a few prunes for a treat. After breakfast we hitched a team to the sleighs, and started off to visit a neighbour a couple of miles off. When we got there he said it was *Monday;* we cannot make it out, for try and reckon the days as we will, we still make to-day Sunday. Anyway we are wrong, for we passed a man on our way back here this afternoon, and he said it was Monday. You, of course, cannot understand this, but if you were out here you would soon fall into the same error.

Now, to continue. After the trip to town and back of which I wrote yesterday, we settled down in R——'s shack, the owner, T—— and myself. It was very, very cold and draughty, not having been put into shape for the winter. It is 12 ft. × 12 ft. (rather small for three). There is a small wooden bed really meant for one, but R—— and T—— manage to pack into it. I make up a bed on the floor for myself. Here we were domiciled together. It was awfully cold. R—— had only a little coal-dust left; we eked this out with bits of packing-case, etc., but it was a fright. We never managed to get warmed once.

Nearly every day we had a blizzard, the wind just went through the shack and through us. It was not safe to go out. You see the snow is very fine and dry, and lies on the prairie like powder; the wind blows it up, and it is denser than any fog. One could lose themselves in sight of home very easily. There was nothing for us to do but wait until it cleared some, then go into town again for coal and supplies. Eventually we started with two teams, one in a wagon and one in sleighs. Of course it was cold, and the wagon was very slow-going over the snow.

The snow had obliterated the trails, and about half-way to A—— we got lost, and did not succeed in getting in until 8 P.M., frozen to the marrow and nearly starved. As we could not drive a wagon back over the snow, R—— got another set of sleighs. All day Friday we were loading coal, lumber, etc. We left A—— Saturday morning. It was a bright, clear day, but oh! so cold. We could see the frost falling and glittering in the sunlight like the crystal stuff on the Christmas cards. The sweat froze on the horses, until they were quite white; our eyebrows froze

also. We had rather heavy loads, and at six o'clock were some eight miles from home, so we put up for the night at a German's house, as the horses and ourselves were dead beat. We had some tea and sausage, then made a bed on the kitchen floor.

The next morning we started off, and almost immediately landed in a blizzard. It took several hours to cover that little eight miles, but at last we reached R——'s place late in the afternoon, thoroughly tired and cold. But we had *coal;* so we made a good fire and got warmed up a bit. Didn't I keep thinking of home that day (Sunday)! I can tell you these trying trips make a fellow feel that England is the best place out. As T—— says, "there is only one consolation. After the real hard times we are having, it would be against the laws of nature if we do not get something in return."

Dec. 6, 1903.

I guess you will wonder why I did not continue my letter before now, but I guess when I have worded it down to date you will cease to wonder.

I left off after we had returned from our last trip to A——. After we had been back two or three days R—— took one of his horses and rode to I—— to visit some friends in that district, leaving T—— and myself here to attend to things and make ourselves as comfortable and as much "at home" as we could. Making oneself "at home" under our conditions would strike one as being very funny, were they, alas! not so very hard.

R—— has not yet returned. I will tell you what sort of a time we have had the last few days. Tuesday was a very dull and bitterly cold day, too cold and dark to write. Early Wednesday morning (about two o'clock I think) a blizzard came up, the worst known here. It simply tore across the prairie, driving the fine snow in one dense black cloud; one could not stand up in the wind; it drove the fine powdery snow through every little crack in this shack, which, as I have told you, is not properly finished off. It is always very draughty, but it was simply unbearable; the wind went through us like knives; do what we would, we could not get warm.

Everything was smothered with the fine snow, which found its way in at all points. What little heat we could get from the stove thawed some of this, and made everything soaking wet. We could not go outside at all, and the poor horses in the stable did not get attended to at all that day. During the day the wind blew the stove-pipes down, so we had to fix them up again—no easy job for any one who had not tackled it before. At night we fixed up the bed as best we could and turned in; of course the bedding was some very wet and some damp. We could not sleep, for the storm was terrible—not short, angry gusts, but one continuous roaring blast. The shack just creaked, shook, and fairly hummed like a ship. I was afraid all the time it would turn over, but I think it was the great drifts of snow all around it that saved it. Thursday morning dawned, but it was just the same. We could not go outside, only just to the door to scoop up a little snow to melt, as we had no water in the shack. That sounds nice and easy, but it is not so; this snow is like slate and takes a lot of thawing, and it needs a large quantity to make a little water.

The afternoon came, but no improvement, and we were just worried to death about the poor horses, starving and thirsty in the stable. The stable is only thirty yards from the shack, but that is too far. We decided that we must risk it and go to them, but we had to repent it bitterly. We put on our fur coats and wrapped up good, and started for our journey of thirty yards. The wind was from the N.-W., and so somewhat behind us. Well, we reached the stable and fed the horses, afterwards going to the well to see if it were possible to draw any water. The well was full to the top with snow, it is thirty feet deep, and is now useless until the snow is dug out. Seeing that we could do nothing, we faced the wind and tried to return to the stable; but the wind was more terrific than ever and the blinding snow thicker than ever. We took two or three paces in what we thought to be the right direction, and we were lost. Oh! the awful sensation of it. We had to turn our back to the wind, and just gasp and battle for breath. It was the most awful experience I have ever had; I feel sure we were uncomfortably near to death then. People at home can have no idea of what storms on the prairie are like, and how easy it is to get hopelessly lost. It means certain death to get lost in the winter, unless a person can find some shelter.

HE LIT THE STABLE LAMP AND CAME OUT TO GUIDE ME

Well, we groped about, occasionally stooping to get breath, and at last struck a set of disc harrows, which we knew were only about three yards from the stable, which we next ran up against before we saw it. We got inside—it is only a very small one, built of sods, and is very cold and draughty, but it seemed like Paradise then. Now we had got there it would have been the most sensible thing to have stayed there. As long as we kept awake we should not freeze, but T——, who has been here some time, said he thought he could strike the shack if he could face the wind. I was to keep at the stable and shout, so that if he went astray he could return. I can tell you I did shout, but I did as much good as "the woman who swept the ocean back with a broom." You could not have heard a shout two yards away. Directly T—— had gone I was vexed that he had done so, and as the time went by and I saw no sign of him, I thought he was lost for a certainty. After what seemed hours of suspense, I saw a faint light through the darkness and made for it, thinking that perhaps in some miraculous way he had managed to ignite something to guide me to him. When I got right up I asked him whether he had found the shack, and he said, "Here it is." It was right behind him. When he left me he had gone a good deal in the wrong direction, but providentially struck a corner where the fire-guard was showing a little, and by crawling on his hands and knees he contrived to reach the shack, when he lit the stable lamp and came out to guide me.

That will be the last time we shall ever make a journey of thirty yards in a blizzard. We have no water now the well is blocked up, so we have to take the horses a mile away to water. For our own use we have to melt snow, and a nice long, cold sort of a chore it is. I think I must close down for to-night—Saturday night it is, and what a strange one! Sometimes I think it is all a nightmare.

Like everything else, this ink freezes in here, and consequently is making its mark.

Sunday afternoon, 5.30.

You must excuse this letter, it is not easy to write under existing conditions. I am sitting at the little table, as near as I can to the stable lantern, which we have had to use since we broke the glass of the house lamp a couple of weeks ago; the wick is only about half-an-inch long now, and I have just pinned a piece of rag to it, so that it could mop up a little more oil and give us a better light. We got up at nine o'clock, cleaned the stable and fed the horses, had breakfast, then cleaned the shack, hitched up and went a mile and watered the horses, fetching a barrel of water back with us to water them again to-night. After we had our dinner we set to and dug the snow away from the stable, so that if we have more to-night we shall be able to dig a way in to-morrow. We were through at four, by which time it was dark. Now for a few items of "general interest," as the newspapers say. "Grub" we have not much, and are heartily tired of what we have; our sole diet consists of pork, bannock, tea and sugar. I do all the cooking (T—— is no good at it).

Perhaps you wonder why we have no bread? Well, the reason is that whenever I set the batter it freezes, owing to the draughts. The bannock is nice the first few times one has it; after a couple of days it is detestable. I can make them "good and light." Flour, baking-powder, salt and pork fat, cooked in a quick oven and eaten hot, they are not so bad; but cold! they make you feel as though you had chunks of brick inside you, and will stay with one for hours. We are likely to get heavy bannocks now, as there is only enough baking-powder for one more. We wish we had some oatmeal, so that we could have lots of porridge. We have been out of it for a couple of weeks. Porridge is not bad with butter and sugar, or even only with the latter. We drove six miles last week to try to get some butter, but did not succeed.

It is wrong to quarrel with one's grub, but we have a good many scraps with ours, you may be sure. We were out of tobacco several days, and that was the most bitter pill of all. A cowboy came through here yesterday, hunting a bunch of horses that broke away from his outfit during the big blizzard, and he kindly gave us half his plug—"Good luck to him." We are eking that out like gold-dust, as we do not know when we shall get some more; not until R—— returns anyway, and we have no idea when that will be—before Christmas I hope, for it would make things much more endurable for us if he were here.

Now about my belongings; I have told

you of myself and must tell you of them. When I came here I just brought what I needed in my bag, leaving my large trunk behind, which I had not had occasion to go to for some time. A few days ago, I thought I would go through my things and put them straight. When I opened my trunk, the sight should have made "angels weep." The horrible mice had just sampled nearly every article in it. Holes through every suit, underwear, slippers, gloves, mitts, mufflers. Oh! I did feel bad when I saw the things—prepared for my comfort with much loving forethought—damaged in a way that years of wear would never do. I felt somehow as though I had been wronged. I did not imagine that mice could get into the trunk, and much less that they would interfere with such articles.

Hotel A——,
Tuesday, Dec. 22.

Doubtless you will wonder at this long gap, but since I broke off I have had such a fearful time that I could not write. It really was *too* cold. Several people have lost toes, and a boy at Yellow Grass has had to have one arm amputated, also the fingers of his other hand. The Christmas parcel has not arrived, so I shall have to go without Christmas cheer. I have received the magazines and cards all safely, and thank all for their loving thought. I cannot write more now, we are returning to W—— in an hour's time. How I dislike these awful trips on the trail. I will try to write again soon, and tell some details of the last two or three weeks.

W——,
Jan. 2, 1904.

To-day is a terror—I should judge, about 40 degrees below zero. I think it must be about four o'clock now, as it is just dark. I will try to pick up the thread where I left off in my last letter to M——, but I am in a bit of a tangle, as I completed and mailed it in such haste when in town.

I told how T—— and myself were living with a young Englishman named R——, and that he went away, promising to come back in a week, but he did not return. Also of our many discomforts whilst here alone—owing to blizzards, the stopping up of the well, and the little shack not being completed, therefore unfit for human habitation in this cold climate. After ten days alone R——'s brother came here; he had been away for some time. C—— is about my age, he is not strong, and does not appear at all suited to this life. I am alone with him now, as T—— went into town a couple of days ago, hoping to get his mail. We have finished R——'s shack, but it is but a poor home on these great bleak plains. It looks for all the world like a packing-case dropped in the middle of the prairie. For some time we were busy hauling water from a place two miles away.

Last Sunday was what we call a "soft" day, not more than 10 degrees below, so we had to make the most of the opportunity and dig out the well. We were rewarded by getting to the water; it is unfortunately alkaline, and plays the very mischief with us. All R——'s hay was burned in the big prairie fire I told you of. So when there is not a blizzard or it is not *too* cold, we go after loads of straw (a distance of five miles).

Now for a few items of "general interest."

Christmas Day we had a piece of our beef roasted, some stewed plums, nuts, and tea. Afterwards we smoked a packet of "Nestor" cigarettes. H—— came to dinner. We were very quiet; there were universal regrets that our parcels of grub had not arrived. J—— left this neighbourhood a few days ago; he is going to get "hitched" very soon, and is going to run a farm a few miles from A——. I received a letter from Calgary, from an English boy fresh out this spring, whom I had met in town. He and some friends were working on a threshing gang there, and one of them (a Scotchman) had lost all his toes through frost-bite.

Monday, Jan. 4, 1904.

I did not continue yesterday, as I said I should, when I quit writing on Saturday. It was too cold a day and was too creepy to sit at the table and write.

In the afternoon H—— came over; he had got the "hump," as he is quite alone now. He said he was cold in his shack; he certainly was no better off in that respect, but anyway he had the benefit of C——'s and my own company—unsatisfactory though it must have been under the circumstances. We just pulled seats (boxes) round the stove and kept our feet off the floor, and tried to get warm, but not successfully. Early in the evening it blew up a blizzard, and H—— could not go back. We all three turned into the bed and soon

got warm, although, as usual, I did not get much sleep.

In one letter you remarked that "Doubtless the settlers required lots of credit." You are quite right, the credit business is enormous. The interest is high, and the creditor usually requires a good "cinch," *i. e.* mortgage or security, for his money. I witnessed a typical instance to-day. A man I know bought a mower and rake from the D—— Company, way back in the summer, and gave a note due Nov. 1. This he did not meet. To-day their collector called on him, and dunned him for the money, which he had not got. The collector threatened to obtain judgment, so in the end he had no alternative but to give a mortgage on his team of "Clydes," value $400, they renewing the bill until April 1, and he to pay expenses and interest at 12 per cent. per annum.

WE JUST PULLED SEATS ROUND THE STOVE AND TRIED TO GET WARM

The Young Men's Christian Association
of the Town of R——,
Thursday, Feb. 11, 1904.

I hope you received the letter which I think I finished on Jan. 10, and entrusted to a man who was going into town to post. Anyway I will try to give you a rough outline of my time since then, although you must excuse me going into details—

they are too unpleasant to reconsider carefully. T——, as I told you, left me on the last day of the old year to go into town, and I was awaiting a message to join him. About the 11th I heard that a man would be pulling out for town the following day, and would call at H——'s shack on the way. I went over to H——'s and stayed the night, intending to go with him in the morning; but, alas! the weather was too bad, one of the frequent blizzards came up, and the weather remained bad for weeks. I stayed on at H——'s, much as I hated to. I could see no chance of getting away. It is as good as a thousand miles from anywhere, out at W—— in the winter. It was just awful. Insufficient and poor grub, not much fuel, a cold and draughty little shack, and having to live with only one uncongenial companion. I simply do not know how I have got through the winter so far; it has surprised several people who knew I was out there. To cut it short, last Thursday week C—— came to town, and I accompanied him. I hunted up T——, and found that with his usual good luck he had been putting in a fine time with some people a few miles from town; he had also received his long-expected letter.

It took C—— and me two days to do the trip to A——. It was awful; I have my nose and ears frozen and look a terrible fright. T—— and I wanted to see W——, so we boarded the train at A—— and came here Tuesday night.

W—— only gets an odd job now and again, but he did well in the summer, so he is taking things comfortably here at R——. We are returning to A—— by the train tonight, and thence back to W—— again. I had a half hope that we might have got some kind of a job, so that we might have remained for a time; but things are dead at this season of the year, so there is no alternative but to return to the hateful prairie and wait until spring sets in.

I had your Christmas parcel brought out safely by a man from town about three weeks ago, and real glad I was to receive it. You cannot think what a change the contents made in my diet, after the meagre course of pork and bread which I had been getting. I also received a good bunch of mail, so you see it was a doubly eventful occurrence. Well, I cannot give more news now. It is kind of hard to write, except when things are going on all right. I often think what a lot of dolorous stuff my epistles would seem, if read in the bulk.

Sunday, Feb. 28, 1904.

Doubtless you think that at this time I am back at W——, but T—— and I have not been able to return there. We returned from R—— to A—— the same night I wrote last, expecting to find a letter awaiting us there from C——, but did not get one, so we had to remain at the hotel in town. I wrote C—— at I—— and asked him to wire us, so that we could rejoin him and go back together. Receiving no reply, we had to conclude that he had gone to some farm out of that town, and was putting in his winter there.

I can assure you we were very much worried. It was costing us a good bit to board in town. While we were at the hotel the weather was awful, and one storm is said to be the worst remembered here. Perhaps it was as well we were in town, for I can imagine what it would have been like at W——.

After we had been at the hotel a week, a fine day dawned, and we decided to go out into the country, and try to get the money that the man I worked for in the spring owes me. After the heavy snowstorms, we could scarcely make any headway; the trail was about two feet full of soft snow.

When we got about three miles out, we met J—— (who is now married, and lives about one mile from the place we were going to) driving into town. He told us that the man was sick and that he had the worst of luck with his crops and stock, and had been unable to pay a man who had been working for him this winter. We could not continue to board in town, so I asked him if he could take us for a short time, which, after consulting with his wife, he agreed to do. Since I have been in town and here, I am much better; I guess it is the change to decent food. I think it is providential that I could not return, for I had had as much as I could stand when I quit. The spring will soon be with us, and I hope to have a good start; then everything will appear bearable.

THE END

Ballads, Old and New

BY MYLES B. FOSTER

PART II.—NEW BALLADS

WHAT are the new lamps, which we, Aladdin-like, have exchanged for the old?

In place of solid strength we find doddering feebleness; for pathos we have the same word, but beginning with a B; instead of genuine sentiment, maudlin gush, and for tears hysterical slobberings!

Our popular entertainers, Corney Grain and George Grossmith, as well as our cynical dramatist, W. S. Gilbert, have done their best to expose the absurdity, if not the unwholesomeness of the ultra-æsthetic, sexless ditties, such as "Thou of my thou." Doubtless you recollect the gush—

> "Thou art my morn, thou art my night,
> Thou art mine afternoon."

This was scarcely an exaggeration of the morbid condition of one of our modern schools. Twenty years ago, when the Rev. Marmaduke Browne read a splendid paper[1] on "Words to Music," he remarked the unaccountable carelessness, shown even by experienced composers, in their selection of words, and he quoted the following verses, as having been set by a popular musician and sung by a well-known singer:

> "Nature cares not whence or how,
> Nature knows not why;
> 'Tis enough that thou art thou,
> And that I am I!"

In the second verse these words are shaken up a bit, as follows:

> "Nature cares not whence or why,
> Nature asks not how;
> 'Tis enough that I am I,
> And that thou art thou!"

And I suppose that if you need a third verse to introduce "whence," it could be as follows:

> "Nature cares not how or why,
> Nature knows not whence;
> 'Tis enough that thou and I
> Are bereft of sense!"

This example of a quarter of a century ago is not of an uncommon type.

However, in modern days, things have not all been so bad as this suggests, and it is a pleasure to point to the ballads of Sullivan, Cowen, and Goring Thomas, to name only three of many, and to find superior music wedded to sensible words.

For all this, and it is but a "*little* ray of sunshine," matters are not greatly improved now-a-days, and the bulk of the songs issued, not only by publishers but by singers, to a complacent and indiscriminating audience are nothing better than rubbish, for which the fire-grate or the dust-hole would be a far more appropriate burial-place than the concert-hall.

It is probable that the majority of composers suffer from showers of leaflets, dignified by the title of lyrics, which differ from the blunt old broadsides in having an embossed address, sometimes even armorial bearings, at top, and in being, as a haberdasher would say, all marked in plain figures at the bottom: "Copyright, Three Guineas." A letter usually accompanies the ditties, warning you that if you do not make up your mind post-haste, some more fortunate, not to say business-like, composer will have robbed you of your prize.

I will endeavour to remember a specimen which was read to me some time since, having the title of the "Chorister Boy," but in no way connected with the really good song, "The Chorister," by Weatherley and Sullivan.

> "There came a sound of music,
> As I watched in the old churchyard,
> And a voice, like some angel singing,
> Melted my soul, which was hard;
> Hard with all the misery,
> Hard for a word of love;
> When I heard that singer singing
> 'Oh, for the wings of a dove.'"

From this first verse (with its suggestion of melted butter and a tough old sole) we

[1] Proceedings of the Musical Association, 1883-84, "On Words for Music," by Rev. M. E. Browne.

are led to conclude that the boy was a soprano, but this belief is shaken in the last verse; the second verse continues:

"The moon shone forth from a dark, dark cloud,
As I heard the last refrain;
I crouched by the door of the old, old church,
And said, 'Will you sing that again?
I am one of the sad and weary,
Who feel they have nothing on earth;
Sing to me, do, of Heaven,
I cannot find peace on earth.'"

Apparently, her attempt to encore Mendelssohn's lovely soprano melody was made through the old, old keyhole, but the third verse says:

"The lad *looked* at me, half frightened,
And said, 'Shall I play some soft chord?
'No! sing me something to comfort me!'
He sang, 'O rest in the Lord.'"

Either the "sad and weary" one had frightened the boy into a contralto, with the suddenness which affected the hair of the Prisoner of Chillon, or else the organ-blower must have come to the rescue with the second song! Anyway, she concludes thus:

"I shall never forget those anthems,
I shall never forget that boy;
As long as my life shall last here
I will think of that night with joy."

This is but a typical lyric. Composers frequently receive equally silly, nonsensical rubbish, and the worst of it is that these absurdities get set to music by somebody or other, and published! Do composers always know what they want? Do they really take, in all cases, the necessary pains to discover what *are* the poetic essentials for which to look, and upon which to *insist*, before coupling their music to words of any kind? Not always, I am afraid.

Musicians must be, to a certain extent, poets also, and must ask of the lyric-writer a fair acquaintance with musical requirements. A complete understanding between author and composer, involving some self-denial on either side, is of the first importance, and its success could not, perhaps, be better demonstrated than by reference to the collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan. It is necessary that a meeting and combination of forces should take place before sending out to the world a song, a work of art in which the words must wed the music, and both words and music must show proper consideration for the singer and for the limitations of the vocal apparatus.

I have heard our language complained of and unfavourably compared with those of other nations for song purposes, but even if there be any basis of truth for them, these complaints and comparisons are largely due to our unwise, unthinking use of both consonant and vowel sounds. I know at least one case in which the words were good enough, and the music on a par with the words, but in which the singer's enunciation, indirectly, ruined the ballad.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan assured me more than once that a picture in *Punch* completely paralysed the sale of his favourite song, "Meet me once again." The artist represented one of those high tenors, best described as skyscrapers, singing the refrain, "*Meeet* me once again," whilst in the background the domestic cat is making frantic efforts to push open the drawing-room door, under the mistaken impression that her family butcher has called for orders! What we need in a modern ballad is:

1. Words which, through the medium of *real poetry*, express some one definite idea with its proper development.
2. Music of a simple straightforward type, but not vulgar or commonplace, correctly and worthily allied to the words.
3. Singable words and syllables.
4. Equally singable musical progressions to such words.

When one insists upon *real poetry*, it must also be borne in mind that there is much fine poetry which, for various reasons, should never be set to music.

When, for instance, the words contain their own music so fully, that it seems almost an impertinence, like painting the lily, to attempt to further illustrate them by musical notes. A case in point, though the attempt *has* been made, is Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Then, again, we should not attempt to ally with music any verses which contain a superabundance of ideas.

Kaleidoscopic words require cinematographic music, which (as Euclid would remark) is absurd! Take this instance: the profound wisdom of Browning makes his words unsingable, whilst his diversity of idea, line after line, makes his poem

unsettable, and yet composers insist on setting the following:

> "The year's at the Spring,
> The day's at the morn,
> Morning's at seven,
> The hillside's dew-pearled,
> The lark's on the wing,
> The snail's on the thorn,
> God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world."

A library catalogue, such as we once heard of, commencing—

> 1. Mill on Liberty
> 2. Ditto on the Floss

would present similar difficulties to the would-be composer!

But Mr. Browne (in his lecture already referred to) states, with much truth, "that few, if any, of our greatest poets appear to have studied the subject of *writing specially for music*, but that where songs, whether by poets or novelists, are suitable for musical treatment, it is more by accident than the result of special study or intention."

Our younger musicians would encourage a proper study of their needs, and would raise the standard of modern songs, if they were more careful in their choice, and more chary of accepting the inappropriate and generally miserable lyrics submitted to them. But when you receive your first bundle of these effusions, partly owing to the pride of being noticed at all, and partly because a stamped envelope is enclosed, you are tempted to try and set some of the doggerel without reflection; but after a glance at the collection of ho, ho's, ha, ha's, sing hey's, and other gloomy repetitions, and upon finding such a specimen of the rhyming dictionary as

> "Cast your care to winds of heaven,
> From a dozen, one's eleven,"

you begin to see that "nothing means anything" (as the Irishman put it), and you return the nonsense in the stamped envelope!

We cannot always expect originality of subject, but we are reasonably entitled to claim some originality of treatment, yet now-a-days, if a ballad is treated in a special manner and becomes a success, its publisher insists that people demand more and more in the same manner, and other publishers, strangely enough, are impressed with a like conviction.

The result is a sequence or a family, dragged on until the weary public are sufficiently sickened to turn against the very provender which the enterprising music-seller assures them they require.

That comprehensive family-gathering which, beginning, if I recollect rightly, with "Daddie" or "Laddie," worked its way through the whole table of affinity from "Auntie" to "Great-grandmother," has recently been succeeded by a sequence of delusions, the first of which owed its origin to some one who mistook his ladylove for Honeysuckle, whilst labouring under the erroneous impression that *he* was a Bee! This was followed by a "Sunny Sunflower and the Sun," "Two little Chicks," the "Heavy-sleeper and the Flea," and other mad ideas, until recently to be purchased in the gutter for the low price of twopence!

In what are called comic operas at the present time (to my way of thinking, neither comic nor opera), the same thing occurs. A "Country Girl" is followed by every variety of Variety Girl, and a "Messenger Boy" by every other improbable type of lad.

A most shocking series is that which employs, for the refrain of each ballad, some passage from the Liturgy, generally in waltz-time!

Having exhausted Latin quotations such as "Ora Pro Nobis," "Miserere Domine," and the Greek "Kyrie Eleison," etc. etc. the English Prayer-book is the next to be attacked.

Cannot our admirable musical institutions and our influential amateurs assist in putting a stop to such nonsense, and combine to raise the character of the modern ballad?

So much depends upon the nature of the lyrics, especially in ballads.

Happy the man so gifted as to be permitted to write a nation's songs!

Happy the man who, by the right use of his gifts, can influence the taste, the temper, the patriotism, the very morals of his countrymen for good; who can, through the medium of a language which is understood and spoken throughout the greater part of the civilised world, direct their thoughts to all that is highest and best!

A Scramble on the Wellen Küppe

BY E. ELLIOT STOCK

A DAMP grey mist with heavy rain had settled down upon Zermatt, blotting out the valley, and helping the usually cheerful little village to look dismal and dirty, and its varied scents to increase in number and poignancy. For ten mortal days this curse had been laid upon us, till late June seemed like late September, and the opening of the climbing season like unto its close. The Matterhorn had gone into strict retirement—doing penance for its manifold sins of commission, no doubt; the hotel omnibuses rattled their wet and empty way to the station and back again with irritating regularity; even the jolly old *curé* looked woebegone, and the few guides who took the trouble to show themselves stood in a disconsolate group, or slouched up the cobbled main street without aim, and with more than their usual amount of lurchiness.

THE WELLEN KÜPPE

I had come up the valley more than a week before in company with my well-worn climbing kit, and an optimism engendered by brilliant weather and the thought of the three weeks' scrambling ahead. But a brief survey of the scene from my "third-floor back" at 5 A.M. upon the following morning had quickly quenched my enthusiasm, and the subsequent descent to the *premier déjeuner* must have resembled very closely the slouch aforesaid.

As the dreary days succeeded one another the general depression increased, and even the morning grin of my guide and old comrade, Peter ——, became set beneath his dripping wide-awake as precious time rolled behind us and was lost. For even he, good sportsman that he was, could not produce a natural smile upon frs. 25 a day with no work to show for it, and, Providence be thanked, there are still several like him in Zermatt to-day, despite the demoralising effect of the tyro. But though his smile might be fixed his voice had always a hopeful ring. "It will ged bedder, Herr! und dere is always de Wellen Küppe."

The latter part of his remark had reference to a peak we had long kept in pickle for a moderately bad-weather climb, and it now stood emphatically before us as our last resource in this time of affliction. "Very well, Peter," I said, "the Trift hut to-night, and we will take our chance of a climb." So we went our separate ways to prepare for our moist and dubious expedition; he to find a third man—a very necessary addition in view of the peak's state, and I to don climbing boots and to fill camera and *rücsac*.

A TYPICAL ALPINE CLUB HUT

Four o'clock P.M. found Peter waiting in the hotel verandah, loaded like a pack-mule and serenely happy, with a young brother-in-law (who shared the family grin to a marked degree) in his train, and together we set out upon our moist grind up the Trift valley, cheered by a slight change of wind, and a clearing glimpse of the Mischabel's twin peaks away to the north-east.

The rain had now ceased, but a light mist still swirled around us, accentuating the gloom of the pines on our left and blotting out our narrow path at intervals. To our right the Triftbach thundered down the gorge twice its normal volume, and carrying with it snag and ice torn from its banks far above. As we mounted higher, leaving pine and undergrowth behind, the mist became less troublesome, and finally lifted, disclosing the valley-head and a long peaty slope like an upland Irish bog, with the Trift hut, amongst a wilderness of stones, atop. The hut-keeper's welcome was profuse and garrulous, for we were making a first ascent that year, and she, poor soul, had probably seen little else but snow and mist for many a week.

Soup was soon heating, and the contents of our *rücsacs* and her larder made quite an imposing show upon the little deal table. The supply of list slippers of all sizes, shapes and colours, without which no Alpine hut is complete, were placed in imposing rows before me, and I selected, under the encouraging eye of our hostess, a delicate thing in washed-out heliotrope, which added greatly to the comfort of the body, if not to that of the eye.

Peter and his relative had soon finished their meal, and the little kitchen woke to the bray of a mouth organ and the rhythmic banging of four large heavily-nailed boots on the cobbled floor. This was a little too much for me, so leaving the remains of my repast, I escaped into the gloaming for a quiet pipe and the "location" of our prospective scramble.

The weather had decidedly improved, though a nipping wind blew from the north-east, presaging discomfort at a greater altitude. Away to the south the north-east ridge of the Matterhorn stood out in black silhouette against the paling sky, though the cone of the summit was still capped in cloud. A solitary star peeped over the ridge just below the shoulder, and, to my wonderment, marked almost the identical spot upon which, in the preceding year and during our descent, a falling stone had struck down our leading guide, and narrowly missed making us all acquainted with the stopping powers of the Fürgg glacier 3000 feet below.

The Wellen Küppe itself was fairly clear. Its black tortuous ridges, snow plateaus, and the ice cornice of the summit, which gives it its picturesque title "The Wave Crest," loomed up dimly 13,000 feet to the west, within easy distance, and in a most inviting manner. But night was closing down upon us, nipping and gusty, so, knocking out my pipe, I retreated to the hut and a couple of musty blankets for the few hours pending our start.

One o'clock A.M. brought Peter with more soup, and my boots carefully greased; but the famous grin had utterly disappeared, and the dim candle-light showed a solemn yellow face very foreign to its owner's light-hearted nature.

"What's the matter, Peter?" I asked.

"Nothing, Herr! Nothing."

I said no more, for I have found by experience that a guide resents any notice of a petty ailment, seeming to take it as an aspersion upon his professional abilities

Rücsacs were again packed with our various necessities: hard-boiled eggs, sardines, bread, wine, and small luxuries in the form of prunes and chocolate, with the

ong-suffering camera on the top. Young Adolph lit the lantern, and with a "Good uck" thrown us by the hut's *châtelaine*, ve were off again.

We had now a very uneven path to negotiate, and in Stygian blackness. Our oute lay up a snake-like moraine that vinds between the Trift and Gabelhorn laciers; a product of their united efforts, nd an excellent playground for barked hins and cut hands. Adolph's lantern lanced like a will-o'-the-wisp ahead, giving ut little light, and being now and again iolently extinguished by the gyrations f its owner. Unfortunately his varied pinions were delivered in rapid patois, so hat a good opportunity of amplifying my wn vocabulary was lost. Peter stumbled, runting and groaning with evident pain, n our wake, but stuck gamely to his task, nd refused all aid or suggestions of retreat. Matters began to look anything but hopeful or a successful ascent. A lowering sky, ne guide gravelled, and the other quite an nknown quantity, is not a combination f circumstances tending to inspire undue onfidence, but there was nothing for it ut to keep slowly and steadily upward, nd this we did for fully an hour, fetching p at last, bruised and blown, beneath the ocks of the peak's east *arrête*, to find Adolph and myself a bad first and second, nd Peter nowhere to be seen. During ur passage of the moraine a shrewd wind ad blown athwart us, drowning all sound, nd as we had worked up the entire length f this with but one halt to ease Peter of ope and *rücsac*, we had but the faintest dea as to his locality, and none at all as o his condition.

Our shouts and lantern-signalling brought o response from the blackness below, and lown we had to stumble again in open rder to find our man. Half-an-hour passed n the search, but at last we lit upon him, itting doubled up with his back to a oulder, and seemingly in a bad way. I ad only a small pocket-flask of brandy nd port wine I invariably carry when limbing, and promptly dosed him with his. In a surprisingly short space of ime he was on his feet again, and looking ather sheepish at his collapse, which peaks well for the maturity of the blend! We naturally attempted to dissuade him rom advancing further, but were overuled by his declaration that he would nake the ascent with or without us.

Another half-hour found us all beneath the *arrête* again, and though Peter was looking anything but fit, we roped up, and started out upon the first stage of the climb with Adolph leading. The dawn was now almost upon us, and had already changed the inky blackness to a faint grey. We were very thankful for even this indifferent light in view of the work before us. The weather of the preceding week had covered the rocks with a thick black glaze of ice that made Adolph's portion anything but child's play. Each foot and handhold had to be carefully cleared with the ice-axe before they could be trusted, and even then it required the closest watch upon one's movements. But our little party crept steadily upwards, with the ice-chips from our leader's busy axe falling in little showers around, and were able to call a short halt at last upon the edges of a large plateau that sloped away gently to the north-west, and met the rock ridge again some hundreds of feet higher. The snow-surface of this was fresh and hard, so that the climb for the next twenty minutes degenerated into an amiable little uphill promenade, three abreast, with the slack rope artistically festooned about us, and following our own lengthy shadows cast by

WE SQUATTED ALONG A SHELTERED LEDGE OF ROCK

ON THE EAST RIDGE OF THE WELLEN KÜPPE, JUST UNDER THE SUMMIT

the first rays of old Sol. The *arrête* soon loomed above us again, at a far more acute angle, and still ice-glazed; but daylight had now usurped the place of the pitchy darkness in which we had been climbing below, and we were thus able to plant our feet with surety, and to move at double the pace. So far all the hard work had devolved upon Adolph, and he had acquitted himself admirably, putting quite an amount of dash and style into his task. In fact, upon occasion there had been a mild tendency to theatrical display, pardonable in view of his recently-acquired certificate, and the fact that the maturer man was in difficulties and at the tail-end of the rope. It must have been now about 5.30 A.M., for we had already been treated to a sunrise such as the Alps alone know how to provide. The long Monte Rosa chain had first caught the infection, flashing up from deep purple to amber, and then to a rosy glow that warmed our frozen souls to set eyes upon. We had now been working for an hour without pause upon the steeper portion of the *arrête* that forms a flying buttress to the main peak, and so felt we well deserved a rest and the contents of the *rücsacs*. Peter, too, had been flagging badly again; and traction-engine work at an acute angle and upon glazed rock is the reverse of a joke. The halt therefore appealed to all parties, and we squatted along a sheltered ledge of rock in company with sardines, sour wine, and the gorgeous panorama. Far away northward the summits of the Oberland peaks pierced the cloud-plane like tiny islets in a sea of silver, and over our left shoulder the mighty Weisshorn still shed a veil of mist from its eastern ridge where the sun's increasing power touched it.

The meal and rest seemed to put fresh heart into poor old Peter, and he expanded in proportion. To this point he had climbed muffled to the eyes, and a purple nose had been all that he had vouchsafed us; now, however, his wraps were loosened, showing a more healthy colour, and allowing for a mild loquacity. But a long rest was out of the question, for we had still a large amount of stiff work before us. There yet remained the top portion of the buttress, and the short but oblique rock face and cornice of the summit to negotiate. I have never been able to understand the fascination in waltzing to the top of a peak and back again in order to break a previous time-record; but in the present case a thought had to be given to our descent. The snow was hourly becoming softer, and that plateau below, so easy of ascent in the small hours, would be a very different traverse at 10 A.M.

A few minutes sufficed to pack the *rücsacs* and disentangle the rope, and ten minutes later found us standing at the head of the buttress, and looking along forty or fifty feet of a fine little saw-*arrête* of rock and ice that connected this ridge with the rocks of the summit. Adolph stepped out upon it, carefully knocking off the ice-cornice where needful, and straddling the apex when too narrow for fine balancing. I followed thirty feet behind, and was promptly treated to a gust of wind that deposited my hat, and very nearly myself, at the bottom of the steep snow *couloir* on our right hand. Peter came last with very much more than his ordinary amount of care, and arrived amidst a volley of chaff levelled at his latest idea as to the method of *arrête* climbing.

The summit was now almost within our grasp, and only divided from us by two hundred feet of steep rock face, so that I

felt I might well spare a few minutes in obtaining some inferior examples of our grand surroundings. Out came the camera, and Adolph was requested to pose as gracefully as he might upon the ledge on which he stood. The hat was given a rakish tilt, one foot slid gracefully forward, and the ice-axe prominently placed. It was a beautiful pose, and one that would have delighted the studio artist, though scarcely in keeping with rock and ice. My mild protest and Peter's reawakening grin were the collapse of my subject, and no blandishments could persuade him from the squatting position in which the photo shows him.

From the *arrête* we travelled at a great pace, scrambling up the now black rocks with much scraping of boot-nails and ice-axes. The cornice of the summit so hung above and just away to our left, seeming as though it would totter to its fall at the slightest sound. There was good evidence too of its inclination, for a third of the way along its crest a great piece, some tons in weight, had come away as though bitten cleanly out by a giant mouth, the ice cavity thus left showing green and virgin against the sun; whilst to right and left ran cracks and seams that presaged another fall in the near future. Large blocks of ice were scattered over the rock face below, uncomfortably near our recent route, and showing clearly that this small avalanche had occurred only upon the preceding evening, and possibly during our darksome peregrinations up and down the moraine. The remaining portion of our route, however, lay well round the left flank of the cornice, and we emerged at last upon an easy snow slope that took us comfortably to the summit, thus rounding off our eventful climb in a most lenient manner.

There remains but little more to record, except that during our descent the only real accident of the climb occurred, and that to my already much-battered camera. We had been making a running glissade of the steeper portion of the plateau, with myself at the tail of the party, when, slackening speed a moment to recover lost balance, I was dragged from my tracks by the tension of the rope, and sent rolling over and over in a circle with Adolph as the hub. An ominous rattling from the interior of the *rücsac* gave me a timely warning, and after I had picked myself up, I securely closed the sac's mouth against the light, thus preserving a few of the plates.

By 11 A.M. we had dropped our old friend, the moraine, and mid-day found us once more at the Trift hut and its apology for civilisation, whilst two hours later we were tramping the cobbles of Zermatt.

THE MATTERHORN, SHOWING NORTH-EAST RIDGE, AND X SCENE OF ACCIDENT

The "Holy-time" in Haven

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY

IT is a Sunday in midsummer at Baltasund in the Shetland Isles.

This far north locality has of late become one of the most important stations of the herring fishery.

For nine months of each year the quiet harbour is left to its resident population, whose dwellings are scattered a little way above the shores of a winding fiörd which runs inland a mile.

The "Sund" flows between the entrance of this "Voe" and the Isle of Balta, which stretches right across the arms of the voe, and forms a splendid breakweather. The waters of the sund are very deep. The "entries," north and south, are narrow and begirt by dangerous crags and skerries; but the depth of the water makes navigation of the Sund not difficult to those familiar with the locality.

Along the shores of the voe and on the island of Balta numerous wooden shanties have been erected for the accommodation of the foreign fisher folk. (We call them "foreign," though they hail from Scotland.)

These dwellings remain uninhabited, ugly, sombre, for the greater part of the year. The blue waves of Baltasund are not troubled with many ocean-wanderers till the end of April.

Then picturesque sails begin to flutter over the water, and by that sign we know that the "white fish" are attracting our Swedish neighbours to our shores.

As May comes in these visitors begin to depart. By and by straggling "reeks" proclaim the presence of a few human beings in the shanties; and when our sweet month of June has well set in, Baltasund shows many signs of reviving activity.

By midsummer there is a scene of wondrous life. In our normal condition we number about two hundred and fifty souls; at the great fishing season the people number from ten to twelve thousand.

Hundreds of vessels crowd the sund and voe, the shanties are packed with fisher girls. Steam whistles pierce the air with their discordant sounds. Hammers clang. Trollies rattle along. Men shout, girls laugh, children race in every direction with showers of telegrams. The seagulls desert their rocks to haunt the fishing stations in millions.

The stores are crowded by hurrying folk. Shops are opened among the shanties. Post office officials are driven distracted by pressure of business. Clergy of various denominations tramp the roads. The doctor's bell goes night and day without ceasing. His horse, or boat, or bike are here, there, and everywhere, for slight accidents occur often; every illness has to be closely watched to prevent the spread of infectious disease.

Twelve thousand busy, eager, hungry and thirsty folk have been "dumped" on our shores, the sund and voe are crowded with men who require some of the necessaries of life which they cannot carry in their boats; and it is scarcely possible for the

BALTA SOUND

local tradesmen to be prepared with a sufficient quantity of "perishable" foodstuffs. Bread, milk, water are apt to fail under the ever-increasing demand for them, but the people take these things philosophically.

The vessels in harbour are of all nationalities. There are steamers from Scandinavia and the Continent, as well as from home ports. There is a Swedish fleet of fishing-boats and a Dutch; but, of course, the majority of the herring fishers are Scottish, and all the women who assist in the work belong to that country. Some are brought from Lowland seaports, some from Highland crofts, many belong to the Shetland Isles, and a number come from the Hebrides. The Gaelic tongue these latter speak is not familiar to us and not so understandable by us as the Swedish language, soft, musical, and kin to our island dialect.

To the credit of this mixed multitude of fisher folk, cast together in an isolated region, outside the area of ordinary restraints, they conduct themselves with marvellous propriety.

The three policemen stationed here during the fishing season get very little to do, when all is said. Occasionally a brawl takes place near the bar where strong drink is sold, and a man finds himself under lock and key for a few hours. Custom-house officers keep an eye upon our foreign visitors, and at a rare time catch some one smuggling a bit of tobacco. A Government revenue cutter cruises about to prevent us reverting to the habits of our Viking sires, who earned their evil reputation by evading the King's dues.

But serious crime, or evasion of the law, does not occur among the wholesome class of men and women who descend on us like birds of passage.

While the boats are out scattered over miles and miles of ocean's harvest fields, the women are employed in curing the herring, and other duties of the stations.

PORTION OF BALTA SOUND

In their brief hours of leisure they knit a great deal. They are active, cheery creatures, who find their messy, odoriferous avocation an extremely healthy one. They are also—as I think all seafaring communities *are*, more or less—imbued with a religious instinct, which leads them to enjoy the visits of Christian ladies and clergy, *when* these have tact and kindliness as well as zeal.

On Saturday all the boats come in. No matter how favourable the weather, or how ready the herring to be caught, no boat remains at work during the "Helly." "Da Helly" is a Shetland phrase, and means literally "the Holy-time," which extends from Saturday afternoon till Monday

ROCKS OF BALTA (ISLE), DOCTOR AND ARTIST

morning. A toiling, hard-living people fully appreciate the rest to mind and body which comes with such holy times, and they eagerly avail themselves of every hour it gives them.

The Sabbath of the Swedes and Dutch begins—like our Helly—on Saturday, and their boats flock to Haven on that day. They run up their beautiful flags, and come ashore to stroll and make friends with the "natives." We like the Swedes immensely. They are courteous, obliging, orderly. The Dutch fishers in olden times were also much liked, and their curious, clean "busses" were common and welcome visitors to Baltasund. That race of Hollanders seems to be vanishing with their charming boats, and the men who have taken their place are like the vessels they bring, of another type altogether, and are by no means so popular here.

Scottish folk used to be looked upon by us as aliens and enemies, but we are learning to appreciate the Thistle at last, and to know that a wholesome heart hides behind the prickles! So we receive the Scottish fishermen with a tolerance we do not extend to the Dutch, but with something less cordial than the "Hail, brother!" which we give to the Scandinavian sailors. The gabble of strange tongues along our shores on Saturday at midsummer is distracting. Rough German, barbarous Russian, familiar British, lively French, melodious Norse, high-pitched American, all are here. The men who speak are not all fishers by any means. There is a good sprinkling of foreign gentlemen from the fish markets of the world here to buy and sell. The ubiquitous Jew is "to the fore" also. Not parading either his atheism or his right creed, but believing all the time that he is a better man, on the whole, than his Christian neighbours who have chopped up their religion into divers sects.

Here, there, and everywhere we find clergymen and their assistants occupied in getting up meetings for the benefit of the multitude. There are no public amuse-

BOATS IN HARBOUR

ments, and no attempt has been made to establish any. I venture to think that the ministers would do well if they introduced a secular element into their "Helly" entertainments.

There being no places of resort where the people can go except the churches or meeting-places, they parade the roads in throngs, or group themselves about their stations. At any sheltered pool they can find, men indulge in a good splash, and by the burn-sides women are to be seen washing—no easy job when it is fish that has soiled the garments.

The fisher folk sleep long and late on Sunday, thankful for the Day of Rest, and for the security of their desired haven. As the day advances the people begin to appear. Women stroll about with an air of taking things easy, as if they had cast care off with their working-clothes. Men, in clean blue serge, loaf and smoke and saunter with sober faces. Outward respect is certainly shown by the majority of those fisher folk for the Holy-time.

The two kirks (Church of Scotland and United Free Church) are given for an hour or two on Sunday morning to the Swedish

DUTCH FISHING-BOATS IN HAVEN

Some of the strolling folk are young couples doing a little frank and simple courting. Here are no lanes overhung by gracious boughs such as lovers delight in. No dusky night with a tender moon smiling down, dear to young hearts. So the couples find more practical pleasure in returning to their stations and joining their companions in any fun they can improvise. And into the soft hours of "The Dim" we hear dancing, singing, vociferous declamation, mirth, musical instruments, all telling how a portion of the stranger within our gates is trying to get a little pleasure out of a toilsome life.

Then quiet falls on the scene, and sleep has come to the weary.

and Dutch pastors, who conduct services in their own tongues and according to their own form for their countrymen. Later in the morning the regular services are held, and both kirks are well filled. Many of the Swedes can speak English; whether they can or no, they attend church. But on Sunday forenoon our congregations are chiefly composed of another class of visitors, brought to Baltasund by the business of the hour—fish-buyers, fish-curers and their families or friends, officials of various sorts, tourists and trippers. All are of that highly respectable, shrewd, and intellectual class which forms the backbone of Scotland and her Kirk. Fortunately our "National Zion" is well represented in our Isle by a young

A FISHING "STATION"

minister with the "gift of utterance"; and he preaches to an appreciative audience at midsummer.

Little chapels have been placed near the fishing stations, and in these the ministers hold frequent services. Out-of-door meetings are also held, and the people seem to prefer these.

Under shelter of a shanty, or on a grass-patch near the shore, we see a big Scot with the decided accent of Aberdeen or Glasgow, preaching earnestly to men with serious faces. They lean up against barrels or fences, and give close attention to what they hear, and they join heartily in the singing. Women mildly listen as they sit on fish-boxes or planks of wood, and they, too, join the singing heartily.

The Wesleyans put up a tent, and their meetings are most interesting. One year their Mission was entrusted to a girl—a Shetlander, refined, pretty, with a sweet, clear voice and wonderful eloquence. She sang well, and her prayers were heartfelt and touching. She drew crowds to the tent, and has reaped the harvest of her work. When she would ask a "brother" to take part in the service, some plain, God-fearing fisherman would stand up and speak for the Master, or lift the voice of prayer in simple words that came from the soul and raised souls from earth to heaven's gates.

The two foreign pastors are kept busy on Sunday, for, besides their services, they visit the men on the boats, and hold little meetings there. On the steamers one told me they did not get much encouragement, and he thought the men there employed were a more careless, less moral class than the fishermen. On many of the Swedish boats are found small harmoniums, and most of the Swedes know how to play. So we did not wonder to hear that the fishermen were religiously inclined, giving ear to the Divine message when it is brought to them.

There are one or two small towns on the shores of the Forth where some years ago there was a deep awakening of spiritual life among the sea-faring folk. An improvement in the homes, the morals, the health of the people, was an immediate result. The effects of that revival are still to be seen in those towns, and we see it here also in the Scottish fishers who come from those parts. They are manly and upright, intellectual and reflective, frugal in their habits, straightforward and industrious—a race of whom Scotland may well be proud. It is these men who are prominent in attending the Sunday services, and in assisting to make "da Helly" a Holy-time indeed.

As we stand on the hill about half-a-mile from the sea, there is borne to us the inspiring song of praise started by some enthusiast, and caught up by those near him until the hymn rises in a volume of melodious sound proceeding from scores of strong masculine throats. Presently, from another spot we hear another hymn, clear and sweet, sung by women. Then on the road nearer us two young girls take up the tune and sing as they walk. We hope the sweet words on their lips are of the heart

> "Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
> Till the storm of life be past!"

When the Day-god drops behind the western waters The Dim will bring refreshing sleep once more, and when next he shines on Baltasund he will see its harbour being deserted.

BY JOHN A. STEUART

A GIGANTIC fortune is awaiting some one, I remarked, laying aside my favourite daily paper. The whole company looked up expectantly. There is a magic in the word fortune (in the sense of unlimited riches) which charms and excites us all. Tell a man that his fortune is made, and ten to one he will beam on you. Woman, if Byron is to be believed, finds love a whole existence, though one notices that its felicities are mightily enhanced by the long purse. So I was not surprised that the entire company lent an interested ear to my remark about the waiting fortune. As is his habit in matters touching worldly prosperity, Solomon made haste to inquire what one had to do in order to secure the potential millions. The affair is perfectly simple, I answered. All one has to do is to invent a good reliable "macrophage-killer." That done, he need never do another stroke of work, nor deny himself any luxury on which his fancy may run.

"Oh," responded Solomon. "If one were to put the moon in one's pocket, wonderful things would doubtless happen. Pray what is a macrophage-killer?"

An invention to ward off old age, I returned, ignoring his flippancy. Once the macrophage-killer is in full working order, none of us need any more show signs of senile decay. And since the overwhelming majority of us desire, secretly or openly, to remain young in appearance at least, it is obvious to any thinking person that absolutely the hugest of fortune on record awaits the happy inventor of the forthcoming panacea.

"What!" cried the Curate, moved to satirical mirth. "Are all the infallible specifics of the beauty doctors worthless then? Can it really be true that wrinkles and grey hairs defy them, and that Time goes on taking his revenge as if they did not exist? The arts and concoctions paid for by gullible and confiding people at exorbitant rates, in the belief that they make fifty look like five-and-twenty, are they too to be classed among the exploded superstitious and discredited faiths? Ghastly confession!"

The new specific, I responded, will go much deeper than wrinkles and grey hairs, though these will of course be included in the scope of its operations.

"The time of miracles is not past then," said the Colonel with a twinkle, as though to imply, "I seem to have heard something very like that before."

It might be held with good show of reason that the time of miracles is but beginning, I rejoined. You will own it is no contemptible achievement in the miraculous to abolish and blot out every sign, symptom and feeling of old age, to reclothe the bald pate with curly brown locks, to relume the dim eye with unfading light, to give springiness to the tottering step, and the flexibility of youth to the gouty and the rheumatic. I am in a position to state that the fountain of eternal youth ceases henceforth to be a fable, and becomes a scientific fact. David, as we have frequent cause to remember, fixed the span of human life at threescore and ten, adding that a four-score span even when attainable is by no means desirable. Universal experience has, up to the present, accepted and confirmed the limitation. But, presto! all is to be changed. The next generation will know nothing of old men and women, of disease, decay, or decrepitude. Books now in existence dealing in any way with the effects or inconveniences of old age will have to be elaborately edited and annotated for our fortunate successors, in order that they may understand what we mean by the obsolete expression, "ills of the flesh"; and the medical profession, finding its occupation gone, will be forced to retire *en masse*. Think of a time without doctors' bills, without heartache or headache or jointache, without hospitals (except for accident cases), without drugs, without patent medicines, without quacks to plunder the hypochondriac, presumably without dentists, a world, in short, restored to perpetual youth. Let them say what they will, we are lucky in the time of our arrival. "Methinks I see a noble and

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puissant nation as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam: purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." Milton lived too soon to see this marvel which was reserved for us. Cast your eye eastward; pray do you descry the dawn of the new day, the advent of the millennium?

You have perhaps not forgotten our little symposium of some months ago, on the great question of the Phagocytes. Don't smile derisively: the Phagocytes are at once a terrible and a benignant fact. In plain language, they are "voracious cells." You know how science has recently been curdling our blood with tales of the havoc of cells when they turn rebellious. These Phagocytes, we are told, are of two classes, the beneficent and the malignant, or scientifically, "the microphage" and "the macrophage." There is, as you perceive, but the difference of a single letter between them; but in effect there is all the difference between life and death. One element makes incessantly for the preservation and efficiency of the machine; the other as incessantly for its decay and destruction. In other words, there is a perpetual war between the forces of good and evil within us. Don't imagine that I am craftily trying to insinuate a moral problem. On the contrary, I am dealing with literal facts, the facts which enable us to perform the offices of life with ease and success, or compel us to retire discomfited. You will acknowledge the gravity of the plea.

In these days we have learned to make the too familiar microbe responsible for all our bodily ills. No one, so far as I know, has ventured to assert that the soul itself is a microbe, or the hatching-place of microbes. That may be among the startling assertions of the future. Meanwhile proof is positive that our bodies are the chosen playground, or rather battlefield of the ubiquitous microbe. Among the evils which it brings upon us is old age, and the task of him who would grasp the unreckonable fortune aforesaid, is to produce the *elixir vitæ* which will destroy that enemy of mankind. Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, is on its track, with every hope of overtaking and defeating it. Cannot some clever Englishman outrun him, fight the battle and secure the reward? Are the honour and profit of every discovery to lie with the French or Germans? Can England not kill microbes as well as build ships and sell bacon? Let it be known that her chance has come, not only of enriching herself, but of proving a benefactress to the whole world.

"In one of his Epistles," remarked the Curate reflectively, "Horace comments with much pathos on the ravages of time. 'Years, as they pass,' he tells his young friend Florus, 'plunder us of one thing after another. They have snatched from me mirth, love, banquets, play. They are on the way to wrench poetry from my grasp. What would you have me do?' Ah! Horace, it appears, came too soon. The privileges of the Pasteur Institute which his practical Roman mind would have appreciated so fully he could not enjoy. Yesterday such as were bitten by mad dogs thronged to Paris; tomorrow all who are afflicted or threatened by old age will be flocking thither. Have we really lived to see a new Mecca, and a new physical religion?"

"Women will simply adore Professor What's-his-name," put in Solomon, who is still in that state of youthful hope and innocence which thinks itself immortal. "For the future I suppose no woman need advance beyond two-and-twenty. That will certainly be a great boon to those concerned."

"Are men then indifferent to all appearance of youthfulness?" asked the young lady classic. "Have they no thought of looking well?"

"Let the truth be owned," said the Colonel. "The fact is, man is vain, and the vain man is vainer than the vainest woman. Many a man nearly swoons when he discovers his first grey hair, or detects the crow's feet creeping insidiously about his eyes. I have known men who were otherwise sensible fall suddenly ill at the mere hint that they were growing old. There is always some obliging friend ready to comment on your looks, and regret that you are not just in the first flush of youth and beauty.

Yes, the foible of seeking to appear young is not a monopoly of either sex. I am privileged to count among my friends an excellent lady who has thrice advanced to thirty-five, and each time retreated in a shuddering horror to thirty. Though she has been a full half-century battling with the troubles of an unquiet world, she was thirty-four on her last birthday and not an hour more. The year after next she will be thirty again. The present generation will never see her over forty—unless in desperation she takes a long holiday abroad and leaps the gap of twenty years or so.

"You are horridly unkind," said the young lady classic reproachfully.

Only horridly truthful, madam. I mention

the case of this estimable lady merely to illustrate the general aversion to the process of growing old. Both sexes shrink from the icy touch of age. I know men who have lingered for years on the borders of forty, preferring rest at that particular stage to progress. Solomon remarked he could not understand such idiocy of conceit.

"You may die young, of course," returned the Colonel. "But if you don't, then one day you will understand—unless you condescend to avail yourself of this wonderful invention which is to arrive from Paris. With that resource it seems you may defy time. One who knows something of age may, however, ask whether people are really quite sure that they desire perpetual youth? Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a little poem, which he called 'The Old Man Dreams,' the burden being, 'Oh! for one hour of youthful joy, Give back my twentieth spring.' His guardian angel heard and answered that a touch on his silvered hair would bring him his wish. At the same time he was asked—

'But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?'

Thereupon the old man began to consider. He desired to have his youth again, that was certain, but he also desired to retain the blessings of maturity and age—his wife, for example, his girl and his boys. The angel took a sapphire pen to note these requests, but dropped it hastily with the remark, 'Why, this will never do.' The man would be at once a boy, a husband and a father. So it always is. We would combine the incongruous and the impossible. Midas prayed for gold, and had his petition granted—with results which were not altogether satisfactory. Besides, is it certain that having tried life we should wish to prolong it indefinitely? I think it extremely questionable. Even the child grows weary of its play. The greatest of living poets has expressed a mood which is at least as old as Adam—

'From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.'

These are not my sentiments; but they are sentiments which I perfectly understand."

What think you of the following as an experiment in the art of living? The tale was told by a member of our company, and is set down in his own words.

Carlyle profoundly observes that the healthy know not of their health, but only the sick. Some years ago I began to have mysterious sensations of a kind which indicated that the bodily machine was getting sadly out of gear. I may say, with Heine, that I am the politest man in the world, but the change in my feeling was not towards greater amiability of temper. I began to say hard things and delight in savage literature—Swift, Cobbett, The Dunciad, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and the like. Nothing pleased me in my fellow-men, which is but another way of saying that I did not enjoy life. I consulted many doctors and paid many fees, without change—save for the worse. Concluding that the medical profession knew nothing of its business, I bought medical books for myself, studied symptoms and took to prescriptions of my own devising. The effect was startling. It is said that medical students often fancy themselves ill of every disease they study. The rapidity with which I developed new and terrible diseases, suggested a cycle of epidemics. At last I resolved to give the doctors another trial.

"I am very ill, doctor," I said in a tragic voice, when I found myself once again in a consulting-room. "Very ill indeed. I expect to hear you can do nothing for me; but my case may interest you as a medical man. Don't imagine, however, that I mean to give my defunct body either to a hospital or a museum."

"What's the matter?" he demanded, with the brusqueness of an Abernethy.

"Sit down, doctor," I answered weakly. "It's a long story."

He looked at me sharply; but he sat down.

"Let's hear a few of your complaints," he said, as I thought, with an excruciating lack of sympathy.

"Well!" I replied, "one day it's heart-disease, the next it's softening of the brain." He nodded his head comprehendingly. "Then it's consumption; then Bright's disease; then nervous prostration; then incipient—— Am I fatiguing you, doctor?"

"Go on," he said grimly. "This promises to be interesting."

"Then incipient jaundice, or typhoid; then collapse of the liver; then—— But if we descend to minor diseases I shall keep you all day."

"Men like you are the making of the medical

profession," he commented unfeelingly. "Let me overhaul you."

He did.

"Eat tolerably, as a rule?" he asked, when he had thumped and listened.

"Yes, tolerably," I answered.

"Like pastry, hot muffins, hard-boiled eggs, veal, stuffed leg of pork, and similar light diet?"

I blushingly admitted the soft impeachment.

"Lie in bed till the last minute, bolt your breakfast, and rush to catch your train?"

"Generally speaking, that is pretty much my morning performance, doctor."

"Fifteen minutes at lunch-time to demolish a steak or meat pie, smoke a bad cigarette or drink a cup of muddy coffee?"

I nodded.

"In the evening a dinner fit for a giant, with plenty of rich gravy, sauces and the like?"

I nodded again. The divination was alarming.

"Then you smoke awhile, drive to a place of amusement, and return at midnight to some kickshaw of a Welsh rarebit and a pipe or cigar. All that done, you tumble into bed and expect to get up fresh in the morning?"

I was silent, guiltily silent.

"You said you didn't expect me to cure you; I'm glad of that. By the way, been drugging yourself?"

I modestly admitted my achievements in that direction.

"I declare," he cried, "what a constitution! There are some people," he went on sharply, beginning to scratch viciously with a pen, "who make it their study to outrage Nature, and then are amazed when she protests. Now I give you this prescription on the distinct understanding that you follow my directions absolutely, and to the letter. If not I shall charge you a double fee for wasting my time."

At the end of a week I returned in a condition of semi-starvation, yet feeling that in spite of hunger, life was once more worth living.

"Well?" said the doctor, with a knowing look.

"Better," I answered. "But, doctor, you're starving me. I don't feel as if I had eaten a square meal since I saw you last."

"H'm," he responded. "Go on starving for two weeks more and then report again."

I obeyed, returning hungry indeed, but buoyant and genial as sunshine.

"Doctor," I cried rapturously, seizing his hand, "you are a great benefactor, a great magician. I am well, you have cured me."

"I have gone and done an exceedingly foolish thing," he returned.

I looked at him in amazement.

"Yes," he pursued, "I have deprived the profession of one of the most promising patients it has ever been my lot to come across. Very likely I have myself thrown away a nice steady income. Well! never mind, the best of us make mistakes. You feel well again?"

"I feel a new man. And, doctor, this is the puzzle—you gave me no drugs."

"I am aware of that," he responded.

"Wherein then lay the virtue of your prescription?"

He looked at me curiously. "Be satisfied," he replied. "Only let me say this, having made one mistake I may as well make another—wilfully and to my own detriment. Hear then a golden secret—if people were wise in eating and drinking, there would be little need for doctors. A year's rational living on the part of the community in general would mean the wholesale bankruptcy of the physicians."

"How imprudent to divulge a secret so vital to the welfare of the profession," I said.

"It would be," he owned, "frightfully imprudent—but for one fact, ominous or the reverse as you please to take it, namely, that there is not the least danger of the nation suddenly becoming wise. No, men and women will go on indulging themselves, vexing, thwarting, defying Nature, and doctors will profit in consequence. A paradise of sages would not suit everybody. Well! you must excuse me, my waiting-room is full."

"A very pretty story," commented Solomon with an air of condescension. "May I inquire what the precise moral is meant to be?"

Is not a moral like a joke in this, I returned, that it is spoiled by explanation? Suppose, however, we put the matter thus—the *elixir vitæ*, the secret of a happy longevity, does not depend on chemical discoveries at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, but already lies open to every child of Adam. Shall we indulge ourselves with an aphorism? The undue activity of the teeth makes as surely for decrepitude and death as war, famine, or pestilence.

"A dinner of herbs," quoth Solomon, throwing his head back. "That's a pretty gospel for an athletic age."

"Vital gospels are not exactly to be called pretty," returns the Curate. "It may even be that the vital is the unpleasant. Nevertheless, that way lies salvation."

The recent Italian Census

THE latest Italian census has given some curious statistics concerning religion. The great preponderance of Roman Catholicism of course occasioned no surprise, seeing that Italy is a Catholic country *par excellence*. As compared to 10,608,000 Catholics under fifteen years old, and 20,901,000 over fifteen years old, there are barely 16,723 and 48,872 respectively of Evangelical Protestants, 469 and 2003 Greek Schismatics, 13 and 267 Mohammedans, 1 and 55 Buddhists, 1 Brahmin and 1 Copt. As against this, there are 514,000 under fifteen years old and 280,000 over, who declined to fill up this rubric, while against this must be placed 7017 under fifteen and 29,075 over, who expressly declared that they had no religion. Of these atheists under fifteen, 4002 were males and 3015 females. Of those over fifteen, 23,215 were men and 5860 women. It is strange to observe how the Jews are localised. The greater number reside in the north; in Sicily there are barely 115, in Sardinia 60, in Calabria 38, in the Basilicata 8. All these are over fifteen years old.

The same census has revealed how large is the number of small proprietors in Italy. The greater part by far of the land is in their hands. It has been well pointed out that a Government that properly understood its duties towards this section of the community could find there a fulcrum of resistance against any attempt to destroy the established social order.—H. Z.

Belgium at the St. Louis Exposition

HOLLAND and Belgium long suffered from their position as small nations in the midst of greater powers. One has but to look at the map to realize how constantly these two countries were the arena in which the wars of the nations were carried on. Belgium was long known as the cock-pit of Europe, and the names of Neerwinden, Ramillies, Fontenoy and Waterloo remind us of four great struggles fought out there in which our English sovereigns had a part. Since the last of these battles Belgium's part in world politics has changed vastly for the better, and in her national display at the Great Exposition at St. Louis—the Exposition held to commemorate the triumph of peaceful diplomacy by which the great Louisiana Territory was transferred by Napoleon I. to the United States—Belgium emphasises her new and happier place among the civilised nations. Each of the nations exhibiting at St. Louis has a Government Building, a building which in some way or another typifies the national contribution to civilisation and progress. The Belgian Government Building bears upon its face the record of the country's present usefulness. Instead of being the battlefield of nations, these small neutral countries are now chosen as the scene of World's Parliaments and conferences. Holland of course, in her possession of the Hague, comes first to mind, in connection with the substitution of arbitration for war, of peaceful instead of bloody settlement of the world's disputes. But Belgium is not far behindhand in its long record of usefulness in this respect. Inscriptions on the front of the Belgian building remind us that the first International Congress of Economists was held at Brussels in 1847; the first general congress of Hygiene in 1854; the first international congress on Meteorology was held at Antwerp in 1854; the first international conference on Charities in 1856; the first international congress on Literary and Artistic Ownership in 1858; the first international congress of Geographical and Commercial Sciences in 1871; the Institute of International Law was organised at Ghent in 1873; the first international conference on the

Laws and Regulations of War was held at Brussels in 1874; the first international congress of Railways in 1885; the first international conference on Inland Navigation in 1885; that the International Africa Association was organised at Brussels in 1885; the first international congress on Maritime and Commercial Law at Antwerp in 1885; that the first international office for the negro slave trade was established at Brussels in 1889; the first international congress for the revision of the regulations concerning the sale of spirits to African natives was held in Brussels in 1889–90; the first international congress on Atmosphere was held at Antwerp in 1894; the first international conference of auditors at Brussels in 1895; the first international Bibliographical Conference in 1895; and the first international Sugar Bounties Convention in 1903.—A. G. P.

The Australian anti-Chinese Protest

THERE have been very few subjects before the Commonwealth Parliament upon which opinion has been so unanimous as the question of Chinese labour in the Transvaal. Premier Deakin and Premier Seddon, of New Zealand, made the first move, with a joint protest which they cabled to the authorities. And, as soon as the new Commonwealth Parliament met, both Houses passed a strongly-worded protest in the same connection. In the Senate the resolution was agreed to without a division; and in the House of Representatives there were only five votes in the negative. Even these five votes were not cast in favour of Chinese labour, but were against the principle of interfering in the government of another colony. It is worth pointing out, too, that the discussion on the question was no mere academic affair. A good proportion of the members of the Parliament were men who thoroughly understand the position, and are well acquainted with South African conditions. Some of the speakers were miners with experience, who know all about mining, low-grade ores, and all the rest of it; and we have in our northern territory a district where Chinese miners are used, with very little success up to the present. The Australian laws prohibit the use of Chinese labour in mines; in fact the Westralian law will not allow them on a gold-field for five years after its discovery. Even Mr. Seddon, a thoroughgoing Imperialist, has declared publicly, that had he known of the Chinese proposal, not a New Zealand soldier would have gone to the war. The anti-British press, too, is making the most of the affair, and, altogether, the fine Imperial feeling shown at the time of the war has received a bad setback.—F. S. S.

The New Hebrides Trouble

IT is probable that, if ever Australia is going to get into trouble with a foreign power, it will be in connexion with the New Hebrides islands, which lie about 1200 miles east of Queensland. These islands, which are of considerable size and value, are now nominally under a British-French protectorate, but their interests are almost entirely British, or rather Australian. The Australian Presbyterian Church has covered the islands with their missionaries, and have for some half-a-century done splendid work there. The best-known missionary in the world—Dr. Paton—spent his life on the islands. Then, until the white Australian laws were passed, the islands supplied most of the Kanakas for the Queensland sugar plantations. These Kanakas learned more or less of the English language while they were in Australia, so that English is the "second language" spoken by most of the natives. Finally, a big Australian steamship company is endeavouring to promote settlement—of Australian farmers—on the islands. Lately the Presbyterian missionaries have been complaining of the action of the French authorities with regard to the land tenure, which is in a highly unsatisfactory state. There is no doubt that the Commonwealth would like to get hold of the islands, though it is difficult to see how it is going to be done. What adds to the awkwardness of the position is the presence of another French stronghold —New Caledonia—which is situated several hundred miles closer to Australia. In fact this latter island is so close that the convicts with which it is mainly peopled often escape in open boats to the Australian mainland. A curious feature of the New Hebrides position is that, though the islands are beautiful and fertile, they are extremely unhealthy, whites being very susceptible to a wasting tropical fever; while the natives are also steadily dying off, mainly from consumption. Indeed, the missionaries aver that the recruiting of Kanakas for Queensland would, with disease, have depopulated the islands in a comparatively short time.—F. S. S.

Australian Eisteddfods

DURING the last few years there has been a steady and commendable growth, both in the

numbers and importance, of literary and musical competitions, something on the lines of the famous Welsh Eisteddfods. The lead was set by the South Street Debating Society of Ballarat, which commenced in a small way with an annual local set of competitions. These proved so popular that their scope was extended, until now this function is known from end to end of the continent. At its last competitions nearly £2000 was distributed in prizes; the competitors came from the whole of the six states and New Zealand; and the competitions themselves lasted over a month. The judge for the music was brought all the way from England, and special trains ran to Ballarat from all the big centres. One of the leading competitions is for brass bands, and bands came to take part in the contest from Tasmania, New South Wales, South Australia, and Westralia. One of the most successful bands came from Boulder City (Coolgardie gold-fields), while another came from Newcastle, the great coal-mining town on the northern coast of New South Wales. The singing, playing, and reciting at this competition are of a high order of merit, and a "South Street final" is the hall-mark now of excellence. The other big cities—Bendigo, Geelong, and Melbourne—also have important competitions, while every town of any importance has followed suit. In practically every case the halls in which the competitions are held are crowded—South Street keeps two halls going—and the financial results are always satisfactory. The great success of these competitions should do something towards removing the general impression that the young Australian spends all of his spare time in attending horse-races and cricket matches. Probably he spends the afternoon at a cricket match, and recites "My Name is Norval," or "Ye Crags and Peaks," in the evening, which is at any rate a fair division.—F. S. S.

Jam-Making in Russia

THE picture "Jam-Making in Russia" (page 970) is a very typical scene from the family life of that country, reproduced from the original painting by Makovski. This artist is noted for his pleasant presentments of the every-day rural occupations of his compatriots. He has also frequently turned to the rich and interesting field of Russian folk-lore and legend, as well as to early Russian history, for his subjects. The homely old couple introduced to us in the picture belong to the small landed proprietor class, a grade above the peasantry. The tripod upon which the old lady is stirring her jam is a familiar object in the country during the fruit season. The transition from winter to summer is much more sudden in Russia than with us. Whilst the hot weather lasts, the temperature is usually even, and the heat intense. In the north the nights are very short—"white nights" the natives call them; Pushkin has a beautiful distich in one of his poems, in which he remarks that on these nights—

> "Dawn hastens to relieve the evening glow,
> Granting the night but half-an-hour."

With this ardent, though brief summertide, the kindly fruits of the earth ripen with extraordinary rapidity, and for a month or two every one's hands are full. The towns are practically deserted, and no one who can possibly avoid it spends an hour of the precious sunshine and sweet air within walls. Amusements and work alike take place out of doors. *Al fresco* jam-making is a regular custom, the fruit being often picked and thrown straight into the cooking utensil, which stands in the fruit garden, beside the housewife and her daughters. Those who have happened to visit a Russian country house in the summer will remember the incident well; and will perhaps also recall Tschaikovski's lyrical scenes from Pushkin's great novel in verse, *Evguèni Onèguin*. In the first scene Madame Larin, the mother of the heroine Tatiana, is comfortably seated in her garden, busy with the cooking of her preserves.—A. E. K.

Coal-Mining and the Public

THE presidents of the great American coal companies are being forced gradually from their assumption that coal-mining can come under the private concerns in which other citizens have no interest; and they are also being compelled to give to the public information respecting the way business is carried on. The Boston *Evening Transcript* says:—"The coal-producer who believes that a combination can be maintained indefinitely for the purpose of raising prices on the public, regardless of what is fair reward for capital, and regardless of the American people, is very likely to find out his mistake in a very short time."—A. C. W.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

The Migration of Birds

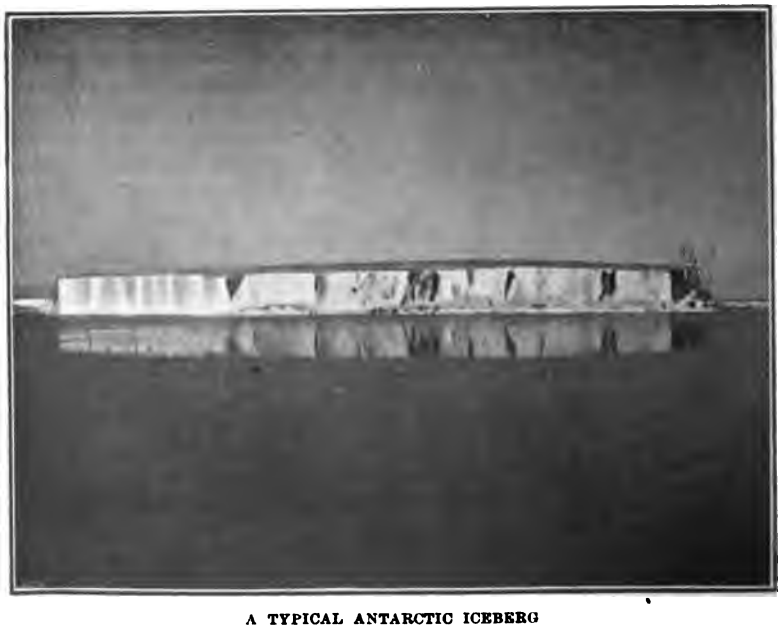
In order to obtain information on some outstanding points connected with the migration of birds, Mr. W. Eagle Clarke, who has devoted much attention to the subject, spent nearly five weeks on the Kentish Knock Lightship last autumn, and has since given an account of his observations in *The Ibis*. The ship is moored thirty-two miles east of the Essex coast, out of sight of land, and is at or near the centre of the migratory stream which was under investigation. Day after day in late September and during October vast numbers of skylarks, starlings, chaffinches, tree-sparrows, rooks, and jackdaws were seen rushing across the North Sea toward the British coast. Corresponding return flights toward the continental coasts are witnessed in the spring. The first extensive movement observed by Mr. Clarke followed a decided fall of temperature on the Continent.

"On October 11," he remarks, "occurred the greatest diurnal movement of birds I have ever witnessed. It set in at 8 A.M. with a conspicuous passage of starlings, skylarks, and tree-sparrows. By midday it had assumed the nature of a 'rush,' which was maintained without a break until 4 P.M. It was a remarkable movement in many ways. Skylarks, starlings, chaffinches, and tree-sparrows not only passed westwards in continuous flocks, but many of these companies consisted of hundreds of individuals. So numerous were the starlings composing some of these bands that when first observed in the distance they resembled dark clouds, and formed a conspicuous contrast to the leaden, white-crested billows. . . . There were squalls at intervals which lashed the rain against one's face with such violence as to cause the skin to tingle for a considerable time. How the migrants braved such a passage was truly surprising. How they escaped becoming waterlogged in such a deluge of wind-driven rain was a mystery. Yet on they sped, hour after hour never deviating a moment from their course, and hugging the very surface of the waves as if to avoid as much as possible the effects of the high beam wind."

Mr. Clarke's observations show that these vast hosts of autumn migrants—continental emigrants—come from western central Europe. The birds descend the Maas, Rhine, and Schelde from inland districts, and quit the Dutch coast at the mouths of these rivers *en route* for winter quarters. As the migrants of every species observed flew close to the surface of the water in all conditions of weather, it was impossible for them to see more than a couple of hundred yards ahead, yet they never departed from a true east-to-west course. This fact affords conclusive evidence that birds have a sense of direction quite independent of sight. As ninety per cent. of the migrants to our shores cross the Channel in the night, day migration being confined to a few species only, it is evident that birds are endowed with a faculty of direction, the nature of which has yet to be understood.

Antarctic Icebergs

Doubtless a number of views of ice-fields and icebergs in the South Polar Regions will soon be shown at the Royal Geographical Society, when the work of the British Antarctic Expedition is described by Commander Scott. Meanwhile, some pictures of Antarctic ice taken during the German South Polar Expedition are given by Dr. Drygalski in his report to the Berlin Geographical Society, and two of these are here reproduced. One of these pictures shows the cliffs of ice on the seaward edge of the ice-field in which the expedition wintered. In the other picture is represented one of these huge flat-topped icebergs—often miles in length—which form a striking peculiarity of the Antarctic Ocean. Yet these floating islands of ice are but fragments of great glaciers which creep downward from the Antarctic continent into the sea. The perpendicular cliffs rise about 150 or 200 feet above the



A TYPICAL ANTARCTIC ICEBERG

EDGE OF AN ANTARCTIC ICE-FIELD

water, but there is eight or nine times that depth below the level of the sea, so that their total thickness is from 1200 to 1500 feet. The inland ice covering the Antarctic continent presents a picture of our former Ice Age, when the greater part of Britain was covered with glaciers and ice-sheets. The solitary peak of the "Gaussberg," which was the only land actually examined by the members of the German expedition, gave evidence that the Antarctic ice-sheet was formerly more extensive than it is at present, so that the glacial epoch of the South Polar Regions may be slowly declining, and in the course of time the great continental mass may be uncovered.

Inheritance of Body and Mind

THOUGH there are apparent exceptions, it is admitted that children generally inherit the bodily or physical characteristics of their parents. Professor Karl Pearson has made a detailed investigation as to the inheritance of mental and moral characters, and the lecture in which he described his results has been published by the Anthropological Institute. His main conclusion is that both mind and body are inherited within broad lines in the same manner and with the same intensity. "We inherit our parents' tempers, our parents' conscientiousness, shyness, and ability, even as we inherit their stature, forearm, and span." This may appear obvious to many people, but if the conclusion is trustworthy its consequences are far-reaching; for it suggests that while intelligence can be aided and trained, no training or education can create it. In other words, whatever educational method is employed, there are people who can never take advantage of it, neither they nor their children, nor any of their race. "Geniality and probity and ability, though they may be fostered by home environment and good schools, are nevertheless bred and not created. The education is of small value unless it be applied to an intelligent race of men." It is a little difficult to reconcile ourselves to this dismal doctrine, however well established it may seem by the evidence Professor Pearson has laboriously collected and examined. Fortunately, social position does not necessarily provide a standard of intellect. Though during the last forty years some classes of the community have been enervated by wealth or by love of pleasure, they can scarcely be regarded as the intellectual classes; for the very fact that they accept a life of ease shows a weakness of moral fibre. On the other hand, many intellectual leaders have come from parents who have been comparative failures in life. The fact is that no satisfactory means exists of measuring intellectual power; for success depends as much upon opportunity as ability. Hence, though Professor Pearson's conclusions claim attention, we still have the hope that the waif or a child of the lower classes may possess a germ of intellect which can be developed in a suitable environment.

Varieties

Lord Wolseley and his Mother

"It is not easy to describe one so loved, and round whose memory there clings, as a halo, the holiest and loftiest of my childish thoughts and aspirations. As a boy I always thought hers the fairest and sweetest face in the world, and she still looms before my memory a beautiful, gracious, tall and stately woman, full of love and tenderness for all about her. . . . In my daily walks with her, when a boy, I drank in from her teaching much that I have never forgotten. Her religion—devoid of everything approaching to priestcraft—was the simplest Bible form of worship. She was indeed one of the pure in heart, of whom we are told 'they shall see God.'"—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

Self-restraint of the British Soldier

In his despatch announcing the successful close of the war in Ashantee in 1874, and the capture of Koomassee and the flight of the cruel King Koffee, Lord Wolseley said, "The troops refrained, with the most admirable self-control, from spoliation or plunder; they left the capital of the kingdom, famed for its gold, without carrying away as plunder one article of value."

The troops which entered Koomassee were the Black Watch, the Rifle Brigade, the Artillery, Russell's and Wood's Regiment, and the Naval Brigade.—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

The Private Soldier

Speaking of a march through Oudh in the hottest part of the hot season, Lord Wolseley says—

"It was very trying to every one who took part in it, but to the British Foot Soldier it was an awful experience. How my heart bled for him as I saw him trudge along, mile after mile, through dense clouds of dust over a parched and burnt-up country. What an uncomplaining fellow he is! In all my campaigning recollections he stands out as that which I am proudest of, and as the character in the great play of my soldier-career that I admire most. Those allotted more prominent parts in the drama of military life are better known to the outside world, and are consequently more talked of. But in my heart I feel that all the King's subjects owe most to our Infantry Rank and File, who for the last two centuries have marched through the Low Countries, France, Spain, Portugal, or who shared in the trench work before Sebastopol, and in the privations to which the winter of 1854–5 exposed them, or who have marched from the north to the south of India to fight our battles for us."—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

The Honour of an English Officer

Lord Wolseley was in America (Southern States) during the Civil War of 1862–1863. He says—"Having seen everything of military interest at Richmond that my time would admit of, I was anxious to get to General Lee's army as soon as possible. . . . The Minister of War was most kind, and helped me in every way. When he signed my passport to enable me to visit the army, he gave me a private note to General Lee, in which he wrote to this effect—'I have not asked Colonel Wolseley to take the usual oath that he would disclose nothing of what he sees here to our enemies, because I know I can rely upon the honour of an English officer.'"—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

Astronomical Notes for October

The Sun rises on the 1st day of this month in the latitude of Greenwich at 6h. 2m. and sets at 5h. 37m.; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 18m. and sets at 5h. 15m.; and on the 21st rises at 6h. 35m. and sets at 4h. 53m. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases will be: Last Quarter at 1h. 52m. on the afternoon of the 2nd; New at 5h. 25m. on the morning of the 9th; First Quarter at 5h. 54m. on that of the 16th; Full at 10h. 56m. on that of the 24th; and Last Quarter again at 11h. 13m. on the night of the 31st. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 8th; and in apogee, or furthest from us, about 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th. Exceptionally high tides may be expected on the 9th. No eclipses are due this month, and the only special phenomenon is an occultation of the fourth-magnitude star, Gamma Tauri, on the morning of the 27th, when the Greenwich times of disappearance and reappearance will be 4h. 48m. and 5h. 25m. respectively. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 1st, and visible in the morning during the first half of the month, situated in the constellation Leo, and moving in a south-easterly direction; he will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 31st. Venus is increasing in brilliancy, setting about 6 o'clock in the evening; at the beginning of the month she is in the constellation Virgo, but enters Libra on the 11th, and Scorpio on the 25th, passing very near the bright red star Antares (a little to the north of it) on the 31st. Mars rises soon after 2 o'clock in the morning, in the constellation Leo, through which he is moving in a south-easterly direction. Jupiter is in opposition to the Sun on the 18th, and brilliant all night, in the eastern part of the constellation Pisces; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 23rd. Saturn is nearly stationary in Capricornus; he will be due south at 8 o'clock in the evening on the 8th, and at 7 o'clock on the 23rd.—W. T. Lynn.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Lorna Doone.—Your story is nicely written, and the characters are human and stand out; but their aims are so commonplace that it is impossible to care whether they succeed or fail. A man wanting to marry a girl because she was a good housekeeper and had expectations of a little inheritance, and a girl marrying a man because she thinks there is more in him than has been brought out, and that she will be able to stir him to more eager emulation in his calling! No doubt the world is full of such, and the plot is well enough in its way; but one does not want to be entertained (!) with tales of that sort, any more than with gossip about the small ambitions and small happenings in any house in a side street. You see, there is nothing admirable in either of your characters, nor that element of pathos that would glorify the commonplace, and so though your material has good qualities it lacks that which differentiates literary art from a mere dull domestic chronicle. If people neither interest nor touch us they have no business to exist on a printed page. A dull story reminds one of what a man said of his sister-in-law, "She is absolutely insufferable—but it is her only fault."

Langothland.—All European wives do not take the husband's name at marriage. In some parts of Switzerland the husband adds the wife's name to his; thus Mr. Brown marrying Miss Grey would become Mr. Brown-Grey. The wife would be Mrs. Brown-Grey. In Spain and Portugal, I believe, the wife retains her maiden name. But it is for the simplification of life that each household shall have but one designation, and usage permits the husband to be the name-bearer. It is said that the usage of the wife taking the husband's name was brought into Britain by the Romans. I believe it was by a lawsuit, that of Bon *versus* Smith, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that the custom became legally established in England. "Why *should* a woman take her husband's name?" a lady orator once asked indignantly. "Why should she take every other blessed thing the poor fellow has got?" a pathetic voice in the crowd made answer.

Lauretta.—Revolving rubber heels, patented some years ago, prolong the durability of boots indefinitely. Most women tend to tread down their boots at the outside, and crooked heels must be made straight if one is to present a reputable appearance; but, however it is, the boot upper never has the same surface after it has passed through the mender's hands. I ascribe this to the cobbler's wax with which the leathern apron and the workmen's palms are usually smeared. The rubber heels keep the boots straight till they are entirely worn out and done, and what an aid that is to comfort and self-respect! Most boot-shops will supply revolving rubber heels and screw them on for 1s. per pair.

Phyllis.—If you do not need to earn money, as you state, why try to earn it? Doubtless a reward establishes a standard of value, and earning money to give away may seem rather meritorious, but amateur workers congest the market for the worker that must live by what she earns, and this is a very serious evil. Workers working for fun and extra pocket-money can accept a rate of remuneration on which the penniless worker would fall into anæmia, perhaps death, and there is no merry jest in that, for her who has no alternative but to take the payment fixed by competition. Do you know, in all my life I have known only a few people, *and never a young one,* who thoughtfully said, "I have enough, I will not hold out my hands for more, since so many of my kind go cold and hungry." And yet that is merely elementary brotherliness, it is a lesser thing, though apparently more difficult, than helping the needy, it is just refraining from dipping a hand in the poor man's wallet. There are people who think the power to take confers the right to take. When we have gained our own footing, to help others to a firm place can become the gladdest of duties, one for which we ask no thanks and expect no reward, other than that conferred by the knowledge that we have used our privilege. There are multitudes of organisations that need helpers who can afford to work for nothing—organisations charitable in themselves. Inquire at the Women's Institute, Victoria Street, London, or at the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9, Southampton Street, High Holborn, or at any of the Settlements, as those of Hoxton, Islington, or Canning Town, for such helpful, unpaid work as a lady might do, and you will obtain interesting employment without a doubt. But from happy, philanthropic effort the thought of self must pass quite away; joy only comes when we work for the work's sake, content even to be ousted if another would fill the place better. One has made a good deal of headway before one attains that impersonal position, but it can be attained.

Madge.—There is a steady demand for ladies trained to act as children's nurses, as teachers of physical drill, and as teachers of voice production. For these I believe the demand still exceeds the supply. But the successful applicant must have been thoroughly trained. The lady nurse takes the place and assumes the duties that in an earlier generation would have been performed by the lady mother. A friend of mine thinks that the work is evil that absolves the mother from her responsibilities; but the mother who wants to shirk these would probably fail to perform them efficiently, so doubtless the trained lady nurse supplies a felt want, and is a boon to many a neglected little child. The Norland Institute is the best-known training Home for lady nurses.

Candida.—Money can be made by the methods you mention, but life is too long for people to do evil just that they may make pecuniary profit. Nobody can foretell the future; all *clairvoyantes* ought to go to prison with gyves upon their wrists, and be flogged as rogues. As to beauty doctoring, fresh air, exercise, sufficient wholesome food, and a mind at peace will keep a woman looking young as long as she is young, and keep her attractive when youth has receded far, and what more does any woman want? No beauty-doctored face is half as pleasing to look upon as the same would be were all the traces of time honestly showing. Age has its compensations, but not for those who spend their days sighing for a past springtime. As life is so long and so serious, a guinea a minute would not pay us adequately for helping to hinder and demoralise our kind.

Margie.—Sleeplessness is the most serious of all the penalties that attach to mental work. If people could regularly sleep seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four, their working capacity would be virtually unlimited. For sleeplessness, the natural remedy is change of employment, a good deal of open air, and relief from regularly recurrent sounds during the night. I recently spent a week in a town where four clocks all within ear-shot struck the quarters as well as the hours, and the four followed each other in succession, so that each four sounded on the air for about three minutes A tepid bath at night is helpful; if a cupful of rock-salt is added to the water it will prove advantageous. Do not have recourse to bromides or anything of that nature without professional advice.

Curious.—It is a professor in the Pasteur Institute who advances the theory that a serum which would nourish the white corpuscles in the blood would render human life age-long. He does not profess to have discovered the serum, as yet. The suggestion is full of interest, doubly so in view of the fact that the labourer whose employment once seemed one of the most certain things in human history is now becoming superannuated so early. After forty it is stated that it is difficult to gain an entrance into almost any kind of employment, save that of the specialist. For the sake of general human happiness Professor Metchnikoff's specific could not come into existence a moment too soon.

F. F.—There are certainly some curious coincidences of dreams with life, but I do not know what may be deduced from the circumstance; it is impossible to formulate any theory therefrom. Of two very remarkable dreams in my own experience, it has taken the greater part of a lifetime to fulfil one; at the fulfilment of the other I can only make guesses. I am not sure that it has been even partially fulfilled as yet. But do you not think life is more interesting by reason of the many things which no footrule of ours can measure? Without its mysteries life would be less hopeful too.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

SOLUTIONS

Seventh

Dignity, *Rom. and Jul.*, Prologue. Antigonus, *Winter's Tale*, Act III. Virgilia, *Coriolanus*, Act II. (*or, accepted alternative*, Viola, *Twelfth Night*, Act II.). York, 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Whole—Davy. 2 *Henry IV.*, Act V.

Eighth

Montagu, Othello, Portia, Speed, Aguecheek. Whole = Mopsa.

Ninth

Gonzago, *Hamlet*, Act III. Antony, *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. Orlando, *As You Like It*, Act IV. Laurence, *Rom. and Jul.*, Act II. Edgar, *King Lear*, Act IV. Rosalind, *As You Like It*, Act IV. Whole—Gaoler, *Cymbeline*, Act V.

In the above series of nine Acrostics, prizes to the amount of **Five Guineas'** worth of books (to be chosen by the successful Competitors from the Religious Tract Society's List of Publications) are awarded as follows:—

I. To L. SHORT, Kilrush, Arnison Road, East Molesey, for 68 marks (the maximum). Two Guineas' worth of books.

II. To G. TARRANT, Bull's Lodge, Waterloo Villa, Cosham, Hants, for 67 marks. One Guinea's worth of books.

III. To E. E. BAKER, St. Margaret's, West Hill, Hastings, for 66 marks. Fifteen Shillings' worth of books.

IV. To Rev. C. W. HOLDICH, Werrington Vicarage, Peterborough, and to "Dioclesian," equal with 65 marks. Ten Shillings' worth of books, each.

V. To "Witton," 64 marks. Seven Shillings' worth of books.

POSIES FROM POETRY

II

For earliest correct answer a Prize of the value of Five Shillings is awarded to MISS ROSS, Estcourt, Beauly, N.B.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: SAMUEL BUTLER'S *Essays on Life, Art, and Science*, Grant Richards, 6*s*. Mr. T. STURGE-MOORE'S *The Gazelles*, and *The Centaur's Booty*, Duckworth, 1*s*. each.

Literary charm, logical force, and whimsical humour may be safely predicated of any writings from the pen of the late Samuel Butler, and in this volume of collected *Essays on Life, Art, and Science*, all three elements are largely present. How Charles Lamb would have relished these discursive musings suggested by the sight of live turtles in a Cheapside window:—

"Surely they must be mistaken in arming themselves so very heavily. Any creature on getting what the turtle aimed at would overreach itself and be landed not in safety but annihilation . . . such want to have things both ways, desiring the livingness of life without its perils, and the safety of death without its deadness . . . slugs have ridden their contempt for defensive armour as much to death as the turtle their pursuit of it. They have hardly more than skin enough to hold themselves together: they court death every time they cross the road. Yet death comes not to them more than to the turtle, whose defences are so great that there is little left inside to be defended."

In these slender little brown-paper-clad books of verse Mr. Sturge-Moore proves that his is the poet's making mind to create as well as the less rare making hand to set forth. In *The Gazelles* we have a picture of Persian summer and sweetness.

Turn to the *Centaur's Booty*, and you find the same poet has created a group Greek in its severe beauty and athletic vigour, as it is Greek in its subject.

In this sculptured fragment the last of the fabled race of Centaurs. Pholus, and Medea, driven to the Thracian hills by their conqueror, have carried off a child, and plan how they will rear him to avenge their race. The range and the limitations of the Centaurs' thoughts, enjoying pleasures, enduring hardship and grief since they must be endured, more than animal, since they reason and philosophise about this life, yet less than man since they conceive no other; all these are finely imagined. Several charming descriptive passages are scattered through the poem. The following is perhaps the most easy to detach from its context, by way of a sample—

"The centaur colt is beautiful and strange
Beside its mother, gazing from a cave;
Wondering that earth so fair is;
Asking the name of trees,
Of sun and moon and hill;
Hearing to-day, as for the first time still,
The answer that she made him yesterday:
—To see him stand admiring widths of space
And its soft-filling bath of light and air,
Smiling at evening's silence or the noon's,
Then, thinking that he hears a distant bird,
Half reeling with delight,
Impassioned for that voice of simple joy
Whose easy triumph over sweetest words
Makes him afraid his mother hears it not,
(Although he sees she hears)
Because she is less shaken than himself,
Less new to pleasure,
Less ignorant of pain."

Also received: D. CHRISTIE MURRAY'S *Vernon's Father*, a story sustained with practised skill from the outset to the close of a series of close-packed incidents: Chatto and Windus, 6*s*. No. XI. of MR. DRANE'S series of *Bijou Biographies* is a review of the Bishop of London's career and work up to the present year, 6*d*. FARRAR'S *Books Condemned to be burnt*, Stock, 1*s*. 6*d*. *Let's play the Game, or the Anglo Saxon Sportsman-like Spirit*, applied to daily life, by EUSTACE MILES, 1*s*.; and *Talking Machines and Records*, a technical handbook by S. R. BOTTONE, 1*s*. 6*d*.; both from Guilbert Pitman. *Silent Strings*, by SARAH DOUDNEY, a pretty story about girls for girls, the scene laid in Oxford; one of the Walter Scott Publishing Co.'s White Robe Library. *The "Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel*, 2*s*. 6*d*., HORACE COX, is a concentrated extract of ten years' experience and advice in regard to home and foreign travel. Every item of desirable information as to routes, prices, accommodation, is cleverly indexed and packed into this pocket volume.

Our Chess Page

Close of the Solving Competition for the Gold and Silver Medals

The above was designed by Messrs. Wales and MacCulloch of Ludgate Hill, London

Medals Competition

WITH the problems published below the competition for the Gold and Silver Medals, offered last November, closes. We hope to announce the result in the December part of *The Leisure Hour*.

New Solving Competition

We still have a number of fine problems in hand, which will form the nucleus of a New Solving Competition to be inaugurated next month.

An Explanation

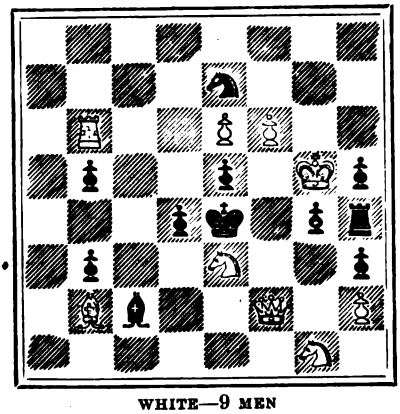
Owing to the necessity for going early to press with this page, we are unable to announce the result of the Summer Solving Competition, or to acknowledge solutions received after July 15th.

The British Chess Co. of Stroud have recently issued a "Universal Correspondence Chessboard," at the moderate price of One Shilling (a reduction on three or more). It is after the style of the well-known pocket chessboard, and while on a smaller scale, it is admirably adapted for the registration of correspondence or other unfinished games. The Catalogue issued by the Company is fascinating reading for those chessists who have a little money in their pockets.

H

The Society Idol

BLACK—11 MEN



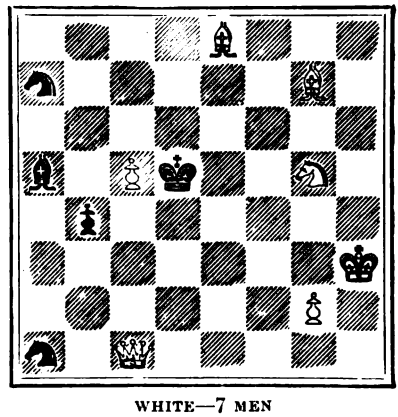
WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

I

Taraban

BLACK—5 MEN



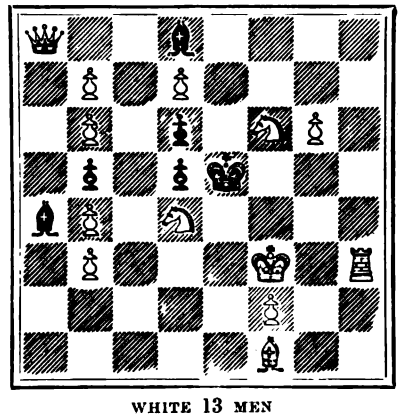
WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

J

Leopardi

BLACK—6 MEN



WHITE 13 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions must be sent in before October 14th for the Medals Competition, in order that the result may be announced before the end of the year.